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DUFFY'S

IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY REVIEW, DEVOTED TO

NATIONAL LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES,

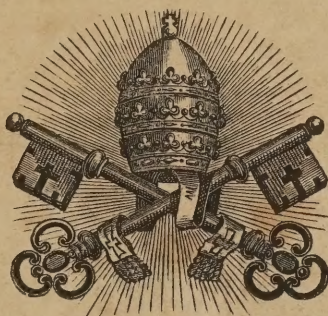
BIOGRAPHY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN,

MILITARY MEMOIRS, &c.

"Inclita gens hominum, milite, pace, fide."

A race of men renowned in faith, in peace, and war.

Donatus, Bishop of Fiesole in Tuscany, 9th Century.



VOLUME THE FIRST.

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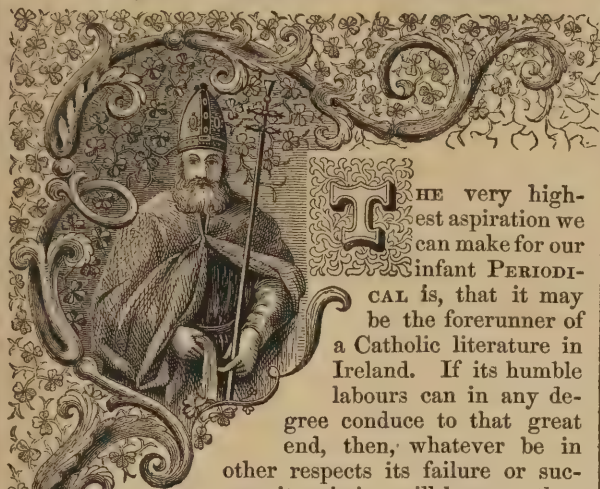
DUFFY'S IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

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DUFFY'S IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

A Catholic Literature for Ireland.



THE very highest aspiration we can make for our infant PERIODICAL is, that it may be the forerunner of a Catholic literature in Ireland. If its humble labours can in any degree conduce to that great end, then, whatever be in other respects its failure or success, its mission will be more than amply fulfilled. For such a literature does seem to us, almost beyond any other thing, the essential want of this country. Civil freedom and national prosperity may, and we trust shall be won before this generation of Irishmen has passed away—but we have only to cast our eyes abroad to see that even freedom and prosperity may come on terms far too dear. If here, as elsewhere, the day that looks on the active development of our energies should also behold the intellect of the nation hopelessly divorced from the only spirit that can guide or purify; should see our Youth wasting mind and golden years in the uneasy chase of half truths, of which the end is but error and evil; should see a People hungering and thirsting after knowledge, and finding no fruit to satisfy them save what is deadly to their spiritual life; and should thus see sown, even in the midst of apparent blessings, the certain seeds of future crime and anarchy; would we not—even in this terrible year of famine—revolt at the exchange?

These apprehensions, we trust, will be belied; but who, looking to the condition of mankind, will say they are imaginary? Of late ages, the Church has had to do battle with the spirit of the world, embodied in a mightier and subtler form than in all previous time. From the corruption of nature, from human passions, and the persecution of kings and emperors, she has always suffered, and always must. But in former centuries there was, at least, no distracting dissonance between the secular learning that informed, and the Divine authority which claimed to direct the mind. There breathed throughout even secular works a spirit of religious reverence which harmonized with, and fortified the belief of the people. Pitfalls there were for pride and wilfulness, but at least, no galaxy of false lights for the deception of the earnest and sincere. But now, for a century and more, the learning of the world, the basis of systems of philosophy and polity, all that has been crowned with the high names of Genius and Intelligence, has been (why should we

conceal it?) in by far the greater measure, hostile to, or estranged from Catholicity. The wisdom of man has been but too manifestly at variance with the wisdom of God. There has been a literature of Protestantism which obtained its chief development in England, and whose day is now almost gone by: a literature of French philosophy, and lastly, a literature of German philosophy, which again acted on France and England, and which is now the most progressive principle opposed to Catholicism in the world. There has been, indeed, of late years, a strong Catholic reaction, as numbers of profound works produced on the Continent, and the Anglo-Catholic movement in England, may testify; but still, the surface of the current continues to run in the other direction.

The condition of a young mind in France or Germany, in our days, is unhappy and perilous in the extreme. It is girt by a circle of infidelity, from which it is wonderful if it escape. In every branch of knowledge which the craving intellect turns to, from history and political science down to the lightest works of fiction, the poison of scepticism prevails. The student drinks it in from the authoritative lips of teachers and professors. In society as in books, he finds it the reigning spirit. Between such a philosophy so, taught and sanctioned, clothed with all that dazzles and captivates the natural man, appealing both to the passionate desire of novelty, and the passionate admiration of favourite authors which are so characteristic of youth, between this and the submissive belief and exacting practice of the Church, how unequal a conflict. Who can wonder that the faith, even of those who from association and religious instinct cling to it the longest, is at length sapped and displaced.

In Ireland, we have been educated for the most part, by the Protestant literature of England—a literature, anti-Catholic, no doubt, but not to be named either for power or malice, in comparison with the modern literature of the Continent. As to the ignorant sneers and violence against Catholicity with which it abounds, it is one of our earliest lessons to learn to steel ourselves against them, so that after a time they cease to wound us. And there is in the body of English literature, if not a religious spirit, yet a full recognition of the truths of revelation; and so far as the influence of Christianity on our social and secular ideas is concerned, there is so much in common between Catholics and Protestants, that the citadel of our faith has not been much injured by it. Still it has been mischievous in more ways than one. The very fact of our being obliged, as we said, to become hardened to insults and mockeries against the peculiar doctrines of Catholicity, is itself an evil—so much of religion depends upon awe and reverence for things unseen, that it is no light mischief to be familiarized with contempt for sacred mysteries. We become callous where we should be most sensitive, and swallow as matter of course what should instinctively revolt us as blasphemy against the Holy of Holies.* But besides

* What a striking example of this are Peter Plymley's Letters?—a book written in favour of the political rights of Catholics, and whose advocacy was hailed by them with delight, yet stuffed with the most insolent and unseemly ribaldry against their religion. One passage, from the very beginning of the book, we thought of quoting, but forbore from positive disgust.

this, the Protestant tone of our literature has undoubtedly had a tendency, if not to undermine the citadel, yet to shatter some of the outworks of Catholic belief. If it has not had much effect in making Catholics infidels, or Protestants, yet it has in a great measure stripped us of whatever is striking and peculiar in the tone of Catholicity. It diminishes reverence for Catholic rites and ceremonies, chills the love of Catholic institutions and usages, and generates a contempt for pious traditions, not absolutely of faith, and an indolent unenquiring scepticism as to everything miraculous in church history; and if the bent of thought which it produces does not absolutely refuse to coexist with Catholic belief, yet it tends to deprive the latter of the pervading and overarching influence which it ought to exercise upon all our ideas and habits, to drive it, as it were, into a corner of our mind. In brief, its effect is to make Catholics intrench themselves within the *minimum* of Catholic faith, believing just what they must believe on pain of heresy, and no more; and priding themselves upon having their Catholicity as little unlike Protestantism as possible.

All these results are sad enough, and of themselves loudly call for counteraction. But the literatures of religious Protestantism—Protestantism itself, as a religious system, are in their decline. The right of private judgment has given birth to younger and more daring progeny. The English sceptical writers, though the earliest, did not produce their deepest effect in their own country, but transmitted their influence to France, where there sprang up an organized and aggressive army of unbelief. Their mode of attack was conducted with consummate art. They did not, like the English freethinkers, confine themselves to heavy philosophical treatises scarce opened by the multitude; but through tale, and essay, and epigram—in dictionaries and encyclopædias, with the keenness of a matchless wit, and all the graces of style, they sought but too successfully to taint the very atmosphere of letters with their principles. So artfully, too, did they blend their covert assaults against religion with attacks on real abuses in church and state, that they at length succeeded in confounding these two things; and one party came to hate the church the more, as the antagonist of freedom, the other to dread liberty as the handmaid of irreligion. Nor was on it the Christian dispensation alone that they made war—they ridiculed and scoffed at any sense of dignity or mystery in the nature and life of man. No solemn social bond, no depth of awe or reverence, no obedience or holy fear was recognised by them; everything was mean, superficial, and intelligible. How far this fatal philosophy extended, and what have been its results on the world are manifest to all. But other doctrines have since gained ground, doctrines which had their root in Germany, and which agree with the French in rejecting revelation, but in almost nothing else. These Germans were revolted at the mean and false portrait of human nature drawn by the school of Voltaire. They felt that there were heights and depths in man which no plummet of French philosophism had sounded. They acknowledged the mysteriousness of life, the greatness of enthusiasm and devotion, the majesty of duty, the sacredness of law. They are full of lofty and unworldly speculation; of Christianity they speak respectfully, reverentially even, as being one, and hitherto the best, of the transitory forms in which great truths took shape: Mahometanism being another of those forms. But what belief they propose to substitute for

old Christianity—what resting place their doctrines yield for the wearied spirit—what curb for the rebellious passions, let no man ask, for no man we are sure will be able to answer. They cheat us with an array of imposing words—faith, and truth,* and reverence, and annihilation of self—ideas which, in the heart of a Christian, have a relation and significance, but which with them present no tangible conception, but at best are a poetic exaltation of the brain—with some a half belief, with others an utter cant. Thus the German philosophy though better, because less earthy and sensual, and because it at least excites the desire of celestial truth which it cannot gratify, is yet less consistent than the French. The one lays plainly before you a barren desert as the sum of man's hopes here and hereafter, the other deludes you with the fugitive semblance of the living waters. We will be pardoned these considerations for the sake of the sad fact, that these doctrines—a blank materialism or a shadowy, unmeaning spiritualism—are diffused through every vein of the present mind of Europe.

As to the results of all this. No one will ask us, at this day, to prove the effects of literature upon the ideas and actions of mankind, or to show to how large a degree men in this age are what books make them. We would not refer to so trite a theme as the French Revolution, were it not for the sort of opinion that has grown current of late, that that portent, with all its diabolic crimes, was the natural and necessary consequence of the previous oppression of the government and aristocracy; that it is a lesson to kings and rulers, and to no others. That there was gross oppression, and scandalous neglect on the part of both civil and ecclesiastical authorities, no one can deny; and further, we may admit, that the ferocities of an excited mob are things incident to every violent change. But it should never be lost sight of that the extreme wickedness of the French revolution—the wholesale judicial murders—the establishment of Atheism by law—the destruction of all holy ties, were the work not of the multitude, but of the middle classes who rose to power. And it seems to us the grossest absurdity to conceive that such things would have been done or tolerated, if every spark of religious principle, or restraint, had not been long extinguished in the minds of those classes by the influence of Voltaire and his confederates.—And further, if any one ask for the effects of this literature, we tell them to look abroad over Europe at this day. What principles and rules of action are predominant in the cabinets and councils of kings and statesmen? Principles of justice, of deference to the Church, and a horror of intrenching upon its privileges or province? No: but incessant schemes to have the Church gagged, and bound at their feet, subservient to their worldly policy, and winking at their wickedness. Utilitarianism, Benthamism, modern enlightenment—call it what you will, the seed was sown by Hume and Voltaire. Again, we say, cast your eyes over Europe. In France, Prussia, Spain, England, even Austria, the endeavour is to make the Church the creature and slave of the civil power. Religion has to battle for its clearest and most sacred rights. Surveying these things, let us acknowledge the influence which the sceptical philosophy has exercised upon the modern world.

The modern literature of England, by which we mean the productions of the last twenty years or so,

* Et dicebant: veritas et veritas; et multi eam dicebant mihi, et nusquam erat in eis.—*S. Aug. Confes.*, LIII.

is next to worthless—with few exceptions, most trashy and emasculate. Still such as it is, it reflects and helps to shape its time, and to those who look a little below the surface, who watch indications rather than expressions, and regard colour as well as matter, it is manifest that here too, whatever vital principle there is, is not fixed faith of any kind, but the floating uncertainties of Germanism.

But Ireland, how is she to be made proof against all these influences? This problem, the most momentous of the many that surround us, is one that must be solved under worse penalties than any political disaster. The heart of the country, thank God, is sound; no people in Europe more deeply religious. But in our gratitude and just pride for this, let us not lose sight of the auxiliary causes that contributed to it, nor presume too much on the grace that has been bestowed us. Let us remember that it was one consequence of the Penal Laws, to burn into the heart of the Irish Catholic an intense devotion to his persecuted religion—that the forbidden education which the gentleman received abroad and the peasant at home, made religion a vital part of knowledge. The latter looked up to his priest as the fountain of all information, sacred or profane, that man could need. The hedge-schoolmasters, with all their pedantry and absurdity—even with all their vices—never ceased to inculcate a love of their own religion, blended, perhaps, with too fierce a hatred of its oppressors. Let us remember that, during the long struggle against religious tyranny, the idea of Catholicity became knit with that of liberty; that theological controversy was almost a part of that battle, and that it was necessary for politicians to become familiar with and explain the doctrines of the Church, in order to answer the aspersions of their antagonists.

Nearly all this has changed, or is changing. No longer bound by the bond of persecution—no longer in the heat of a semi-religious struggle—no longer unaffected by the current of opinion elsewhere, and with an irrepressible tendency towards education of all kinds, the intellectual and spiritual future of Ireland is a theme of the deepest anxiety and moment. Her condition may be likened to that of an individual mind, naturally vigorous and inquisitive, but, long cramped and restrained, possessing deep instincts and affections, but no regulated structure of opinion, and which, when released from bondage and springing forth to seize the fruit of knowledge, is open to influences from every quarter of Heaven. How this plastic mind shall be moulded; whether the soul of thought that is about to enter into Ireland shall be the harmonious counterpart of that soul of faith which has guided and upheld her through the furnace of the past; whether her mature reason shall be pregnant with the conviction now living unspoken in the heart of her millions—that in true religion is found the cycle of all duty and all moral truth—whether the wise among her sons shall be wise enough to know that whatsoever is not subordinate to this is foolishness; whether the character of Ireland among the nations shall be one of lofty Christian zeal, as well as lofty nationality—these considerations may well have an interest for us. But to expect that these great results will come spontaneously; that the mind of Ireland, with no pains taken to guide it aright, and buffeted by all the winds of temptation, will tread securely and directly in the true path, seems to us a confidence against reason and nature.

Such a Catholic literature as we long for, and could shape an ideal of—a literature religious to the core,

which should reflect the majesty and eternal truth of our Faith, and its beauty and poetry as well; Irish, too, to the core—thrilling with our Celtic nature, and coloured by our wonderful history; such a literature, and its glorious associate, a high Catholic and national art, may be of slow formation, and wait long for their maturity. And, indeed, they demand something beyond the ordinary labours of genius. Still, a beginning may be made. A beginning has been made in the works of our dear Gerald Griffin; the tone and spirit of which, whatever be his theme, leave nothing to be desired. And we scarce know how much a little effort in the right direction may effect. For when the heart and sympathies of a people are with you, it is easy to influence their minds. Let what has been done of late, in infusing a spirit of nationality into our literature, be a lesson to us. Formerly, that spirit was as rare in current books as a tone of Catholic religion is now. But once a few zealous men set themselves to preach the principles of national feeling, what a bound was made by the popular mind in that direction. How eagerly did they imbibe everything that was said and sung of the wrongs and hopes of Ireland, and of her forgotten heroes. Because these things were but the expression of what they themselves had dumbly felt—but the touching of a chord with which their own pulses beat in unison.

And of this national literature, a word may be said in relation to our own design. Of the deep sincerity as well as ability of the men whose work it is, and of the good they have achieved in arousing our sense of national dignity and affection, no one can say too much. Still we think they committed a mistake in not basing their labours more on the religious feelings of the mass of the people whom they addressed. The reason of this was, no doubt, the desire to find a way to the hearts of Irishmen of all religions. Yet it was, in a great degree, an error, and one which, we believe, they will come more and more to recognise. At all events, it has left one-half, and the more necessary half, of the teaching required by the majority of our countrymen to be yet laboured at.

If there were but a few zealous sowers, how quickly would a little seed produce a harvest in such a soil. And what materials for the undertaking—what a well is our history from whence to draw the beneficent waters that we seek. Those distant ages to which Alfred and Bede have borne testimony, when our doctors instructed and our saints converted Europe, and the hymns of an Irishman were adopted as the chants of the whole Western Church—that proud time is not a fiction, or the hyperbole of national vanity—it rests upon evidence as sound as any fact in history. To reproduce this age, and the acts and words of its holy men and women, for the Irish people at this day—to give them therein a genuine and high source of national pride, from that alone what fruits might not spring? Have we not—but this work has been already commenced, and we trust will be carried out by the same zealous hand—have we not to become familiar with the men of the seventeenth century, with their Spanish fervour and loftiness, and intensity of Catholic nationality? And from our worst days of suffering, what lessons may be drawn? Is not our history for ages one martyrdom? There is a halo of true glory resting on our sad annals if we had but eyes to read them right—a truer glory than is found in our protracted resistance on the field, or the occasional victories that flash

through the long night of disaster. Of these, the bitter result after all is, that we were conquered; but there was another, and a far higher field of battle, in which the victory was wholly ours, and the ignominy our conqueror's. Lord of land and life, and not sparing either, he sought to be lord of conscience too, and was uniformly and utterly baffled. A race, taunted with their fickleness, and too often divided, too often in other things unstable as water, were in this, in the struggle for an unseen good, the very type of resolute tenacity, of unity and unconquerable will. We know not if a time will ever come when men will recognise, in Christian fortitude and fidelity, a higher thing than the bravest fighting—if they do this country will assuredly stand high. But, at least, *we* should impress this truth upon ourselves. We long to see a sense of these things entering deeply into the minds of our educated young men; to see their character and opinions formed by that part of our history too; to see our future politicians and statesmen distinguished for Christian wisdom as well as for a noble courage, that when the liberty of this land is won, she may be a light to modern as she was to ancient nations, not the imitator of their madness and injustice. And if, as a fond imagination might at times believe, that independence which she has ever longed for with more than Hebrew longing, be delayed till she can embrace it and use it in this spirit, can we feel otherwise than deeply thankful to that Providence which "shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

To descend from these high hopes to this Periodical of ours, which presumes to be the pioneer of so great a work. There are many difficulties in our path, but we cannot conceal from ourselves that the greatest lies in our own deficiencies. Would that our qualifications for the task bore any proportion to our conviction of its necessity. Still, as we said, a beginning may be made, in the hope that as we proceed we shall acquire both clearer views as to our path, and more assured strength to tread it.

St. Liguori's History of the Heresies.

THE HISTORY OF HERESIES AND THEIR REFUTATION; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH. Translated from the Italian of St. Alphonsus M. Liguori. By the Rev. JOHN T. MULLOCK, O.S.F. 2 Vols. 8vo. Dublin: James Duffy, 10, Wellington-quay.

FOR many years, the name of Blessed Liguori has been a familiar one throughout the Catholic world. Although this great and good man was celebrated for a long life, resplendent with every virtue, and devoted to the instruction of those within his own immediate sphere, as well as those within the influence of his numerous writings, yet several years had elapsed from his death, in 1787, to his beatification, in 1816. The peaceful occupations of the Roman Pontiff, and his venerable Senate, had been rudely interrupted by the great scourge of Europe, Napoleon Buonaparte; Pius VII. was seized and carried into captivity in July, 1809, almost at the moment when everything had been duly prepared for the beatification of Liguori; and seven years thus passed away before it actually took place. During that time, it is scarcely too much to say, that all Italy, by its veneration for his memory, had anticipated the deliberate and slowly-formed award of the Roman court—for seldom, indeed, had there been less doubt, and greater unanimity of opinion about the exalted qualities that shed a lustre on his life,

and crowned, with accumulated glories, his protracted career: seldom did the long and searching process of inquiry into the life, the habits, and the alleged miracles of those deemed worthy of beatification, bring forth clearer or more irresistible testimony than in his case, proving him to have been one of those who are the most valuable of all lights wherewith God, in his mercy, guides our erring steps in the way of example; a light, burning for its own salvation's sake, and, at the same time, shining for the comfort and edification of others.—*Lucet et Ardet.*

It is surely unnecessary to say, that speaking thus, we cannot be supposed to undervalue the contemplative life which has been adopted by so many devout persons of either sex. They formed neither a fanciful nor an exaggerated notion of the perils that beset all who live amidst the cares and seductions of the world. They knew that of the many imitators of Martha's "solicitude about many things,"* there are but few indeed who do not fall short of her enduring fidelity and ultimate perseverance; and that there are fewer still who do not find that Mary's choice, of giving precedence over all else to the only thing truly necessary, is the safest and most peaceful in the end. There is, however, this special advantage derived from the example of an active life, such as Liguori's, that it is a living and convincing refutation of an excuse put forward in various shapes, and made use of for many unworthy purposes, by those who are toiling in servitude to the world, namely—that an active employment amongst, and for society, is incompatible, or nearly so, with true sanctity of life. The fallacy would not be so pernicious, were it in reality the honest plea of a cowardly, yet conscientious soul, afraid of the obstacles in its way to perfection; but it is not so: it is almost invariably used, not so much as a pretext for not aiming at holiness, as a thin disguise thrown over an indulgence in the frivolities, nay, the vices of society, and a systematic conformity with the tyrannous exactions and the unprincipled maxims that are imposed and rendered current by the world and its varying fashions. "In the life of St. Alphonsus Liguori," says the translator of the "Heresies," "we have a proof that sanctity is peculiar to no age; that a saint is not, as we almost pictured to ourselves, a romantic personage, clad in sack-cloth and dwelling in the solitude of the desert or the retirement of the cloister. Here we have a man, I may say, of our own times, living within the influence of the ideas that rule our own age, mixed up with all the occurrences that check our daily existence. His days were spent in discharging the same duties as millions of his cotemporaries; and he was a Saint only because in the discharge of those duties, he sought above all, the glory of God and the salvation of souls."—*Preface to the Life of St. Alphonsus M. Liguori, by the Rev. J. T. MULLOCK.*

It would undoubtedly appear more german to our purpose, when noticing an historical production of our Saint, to have attended ere this to his character as a scholar and an author; here again is realised the truth of the translator's observation, that "there are few saints, the study of whose lives would be productive of more utility to us than that of St. Alphonsus;" here again does his example overthrow many a convenient theory reared up in the imagination of the idler and sensualist. St. Alphonsus was deeply engaged, we might say, immersed in the administration of a large

* Luke, x c. 41 v.

and populous diocese—large as compared with neighbouring sees—and compared, even with those of our own country, claiming especial vigilance, on account of the far greater number of churches and ecclesiastics scattered over the fair Catholic soil of Italy. Affordable to the poorest, and exhaustless in zeal, we may well imagine how much of each day he devoted to the business essentially connected with his office. He was almost incessantly preaching, and although advanced in life when consecrated bishop, he frequently traversed his diocese, making himself conversant with the details of its spiritual necessities, its wants, and its resources, and dispensing charity and consolation as he went along. In the midst of all these labours and anxieties, he contrived to compose and publish works of instruction for the whole Christian world, and among the rest, the valuable one to which, in this paper, we propose briefly to call the attention of our readers.

This work, it would appear, was published originally in three volumes, but the translator, or rather the publisher, in deference we suppose to the economising spirit of our age, has compressed them into two; whereof all the first, and a portion of the second are devoted to the History, the remainder to the Refutation of the Heresies. In a history such as this, no one will be looking for graces of style. A methodical statement, in unvarnished phrase, of what is most necessary to be known concerning the origin of each heresy, its progress, and ultimate fate—including, of course, the character, position in life, and general career of the heresiarch himself; this is what we have to expect from such a work. To be succinct and intelligible where there are so many intricacies about general and provincial councils, Catholic and heretical, disputed and recognised; to draw for the narrative upon sources truly impartial, if such can be procured, and to be candid in exposing violence and indiscretion, no matter by whom committed; to do all this amid so much that is conflicting, and so much misrepresented, would be, indeed, to achieve a great deal. If our holy author—writing from a truly Catholic point of view, and in a truly Catholic spirit—professing to give, not a series of minute and critical enquiries, but a well-digested abstract of such approved but ponderous histories as those of Baronius, and Natalis Alexander; if he has not come up to all this, it was because in part it was impracticable on account of the limits he had prescribed to himself, and in part it was unnecessary in such a work to record what would amaze without edifying, and shock the feelings without improving the heart. And, even as it is, what a sad monument of human weakness does this work present! what a humiliating picture of the aberrations of that inner light, vouchsafed to us as a spark from the great supernal sun of Divine intelligence! In its pages are to be found, grouped within one century, Arius blaspheming the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, and Macedonius assailing the Divinity of the Holy Spirit; in another, we have Nestorius dissatisfied with the accepted faith of his contemporaries, and insisting that there were *two* persons in Christ, as well as two natures. See him immediately followed by Eutyches, who rushes to the other extreme, and will have but *one* nature as well as *one* person. Then come the Monothelites, endeavouring still further to simplify the received notions about the hypostatic union by confounding and amalgamating the *wills* of the Redeemer.

In the transition from a wide-spread belief (if belief

it may be called,) in a plurality of Deities, to a belief in the unity of God, and a belief in the assumption of human nature on the part of God, by means of the closest possible union—it would naturally be expected that the errors of the human intellect, in the early stages of such transition, would be mostly about these two great all-important dogmas. It would not be until the minds of men had settled down upon these fundamental questions, that we could expect them to take any lively interest in, or be swayed by the passions incidental to poor human nature to doubt of or pervert, other articles of faith, which may be termed, without disparagement, the *details* of orthodox belief. No matter what may have been the cause, in point of fact, such has been the case, generally speaking; so that it was only in after times that licentiousness of opinion began to assail, for instance, the respect due to holy images—as with the Iconoclasts, the necessity or utility of ecclesiastical orders—as Wickliffe, the doctrine of the real presence—as Berengarius, &c. Thus, in all ages is verified the sad prophecy of the Saviour, "For it must needs be that scandals come."—*Matt. xviii. 7.*

There is another fact, too, that will strike those who may peruse these annals of the pride and waywardness of humanity; it is, that with few exceptions, the originators of these mischievous opinions were men who wore, over the gloomy and troubled speculations that inwardly perplexed them, a mask of piety, nay of austerity; to name Montanus Jovinian, Pelagius, Peter Waldo, Wickliffe, amongst many others, is quite enough to confirm the truth of this observation; whilst the obstinacy or the courage of a Huss, or Jerome of Prague, in sight even of the pile that was to consume them, is enough to make one weep at such perversion of the noblest qualities, and bow down in trembling before the inscrutable dispensations of Almighty wisdom. 'Tis in such a spirit that our pious author, alluding to the awful spread of the Eutychian heresy, at the close of the fifth century, owing to the shameful apathy of Acacius, Bishop of Constantinople, thus speaks—"Whilst I write I tremble. A bishop myself, and considering how many on account of being exalted to that dignity, have prevaricated and lost their souls: many I say, who, if they had remained in a private condition, would be more easily saved."—*History, p. 173.*

This very remarkable work displays much research on the part of the venerable author: as its multifarious contents, embracing a vast portion of the religious history of the world—and spread over two large volumes—would defy any attempt on our part to verify or question its statements, at least methodically, by examining its authorities—we must acknowledge ourselves incompetent to do so. We take the word of the learned and laborious translator, who assures us that "this book may be safely quoted as a work of reference; the author constantly quotes his authorities, and the student of ecclesiastical history can at once compare his statements with the sources from which he draws."—*Preface, p. 6.*

The history of the gigantic heresies originated by Arius, Pelagius, Nestorius, Eutyches, is given with a clearness, yet minuteness of detail that leaves but little to be desired by the general reader. In the account of the heresies of John Huss, in the fifteenth century, we observe there is but a passing allusion to that decree of the Council of Constance, which has been so much relied on, as proving that the Catholic

Church sanctions the violation of faith with heretics ; probably the author, although a contemporary of the redoubtable John Wesley for nearly a century, had not heard of his famous syllogism, by which he would charitably prove that Catholics, by reason of the language of this Council, should not be tolerated by any government whatever. "Answer me, who can?" said this modest writer. In an evil hour for the founder of Methodism and love-feasts—the celebrated Father Arthur O'Leary accepted the vaunting challenge; we may just say of his triumphant reply, that while deploring the barbarity of an age, which burned old women as witches, and sent heretics, for the good of their souls, "through the fires of this world to the fires of another"—he dwells at length, and with great force, on the peculiar character of the doctrines of Huss, as totally subversive of all order, and all government civil and ecclesiastical.

We have but space to say a word or two of that portion of this history which may naturally be supposed to possess the greatest interest for us, that is, the rise and progress of the Anglican schism and heresy. We find the leading features of this great event delineated in a bold, brief, yet comprehensive manner; yet we could have wished, that the translator had adhered a little more stringently to the promise which he made, we are certain, in all sincerity, that is, to collate the author's history in this portion of it with Hume and Lingard, and in case of apparent discrepancy between them, to prefer the authority of our own writers—"who must naturally be supposed to be better acquainted with our history than the foreign authorities quoted by the Saint."—*Preface of Translator*, page 6. We were positively startled at reading in vol. II. p. 7, how, "after much persuasion, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, consented to recognise the King (Henry VIII.) to be supreme head of the Church in spirituals, just as the Pope had been previously acknowledged; that he added, however, the condition, *inasmuch as it was not opposed to the Divine Word*;" and St. Liguori emphatically remarks, "when this pillar of the Church *fell* it was not difficult to induce the others to take the oath." Now Fisher's name is not mentioned in this transaction by either Hume or Lingard. In any case, there was no *falling* whatever in the transaction, nor is there the slightest authority that we can find, even in Burnet, for saying that the example of Fisher influenced the others; for as Lingard truly observes, the paragraph being thus worded—"of our church and clergy we acknowledge his majesty to be the chief protector, the only and supreme lord, and—as far as the law of Christ will allow—the supreme head"—the introduction of this saving clause obviously invalidates the whole recognition. It proves too how very irresolute was Henry, at that time, about proceeding to extreme measures with the clergy. The simple truth is, that Fisher, so far from having compromised an iota on the subject of the King's supremacy, as both Hume and Lingard declare, it was for his persevering denial of it, that he was ultimately put to death.*

Unfortunate Wolsey, too, condemned by all parties for his "over-leaping" and most unscrupulous ambition—accused even by Burnet and his copyists with meanness and cowardice when in disgrace; yet he scarcely deserves the additional infamy of having been the first to suggest the idea of the divorce to the mon-

ster Henry. Our author, quoting Gotti, says that he did. Cardinal Pole, however, who is quoted with approbation by Lingard, attributes the suggestion to another quarter.†

Wolsey, after all, was not without his redeeming qualities. Whatever restraint upon his turbulent passions, or respect for public decency was exhibited by Henry, it was only during Wolsey's lifetime, and was notoriously attributable to his influence; and our author, who is very severe on him, admits his anxiety to avert the many evils that would arise from sanctioning a divorce between Henry and Catherine. The lessons of adversity do not seem to have been lost on him—

His overthrow heaped happiness upon him,
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age,
Than man could give him, he died—fearing God!

SHAKESPEARE.

Our author has some other matters of lesser moment, such as the conjecture that Anne Boleyn was Henry's own daughter, the impropriety of her conduct when in France, &c., which are either altogether omitted, or expressly rejected by Lingard and Hume.

These things, however, with the exception, perhaps, of the first mentioned, are but of trifling consequence. We have not space to make any observation on that part of the work, entitled the Refutation of the Heresies—whose History had been previously given: we are the less anxious on that point, with the glorious illustrations before us so recently published to the whole world—of the soundness of the doctrines, the inestimable value of the writings, as well as the spotless purity of the life of the holy author. With regard to the translation, to say that it is faithful, would be its least eulogy; we believe it is exactly in that style which the holy author would have adopted, had he been a native of our own country—there being in it a transfusion of the simplicity, force, and clearness of the original, so necessary for a narrative of multitudinous events—a statement of essential doctrines, and subtle errors—and above all, a triumphant vindication of the one, and a refutation of the other. Mr. Mullock has served religion by translating this work of St. Liguori into English. He has likewise contributed a most interesting supplementary chapter, in which are concisely reviewed the various modifications of heresy that have appeared from time to time since the death of the Saint, bringing us, in fact, so far down as the delusions of Mormonism in America, and the impieties of Ronge in Germany. We can, indeed, with confidence assert, that the Catholic Priest could scarcely give to his library a more valuable addition than these volumes; for even if well supplied with books already, he will find them an excellent manual for immediate reference, upon a large and most important section of Church History. The work is not, of course, a Church History; as for instance, the tenth century is altogether omitted, having produced no heresy worth record or refutation. For a somewhat similar reason, the name of Ireland—faithful, suffering Ireland—claims honourable exemption from these pages, and we believe is not once mentioned. Our land has been singularly blessed in never producing such as those who figure most prominently in the History of Heresies. Long may it continue so.

* Burnet, in his Supplementary Volume, says, that More and Fisher were put to death, to show "that there was to be no mercy for any one who denied the king's supremacy."

† Lingard, Vol. VI. p. 113.

THE HYMN

"Te Deum Laudamus,"

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND ST. AMBROSE

PRAISE THE LORD.

THEE, O Great God, we praise !

Thee, mighty Lord, we bless,

Thee, and Thy marvellous and mysterious ways !

Thee, O, Omnipotent Lord,

All the rolling orbèd worlds confess !

To Thee the Archangels and high-thronèd Powers,

The Cherubim,

And Seraphim,

Chant aloud, with one accord,

Evermore,

Through Eternity's resplendent hours,

In prostration lowly,

"Holy,

Holy,

Holy is the God whom we adore !

Holy is the Lord whose praise we sing."

Heaven and Earth, O Everlasting King,

Are luminous with thy glory !

Thee the Patriarchs of olden story,

Thee the Saints who have gone before us,

Thee the Apostles and the Prophet-band,

Magnify in one perennial chorus !

And the white-robed Martyr-train who stand,

Day and night, before Thy throne,

Hymn their Alleluiahs to Thee !

Nor all those alone—

Thy Church—still militant on Earth beneath,

And yet uncrown'd with Victory's golden wreath,—

Ever loveth to upraise

Her voice to Thee in canticles of praise

Ever bends before Thy shrines the knee,

Glorified be Thou, then endlessly,

And Thy coëternal Son,

And the Holy Spirit, Three in One !

Glorified be Thou, Son of the Living Father,

Who, to save Man's rebel race from Doom,

Had'st no care to spare Thyself, but rather

Sought with joy Thy humble Handmaid's womb !

Thou—the Conqueror of the Tomb,

Thou—the victor of Hell's legions,

Thou art now the Lord of the Celestial Regions.

Seated at the right-hand of the One, Great, Good,

And Eternal Potentate—thy Sire,

Lord ! who hast redeemed us by Thy costly blood,

Kindle in our souls Thy heavenly fire !

O ! help Thy saints, Thy servants, and Thine heirs,

That nought, in Life or Death, may seek to sever

Thy glory and Thy blessedness from theirs,

Who hope to reign with Thee in Heaven for ever !

J. C. M.

CONNEXION

OF

The Primitive Irish Church

WITH THE SEE OF ROME.

Si Prova contro alcuni Recenti scrittori Protestanti, quanto sia falso che la Chiesa d'Irlanda sia stata Indipendente dalla Chiesa Romana fino al XII secolo. Ragionamento letto nell' Accademia di Religione Cattolica, da Mgr. Paolo Cullen, Rettore del Collegio Ibernese, &c., &c., 8vo. Roma, 1846.

[A Refutation of the Assertion of Certain Recent Protestant Writers, that, until the Twelfth Century, the Irish Church was independent of the See of Rome. Being a Dissertation read in the ACADEMY OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION, by Mgr. Paul Cullen, &c., Rome, 1846.]

AMONGST the many claims upon Irish gratitude, associated with the illustrious name of Father Wadding, there is none which we cherish more affectionately than the memory of his services in establishing the Irish College in Rome. Of old the refuge and sanctuary of our Church, when, in the hour of her tribulation and abasement, like all other "orphans of the heart," she turned for shelter to this true "city of the soul," the Irish College still subsists, in the days of our prosperity—at once an evidence and a bond of that sacred union which it is our national boast to have maintained unshaken in the worst and most afflicting times—filling up, along with the other National Colleges with which Rome abounds, that living argument of her Catholicity which strikes even the coldest and least reflecting visitor with wonder and admiration.

Well, therefore, and gracefully, does this defence of the unbroken connexion of our Church with the Holy See proceed from the Rector of the Irish College in Rome, an institution which has long represented Ireland in the Eternal City. It is the natural outpouring of national gratitude to the benefactress from whom we have received so many benefits—the affectionate cry, as it were, of a child refusing to be parted from the tender "mother, who looked on her childhood." And, as though for the purpose of maintaining this character, the tone and tenor of the dissertation are in perfect keeping with such a feeling—gentle, yet firm and unyielding, mild and temperate, but animated, earnest, and energetic. Indeed the nature of the literary exercises of which it forms a part, and the character of the audience before which it was delivered, would almost be in themselves a guarantee that it could not be otherwise. The "Academy of the Catholic Religion" is a literary society of long standing in Rome, and comprises, among its members, the elite of the literati, not only of the city and the Roman states, but of all the leading cities of Italy. They meet at stated intervals for the purpose of hearing a dissertation on some topic of religious interest read by a member appointed by the acting council of the body. The dissertations thus read are occasionally published; sometimes in a separate form, sometimes in the well-known journal, entitled *Annali delle Scienze Religiose*; and we have often desired to see a selection of the most interesting papers published in a collected form. Such a collection would embrace most of the topics of interest which have arisen in the Church during the last ten years; and the exceeding value of these dissertations may be estimated, both from the high names of the authors, and from the opportunities of acquiring information on ecclesiastical topics enjoyed by parties resident in the capital of Catholic Christendom.

The dissertation now before us, was read upon the second of July in the past year, by Dr. Cullen, Rector of the Irish College, and one of the earliest and most distinguished members of the *Accademia della Religione Cattolica*, and has been printed at the request of the members of the Academy. It is a clear and masterly *resumé* of this controversy, so often agitated since the days of Usher; and although the author could not have had an opportunity of seeing (and therefore has not expressly addressed himself to) the most recent publications on the question—those of Messrs. Monck, Mason, and Todd—yet the line of general argumentation which he pursues, may, in many particulars, be regarded as an anticipated refutation of the strongest points of the new case (if such it can be called,) which they have endeavoured to establish.* Indeed we cannot help attaching to this interesting essay an importance entirely distinct from its own literary value. A dissertation on a purely Irish subject, addressed to a foreign auditory, written in a foreign language, and printed at the desire of a foreign literary society, is an evidence of the growing interest with which our history is beginning to be regarded, too significant and too encouraging to be passed over in silence. We must be permitted to regard its coincidence with the first publication of our “*IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE*” as an omen of no auspicious import; the more so, perhaps, as Dr. Cullen’s Essay is too important to be overlooked under any circumstances.

To attempt anything like a complete analysis of a dissertation, which is itself professedly a condensation of the chief points of this ancient controversy, would be to inflict upon the reader a meagre and uninteresting summary of facts and authorities. We shall consult with both for our own judgment, and for the advancement of the great object to which, next after the diffusion of religious truth, this Journal is mainly devoted—the creation or maintenance of a proper feeling of the importance of our national history—by confining ourselves to one single argument (among the many which are advanced), which, though it be not new, is yet put with singular clearness, strength, and condensation. We mean the historical argument for the connexion of Ireland with Rome, derived from the fact that the Irish Church, from the fifth to the twelfth century, maintained the closest and most active correspondence with all the churches of Western Christendom;—that to the labours of Irish missionaries most of the Western kingdoms are indebted, either for the introduction, or the revival of Christianity;—and that among the writers who distinguished themselves in the controversies of those times, (as the *Paschal Controversy*, that upon “the Three Chapters,” on the *Iconoclast heresy*, the disputes regarding the *Eucharist*, &c.) the Irish ecclesiastics were eminently distinguished, and were regarded by all as the exponents of orthodoxy, and the accredited representatives of the general interests and feelings of the Western Church.

We shall translate the most important portion of this extremely interesting argument—doubly interesting for the mass of history which it compresses into a brief compass:—

“When literature and science were driven from the continent of Europe, by the wars which attended the

fall of the Roman Empire, the continual invasions of the Barbarians, and the other tempests which at that period laid the world desolate, they found a secure asylum in that distant island [Ireland], far removed from those scenes of turbulence, and protected from their influence by its insular position. Thus, a number of eminent schools arose in Ireland—*Armagh*, *Bangor*, *Lismore*, *Durrow*, &c., which were frequented by innumerable scholars, not alone from every part of Ireland, but also from England, and from the Continent of Europe.

* * * * *
* * * The monuments of this period, which have come down to our times, are a sufficient evidence of the assiduity with which the learned languages, poetry, philosophy, history, and theology were cultivated in these schools. Many of these treasures, which, for centuries had lain hidden beneath the dust of the libraries, are now in process of publication, through the agency of various literary societies; and several of them have already appeared in the two most valuable Collections of Ancient Authors, published by Cardinal Mai, whose literary labours reflect a lustre, not alone upon the author, but upon the Roman Purple itself.” —pp. 18–19.

After alluding to the apostolic spirit inculcated in these schools, and displayed by the heroic missionaries who were sent forth from them, the author proceeds:

“Suffice it to name a few of these eminent benefactors of religion, in order to judge whether they ever dreamed of declaring themselves independent of the chair of Peter, as our adversaries maintain. If, then, these men unreservedly taught the doctrine of the supremacy of Peter; if the churches founded by them were uniformly subject to the jurisdiction of the Pope; it follows of necessity, that these were the doctrines which they had themselves learned in their native country. Contenting ourselves, therefore, with a glance at the labours of the Irish missionaries, let us remember that *Columba*, *Ædan*, *Colman*, *Finian* and others enumerated by *Bede*, were the apostles of *Northumbria* and other provinces of Great Britain, and laboured in that country with such abundant success, that *Palmer** does not hesitate to attribute the conversion of the kingdom mainly to their holy labours. I pass over *Columbanus* (whom *Baronius* compares to another *Elias*), *Gallus*, *Eustatius*, and his other companions, who enlightened France, Switzerland, and Italy by the sanctity of their lives. Who would venture to affirm that these distinguished men did not admit the supremacy of the Pope, whereas it was uniformly professed in the countries where they preached, and in the monasteries which they founded? There is hardly a province in France which does not venerate the memory of some Irish Saint of the fifth, seventh, and eighth centuries, during which period the Holy See, as is notorious, exercised the most extensive powers with that vast empire. In *Picardy* is celebrated the memory of two holy priests, *Cardoc* and *Fricor*, who preached there in the seventh century, and founded the monastery of *Centula*, at *Ponthieu*. In the time of *Charlemagne*, *Agilbert*, then abbot of the monastery, restored their shrine, and placed upon it an inscription in letters of gold, which commenced:

“*Mole sub hac tegitur Caidocus jure sacerdos
Scotia quem genuit, Gallica terra tegit.*”

In *Meaux*, the memory of *SS. Kilian* and *Fiacre* is

* For a full discussion of these points, see a very able and learned article—“*Catholic Ireland, A.D. 600*”—in the *Dublin Review*, June, 1846.

* *History of the Church*, p. 72.

still freshly cherished; and before the Revolution, their shrine was an object of pious reverence to pilgrims from every part of France. In Besançon is venerated St. Deicola, who founded the neighbouring monastery of Luthra, and died about 625. About the same period, St. Furseus, who had become eminent for his sanctity in Ireland, having visited the court of Sigbert, king of East Anglia, and thence set out on a pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apostles, was detained on his passage through France by Clovis II. and his chamberlain, Erchinoald; and founded the celebrated monastery of Lagny, near Paris, where he died, according to Mabillon, in 644. At the same time, his two brothers, Foilan and Ultan, on the invitation of St. Gertrude, daughter of Pepin of Landen, repaired to Nivelles, in Brabant, for the purpose of teaching psalmody and the ceremonies of the public service to a religious community founded by this holy woman; and soon afterwards founded the monastery of Fosse, near Nivelles. The Bollandists (May 8th) make mention of St. Wiro, who is venerated in Belgium. The ancient author of his life writes, that he was consecrated bishop in Rome; and adds, that "it was a custom with the inhabitants of this island (Ireland), first to elect a pastor among themselves, and then to send him to Rome to be consecrated by apostolic hands." * * * * *

Nor are France and Belgium the only countries which stand indebted to Ireland for the blessings of the Gospel. St. Willebrord, (who, though a Saxon by birth, yet, according to Alcuin, was educated in Ireland,) was the bearer of the faith to Friesland. He was accompanied by eleven other priests, chosen from the Irish monasteries by St. Egbert, who was the first to propose and urge forward that mission, afterwards so fruitful in martyrs. Venerable Bede mentions two other Irish missionaries, named Ewald, who suffered martyrdom in Saxony about the same time. Nay, even to countries still more remote they found their way.* St. Killian and his companions preached and suffered martyrdom in Franconia. About the same time, in Carinthia and the adjacent provinces, the Gospel was announced by Virgilius and his Irish companions. He founded the Church of Salzburg, and extended his labours to the confines of Hungary. And while these holy men were thus extending the limits of Christ's kingdom others of their countrymen were entrusted with the government of churches which had already received the faith. Thus we find Frigidian among the bishops of Lucca, Cathaldus in Taranto, and Donatus in Fiesole.† The epitaph of the latter is given by Ughelli. It commences thus:—

"Hic ego Donatus, Scotorum sanguine cretus
Solus in hoc tumulo pulvere, verme, voror."

* * * * *

Contemporary with Donatus, was the learned monk, Dungal, author of several works, the most celebrated of which is that which he wrote against Claudius, bishop of Turin, who attempted to introduce the Iconoclast errors into Italy. This work displays most varied and profound erudition, and is described by Muratori, (by whom it was edited) as, "*Liber ille Dungalii hominem eruditum, sacrisque etiam literis eruditum prodit, et simul in grammaticali foro et in Prisciani deliciis eruditum.*" It was this learned monk who presented to the monastery of Bobbio the collection of books brought from Ireland, which were afterwards transferred, by

* Lanigan proves that even Iceland was visited by Irish missionaries, who preached there in the eighth or ninth century.

Cardinal Federico Borromeo, to the Ambrosian library at Milan. A brief account of the services rendered by the Irish literati in Italy and in France will be found in Muratori's *Annali d' Italia* (Anno. 781). He relates a fact which is recorded by an ancient monk of St. Gall, that two Irish monks, Clement and Albinus, were employed by Charlemagne, one in France, the other in Pavia, to teach polite literature, and to revive the liberal studies which had then fallen into decay.

Consulting for my brief limits, I am compelled to pass over many other facts which would serve at once to show the obligations which literature and religion owe to Ireland, and to demonstrate, even to evidence, the closeness of the relations which subsisted between that Church and all the other Churches of the Continent.

With what justice, therefore, have I designated the pretensions of our adversaries absurd! Where is there a trace of that isolation and independence which they have imagined? The sketch of the history just presented to you, shows how far different is the reality. How many monks have we beheld, how many priests, founding monasteries or preaching the faith in various countries, and all how closely united with the Holy See! Will it be said that the religious establishments founded or maintained by Columbanus, by Gallus, by Furseus, by Virgil, taught doctrines different from those of the rest of Europe? that the countries converted by the Irish missionaries held themselves independent of the Chair of Peter? that, in the schools established by these missionaries and their disciples, this fancied independence was taught?

Could the antagonists of Roman connexion discern the slightest trace of such teaching, with what triumph would it be produced! And since they have failed to discern it, it follows of necessity that the doctrines of the Irish Church were identical with those of the other Churches of Europe, and that as a clear consequence, the Irish Church professed the supremacy of the Pope, which not even the most zealous Protestant will deny to have been admitted in the Churches of France, Belgium, Germany, and the other countries which were the theatre of the labours of Irish missionaries."—pp. 21-4

For the length of this extract we shall not think of offering any apology. Gladly would we follow the author through the history of the period which immediately preceded the English invasion. But we have already more than exceeded the limits at our disposal, and we are compelled, reluctantly, to draw to a close.

We cannot conclude, however, without expressing a hope that the author will be induced to translate (if the phrase be allowable in such a case) his dissertation into its native English, and permit its circulation in this country. For the public whom it addresses in its present garb, it has nothing beyond the interest which attaches to any literary performance of more than ordinary ability, no matter what its subject—but in Ireland, its interest will be real, practical, and present; and we cannot but anticipate much good from it at a time like the present, when men's minds are directed, with higher views than those of mere historical curiosity, to all those great religious questions which, like that forming the subject of this dissertation, are involved in the study of our national antiquities.

† Over the altar of St. Donatus, in the Cathedral of Fiesole, is an interesting picture of the Saint in his pontifical robes, and attended by an Irish wolf-dog.

A Catholic History of England.

By WILLIAM B. MAC CABE. Newby, London.

THE many and distracting duties which have occupied us prior to issuing the first number of *THE CATHOLIC MAGAZINE*, will plead our apology for not making a longer notice of this learned and really curious work. The public need not be told that we are very like those who have barely completed the building of a house, and have not had ample time to look after the various details of embellishing and decorating it. Thanks to William Bernard Mac Cabe, we have not far to go in order to procure many a splendid portrait of these great Irishmen, who, leaving their own shores—fired with holy zeal, preached Christianity in England, reclaimed the barren waste, and raised some of those monastic institutions which, even in their grey ruins, reflect honor on their singleness of purpose and devotion to the religion of Christ. We had scarce conceived the notion of endeavouring to supply a deficiency so painfully felt in this land of ours, when the "Catholic History of England" was published, and on running hastily over its pages, we said to ourselves, here are all the materials for a long and splendid picture gallery, from which we can adorn our pages as often as opportunity presents itself. Sixty years before the incarnation of our blessed Lord, the Roman soldier who planted the grand ensign of "the Senate and Roman people" on the other side of the Channel, had little notion of the mighty events which were at hand; the conquerors of the world little dreamed that the mighty Empire which sent its cohorts to colonize a distant settlement, was rapidly hastening to ruin, overwhelmed by its vices and corruption—not to speak of that glorious system which the Redeemer was to propound, to the confusion of its sages, priests, and idols.

Little, then, could they imagine that the barbarous Britons, who were exhibited to the wondering gaze of the Roman people in the forum, would one day cede to another race, who, upon the soil of Roman conquest, would build up an empire which should lord it over the world—when proud Imperial Rome was laid in ashes, her institutions overthrown, her legions destroyed, and her very name a by-word. Even so is it with all human foundations—that which to-day wears all the semblance of stability and perpetuity, must perish in due time, and heaven alone can forecast the doom which, sooner or later, may lower over an empire which now seems builded up against all powers of aggression from without, or anarchical movements from within.

Yet, turning over these pages, we are not so much inclined to pry into the secrets of futurity, as to contrast the present with the past, in this never ceasing din about the question of religion. If it be ascertained beyond all question that the first herald of Catholicity in England was commissioned from the Vatican to raise its standard, then how is it that myriads of our fellow-subjects will close their eyes against truth, or still persevere in pursuit of these wild phantoms, which are not the result of cool thinking and calm meditation? And if this important position be demonstrated to a certainty, how is it that foolish theories have taken so fast a hold on the minds and convictions of men, that they seem resolved to continue in their blindness, obstinately shutting out the light?—Tis hard, indeed, to answer the question satisfactorily. Throughout the pages before us, there is ample evidence that the religion of Rome, and of the world, was that which was

first preached on the shores of England. These splendid monuments of earlier ages, wherein the saints of old thought, prayed, wrote, and were buried, still stand hoary records of this important fact; and Mr. Mac Cabe has made us conversant with the lives and habits of those men, who shed enlightenment around them, and sooth, to say, are still looked up to as the stars which light "long nights of shame." The very name of monk and friar has become a term of reproach in England. Those who had an interest in aspersing the memories of the illustrious dead, were early imbued with these false notions and unholy prejudices. The controversies regarding dogmas, have long agitated the minds of the English people; and if we err not, the return to Catholicity has been more remarkable in the higher and more educated classes, than among the humbler and less informed. Indeed there may have been reason for this—the ponderous and expensive works which from time to time have come from the English press, vindicating Catholicity, and putting it in the proper light, were inaccessible to the great bulk of the inquiring public, and we now bless God that this objection no longer exists.

Here is the record of the preaching of the first missionaries who landed on their shores—here is the rule of life of its monks and holy writers—here they may sit with Meidulf, Albinus, and Alcuin, and listen to their teaching, hearken to the vesper bell, or witness the exit from this world of one of England's greatest boasts—the Venerable Bede. And of these grand old ruins, what will they learn? That their doors were thrown open to the sick of heart and weary of foot—that the incense of ages blackened their rafters, and that the pealing hymns of praise and jubilation echoed through those sacred shrines, which are now frequented as a resource against the *ennui* that springs from pleasure's wearying round. We cannot sufficiently praise the author for all the labour, study, and research which this work has cost him; from our hearts we would wish that his time and abilities had been given to illustrate the land of his nativity, as he has done that of England; and praying God to endow him with all the energy and health he must require to prosecute the coming volumes, we reluctantly close this meagre notice, with a determination to return to it in many a succeeding number of the *IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE*.

Druidism.

MYTHOLOGY OF THE IRISH.

BEFORE giving an account of the introduction of Christianity, and the lives of Palladius and St. Patrick, it will be necessary to furnish a sketch of the religious system, of the Pagan Irish, for otherwise there are many circumstances connected with the first preaching of the Gospel, and the life of our national Apostle, which could not be elucidated. When the faith was first preached to our Pagan ancestors, Druidism, the religious system of the Celtic nations, prevailed; and the ancient Irish, a great branch of the Celts, worshipped gods and idols similar to those of their Celtic brethren in Gaul and Britain. Authentic and interesting accounts of Druidism amongst the Gauls and Britons are given in Cæsar's Commentaries; Pliny and Tacitus also give outlines of Druidism in Gaul and Britain. Camden, *Davies's Celtic Researches*, and

the work of Godfrey Higgins, furnish copious accounts of the British Druids. On Druidism in Ireland, Keating, O'Flaherty, Ware, Vallancey, Toland, Charles O'Connor, and Doctor O'Connor, in the *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*, are the best authorities. In the following article these have been consulted, and other writers, particularly on the Mythology of the Eastern nations; as Selden on the Syrian gods; Bishop Cumberland on the origin of Ancient Nations; Moor's Hindoo Pantheon; Rollin; Mallett's Northern Antiquities, &c.

The term Druid, in Irish, *Draoi* or *Druadh*, is considered to be derived from *Dair*, an oak, as that tree was sacred to the Druids, and they celebrated their rites chiefly in the oak woods; some have derived the word from the Greek *Drus*, an oak, but it is much more probable that the Greek word *Drus* was derived from the Celtic, which is an older language. According to Pliny the word Druid in the language of Celtic Gaul was *Deru*; in the British or Welsh, the name was *Drudh* in the singular, and *Druidion* in the plural. Cæsar and other Roman writers rendered the term *Druides* and *Druide*; by later writers, the word Druids has been Latinised *Magi*, signifying magicians or wise men, the same as the Magi or ancient priests of the Medes and Persians. The Druids, as a powerful Pagan priesthood, were held in great veneration by the people, and admitted to the highest honours and confidence by the chiefs and kings. In Ireland the Druids, like the Bards and Brehons, held a rank next to the princes and kings, being permitted to wear six colours in their sagums or cassocks, the kings alone having the privilege of wearing seven colours in their costume. The Druids wore a crescent ornament on their heads, and their hair was cut short, but they cherished a long beard; when performing their rites, they put on long white garments; they wore oval-shaped amulets incased in gold, and other gold and silver ornaments, chains, &c., on the neck and breast; they held in their hand a white rod or sacred wand. They worshipped chiefly in oak woods, and the mistletoe of the oak was regarded as sacred, and much used in their mysteries; it was considered a charm against diseases, and sought for with great care on the sixth day of the moon; when found, it was hailed with rapturous joy, and two white bulls were sacrificed, fastened to the oak from which it was obtained. The Druids practised divination and augury, drawing omens from the victims offered as sacrifices; and they had their oracles like those of Delphos and Dodona in Greece. The high priest, or arch-druid was named *Ard-Druadh* by the Irish. The prince Divitiacus, the Eduan, the friend of Cæsar, was arch-druid of Gaul. The Gauls, Britons, and Irish had an order of Druidesses, like the Pagan priestesses of other nations. In Ireland, the term *Bean-Draoi*, signifying a woman Druid, was the name applied to a Druidess; the Druidesses wore white dresses, assisted at the rites, and preserved the sacred fire, like the vestal virgins among the Romans. The Nymphs or Goddesses, called *Dryades* amongst the Romans, were similar to the Druidesses. The Druids were a powerful and learned body in those early ages. Cæsar says, the Druids of Gaul did not commit their doctrines to writing in the language of the country, lest they should become known to the people, but that their books were written in Greek characters. The books of the Irish Druids, as hereafter mentioned, are said to have been burned in the time of St. Patrick.

Druidism was in many respects a simple and sublime

worship. The Druids cultivated the arts and sciences, particularly astronomy, and believed in the immortality of the soul. It appears from Cæsar, that those of Gaul and Britain had a belief in the transmigration of souls, like the followers of Pythagoras and Brahma. The Druids of Gaul worshipped a great number of gods, like those of Greece and Rome. It appears from our old historians, that Druidism was the religious system of the various colonies that peopled Ireland, in the earliest ages, as the Partholarians, Nemedians, Fomorian, Fir-Bolg or Belgians, Danans, and Milesians. Midhe, the chief Druid of Nemedians, is said to have lighted the first sacred fire at Uisneagh. The colony called by the Irish writers Tuatha De Danan, is much connected with our Mythology. The Danans are said to have come originally from Greece, or some bordering country of the east, to Scandinavia or Denmark, and thence to North Britain and to Ireland, more than a thousand years before the Christian era. They are represented as magicians and necromancers, and it appears they were a civilized people, highly skilled in the arts; hence they are supposed by some antiquaries to have erected the round towers. The Danan kings ruled over Ireland 197 years, until conquered by the Milesians, a colony from Spain. Vallancey considers the Danans were Dedanites from Chaldea; the term *Tuatha*, in the Irish, means people, therefore, *Tuatha-Dedan*, or *Dedanan*, would signify people of the land of Dedan. Other antiquaries consider the Danans were the same as the *Dodanim* or Dodoneans, of Epirus, who were Pelasgians, a people celebrated in the early ages, in arts and Mythology, and who founded the oracle of Dodona, long famous in Greece. The deities of the Danans were numerous, and the following account of them has been collected from Keating, O'Flaherty, and Vallancey. *Daghda*, one of their kings, was worshipped as a god, and is supposed by Vallancey to be the same as *Dagon* of the Canaanites. Budh-Dearg, or Budh the Red, one of their chiefs, was deified and worshipped with fire—he was probably a type of the Indian deity, Budha. *Midhir*, another chief, a great enchanter, was worshipped, and is considered by Vallancey to be the same as *Mithra* of the Persians, the god of fire or the sun. *Neide*, another of their famous chiefs, who built the fortress of Aileach Neide, in Donegal, was their god of war, like Mars of the Romans; and Ben-Neide, that is the wife of Neide, was sometimes called their goddess of war. *Orbsen*, or *Mannanan*, one of their chiefs, a great navigator, was their god of the sea, the same as Neptune of the Greeks and Romans. *Ogma* and *Ollamh* were their gods of learning and eloquence; and *Goban Saor* their god of architecture. *Dannana* or *Morriogna*, one of their queens, was worshipped as goddess of war, like Pallas and Bellona amongst the Greeks and Romans. *Brighde* was their goddess of poetry and music; and *Etana* presided over medicine. *Eire*, *Fodhla*, and *Banba*, three of their queens, were worshipped, and they gave these three names to Ireland. Three of the Danan kings were named from their peculiar deities; one was called *Mac Coill*, that is, the son of the wood, as he worshipped the woods; another, *Mac Ceacht*, or the son of the plough, his god being that chief implement of husbandry; and the third, *Mac Greine*, as *Grian*, or the sun, was the great object of his adoration.

"In ancient times the sacred plough employed,
The kings and awful fathers of mankind."

Fairyism appears to have been derived chiefly from the

Danans. The fairy queens of the Irish were *Meibh*, or *Meive*, *Cliona*, and *Seiva*; and *Donn* was the fairy king; from *Meibh* has been derived the queen *Mab*, of the old English writers. Many places in Ireland have been named from the gods and goddesses of the Danans; as *Moy-lurg* of *Daghda*, a plain in Roscommon, *Knock-Budh*, or the hill of *Budh*, near *Elphin*, in Roscommon, another hill of *Budh* in *Tyravley*, in Mayo, and a third near *Strabane*, in Tyrone, on the borders of *Donegal*; also *Loch Budh Dearg*, or the lake of *Budh the Red*, now called *Lough Boderig*, an expansion of the *Shannon*, between *Roscommon* and *Leitrim*; *Aileach Neide*, and *Ard-Midhir*, near *Lough Swilly* in *Donegal*; *Lough Orbsen*, or *Corrib*, in *Galway*; and the paps of *Dannana*, two hills so called, in *Kerry*. Amongst the traditions connected with the Danans, it is stated that they brought with them to Ireland a sacred stone, called *Lia-Fail*, or the stone of destiny, from which Ireland got the name *Inis-fail*, signifying the island of destiny. On this stone the Irish kings were inaugurated for many centuries at *Tara*, but according to our old historians, it was sent over to Scotland in remote times, for the coronation of the Scottish kings of Irish race; it was kept at the Abbey of *Scone*, from whence it was carried off to England by King *Edward I.*, and placed in the coronation chair in *Westminster Abbey*, where it still remains; but it is to be observed, that in *Petrie's* learned work, on the Antiquities of *Tara*, it is stated that the large stone standing on one of the mounds there, is the stone of destiny.

The chief deity of the Irish Druids, was *Crom*, said by some to represent *Fate*, or according to other accounts, the *sun* or *fire*, and was probably the same as *Cronus* or *Saturn* of the Greeks and Romans. This god or idol was called *Crom-Cruach*, probably from the term *Cruach*, signifying a heap, as great stones were erected for his worship; or *Cruach* might mean bloody, as *Cru* is the Irish of blood; and he was sometimes called *Crom-Dubh*, or *Black Crom*, from the colour of the idol made of dark stone. The officiating Druid was designated *Cromtheach*, signifying a priest of *Crom*, and the altar was termed *Crom-Leac*, or the stone of *Crom*. These *Crom-Leacs*, which are to be described hereafter, were used for purposes of sacrifice and sepulture. On these stone altars, the Druids offered up human victims to *Crom*, as the Phœnicians, Cananites, and Carthaginians did to *Baal*, *Moloch*, and *Dagon*; the Greeks and Romans, to *Saturn*, and *Mars*; and the Scandinavians and Saxons, to *Odin* or *Woden*, and to *Thor*. Great numbers of men, women, and children were annually slain as sacrifices to their gods by the Gauls, Britons, and Irish. *Cæsar* says, that the Druids in Gaul had an image of one of their gods, of immense size made of wicker-work, which was filled with living men, and fire set to it until they were all consumed in the flames.

Such sanguinary superstition was not, however, peculiar to the Celts, but prevailed amongst all the Pagan nations of antiquity, and is to be found even in modern times in India, where, according to the practice called *Suttee*, widows are burned on a funeral pile in honour of their husbands, and hundreds of human victims are sacrificed to the idol *Juggernaut*. The Pagan Irish worshipped the *sun* and its symbol *fire*, under the name of *Baal*, *Beal*, or *Bel*, like the Phœnicians, Syrians, and Carthaginians; and *Bel* or *Belus*, the sun, was likewise the chief god and idol of the Assyrians, Babylonians, and Chaldeans. The sun was adored by the Guebres or Persian fire-worshippers, and by the Magi under the

name of *Mithra*; by the Greeks and Romans as *Apollo*, and by the Gauls, as *Belen*. The worship of *Baal* or the sun, was evidently derived by the Irish from the eastern nations. The sacred fire of *Beal* was lighted on the evening before the first day of summer or *May-eve*, at the temple of the Druids, on the hill of *Usneagh*, situated within a few miles of *Mullingar*, in *Westmeath*, and also at *Tara*. This festival was named *Beal-tinne*, that is the fire of *Beal*, and *May-day* is to the present time called in Irish, *La-Beal-tinne*, namely, the day of *Beal's* fire; and the custom of kindling bonfires on *May-eve* has been continued from the days of Druidism to the present time. The Druids held another great festival on the eve of the first day of winter, it is said in honour of the moon, at *Tlachtga*, another chief seat of Druidism, in *Meath*, now known as the hill of *Ward*, between *Athboy* and *Trim*. This festival was called *Samhain*, and to the present time, the first of November is named in Irish, *La-Samhna*, or *Samhain's* day. The word *Samhain* is considered to be the same as the Phœnician *Samen*, which signifies heaven; hence, the God *Baal*, according to *Sanchoniathon* and *Eusebius*, was worshipped by the Phœnicians under the name *Baal-Samen*, that is, the lord of heaven. It is stated by our historians, that no fires were permitted to be lighted in Ireland but from that obtained from the Druids at *May* and *November* every year, at which time they delivered it to the people with great ceremonies and incantations, receiving in payment one *Screapal* of silver, equivalent to three pence of modern money, and was levied on every house or head of a family. *Vallancey* considers that the Syrian god *Moloch* was worshipped in Ireland under the name of *Mole*, which word in the Irish language signifies fire. The following passage in the tract called *St. Patrick's Confession*, shows that the Irish worshipped the sun. "Nam sol iste quem videmus, Deo jubente, propter nos quotidie oritur, sed nunquam regnabit, neque permanebit splendor ejus, sed et omnes qui adorant eum in pœnam miseri male devenient. Nos autem credimus et adoramus solem verum Christum." "That sun which we behold rises daily for our benefit by the command of God, but it shall never reign, nor shall its splendour endure for ever; and all those who adore it will be miserable and come to punishment. But we believe in and adore the true Sun, which is Christ."

The Pagan Irish also worshipped the sun under the name *Grian*, and the moon under the names *Luan*, and *Re*; the wind or *Gaoth*, and *Toran* or *Taran* the thunder, the same as *Tarannis* of the Gauls, and *Thor* of the Scandinavians and Saxons, and as *Jupiter* the god of thunder was worshipped by the Greeks and Romans. The elements have been objects of adoration amongst various rude nations in a state of nature, reminding us of the beautiful lines of *Pope*—

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray,
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet, simple Nature to his hope hath given,
Beyond the cloud-topped hill an humbler Heaven."

Thus, the sun and winds, the moon and stars; the hills, woods, and waters; the lakes, rivers, fountains, and sacred wells, were all objects of adoration amongst the Pagan Irish. As before observed, solar, lunar, and sidereal worship prevailed amongst various nations of antiquity; the Arabians, Sabeans, and Chaldeans

worshipped the stars, and the Egyptians the sun and planets, under different symbols.

"Like the Chaldean he could watch the stars
'Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams."

The three great Hindoo deities, *Brahma*, *Siva*, and *Vishnu*, amongst other attributes, represent the sun, or fire, and the moon; and the god *Krishna*, also represents the sun. Amongst the Hindoo deities, *SURYA* is the god of the sun, and that of the moon is called *Chandra* and *Soma*. The Assyrians, Phœnicians, &c., as before-mentioned, adored the sun, as Baal or Bel; the Persians as Mithra; and the Greeks and Romans as Appollo, Phœbus, and Sol, while they worshipped the moon as Diana, Luna, and Artemis. The *Winds* were also worshipped by the Greeks and Romans, and temples were erected to them at Athens and Rome. Of *Æolus*, god of the winds, we have a magnificent description in Virgil. *Parvana* is worshipped as the Hindoo god of the winds. The ancient Egyptians worshipped the Nile, and the Hindoos adore the Ganges. Of the worship of wells and sacred springs, which was so prevalent amongst the Pagan Irish, we have a type in the fountain of the nymph *Egeria* near Rome.

The sun, moon, and stars, were natural objects of adoration amongst people to whom the light of revelation did not penetrate, and were worshipped by most of the nations of antiquity. The sun was particularly worshipped by the Eastern nations, in whose land the great luminary had his birthplace, and has been sung by the poets since the time of Homer.

"'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the sun,
Can he smile on such deeds, as his children have done!"

Homer says in the 3rd book of the *Odyssey*,

"The sacred sun above the waters raised,
Through Heaven's eternal brazen portals blazed,
And wide o'er earth diffused his cheering ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day."

Ovid's magnificent description of the palace of *Phœbus*, is known to every reader of the classics,

"Regia Solis erat Sublimibus alta columnis,
Clara micante auro, flammasque imitante pyropo."
"The Sun's bright palace on high columns raised,
With burnished gold, and flaming jewels blazed."

Satan's address to the Sun, in Milton, is well known.

"O, thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads!"

Thompson says—

"But yonder, comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the East!"

The Moon, "the pale Star upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands," was like the Sun an object of worship amongst various nations. A beautiful picture of the "empress of the silent night," is presented by Horace,

"Nox erat et cælo fulgebat Luna sereno
Inter minora Sidera."

Thus divine honours were paid to the Sun and Moon in ancient days, by the simple Celts, as well as the more refined Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. Many magnificent temples were erected for the worship of those deities, in Europe, Asia, and Africa; of which the following may be mentioned:—The temple of *Belus*, or the Sun, at Babylon; the temples of the Sun, at Baalbec and Palmyra; the temples of *Apollo*, or the Sun, at Delos, Delphi, and other places in Greece, and many in Italy;

there was a temple of *Apollo*, where Westminster Abbey now stands. The temple dedicated to *Diana*, as goddess of the Moon, at Ephesus, in Asia Minor, was one of the most famous of antiquity, and there were many more raised to her in Greece and Italy; there was a temple of *Diana*, at Nismes, in Gaul, the ruins of which still remain. The temples of *Denderah*, *Thebes*, and *Edfu*, in Egypt, are considered to have been connected with planetary worship. The Chaldeans and Sabæans were celebrated for sidereal worship and astronomy. An interesting account of Sabeism, or star-worship, is given in the "Sabæan Researches" of John Landseer. The Irish, as before stated, worshipped the winds. King *Laogaire*, who reigned in the time of St. Patrick, swore by the sun and wind that he would not levy tributes on the people of Leinster; but having violated his oath, he was struck dead by those offended deities, the sun and wind, say the old historians. The winds, whose "ruffian blasts" and destructive storms were dreaded on land and sea, were naturally worshipped through fear. Thompson apostrophises them in this spirit:

"Ye too, ye winds, that now begin to blow
With boisterous sweep! I raise my voice to you—
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings, say,
Where your aerial magazines reserved
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm!"

Buddhism is considered to have been introduced into Ireland in remote ages, probably by the colony called *Danans*, one of whose kings, as before mentioned, was called *Budh Dearg*, or *Budh the Red*; and several hills in Ireland were called the hills of *Budh*. Some curious information on this subject is given in the "Annals of the Four Masters;"* but whether the doctrines of *Buddha* which prevail so extensively in Asia, ever made their way to Ireland, is perhaps now impossible to determine, and all that can be offered on matters regarding such remote ages is but conjecture. The words *Budh* and *Bot*, in the Irish language, signify life, wisdom, and the world—and sometimes fire or the sun; and *Buddha*, *Budh*, *Boota*, or *Bot*, the great Indian deity, means, in the Sanscrit, a sage, wisdom, power, and the universe; hence, there is a great similarity in the meaning of these words in the Irish and Asiatic languages. Vallancey was of opinion that *Buddhism* prevailed in this country, and in his "Essay on the Primitive Inhabitants of Ireland," says: "It is certain that the religion of *Budh* was established with the Pagan Irish, and that the names of a great many of the Brahminical deities are to be found in the mythology of the Irish." It may be mentioned that *Uisneach*, a hill in Westmeath, and a celebrated seat of Druidism, bears a great similarity to *Vishnu* or *Uishnu*, the name of one of the chief deities of the Hindoos, and *Seiva*, one of the fairy queens in the Irish mythology, shows a close resemblance to *Siva*, one of the great Hindoo deities. O'Brien, in his theory on the Round Towers, maintains that they were temples erected for the worship of *Buddha*, and for astronomical observations; and that the *Danans* who were a colony of *Iranians* from ancient Persia, or the land of Iran; built those towers, and brought *Buddhism* into Ireland; but though O'Brien's book contains much valuable antiquarian lore, it is injudiciously interlarded with many absurdities and irrelevant matters, which have detracted much from its merits.

The Celts, the first inhabitants of Europe after the

* Annals of the Four Masters, published by Gerard, Dublin, pp. 362, 379.

deluge, descendants of Gomer the son of Japhet, practised in the earliest ages as their religious system, a pure Theism, believing in one supreme God, and the immortality of the soul, like their antediluvian ancestors, the Patriarchs, Abraham, Enoch, Noah, &c.; but it appears that at an early period, Polytheism and Idolatry were introduced from Egypt, Syria, and other eastern countries—amongst the European nations, Gauls, Etrurians, Celtiberians, Britons, and Irish. According to our ancient annalists, the first who established Idolatry in Ireland, was Tigernmas, a king of the Milesian or Spanish race, whose reign is placed about nine centuries before the Christian era. In the "Annals of the Four Masters," the fact is recorded as follows: "Tigernmas was struck dead, together with three-fourths of the men of Erin, in an assembly held at Magh-Sleacht, in Brefney, on the night of Samhain precisely, for the adoration of Crom-Cruach, the chief idol of Ireland; and from the slaughter of the men of Erin there, with Tigernmas, that plain derived its name." All our old historians mention this circumstance of King Tigernmas, with a vast number of people, having been suddenly struck dead—while celebrating the feast of Samhain, on the eve of the first day of winter, and offering human sacrifices to their idol Crom-Cruach—as a punishment from Heaven for having introduced idolatry; an awful event, like that recorded in the Scriptures of the destroying angel having, in one night, slain one hundred and eighty-five thousand men of the army of Sennacherib, King of Assyria, in his camp. The place where Tigernmas and his people were struck dead was called Magh-Sleacht, signifying the plain of slaughter. In after times, it got the name of Fiodhnach, which signifies a wild or woody district, and is in modern times well known as Fenagh, in the county of Leitrim. An account of the destruction of the idol Crom-Cruach, at Moy Sleacht, by St. Patrick, will be given in the article on his life.

It appears that one of the ancient names of Ireland, in the Pagan period, was *Insula Sacra*, or the Sacred Isle, from its being a celebrated seat of Druidism, as in the Christian times, it acquired the designation, *Insula Sanctorum*, or the Island of Saints. It was called *Insula Sacra* by several Roman writers, amongst others by Rufus Festus Avienus, a Roman poet and geographer, in the fourth century, who extracted an account of various countries from the *Periplus* of Hanno, in the Annals of Carthage. Hanno and Himilco, celebrated Carthaginian commanders, made voyages to many parts of Europe about six or seven centuries before the Christian era, and the record of their travels, termed *Periplus*, was deposited by Hanno in the temple of Cronus at Carthage: from the annals of Carthage in the Punic language, this work was translated into Greek and Latin; and from it Festus Avienus extracted an account of various countries; amongst others, of Britain and Ireland, in which is the following passage:—

"Ast hinc duobus, in *sacram* sic *insulam*
Dixere *prisci*, solibus *cursus* rati est,
Hæc inter undas *multam* *cespitum* *jacit*
Eamque late *gens* *Hibernorum* *colit*,
Propinqua *rursus* *insula* *Albionum* *patet*."

Avienus speaks here of those islands now called the Scilly Islands, off the coast of Cornwall, and by the island of the Albiones he means Albion or England. The above passage is thus translated, "But from this place to the island which the ancients called *Sacred*, is a

distance of two days sail; it spreads its soil widely amidst the waters, and the nation of Hibernians extensively inhabit it; near it lies the island of the Albiones."

HYMN OF ST. BRIDGET.

"The bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane."—Moore.

THE midnight wind roar'd thro' the oaks of Kildare,
And a clang from the round tow'r at intervals came,
While St. Bride, at the altar, was kneeling in pray'r,
And her sisters attended the mystical flame;
Her whole spirit wrapt in unspeakable love,
Immersed and consum'd, as in billows of fire,
She seems a young Seraph adoring above,
Transfigur'd in flames of ecstatic desire.
As the levin-flash fuses the steel in its blaze,
As Ocean drinks up all the torrents that be,
Dissolve thus my heart in thy Charity's rays,
And absorb, in thy vastness, my errors and me.
Oh! let not the numberless sins that I bear,
Debar me from drinking thy blood as it flows,
If the thrones of thy kingdom the just only share,
Thou need'st not have died to take on thee our woes;
But to ransom the lost ones, Thou camest from bliss,
'Twas sinners, like me, brought thee down from the spheres,
And thy wounds do not shrink from the penitent's kiss,
But the smiles of thy Godhead illumine his tears.
Thrice holy! oh Manna, from heaven's high hall,
Sweet banquet! the soul of the weary that cheers,
Our Father, Friend, Lover, and God—thou art all
Our Hope, Strength, and Life in this valley of tears.
Ah! who would not mingle his life-blood with thine,
And perish in torture to love thee an hour,
To die at thy feet, in these ardours divine,
As in noon's fervid splendour expireth a flow'r.
Yet, retire in thy glory, my bosom's ador'd,
Or unfetter my soul from its prison of clay,
For thy full-flowing brightness, ineffable Lord,
Consumes me too fiercely in raptures away.
Spring of Contrition! a penitent cries,
Oh! sprinkle our souls with the sorrowful dews
That burst from thy brow and that stream'd from thine eyes,
When they crown'd thee, on Calvary, "King of the Jews."
When the ruin shall come, that mine eyes may not see,
Upon cloister and shrine, where thy name was ador'd,
And the temples and thrones of our island shall be
The spoil of a barbarous foreigner's sword;
As thou guided our fathers triumphant away,
From the host of a tyrant, thro' ocean of yore,
Heart of the crucified! shield them that day,
And roll round their march the Red Sea of thy gore!
Tho' they madden the vanquish'd with famine and flame,
And pour forth the blood of our nation like wine,
Oh God! may no trial of torture or shame
Crush out from their bosoms thy spirit divine.
May the hope and the love thou hast boundlessly given
To the heart of this people, grow stronger in tears,
Till from spirit and frame ev'ry fetter be riven,
And Liberty's bow thro' the tempest appears;
And the Faith thou hast planted, at length a fair tree,
So long richly nourish'd with patriot gore,
Shall soar from the mountains, umbrageous, to thee,
And a nation of Saints in its shadow adore!

D. D. S.

King Simnel and the Palesmen.

A STORY OF IRELAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. I.—THE GERALDINES AND THE BUTLERS.

THE English "Wars of the Roses," which may be said to have commenced in the year of grace 1400, had lasted now more than eighty years. Henry VII., who had succeeded to the throne, united the contending parties by a marriage more politic in purpose than propitious in issue; and the English people, wearied of revolutions, humbly bent their knees before his throne.

These wars in England exercised, during their time, an important influence on the English colony established in Ireland. Its great nobles, left to their own discretion, exercised their privileges irrespective of law or judge—the lower orders adopted Irish habits and manners, while they attempted, at the same time, to sneer at those they imitated—the clergy pursued their missions peacefully and successfully. Parties corresponding to those in England at particular eras were called to action under the rival banners of the Geraldines and the Butlers, but their exertions were fitful and unsustained; and they usually appear, in the annals of the times, as it were but to disappear immediately. But the "Pale" (as the colony was now called) meantime shrunk farther and farther from its first limits, until at length a few plough-lands on either side of the valley of the Liffey, the strong city at that river's mouth, and one or two southern seaports, comprised all who could be said really to acknowledge allegiance to the kings of England. The great lords of Anglican extraction retained property and influence in the interior mainly by virtue of their intermarriages and fraternizations with the older stock of Irishmen.

The year, so it happened, that the story which follows really commenced, was the year of our Redemption 1486, and the month of the year April, towards the latter end. At that time Gerald, Earl of Kildare, the ninth of the name, was Lord Deputy, and Jenico Marks, a good man, untimely slain afterwards (in a street riot), was mayor of the City of Dublin. It was the eve of the Feast of Saint George, a day of special observance among the people of the "Pale" and the burghers of its capital.

The young Knight, Piers Barnwall, of Drimnagh, towards evening of the day, having first received the blessings of a widowed mother and the embraces of two sisters, children in years and grace, summoned his warders, with whom he left some brief commands, his squire, who slowly prepared to follow him, and mounting his horse, a bay, young and fiery, rode eastwards, at a slow pace, for Dublin. Sir Piers was a very handsome, dark man, large of limb and noble in appearance, with a countenance of greater gravity than seemed quite natural to his years. His armour was plain and light, being simply a breast-piece, back-piece, and greaves. His helmet was without a crest, which, however, was depicted on a small oval-shaped shield at his saddle horn. The device was a plume of fine ostrich feathers, each one representing a chief colour in heraldry—or, gules, azure, vert, and argent, with a falcon rising from their midst. Beneath this was enscribed the chivalric motto—"Malo mori quam fœdari"—*Death rather than dishonour*. His sword was long and straight—his squire bore behind him a tallevas, or larger shield, and three spears.

This squire, a middle-aged and middle-sized fellow,

of a very jovial exterior, seemed to have formed his habits under a different master from him he now followed. Half hanging from his saddle, he trolled snatches from ballads in French and English, with more of music than morality in them, while his small, grey eyes twinkled, and his long ears were stretched at every sound that was audible on their way, though it was only the rushing of a field gully, or the whir of a startled bird.

At first the route of the Knight and his squire led over hills and along devious hollows, and across pleasant levels of luxurious pasture land, upon which were scattered herds of black cattle and flocks of sheep, with numerous keepers. As they approached the right bank of the Liffey the way became more beaten and defined, though it still wanted the regularity of a well-ordered highway; misformed elms stretched their bare arms across it in many parts, and briars threw their thorny tendrils right under the feet of the horses. Winding through the trees of Inchicore, those grand survivors of the earlier time, the way passed the border of the plantation of the Priory of Kilmainham (which lay from that house towards the river), and led directly on to the Ormond gate. Here the Knight being summoned by the keeper, gave his name and passed on into Coke-street, followed at a shorter distance than before by his squire.

Just then the bells of all the Convents and Churches tolled for evening song. From either side of the river their sweet, solemn voices pealed, and the entire population seemed instantaneously to issue into the streets, while friars in their habits and men at arms in their armour mingled with them as they proceeded hither and thither to their several altars. Some as they passed Sir Piers and his Squire cast hasty glances, and paused to deliver their comments upon the relative points of master and man.

"St. Werburgha!" said an ostler-looking lad to a companion of his own age and appearance, "what a noble horse!"

"The Prior himself shows not such harness," said a tanner from St. Michael's-hill, as they rode into the street of the Wine Taverns.

"Behold the slashing of the Squire's doublet!" exclaimed a mercer.

"And the sheen of the knight's beaver clasps," exclaimed a lapidary.

"Lo! you father," said a young damsel, whom a starched man of advanced age held tightly by the hand, much against her inclination, "lo! you, what a handsome, dark cavalier!"

"Peace, Maud, peace—remember where and on what errand you are bent, and heed not the vanities of the great people of this world," replied the elder.

"Industry," said a lazy loon of the mechanical class, who was leaning against an angle of the street, as if especially born for its support, "industry may be a very good thing, but God send me an office and a temper like yon easy-riding squire."

While this latter observation was passing through the lips of its hopeful author, Sir Piers and his squire drew rein in the midst of that street, one vista of which was closed by the masts of the carracks and cogs upon the river, while the other was almost shut up by St. Michael's and Christ's Churches, and entered into conversation:

"Master Hugh," quoth the Knight, "I have been resolving, on the way, with whom we are to pass the night, and I have resolved not to trouble either the

Lord Deputy or the Earl. You ought to have some knowledge of the taverns in this quarter, and therefore do you lead the way."

"Sir Knight," answered Hugh, whose surname was Herrick, "it is true I am reputed to have the knowledge you attribute unto me, which, howbeit, I acquired under your honoured father of happy memory, whose example, I thank God to see, has, in this at least, made an impression upon his heir."

The Knight muttered something which escaped even the strained ears of the Squire, whose sense of hearing was almost as perfect as that of the servant of Fortunatus, in the Fairy Tale.

"Your honoured father, Sir Piers, held, and to me often asserted, that a gentleman on his travels should always lodge at an inn, and never quarter himself on one of his own order. An inn, he maintained (God rest his soul), to be the greatest school of life—the temple of wisdom—the citadel of comfort—the bower of enjoyment—"

"I pray you, Hugh, reserve this for another time, and let us now find some place where we can alight, and be refreshed.

"St. Joseph bless us!" muttered the Squire beneath his breath; "we have lived to an unnatural age when a son will not hear counsel from the lips of his own father." Then in an audible voice, he added:

"Follow me, Sir Piers—here is an hostlerie, famous throughout the four shires."

They rode beneath a high arch into a narrow, walled passage, which led to a wide yard or court. In an angle of the court stood an ample stone house, flanked with sheds and stables, where, over the open door, a huge white horse, painted by some Dublin Landseer of that day, hung in a gaudy frame of scarlet and gold. A short passage led from the outer door to another, that gave entrance into the kitchen, the chief apartment of the house. From this ample room, furnished with an immense chimney, its either angle lined with stone benches, its floor occupied by rows of massive oaken tables, at which were placed antique "bee-hive" chairs of the same durable material, several smaller apartments were accessible, the doors of which were painted with different devices, one, having for its emblem a crescent of very waning aspect, while two others, placed at extreme ends, bore the hostile arms of the rival nobles, Kildare and Ormond. The Knight of Drimnagh (after giving his horse in charge to his squire, and ordering a refection for himself) retired to the crescent to pursue those reflections which, during his ride, had occupied his mind so intensely, and still seemed greatly to embarrass him.

He had shortly before returned from Oxford, where, in common with most of the sons of eminent families in "the Pale," he had been sent for his education. His father had died during his absence, leaving him the head of a house, noble by blood, alliance, and intermarriage, but sadly reduced both from former confiscations and the mismanagement of its late head. A part of its original possessions had been granted by Richard Duke of York, when Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, to the Earl of Kildare; but these Sir Piers himself, by a well-timed visit to Henry VII., soon after his accession in the previous year, succeeded in having restored. The Lord Deputy in this matter had yielded to the King's orders, though it was surmised by those who knew him well that, had the lands been broader, he would not have ceded them so easily; and though his manner in so doing was apparently an act of cheerful

restitution, yet Sir Piers feared, from all fame bruited of Kildare's ambitious, and at times vindictive character, that he had not forgotten the slight put on his authority by appealing directly to the King, nor the bitterness of the concession, however trifling the importance of those lands might have been to one otherwise so rich. The young knight's feelings, moreover, as well as his hereditary prejudices, attached him to the house of Lancaster and the Ormond leadership in Ireland; but the prospect of further incensing the Lord Deputy, who now reigned like an actual sovereign in "the Pale," deterred him, since his return home, from taking any decided steps which might finally identify him with that party. When, therefore, he found himself in the city where the rival leaders lived, from which he durst not depart without seeing both, and most likely joining himself to one side or other, his anxieties for his lands and his defenceless family, of which he was the sole living guardian, greatly increased, and filled his mind with thoughts one would have looked for rather in a statesman of three score, than in a cavalier of three-and-twenty.

While these reflections were occupying his mind, loud voices debating angrily in the kitchen of the inn attracted his attention.

"I tell you, host, I must speak with the Knight of Drimnagh without delay," said a shrill, cracked, authoritative voice, that had evidently seen much service.

"Say to Sir Piers Barnwall that I desire to see him at once," demanded another voice as husky as that of a veteran warder.

"I came, I tell you, from the Earl of Ormond," screamed out the first speaker.

"And I from the Lord Deputy," growled the second.

"I am the Earl's Major Domo," shrieked the shrill voice.

"I am the Captain of his lordship's guard," thundered the hoarse voice.

"Give me way, Sir," piped the voice that had first spoken, "my office is more honourable than yours."

"What!" shouted the other, "a Major Domo before a Captain of the guard! give you way to the buttery, you chief of cooks and turnspits—you——"

"Peace, gentlemen, peace," interrupted the asthmatic voice of the host, whose tones, alternately squeeling and growling, seemed to have caught notes from both parties, "the good young Knight, I am certain, is at his devotions; he is a grave, God-fearing gentleman as ever came under my roof; disturb him not, I beseech you, while I go and announce your presence."

Sir Piers now presented himself at the door of his apartment, when the Major Domo, an old, bent man, of care-worn appearance, as one burthened with many weighty duties, hobbled towards him, but was shoved rudely aside with an unceremonious hand, by a tall, lank, carrotty-haired, herring-shouldered swordsman, who seemed resolved to assert his own claim to attention.

"Sir Knight," cried the Major Domo, "I come from the Earl of Ormond to wait upon you, and my name is Bolter. I have the honour to fill the office——"

"Peace!" shouted the Captain of the Guard. "Noble Sir, my name is Kenelbreck, Captain of the Guard to his Excellency, the ——"

"—— office of Major Domo to his Lordship, who is your admiring friend," interlocated the elder emissary.

"You perceive, noble Knight, that I cannot deliver my high message for this chattering old chough——"

"Sir Piers Barnwall," shrieked the insulted steward, "I call you to witness——"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the Knight, "is it thus ye represent the honour of your noble masters. Captain Kenelbreck, the Major Domo is your senior, and for his venerable years I shall confer with him first. I pray your patience for a few moments."

He then led Ormond's ancient messenger into the crescent parlour, who delivered a ring and a loving message, from his master who, he said, was urgent that the Knight would take up his abode with him while in the city. The latter the Knight declined, saying that, as he would remain but one day or two, he would not intrude on the hospitality of the Earl, whom, however, he was most desirous to see and speak with as soon thereafter as might be. He dismissed Master Bolter with a piece of gold and many kind words. The Major Domo, in passing out through the kitchen, did not fail to throw a triumphant glance upon his rival, who entered the door of the Knight's chamber as the other passed into the court-yard.

The message from the Deputy was similar to that sent from Ormond, with this exception, that it was accompanied by no gift or token of friendship. Barnwall received it with equal courtesy, declined with as many thanks the invitation to remove to Thomas Court, and dismissed the Captain of the Guard with all suitable messages.

By this time the twilight had given way to the deeper darkness of a moonless sky, and the Knight, having ordered his chamber to be prepared, partook in silence of a hearty supper—a meal which might be said to answer in those days to the modern dinner—and followed an attendant to the sleeping apartment, but not to sleep. Alone here, he gazed alternately on the furniture of the apartment, and the burning billets on the hearth. The room was small, and, but for the huge fire, would have been as cheerless as a Lapland snow-house. The grey stones were visible above the low wainscot, which only lined two of its sides. The couch was rude and low, its frame almost resting on the ground, while the tapestry that overhung it seemed heavy with the dust of ages. The roof also was so low that a man of full height could not stand quite erect under it. It had but one vent for air or light, a sort of window in the corner nearest to the chimney, which was glazed with horn instead of glass, and could easily be removed altogether. On taking it away and looking out, Sir Piers obtained a dim view of the city by starlight. At a little distance beneath him, the Liffey, swollen by April rains, flowed rapidly through the piers of the "New bridge," and swept the facings of Wood-quay. Its course was most irregular, now spreading into mimic lakes a furlong wide, and then rushing on in deep confined currents. From its opposite side, the front of the Black Abbey and the tower of Saint Michan's looked dubiously towards him, while Fyan's and Newman's towers, farther down on the same bank were scarcely more visible. It was altogether a scene calculated to increase rather than to diminish the serious thoughts which pressed upon the Knight's mind. For a long time he continued to gaze and to think, until at length, turning away, he closed the lattice, uttered a hasty orison, trimmed his falling fire, and lay down to sleep; still, even in his dreams, pursuing the thoughts he had started while awake—like an eager huntsman, who does not abandon the chase even when darkness has fallen upon the way.

CHAPTER II.—THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD AND THE MAYOR OF THE BULL-RING.

WHILE yet the Knight was ruminating on his prospects of life—ruminations by which all young men's minds at some periods are visited—his squire, Hugh Herrick, sat in the crescent parlour of the White Horse, enjoying the contents of an overgrown can of sack, which he lessened rapidly by replenishing from it his own and his companion's goblet. This companion was Captain Kenelbreck, the commandant of the Lord Deputy's guard.

"I suppose," said the Captain, who seemed more intent on talking than debauch, "I suppose your measures are not so deep in your hen-house castle of Drimnagh."

"Of late, not," answered the squire. "Yet, noble Captain, 'time was,' as the brazen head of the necromancer said—and 'time shall be.'"

"But the time that is, Master Hugh, must be anything but agreeable to a person of your revelling tendencies."

"Why, to confess it, noble Captain, I have had more than once, since this young springald—I mean since my young lord's return—I have had more than once to stop a madrigal, in the very middle, for the drought. There is no more use in essaying to carry out a ballad, Captain, without wetting your lips, than in seeking to make a horse feed without drink. Your dry summer always kills your best crops. 'Tis a foul plague."

"True; but Sir Piers' venison must be savory, and his ale abounding?"

The squire shook his head. "There is venison enough for the taking, on the hills, and the ale is brewed every full of the moon; but times are not, at Drimnagh, as they were in the late lord's time. I remember me, jolly Captain," continued the Squire, warming with the subject, and perhaps with the sack also, "I remember me of nights, when the way from the cellar to the dais in the hall was lined with menials, who never ceased passing the flagons to and fro, the full ones up and the empty ones down, noble Captain. Alack! those jolly nights will come for me no more on this side of the grave. I am a tree that hath passed my prime, Captain; an old stag—and I never will see again the sport I have witnessed in my youth. Wo is me, such nights of jollity. It would have done your heart good, Captain, to see the old Knight at the head of his own table, and to hear him swear so lustily. He gave it up at last, suddenly, and I knew then that something was going to happen him. I said so—and he died in a week after. And he has not left his like, I assure ye. Not in all the four shires of "the Pale" could ye find me another Sir Hugh like him that's gone. Not but this Piers is a good lad enough, a very good lad, and a dutiful to the dame, his mother, but fitter to be a monk than a soldier, I wot—yet a good lad."

At these words the epicurean squire, who had just emptied his goblet for the sixth time, heaved a deep sigh, and the Captain, while his friend re-filled, took up the discourse.

"Master Hugh, the advantage of serving a great lord over a small one is, to me, in no way clearer than in this. In a great house your menial has his own place, and all who follow the profession of the sword their places. A scullion is a scullion, a soldier a soldier, and a squire a squire. If the Lord Deputy's

butcher or baker should ask my assistance in his work, by the shield of Mars I would cleave him with my sword like a block for the burning. Now, if you, Master Hugh—for devotion to the dignity of arms I reverence—were in our service”—

“Hark,” hiccupped the Squire, “some one is at the door.”

“Did you call, noble Sirs,” exclaimed the asthmatic voice of the host.

“The cursed old cat has been eavesdropping,” cried Herrick, jumping towards the voice.

“No,” said Kenelbreck, interrupting him, “he would not dare do that. We can finish our discourse, Master Hugh, some other time. I will care for your fortunes; that I will—depend on’t. Will you see me on my way towards the court?”

“Freely, freely,” responded the Squire, who seemed quite unconscious of the drift of the Captain’s discourse up to this point.

Both passed into the kitchen. The Captain of the Guard advanced to the host, and placed some small coins in his hand.

“Is the Knight asleep?” he enquired in a low voice.

“He is.”

“He hath been visited by none since I saw you?”

“Not one.”

“Well—all’s well. Good night.”

“Good night, noble Captain, good night—look to your swords, sirs, the city is full of strangers from Tredagh and Tryme, Finglass and Bray, and all the country round.”

“There’s little danger to us, I opine,” said the Guardsman, leering with his fishy eyes at his companion.

“Not much,” replied the other, tucking his rapier closely under his arm. “Take care of yourself, worthy host, take care,” he exclaimed, staggering into the court.

In their surmise they seemed to be right. They passed unmolested through the darkened streets until they reached St. Owen’s church. Here Kenelbreck pointed to the New Gate, and announced that they should part. He then took the Squire’s hand, and said,

“If you would choose, Master Hugh, to think of our service in preference to that of a Barnwall, I promise you my influence with my Lord Deputy.”

“Eh?” stammered Herrick.

The Guardsman repeated his words.

“What!” exclaimed the Squire, whose dulled brain the cold night air had reached, and roused, though it had not adjusted its lost balance. “What! tempt you me to desert my natural master, you heartless hound. Go, run, vanish through that gate-way as quickly as your bull-rush legs can carry you, or I’ll slice you like an onion. Begone, you brock, begone.”

“Did you not complain to me like a leper to an almoner, thou saucy sot,” retorted the guardsman.

“Begone, I say,” repeated the Squire, drawing his rapier, “begone, or I will cleave you like a new cheese I’ll teach you how to tempt a man of honour—ill-fared anatomy that you are.”

The Guardsman, who was no coward, and was much more sober than his indignant friend (who, indeed, it was clear enough to see, he did desire to suborn in some degree from his duty), drew also, and taking the advantage ground of the street, which was higher than the foot-way, pressed sorely on the Squire. A heavy dew, natural to nights at that season, had fallen, and the ground was, besides, uneven and treacherous. The Squire was soon beaten to the wall. After placing

his back against a door, he renewed the combat. Every moment he grew more sober, and more guarded in his tactics, and gained ground on his enemy. The Guardsman perceiving this, by a succession of skilful thrusts, drove him back once more against the door, which he struck with such violence that suddenly it gave way behind him, and he was prostrated into what he conceived to be the bottomless pit itself, in the moment of reflection which intervened between the crash and his loss of consciousness.

The fall rendered him insensible, and he lay like one quite dead, his sword still clutched in his right hand. The moment the door had opened the Guardsman fled through the New Gate, and proceeded on his way, leaving him to his fate. This, indeed, might have been a final one, but that the house into which he had been so unexpectedly precipitated, though old and in part ruined, chanced to be not entirely uninhabited.

In its third and topmost story, by the dull light of expiring embers, two heaps of human cloths, in opposite corners, indicated the presence of earthly inhabitants. As the sound of the fall rang through the crazy house, a gigantic head, with matted black hair, beard unshorn, and eyes fearfully wild in their expression, was raised from the one, and a weird, misshapen face, with unequal eyes, and long, grey, elfin locks started from the other.

“Bat! what sound was that?” said the giant, whose limbs corresponded with the dimensions of his face and head.

A skinny finger, belonging to the wizard face, was raised and shaken in reply.

A groan, followed by another fainter than the first, was next heard.

The giant leaped to his feet, with his scanty undress alone upon him, lighted a lath of logwood which lay at hand, and rushed down stairs. He was followed by the half-made creature, his attendant. As they reached the hall, five or six young and athletic men, in yeoman trim (seemingly attracted by the sudden light), with clubs in their hands, appeared at the open door.

“Here has been foul work,” said their leader, who was distinguished from the rest by a horn at his side and a bugle at his belt, and a gem shining like a star in his deer-skin cap; “Sir Patrick, know you how this man came here?”

“Aye!” said the giant, “by putting his trust in a false friend.”

“How—read me your riddle?”

“Read it for yourself.”

“I cannot.”

“He leant against my door, and it gave way with him.”

“Broils—broils—broils,” muttered the leader of the club-men, “I think I must even marry, or resign my authority. Do any of you know the man?”

“Methinks,” said a voice which we have before mentioned in this history as that of a tanner from St. Michael’s Hill—“methinks he must be the same I saw riding last eve, behind a noble knight, into the courtyard of the White Horse.”

“It is the same!” added a denizen of Coke-street; “let us carry him to the inn.”

“No, no, the ring before the inn; no respect of persons shall prejudice our court,” said he of the shining star.

Four of the men now formed a sort of bier with their clubs, upon which the other two, with the assistance of the giant, placed the senseless Squire, and, leaving the good natured monster to return to his rest,

they bore him along at a slow pace, their captain walking at their head with as grave an air as if he was a clergyman leading a procession to the church-yard. When they reached Christ Church Cathedral, they turned into a narrow passage at its western side, and entering a low, oblong wicker-work house, which contained but a single hall, with sleeping stalls ranged on either side, this strange brotherhood deposited their burthen, and, setting two of their number to act as sentinels before the entrance, the other four, laying themselves on their beds, in a twinkling were all fast asleep.

The first glimpses of the morning sun awoke them again. Rising, they made ample ablutions in a huge urn that stood in a corner of their hall, which was supplied with water from a spring close by, and could be emptied into a sewer that ran from the Cathedral to the river, by withdrawing a plug introduced for the purpose. From a pair of high, heavy, oaken chests quaintly carved, that flanked the wide fire-place, they took their gala dresses, which, in honour of Saint George, they now put on. These consisted of green coats, and buff sur-coats and nether garments, shoes with bunches of white ribbon on the instep, and flat velvet caps with bouquets of April flowers instead of plumes; the Captain being distinguished, as before, by his sword, bugle, and star. The two sentinels being relieved by two others at daybreak, these four proceeded to wake up our luckless Squire, and to lead him forth to his punishment. When they succeeded in rousing him, and had ascertained that his fall had stunned rather than hurt, they led him into the air. Poor Herrick opened his eyes in astonishment to see himself so gaily attended, thought himself a prince—a bridegroom, or bewitched; and would have rubbed his eyes, but that his hands were tied behind his back.

"Sir," said the before-named tanner, who was called by his fellows, for a propensity he had, "the Gossiping Tanner," "this gentleman," pointing to the tall and handsome leader of the group, "is the Captain of the bachelors of this burgh or city; his name is Myrtle, Sir, and his office one of the ancientest now among us."

The Squire, thus introduced, made a very low obeisance, so that his chin rested on his broad chest. Then looking at his soiled doublet, open hose, and empty scabbard (his sword he perceived was in the Captain's keeping), he cast an imploring look towards that personage, and was about to commence a parley. But he might as well have appealed to Cato against the censorship.

"We will hear you at the ring," said Captain Myrtle; and the quicker you move thither, Sir, the fewer eyes will be abroad as witnesses of your plight."

Sighing mournfully, the Squire moved on somewhat troubled in mind, but much more afflicted in body. Near the Tholsel an iron ring was fastened in the wall, from which a strong cord depended, with a wide noose at the end; this noose one of the bachelors flung upon his shoulders, so that his hands being fettered, he could not stir a foot except at the risk of strangulation.

The Captain motioned back his men, and entered into conversation with the culprit.

"Whom do you serve; speak truly?"

"The Knight of Drimnagh."

"Sir Hugh Barnwall?"

"No; he is dead since midsummer last. I now serve Sir Piers."

"Oh! I had forgotten the old Knight's death: how came you where I last night found you?"

The Squire—among whose virtues candour might

always be found, save when it had walked away with its ally, sobriety—narrated the whole story of the night honestly, as it had happened.

"I am sorry I had not known this," said Captain Myrtle. "I have ancient reasons for wishing well to the family of Drimnagh. The good folk are gathering to see whom we have brought this morning to the 'Bull-ring.' None are led here to be lectured but culprits and young bridegrooms; and, in sooth, you look but little like the latter—though I have seen some wedded faces not much gayer of aspect. As mayor of the Bull-ring, I now set you free; and I mainly regret that you have risked the colours of the Knight you serve."

"I thank you for the sermon you have preached, my Squire," said a grave voice close to them; and the culprit and the censor turning quickly round, beheld, to their almost equal astonishment, Sir Piers Barnwall himself, who, after spending a restless night, had issued forth thus early in quest of the missing Herrick. "May I beg to know, Sir, your name and office, for I am as yet a stranger in your city?"

"My name, Sir Knight of Drimnagh, is Myrtle—Joseph Myrtle, at your service; in my civic station I am known as mayor of the bull-ring, and in my military office as Captain of the Bachelors. It is my duty, until released by death or matrimony, to overlook the morals of this good city, and to punish all offenders against them."

"In discharge of which you have, I would augur, no easy task."

"In truth, Sir Piers, at times my hands are full enough; but Dublin has not, withal, grown to be so bad as Babylon or the cities of the Plain."

"You are informed of my name, I perceive."

"The late Knight, your honoured father, was a patron of our house; and he sometimes condescended so far as to be its guest."

"Yes, I have heard the name," said the Knight, remembering, with internal pain and a passing blush, that a vintner so-called was one of the chief creditors of his house. "There remain some bonds in your hands, I think, Master Myrtle?"

"I pray you, worthy Knight," said the young merchant, "mention them not. I have asked and have learned what manner of man is your father's heir; nor shall I trouble you at any time for that my abundance can well spare. I leave the cancelling of those bonds to you, albeit, it should be in the next century, if it please God both of us live until then."

"You confer," said the Knight, "a new obligation upon me. I will not be in Dublin over the octave at the outermost; yet I trust, courteous Captain, we may see you in the summer days at Drimnagh."

"You honour me over much, Sir Knight," said the vintner, "but, peradventure, when exercising my band of Bachelors, I may summon up boldness enough to pay my duty to your Knightship, and show you some of our town sports, such as they be."

"I will look for you anxiously, indeed very anxiously," said the young cavalier; and, shaking his new acquaintance warmly by the hand, he turned to depart.

"One word would I say ere you go," said the merchant: "beware of the Lord Deputy, let not your squire *comroque* with that fox, Kenelbreck; and, Sir Knight, stay no longer in the city than you can well avoid; storms impend."

The Knight, again expressing his thanks, departed.

Hugh Herrick, it may be added during this dialogue, took occasion to escape; which he did comparatively

unnoticed, as the spectators were now chiefly occupied with observing the friendly dialogue between the knight and the merchant—a sight not seen in the streets on every day of that ceremonious age.

CHAPTER III.—THE FEAST OF ST. GEORGE.

THE April day spread its horizon brighter and farther round Dubh-gall and Fin-gall, and the city that stood, fair as morning, between both. From all the neighbouring villages troops of laughing hinds and kerne, with sometimes a half dozen horsemen, having a highborn dame, or two or three fair girls of their company, crowded the approaches to the gates of Dublin. Galleys, too, from Howth and Dalkey, and the shores of that magnificent bay (which the artist never sees without admiring, or the patriot without loving his island more), floated on the early tide into the Liffey, exchanging jests and inquiries as they passed each other on its waters. The broad banner of Saint George flew from the “high tower” of the Castle, whilst other banners of various devices, national and genealogical, floated from the lesser towers and along the walls. On every altar the mystic sacrifice was offered—from every turret of church and convent the bells spoke out joyfully the advent of the day sanctified as the feast of a great saint.

The scene of the mysteries to be enacted was Hoggin Green, where Henry Fitz-Empress, in his cage-work house, spent his first winter in the land he imagined he had subdued, and where Richard of Bordeaux, the ill-fated heir of a brave line, lamented, two hundred years later, his failure in those great expeditions which at last sent him homeward, already conquered, and a captive, to the feet of the ambitious Bolingbroke. The stage, erected over against St. Andrew's Church, within less than a bowshot of the Convent of All-Hallows, was shaped in the form of a crescent, facing towards the church, the right horn of which was to be occupied by the municipal dignitaries and their guests, while the left was set apart for the Lord Deputy and his guests. A great crowd of people of motley character—traders and mechanics of the city—mariners and fishermen of the bay—archers, yeomen, and husbandmen of the neighbouring plains, with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, of all degrees of beauty and of age, were ranked confusedly round the green. The stage and a circle of a couple of acres, enclosed by a paling in the midst of the green, were kept accessible by two squads of the municipal train bands, headed by the junior and senior wardens, who paraded their men back and forward, to the great edification of the strangers, themselves, and their wives.

The first party that arrived was the Mayor's—himself a small, weakly-looking man, in a huge chain, and glowing crimson and white habiliments; he was preceded by his sword-bearer, and followed by the bailiffs, sheriffs, and aldermen of the city—the captain of the bachelors and his lieutenant the tanner, and the municipal guests, among whom were many ladies, dressed in very stiff stomachers, tight sleeves, long shoes, and horned head-dresses. Besides his civic garments, the worshipful Mayor also wore the insignia of the Fraternity of St. George; for by virtue of his office he was one of the thirty knights to which that order of “Pale” chivalry was limited. Great cheering hailed the presence of these officials, the representatives of the power of the people, whom they really aspired to serve and to protect.

A solitary knight next approached the platform, and moved to the vacant side. Murmurs of surprise at his ignorance of the arrangements burst from the crowd. Taking off his casque, he bowed respectfully to the Mayor, the ladies, the municipal officers, and the captain of the bachelors (who returned his salute with profound courtesy), and disregarding the common cry he quietly seated himself. This oversight of etiquette might, perhaps, have occasioned a tumult, but that all eyes were now turned towards Dame's-Gate, from under which Kildare, at the head of a splendid cavalcade of about two score lords and ladies, and an hundred men of his own guard, rode into Hoggin Green.

“The Deputy! the Deputy!” “The Earl! the Earl!” “Kildare! Kildare!” were shouted all about, and then every throat in the vast concourse poured out an unanimous acclamation which rung over all the roofs of the city, and might have been heard reverberating for a league in every direction around the Castle; even Piers—so electric is the first touch of a great man's popularity to a young intellect—rose and joined in the general applause.

“Who is the youth on the stage?” said the Earl, after bowing repeatedly to the crowd, as he turned to Captain Kenelbreck, who rode by his rein.

“The young Knight of Drimnagh.”

“Ha! a noble, indeed; 'tis well he should meet us here.”

“Avoid, Sir Knight, avoid the Lord Deputy's seat,” shouted the senior warden in command of the train bands.

“Avoid the Earl's seat, ye churl,” shouted some from the crowd.

“Nay, nay, Sir Piers Barnwall, stir not from your place, except ye fear to join our company,” exclaimed the gratified deputy, as he reached the foot of the stage.

The young knight bowed, and remained standing while all the earl's guests were being seated. With hurried glances he turned from one to the other, endeavouring to scan their characters in their features. Kildare, himself, first attracted his attention; he was a hale, short man, of a full habit of body and fair complexion, apparently nearing two score and ten. A magnificent purple tunic, clasped at the throat with the George of the fraternity, an undress of black velvet, trimmed and pointed with lace of gold, and adorned with divers stars, pointed shoes, clasped with burning diamonds, and a plain helmet encircled with a sparkling coronet, completed his attire. He leaped lightly up the stairs of the stage, bowed as humbly as the poorest burgess to the Mayor and the municipal officers, who stood up to receive him, and then turned towards the Green to assist the ladies to the stage. Being a widower, this gallantry was natural enough, even in his high office, though it was rumoured that there was one among his fair guests who had no small share in influencing him to such observances.

The first female of the party who reached the stage was the aged Baroness of Howth, and she was followed by the Viscountess of Trimbleston and two matrons of the Preston and Plunkett families. The dresses of these ladies were nearly uniform, consisting of robes, tight fitting round the waist and bosom, brodered with Flemish lace, and ending in long, perplexing trains; pointed shoes, within the prohibited length; and head-dresses, towering like pyramids, from which long veils descended on their shoulders.

Following these, supported on the arm of Roland Fitz-Eustace, the venerable Lord Portlester (who was father to Kildare's late Countess), came the loveliest girl that the eyes of Sir Piers had ever seen. Tall and elegantly formed, the expressiveness of her countenance, and the singularity of her dress, engrossed all. Above, eyes blacker than the night lit by a single star, and hair beside which the raven's ebon wing would look but grey, a snowy turban was wreathed, and seemed rather to repose upon than to bind her head. With the folds of this turban a string of small pure coral beads was entwined, and a solitary ivy flower, its white chalice swinging at every motion, was fastened by an aigrette in the band on the left side. A loose white veil, reaching from the throat to the feet, gathered to the waist, and there confined with a green girdle; a long blue mantle, armlets of pearl, and shoes of the daintiest deer-skin, completed her costume. Her veteran attendant held upon his arm a mantle of the rarest furs, which some thoughtful friend had thrown upon her jennet in case the weather came to its worst. The hum of admiration that greeted the ascent of this lady was like the simultaneous sound which is produced by the uprising together of a vast congregation in the grand aisle of some old cathedral. It seemed to the eyes of the "Pale" people as if a Paynim princess left her far home in the Orient, Sheeba-like, to pay homage to their Solomon and deputy; and this impression was not lessened when they saw Kildare himself lead her to a seat near his own, where she was immediately joined by his two maiden daughters. These ladies might have answered severally to the ages of twenty and sixteen. Alice, the eldest, was tall and fair, of that soft nature that all the months which embraced the harsh letter "r" ought to have been stricken from her calendar. She seemed born to live beneath the mild orb of night, rather than under the garish lamp of day; and, had she not been bred an earl's child, would have lived and died a saint in a cloister. Eustachia, the younger, was of a nature the opposite to this. Of small size and slender frame, her activity was her characteristic. Ever enquiring into the hidden things of life, she knew botany better than a surgeon, and, for heraldry, might have been king-at-arms. Her great cotemporary, Sir Thomas More, would have been vastly delighted with her as a correspondent; and Erasmus himself, had he known her worth, and not been too lazy, would have specially visited Ireland to form her acquaintance. But besides knowing so much, Eustachia knew more—she knew, for the poets told her, and the fathers preached it to her, that woman's worth lies more in the riches of the affections than in the possession of bookish lore, and that her natural path leads to the altar, the nursery, and the couch of sickness, not to the pulpit, the laboratory, or the tribune. And Eustachia sought to make herself beloved, and was beloved by all—even by those she little thought of inspiring with the feeling.

The Earl's daughters were attended by their relatives, the Lord Thomas and Maurice Fitzgerald (two noblemen in the prime of life and power), by Sir Gibbon Fitzgerald, the Knight of the Valley, the fop of his family, and by a guest of the Lord Deputy's, Sir Morogh M'David More, of Wexford, a nobleman, who, for his wandering habits and adoption of foreign usages, was known among his own people as Morogh na Gall, or "the stranger." He was a man scarcely beyond the age of adolescence, yet he looked older. An expression of satiety sat on his lips and brow, as if he was always

about to declare the folly of man and the fleetingness of life. Yet such was not the character of his conversation—he narrated anecdotes of his travels, and made as much entertainment as a *seanachie*. And it was even said that he did good by an hundred hidden ways, inventing an infinite variety of stratagems to conceal his virtues. After Sir Morogh, came a very imposing figure, being that of the Prior of the Knights Hospitalers of Kilmainham, Sir James Keating. The undress of this personage was entirely of plated armour, having an immense cross upon the breast. Above this he wore a long, loose cloak, fastened at the neck with a cumbrous brooch, and bearing another cross on the left shoulder. His cap was low and tight-fitting, and his hair and beard long and dark. He was one of the most daring and remarkable men that ever appeared in Irish history; constable of the Castle, he had shut and held it against the Lord Deputy Grey, sent over in 1482 to assume the government; a prior of St. John, he defied the Grand Master of Rhodes, arrested and imprisoned his appointee commissioned to supersede him, and trampled on his decrees. For nearly thirty years he had maintained himself in "the Pale" an independent and formidable chief, as much feared by his enemies for his energy as he was courted by his friends for his power. With Sir James came the O'Connor Faily, an Irish chief, the gossip and ally of Kildare, dressed in a conical braid, ample vest, close trowse, and buskins of undressed deer-skin; a man aged, and venerable for piety and his love of peace. Behind these came the abbots of St. Mary's and St. Thomas', and All-Hallows', in the respective habits of their orders, and a score of other guests, all of whom were seated around the deputy.

Barnwall, who stood by all this time, was struck with wonder at the variety and rich apparel of the guests—the like of which he had not seen equalled, even in the court of Henry. His glance flitted from row to row in the amphitheatre, and at last settled on the form of that radiant maiden who so captivated his fancy at the first sight. Sir Morogh na Gall and the O'Connor were sitting behind her seat, and Kildare was leaning back from his own to join them and her in discourse. As the earl turned he perceived the Knight of Drimnagh still standing. He beckoned to him, and pointed to a vacant place on the same bench with his own daughters. The knight hesitated to accept.

"Sit down, sit down, Sir Piers," cried the earl, "the O'Connor need not fear to trust *you* on the same form with his daughter, nor do I to set you by mine."

The young knight bowed, blushed, hesitated, and sat down. For a moment he fancied himself in a trance, during which the stage and the spectators had vanished. Lady Alison Fitzgerald only sat between him and the lady who so filled his mind. In his first unconsciousness he stooped his head to the gentle Geraldine, and asked in a whisper—

"I pray you, lady, what is your fair friend called who sitteth at your other hand?"

The lady turned round, gazed into his face, paused, smiled, and added in the same tone.

"Her name is Fionuala, a name which my sister Eustace says, signifies 'fair-shouldered.' We call her Nuala only. Her father is the old chief, our gossip, who sits nearly behind her."

"Thanks, lovely lady, myriads of thanks," said the enchanted noble, as he leant back in his seat, and sunk into a reverie.

At this moment the sound of trumpets and the voice of the junior warden proclaimed the coming of the performers' procession, and an entrance being made in the paling, they began to form within it.

First came two personages, arrayed as emperor and empress, with crowns on their heads, and costly robes studded with stars and other devices. The train of the empress was borne by two maidens, who were followed by two knights also attached to her service. Two doctors, very gravely dressed and visaged, waited on the emperor.

Saint George, himself, preceded by four trumpeters, and followed by four horsemen, armed *cap-a-pied* and superbly mounted, came next. The two foremost horsemen bore his sword and the emperor's, the other two his standard and pole-axe.

Next came a maiden on foot, very splendidly attired, leading by a golden line the dragon, whose prodigious tongue, fiery eyes, emerald scales, and floundering gait, caused great merriment among the dauntless, and no little trembling in the timid.

The procession closed with the King and Queen of Dele, each attended by two maidens and two knights, all dressed in sables.

The emperor and empress with their attendants ranged themselves on one side of the enclosed space or lists, and the king and queen with their attendants on the other. Then the four trumpeters, taking their places in pairs at opposite sides of the inclosure, prepared to make proclamation, while in the centre, the knight still mounted, sat with wonderful patience, and the lady held the dragon with her golden cord, as though not a whit alarmed for the issue of the contest.

Among the spectators, in the offing of the crowd, intermixed with the squire and grooms of the nobles, were two, who by the singularity of their appearance, attracted nearly as much attention from their neighbours as the performers in the mystery. These were a man of gigantic size and faded habiliments, who had lifted upon a vacant pedestal a crooked and dwarfish creature, the horrible malformations of whose countenance were strangely exhibited by the variety of expressions that passed over it, and the determined cunning rooted in the sunken cups of his eyes.

"Bat!" said the colossus, "do you see *her* now?"

"Aye!" answered the cripple, "they are all three talking together. Jeminy, how the strange knight listens, and bows, and smiles."

"Is he talking to her, Bat?" said his master, in a desponding tone.

"No, its to the middle one, in the turban, that looks so like the princess in the picture."

Kildare just then gave the signal to the actors. The four trumpeters hereat blew on their trumpets, with all their might, peals so loud and long, that they stunned all the spectators, caused the horse of Saint George to plunge violently, and the lady spectators to clap their hands to their ears.

When this fearful challenge had ceased, Saint George, dismounting from his charger, girt on his sword, and giving his horse in keeping to one of his attendants, prepared for the combat on foot. The dragon, feeling the hour of trial at hand, bristled up fearfully, stood erect on his nether limbs, flapped his heavy wings, and roared like a very beast. The lady could no longer restrain his fury; his red eyes rolled like circles of fire, and from the root of his long, forked tongue, he sent forth repeated hisses. The children, who were held up on the shoulders of the spectators,

shrieked with terror, the ladies screamed, though less it was suspected through fear than fashion, and the iron warriors themselves began to feel interested. At a signal from the Lord Deputy, the maiden slipped the golden cord, and the monster sprang forward with a roar. Saint George started aside, and, turning swiftly, lopped with a blow one of the wings from its body. Now the blood began to flow, and the wrath of the dragon waxed mightier. Beating down the knight's sword-arm by a powerful stroke of the remaining wing, it grappled him, shook him from his balance, and both rolled together on the ground. A cry of surprise burst from the assemblage—but immediately they were reassured, for Saint George, springing to his feet, though all blood-stained and bruised, renewed the combat as bravely as at first. Bootless were it to tell what tough encounters and strange reverses followed. At last the knight succeeded in beheading the monster, and then the shapeless trunk was placed on a bier and carted from the spot, while the champion himself, amid the cheers of all present, departed from the ring, supported between the two doctors of the emperor.

A mystery was then enacted representing the Crucifixion, at the order of the three Abbots, and in the taste of the time, after which the noble company rose to depart.

"Sir Knight of Drimnagh," said the Deputy, "you will come with us to Thomas Court, and partake of our George's dinner: say me not nay, I beg you, for I never ask a guest thrice."

Sir Piers bowed a willing acquiescence.

The Earl led the way from the stage, followed by the prior, the O'Connor, and the three Abbots. Lady Alison was about giving her hand to Barnwall, when a frown on the face of her cousin, Sir Gibbon, induced her to withdraw it. Fionuala perceiving this, gave the discarded youth her hand, to the darkening of many brows about, and the sore discomfiture of the veteran Portlester. Eustachia was led away by Sir Morogh na Gall, and each gallant, having seated his lady on her palfrey, rode himself at her rein. Before and behind were long cavalcades, and, wherever the streets admitted them, crowds on foot ran cheering along, throwing up their caps, and gathering the gold flung among them by the earl, the prior, and the other nobles. The cavalcade passing through the New Gate, rode on quickly through Saint Thomas'-street, and, leaving Saint Catherine's Church to the left hand, they entered the grand gateway of Thomas'-court.

Hugh Herrick, who had led his master's horse to the Green, and had arrived here along with him to bring it again to the hostlery, no sooner saw that favoured knight leading the lady of the turban into the hall of the earl's mansion, than he shook his head, turned his rein, and rode home, sorrowfully sighing all the way. When he reached "the White Horse," he closetted himself with a full can of sack in the crescent parlour, and in the intervals of his libations kept muttering to himself: "Ormond's ally, Kildare's friend, and taken with a damosel of the mere Irish! misfortunes, they say, never come alone. Saint Joseph look down on the poor youth, or he is lost."

As if to banish these mournful reflections, the worthy retainer sallied out at twilight, bending his steps towards Saint George's Chapel in George's-lane, where the civic fathers were completing the observances of the day, according to the ancient custom of their ancestors, in feasting, music, and dancing.

[To be continued.]

Poetæ Catholici.**No. I.—CALDERON.**

THE name of Calderon, the greatest of the Spanish Dramatists, is not very familiar even to the readers of foreign literature in this country. He is known, perhaps, a little better in England; but he has never been very popular there, owing probably to the circumstance of his having been a Catholic and a Priest, and of his having devoted to the service of religion the zeal and piety of his profession, and the genius with which he was so largely endowed. The splendour of his poetry, however, has been properly appreciated in Germany, where, along with being studied as a classic, he has been raised almost to a level with Shakspeare himself. It shall be our pleasing task, both here and elsewhere, to introduce him to such of our Irish friends as desire his acquaintance, in an English dress, as nearly resembling his own, both in character and beauty, as possible. At present we shall confine ourselves to a few general remarks on the nature and tendency of his writings, to some of the causes which have led to his temporary neglect, and to the reaction in his favour which commenced with the present century. That one of his plays, which, in a religious and national point of view, must be of peculiar interest to us, from its connexion with our history, namely, "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," shall be translated entire in these pages, illustrated with such notes as the merits of the play and the interest of the subject require.

In the spring of 1808, and in the city of Vienna, Augustus William Schlegel delivered a course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, which from their brilliancy, enthusiasm, and generous, if not always exact criticism, attained at once an European celebrity, and influenced, perhaps more than any other book, the poetry and criticism of Europe. That influence has by no means declined; it is rather widening and extending itself every day, while much that has been written to counteract it is now utterly forgotten.

It is not to be wondered that Germany hailed with gratitude and rapture the labours and discoveries of Schlegel; for not only was her own character elevated and ennobled by the genius of the critic, but her literature was enriched almost beyond expression, by the introduction and naturalization into it of the two greatest dramatic poets of modern times—Shakspeare and Calderon. The beautiful passage in which Schiller describes the training of the poet, would be also applicable to the critic, if criticism were generally conducted in the discriminating, yet all embracing spirit of Augustus Schlegel. "The poet," says Schiller, "it is true, is the son of his time; but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favourite! Let some beneficent deity snatch him when a suckling from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time, that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him return a foreign shape, into his century: not, however to delight it by his presence, but dreadful, like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it." This sublime description, except in the last sentence, is not inapplicable to Schlegel—his writings, as all writings consecrated to truth, faith, and beauty, have ever done, not only purified his century, but delighted it also—in other respects the description is complete: snatched early from the narrowing effects of contemporary influences, and fed upon the milk of a better time—the early literature of Greece, of England, and of Spain—he grew to manhood beneath the distant Grecian sky of true poetry, and, not only returned himself a foreign shape into his century and his country, but led with him, from that glorious region where his mind was reared, other foreign shapes also, to dwell in it, and delight it for ever. A certain amount of vague, inexact knowledge on the subject of Shakspeare existed in Germany before Schlegel wrote. Several, if not all, of the plays had been translated, and one or two had been made the subject of profound criticism, such as that

of Goethe in the "Wilhelm Meister;" but to Schlegel is principally due the merit of naturalizing him in that country, both by the spirit and fidelity of his version, and by the truth and depth of his criticism. With Calderon, however, it was very different. For more than a century his name had scarcely been mentioned out of Spain. His works, as well as those of his great predecessor, Lope, to be sure, were well known to the professed play-wrights of England, France, and Italy, and were with much liberality appropriated to their own uses, by these very industrious, and not very scrupulous gentlemen. But, except as an exhaustless mine of invention, imagery, plot, and intrigue, he was scarcely remembered, and as such was guarded in safe obscurity by the parties interested, like an hidden treasure. Perhaps an Eastern story or apologue, will best illustrate the uses to which Calderon and the Spanish dramatists generally have been put by their theatrical brethren all over Europe. In the Persian Tales there is mention made of a young merchant of Basrah, named Aboulcasem, who lived in such princely magnificence, and displayed such boundless wealth, as even to awaken the astonishment and curiosity of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid himself. Haroun determined on visiting Aboulcasem, for the purpose of ascertaining from him, if possible, the source of his amazing riches. Disguising himself, therefore, as a merchant, he proceeded to Basrah, and was received by the young man with his usual magnificence and hospitality; to whom he eventually explained the cause of his visit. Aboulcasem, who was surnamed the Generous, and who could never refuse a guest anything that he could by possibility grant him, promised to gratify his curiosity, and led him that very night with his eyes bandaged to a subterranean hall, where his treasures were collected. "When they came into the middle of this hall," says the story, "the young man took the bandage from the eyes of the Caliph, who was struck with astonishment at what he saw. A basin of white marble, which was fifty feet in circumference, and thirty deep, stood in the middle: it was full of great pieces of gold, and round about it rose twelve pillars of the same metal, upon which stood twelve statues of precious stones, exquisitely wrought. Aboulcasem led the prince up to the basin, and said to him: "this basin is thirty feet deep; behold this quantity of gold! It has not yet sunk above two inches." The reader may be sure, in the same manner, that if any modern dramatist, who has exhibited much prodigality of invention in his plays, were candid enough to imitate the generous Aboulcasem, and show to any curious reader the sources of his intellectual wealth, the latter would be sure to find in some obscure corner of the dramatist's study the twenty-five volumes of Lope, with the twelve goodly quartos of Calderon, standing like the golden pillars of the story, around them. The living or the future dramatist need not fear that all will be exhausted; there is no likelihood of the marble basin being emptied. For two centuries have his predecessors been drawing from that golden treasury, "and yet it has not sunk above two inches." It is calculated that in England there is coal enough for the next five thousand years. And if dwarfs and horses allow the drama to exist so long, the playwright who lacks invention and imagination, may be sure of being supplied from Spain with both out of the unused treasures which it still contains. The fine prophetic line of Johnson, upon Shakspeare, that "he was born not for an age, but for all time," is equally true with regard to Lope and to Calderon; but in a much less gratifying sense, and with this difference, that he is preserved to be admired and read, while they are preserved to be abused and robbed. The Spaniards themselves have shamefully neglected these great poets, and are mainly answerable for the general neglect into which, until the beginning of the present century, they had fallen. In Spain, the plays of Calderon (for with those of Lope we are quite unacquainted), still remain as they were originally published in 1685, by his friend Don Juan De Vera Tasis, without any correction of the innumerable grammatical and typical errors in which they abound; or any

explanation of the difficulties and obscurities both of construction and allusion, under which the sense of the author is often wholly lost, and which, of course, are increasing every year. A recent writer, who seems to have made Calderon a particular study, thus alludes to this subject, in speaking of the corrupted and mutilated text of the plays: "The text is occasionally unintelligible, all of them are left without the slightest commentary, and nothing exists except the internal evidence of style, or allusion to passing events, or the date of representation, to mark the date of the composition of any particular play. All of them are left without the slightest commentary, to explain the many difficulties arising, sometimes from a real obscurity in the ideas themselves, sometimes from a form of expression now antiquated; sometimes from plays on words which escape the notice of a foreign reader, and still more frequently from the perpetual allusions to incidents of the day, or to passages in contemporary authors or plays, which are made the subject of satire or praise—to prevailing fashions, absurdities, proverbial expressions, or popular ballads of the time, many of which would now baffle the research of the best Spanish scholar and antiquary.* A short time before this was written, however, to the credit of Germany be it said, that justice had at length been begun to be done to Calderon in that country. Not only by the translation and criticisms to which we have alluded, but by the compact and elegant edition of the "Comedias," published at Leipsic, in 4 volumes, (1827—1830).† To desire that any thing would be done for Calderon at all comparable to what the Italians have done for Dante, the English for Shakspeare, and the Germans for both, would be extravagant and unnecessary; but, it is certainly not too much to ask and expect from Spain, that it will give to the world such an edition of her greatest dramatist as will be creditable to herself, as well as to him, and which will not deter foreign readers from entering on the study of his works.

Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca was born in Madrid, at the beginning of the year 1600, and was baptized on the 14th of February, in that city. It may not be uninteresting to recollect, for a moment, a few of the illustrious and celebrated men who were then living; or who had just died. Spencer had died the preceding year (1599); Tasso, four years earlier (1595). But Shakspeare and Cervantes, Lord Bacon, and Lope de Vega, were all living;‡ and along with these, Corneille, Moliere, Racine, Fletcher, and Massinger, were his cotemporaries for many years, so that most of the really great dramatists, who have appeared in the world since the days of Sophocles, were all living at the one

time, and, with one or two exceptions, could have met together in one room.§ Of the four men first mentioned, the latest of whom, Calderon, survived more than half a century; of whom the fewest minute particulars are known (with the exception of Shakspeare,) is Calderon. Why this is so is unaccountable.—Born of a noble family, and living for more than fifty years (from 1628 to 1681, when he died,) at the court of Madrid—the favourite of Phillip IV., and of his successor, Charles II.,—the pride and admiration of the Spanish nation, and, even in his life time, possessed of an European celebrity: one would imagine that almost every circumstance connected with him would be fully and accurately known, and yet, the facts of his life are almost as meagre as those of Shakspeare's. We know the place and time of his birth—of his serving in the army in Italy and Flanders—of his long residence at the Spanish court—of his pouring out, in such brilliant profusion, his comedies and tragedies until 1652, when he entered into holy orders,|| after which time he only wrote his *Autos Sacramentales*,¶ and more religious plays—and of his dying at the patriarchal age of 81 years, honoured and lamented by all Spain. But what sort of a man he was, his disposition, his studies, his amusements, his conversation, his friends, the strength and weakness of his character, the point of view in which he regarded the events of his own, or the history of past times; of these, except what we can guess at from his own writings, we are as ignorant as if he had never been born.**

From the very few plays of Calderon which the present writer has been yet able to read, he feels that he is not in a position to speak with the slightest degree of authority on the subject, or indeed to come to any decision that is tolerably satisfactory to himself; yet his present opinion is, that if our notions of dramatic art be correct, and our admiration of Shakspeare well founded, Schlegel's estimate of Calderon, as a dramatist, is much too high. In that respect, and even as a profound thinker, it appears to him that he must be placed far, very far indeed, below Shakspeare. In fact, though the dramas of Spain and England have been often compared, and are said to resemble each other, nothing can be more different. In wildness of imagination and splendour of poetry, in the change of place, and total disregard of all the "unities," there is much in common, but here the resemblance ends. In the English theatre, the characters are always the representatives of individuals; in the Spanish of classes: the man is everything on the English stage—on the Spanish, he is nothing. In the former, we look on the actors in the drama as beings of a kindred nature with our own; in the latter, as merely personifications of the virtues or vices to be represented. In Shakspeare the characters are flesh and blood; where none are so monstrously wicked as not to be relieved by an occasional ray of a better nature; and none so sterling as not to exhibit a little of the common alloy of humanity. In Calderon, they are cast in an inflexible mould of virtue or of vice, and preserve their golden or iron rigidity to the last. Shakspeare's figures have the warmth and colouring of the canvass; Calderon's, the fixed and colder outline of the marble. In the one, we have the incalculable vicissitudes of life; in the other, the inevitable certainty of fate. In Calderon it is ever the constant sunshine or the unbroken gloom of his climate; in Shakspeare, the dark and bright—the smiles and tears of our own. In fact, both are admirable of their kind, but both formed on totally different principles of dramatic propriety, and we

* Blackwood's Magazine, Dec. 1839. In the 17th, 18th, 20th, and 47th vols. of Blackwood the following plays of Calderon are analysed and partly translated with considerable spirit:—"Agradecer y no Amar," (Courtesy and not Love) vol. 17. "La Devocion de la Cruz," (The Devotion of the Cross) vol. 18. "El Maestro De Danzar," (The Dancing Master) vol. 20. "La Dama Duende," (The Goblin Lady) vol. 47. In addition to these, the only other play of which we have seen any English translation is "El Magico Prodigioso," (The Wonderful Magician). Shelley translated some scenes from it with great power and beauty; they are given in his works. Some other scenes from the same play have also been translated by another writer. In the Monthly Chronicle, vol. 6. In the 96th vol. of the Monthly Magazine "La Vida es Sueno" (Life is a Dream) has been translated by Mr. Oxenford. It is praised in one of Knight's Monthly Volumes (The Spanish Drama, by G. H. Lewes), but we have not seen it. The only French translation of Calderon of which we have heard, is that by M. Damas Hinard, (Paris, 1844). In Germany there are several translations, of which the best are by Schlegel, Gries, and Malsburg. In Italy, we have not heard of any, but we have made no inquiries or searches on the subject.

† It is from this edition that the present writer has translated "The Purgatory." The editor (Keil) only undertook to give a more correct text than is to be met with in the Spanish editions. This, we believe, he has done; but except in this particular (a very important one no doubt), and in a clearer type, this edition is equally, if not more unsatisfactory than the original, if the latter has, as it would appear by the writer in Blackwood to have, the date of the representation of each play. In the Leipsic edition this is not given in a single instance, and there is not a note from beginning to end. The editor Keil, in his preface to the fourth volume, promised to give a fifth, which would contain one of the missing plays, copious notes, and various readings, as well as an account of the sources whence Calderon drew the materials of such of his plots as he did not invent. This volume we have never seen, nor do we know even if it has been yet published.

‡ Shakspeare and Cervantes died in 1616, not on the one day, as is generally supposed, the former surviving the latter twelveways. Bacon died in 1626, and Lope de Vega in 1635. So that Calderon survived Shakspeare and Cervantes 71 years, Bacon 61 years, and Lope de Vega 52 years; he himself having died in 1681, in his 81st year. Fletcher died in 1625, Massinger, 1640; Moliere, 1673; Corneille, 1684, and Racine, 1699.

§ Neither Moliere nor Racine could have met either Shakspeare or Cervantes, nor Racine Lord Bacon; but Calderon could have met and conversed with all.

|| Lope de Vega was also a soldier and a priest. He became a brother of the order of St. Francis; as a soldier he served both in Portugal and Spain. Cervantes, as is well known, was likewise a soldier, and lost his left hand at the battle of Lepanto.

¶ Short allegorical plays on religious subjects, generally in one act; they are not included in the Leipsic edition. In the Madrid edition of Calderon, the plays, or "Comedias," fill eleven or twelve Spanish quarto volumes, and the *Autos* six additional volumes of the same size.

** There is a fine portrait of Calderon in the Leipsic edition it is copied from the original engraving to be met with in most of the old copies. In the modern print the face is greatly improved, and spiritualized; but in both, the forehead is wonderfully high, nearly as much so as that of Shakspeare in the Chandos and other pictures.

can relish and admire the one without considering the other totally worthless. Shakspeare possessed higher qualities, and was, unquestionably, the greater man; Calderon possessed qualities in which the other was deficient, and was, perhaps, not an inferior poet. In the worship of external nature, the Englishman is cold compared with the Spaniard; in the revelations of her mysteries and the inward workings of her soul, the latter is but a child compared to the former. Shakspeare invented characters, but no plot; Calderon invented plots, but no character. The one was fertile in delineation, the other in invention. In a word, we should never end if we were to describe all in which they excelled, and all in which they differed from each other; and we shall conclude this comparison by warmly recommending the lesser known poet to the attention of the reader. The other needeth no recommendation from us.

Frederick Schlegel has, however, based the superiority of Calderon on a surer and higher basis than his brother—namely, on the religious tendency and more obvious and safer morality of his writings. “Shakspeare,” he says, “has the fault of too often placing before our eyes, in all its mystery and perplexity, the riddle of life, without giving us any hint of the solution;” while in Calderon, “the enigma of life is not barely expressed, but solved;” that he uniformly “makes spiritual purification the result of external sorrow;” that in him “everything is conceived in this spirit of Christian love and purification,—everything seen in its light and clothed in the splendour of its heavenly colouring.”* This is the highest praise; and if, in addition to this, we recollect that in the whole of Calderon (and, indeed, in the entire Spanish drama) there is scarcely one loose or improper allusion, and certainly not one scene which the strictest censor would exclude for immorality, we will perceive how immeasurably superior, on these points, he is even to the purest of the old English dramatists. There is a high and healthy morality in Shakspeare, but it is rather inferential or consequential, than apparent or intentional, and is that morality which the contemplation of the world teaches to the thinking and observant mind. With him, it is the wisdom of experience—with Calderon, the wisdom of the gospel. In the one, the business of the plot seems to be the business of life—in the other, the real end and object of our existence are never forgotten, but shine out clearly and steadily, like a star, through the passions and perplexities of the plot. Shakspeare does not seem to give himself much concern, but lets the play be played out, and the world wag as it will; Calderon never omits an opportunity of making it and the “players” better, by inculcating the duties of morality and religion, thinking, no doubt, with worthy George Herbert, that

“A verse may find him whom a sermon flies.”

Both dramatists are philosophers, but one is of the porch and the other of the pulpit.

In our next number we shall commence our translation of the “Purgatorio de San Patricio.” In the present, we shall take leave of Calderon in the following beautiful and celebrated passage from Augustus William Schlegel:—

“The mind of Calderon, however, is most distinctly expressed in the pieces on religious subjects. Love he paints merely in its most general features; he but speaks her technical poetical language. Religion is his peculiar love—the heart of his heart. For religion alone he excites the most overpowering emotions, which penetrate into the inmost recesses of the soul. He did not wish, it would seem, to do the same for mere worldly events. However turbid they may appear in themselves, to him, such is the religious medium through which he views them, they are all cleared up perfectly bright. Blessed man! he had escaped from the wild labyrinths of doubt into the strongholds of belief; from whence, with undisturbed tranquillity of soul, he beheld and pour-

trayed the storms of the world: to him human life was no longer a dark riddle. Even his tears reflect the image of heaven, like dew-drops on a flower in the sun. His poetry, whatever its apparent object, is a never-ending hymn of joy on the majesty of the creation: he celebrates the productions of nature and human art with an astonishment always joyful and always new—as if he saw them, for the first time, in an unworn festal splendour. It is the first awakening of Adam, and an eloquence withal, a skill of expression, and a thorough insight into the most mysterious affinities of nature, such as high mental culture and mature contemplation can alone bestow. When he compares the most remote objects, the greatest and the smallest stars and flowers, the sense of all his metaphors is the mutual attraction subsisting between created things by virtue of their common origin—and this delightful harmony and unity of the world again is merely a refulgence of the eternal all-embracing love.”†

S. E. Y.

† Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, pp. 11, 503, 504.—Bohn's Edition.

A SHORT

History of the Irish Franciscans.*

By FATHER HUGH WARD, originator of the *ANNALS* of the FOUR MASTERS.—(From an original MS.)

THE MS. of which this translation is now presented to the reader, exists in the archives of the College of the Irish Franciscans (St. Isidore) in Rome, among a number of other most valuable materials for

* The order of the Friars Minors, or Franciscans, was established by St. Francis of Assisi, in the 13th century. The holy founder seeing the deplorable state of the church in that age, attacked by enemies without, and betrayed by her unfaithful children, conceived the extraordinary design of founding an order of men, whose duty it would be to go forth through the entire world, preaching the doctrine of Christ by word and example, and exhibiting in their own persons the poverty and humility of the Gospel. He wrote a rule admirably adapted for the purpose, which was confirmed by Pope Honorius III., in 1223. It is entirely founded on the Gospel, and the spirit of it is the most ardent charity, the most profound humility, the most evangelical poverty. This was the great event of the age. Thousands flocked from all nations to embrace the humble state of the Franciscans. The church of God, which typified by the Lateran basilic, the Pope in a dream thought he saw faulting, recovered new strength as it were—and in gratitude for the services rendered by St. Francis and his children, the third collect said at the Mass on the consecration of the Pope, is that in honour of the saint. In a few years, every country where Christianity had penetrated, was covered with Franciscan Convents. When America was discovered, the Franciscans accompanied the first conquerors; and from Newfoundland to Cape Horn, and round to California, the capes and rivers, and bays of the New World, bear the name of the humble St. Francis, “the Seraphic Patriarch” of the middle ages. Like all human institutions, however, the order lost its first splendour, and a spirit of secular aggrandizement obscured the humility of the poor Friars Minors—hence arose the distinction between Conventuals and Observantines. The most zealous and numerous portion of the order selected convents apart, when the rule was observed in all its purity: the other convents by degrees adopted the strict observance, likewise renounced their property, and threw themselves on the charity of the people they served; hence the reader will so frequently see that such a convent was reformed in such a year. Leo X. divided the order into two great branches, the Conventuals, who profess the rule modified, and the Observantines, who follow it as far as circumstances will allow, to the letter. The province of Ireland finally adopted the reformation, and its title has been since “*Provincia Hiberniæ Strictioris Observantiæ*.” The Franciscans then were usually called in these countries Grey Friars, from the ancient colours of their habits—and minors, or friars of the observance. They correspond to the Recollects in France and the low countries.

* Frederick Schlegel's “*Lectures on the History of Literature*,” Lecture 12. Not having the book by us, we take the above extracts from one of the articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, before referred to (see vol. 46).

the ecclesiastical and civil history of Ireland. It was written about the year 1630, certainly not later than 1633, and was transferred from the College of St. Anthony of Padua, in Louvain, to Rome, with many other remarkable documents collected in that house by the Irish Franciscans of the seventeenth century. The author was Father *Francis* Ward; and I believe that there is little doubt that he is the famous Hugh Ward, the guardian of St. Anthony's, at whose instigation Michael O'Clery, one of his Community, commenced the compilation of the "Annals of the Four Masters." All acquainted with the peculiarities of conventual life can easily account for the variation of the name. It is a general custom among Religious to assume a name at their profession, by which they are known in the convent, and which they sign to all conventual acts, though among their friends in general they are still called by their baptismal name. It is also usual to assume the name of some saint of their order, if not of their founder; and nothing was more natural than for Hugh Ward to become Father *Francis* Ward, and to sign his name to the manuscript as Fr. *Franciscus* Wardeus. What makes this more probable is, that John Peter M'Cormac, who arranged and noted the collegiate manuscripts in 1752, says, "Superiora illa verba Fr. *Franciscus* Wardeus, P. Hugonis Vardei aliquando Collegii Guardiani ibidemque egregii antiquarii characterem omnino referunt uti patebit conferenti cum ipsius, scriptura in multiplicibus schedulis scriptis ab eodem guardiano in archivo remanentibus." The identity of the handwriting is, I imagine, a proof almost amounting to a certainty that Father Hugh Ward is the compiler of the manuscript. It is only a brief outline of a greater work projected by him, had not death snatched him away in 1635, and which is now for the first time translated and published. He was a most indefatigable antiquary: he collected most valuable materials for Irish history in the libraries of France; and he not only published several learned works in Louvain, but left a large mass of materials which the learned Colgan, a member of the same house and order, afterwards turned to good account when writing his great work, the "*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*," the *Lives of the Irish Saints*. Any fragment from such a man must be valuable; and even though it may not have been compiled by himself, still, as at all events it was written in St. Anthony's, under his direction, and while he was guardian of the convent, we may depend on its authenticity. There are few portions of Irish History more interesting than these relating to the Franciscan Order, especially during the seventeenth century; and we often regretted that the task of writing it had not been taken up by some competent person. The children of St. Francis were then as remarkable for their learning abroad, as for their zeal in the service of religion at home. The poor friars of the convent of St. Anthony in Louvain, alone straitened as they were for means, have done more for the preservation and publication of Irish records, secular and ecclesiastical, than many academies cheered by all the sunshine of royal patronage. The *Lives of the Irish Saints* by Colgan, and the *Annals of the Four Masters* by the O'Clerys, would be sufficient to entitle the body to the gratitude of every Irishman who venerates his country. A few explanatory notes are added to the translation, which will be of use to those unacquainted with monastic peculiarities, and which we consider necessary for the elucidation of the text.

A SUCCINCT SYNOPSIS OF THE PROVINCE OF IRELAND,
OF THE FRIARS MINORS, OF THE REGULAR OBSERVANCE.*

Of the number and foundations of the Convents.

In order properly to understand the state of the province, it is necessary to know that the kingdom is divided into different provinces or regions, to wit: Leinster, Ulster, the Munsters, and Meath, and that those provinces are subdivided into thirty-six Episcopal Sees, four of which are Archbishoprics, and thirty-two Bishoprics (though in ancient times there were many more), and this is the order they are placed in:

I. The Archbishopric of Armagh in Ulster: the Archbishop is Primate of all Ireland, and has ten suffragans—1, Down; 2, Connor, united Sees; 3, Derry; 4, Clogher; 5, Ardagh; 6, Raphoe; 7, Kilmore; 8, Dromore; 9, Meath; 10, Cluan or Clonmacnois.

II. The Archbishop of Dublin, in Leinster, has five suffragans—1, Glendalough, united to the Metropolitan See; 2, Ossory; 3, Kildare; 4, Ferns; 5, Leighlin.

III. The Archbishop of Cashel, in Munster, has ten suffragans—1, Waterford; 2, Lismore; 3, Cork; 4, Cloyne; 5, Limerick; 6, Killaloe; 7, Ross; 8, Ardfer; 9, Emly; 10, Kilfenora.

IV. The Archbishop of Tuam, in Connaught, has seven suffragans—1, Enaghdown, united to the Metropolitan See; 2, Mayo; 3, Elphin; 4, Cluanfert; 5, Killala; 6, Achonry; 7, Kilmacduagh.

Though it is supposed by some, that the Friars Minors first arrived in Ireland in the year 1232, still those who record that event to have taken place in 1214 are nearer the truth. Father Anthony Daça, in the first part of his *Chronicles*, is of this opinion, and the constant tradition, and the subsequent foundation of several convents bear him out. Father Francis Gonzaga, in his description of this province says, that one of the companions of St. Francis came from the city of Compostella in Spain, to Ireland, and laid the foundation of this province by establishing some convents; and that this took place in the same year as the foundation of the convent of Compostella, which was in 1214, as

* As the order of St. Francis was extended over the whole world, it was necessary for its government to make certain divisions into families, nations, provinces, and custodies. The whole order is governed by a general, who is elected every six years. It was next divided into two great *families*, the Cismontain and Ultramontain; these were subdivided into *nations*, and then again into *provinces* and *custodies*. The Cismontain family contained three nations—the Lombardic, the Sicilian and the Ultramarine. It embraced all the countries of the Levant, Turkey, Greece, Syria, &c., as well as Italy. The Ultramontain family was likewise divided into three nations, the Gallic, the Spanish, and the Germano-Belgic. It comprised all north of the Alps, and consisted of more than eighty-seven provinces, of which Ireland was the sixteenth, and which were scattered from Cochin China to Chili, from Norway to California. The families were governed by vicars-general, and the nations by commissary generals, and there was a commissary general for the Indias (America) likewise. The provinces were governed by provincials, and the convents by guardians. The province of Ireland belonged to the Germano-Belgic family, but it was frequently attached to the Spanish for a time. Even in the present reduced state of the Franciscan order, there are several thousand convents, it is supposed, scattered over the world. Custodies were small provinces, such as is the Custody of the Holy Land at the present day; but the division of provinces into custodies exists no longer. One custos is elected for each province, whose duty it is to attend the general chapter of the order, and vote at the election of a general.

the Annals of the Order, AN. 1214 (n. 6 and 11), and AN. 1260 (n. 19), certify. The province soon increased so rapidly that, in the year 1260, in a general chapter held in Narbonne, at which St. Bonaventure presided, it was divided into five Custodies: first, Dublin; second, Cashel; third, Cork; fourth, Drogheda; fifth Nenagh. Pisanus and other ancient writers distribute the convents then founded, to the different Custodies, in the following order—the Custody of Dublin, in Leinster, had seven convents—Dublin, Kildare, Cluan, Castle Dermot, Wicklow, and Wexford.

The Custody of Cashel in Munster, had six convents. Cashel, Kilkenny, Youghal, Ross, Waterford, and Clonmel.

The Custody of Cork, in Munster, had five convents—Cork, Ardfert, Buttevant, Limerick, and Timoleague.

The Custody of Drogheda, in Ulster, had six convents—Drogheda, Trim, Dundalk, Multifarnam, Down, Carrickfergus.

The Custody of Nenagh had eight convents—Nenagh, Clare (Galway), Galway, Anaghdown, Armagh, Athlone,* Kinalcophin, or as ancient writers called it, Loughlin.

Besides these thirty-two convents, more were built in the course of time, till the number amounted to fifty-nine; and there were also three colleges beyond the seas.† We will state what we know regarding their foundation, and the little we could glean from what has escaped destruction by heresy and persecution.

I. **YOUGHAL.**—The convent of Youghal which was called the Mother of the Province, was built in the maritime town of Youghal, in the diocese of Cloyne in Munster, in the year 1224, and was formerly placed in the custody of Cashel; it was transferred to the Reformed Observants in the year 1460, which is said to be the year in which the Reformation itself was established in this province. In the year 1583, it was destroyed and depopulated, some of the friars having been taken and put to death by the English Protestants. It remained desolate till the year 1627, when a residence was built in the town, under the provincialate of Father Francis Matthew;‡ and Father Francis Mede, a theologian and preacher, was appointed superior. The first founder of the convent was Maurice Fitzgerald (from whom sprung the Earls of Kildare and Desmond, the Barons of Lixnaw, and several other most noble families). He was for many years Lord Justiciary of Ireland, and headed an army against the Scots, in aid of the king of England. The war being victoriously concluded, he returned home, distributed his possessions to his children, and became a Francis-

* A Vatican manuscript gives Athlone, though other ancient manuscripts omit it.

† A fourth College, that of Boulais in France, was subsequently founded, and was suppressed at the French revolution. I find by the subsequent chapter bills, that the number was 65.

‡ “A.D. 1625. Father Francis Matthew, professed in the College of St. Anthony of Louvain, was, while guardian of Cork, elected vicar provincial on the death of Nicholas Shea. After governing the province a year and a-half, a chapter being summoned in 1625, he was elected provincial; and his three years of office being finished, he was, in 1629 in the chapter of Limerick, appointed guardian of St. Anthony's, of Louvain, having laudably governed the province four years and a-half.”—MS. *St. Isidori*. This F. Matthew was born in Cork, and was an eminent canonist; he wrote some works under the name of Edmundus Ursulanus. He was put to death for the faith, in Cork, in the year 1644. The MS. from which the above notice was taken, gives no account of his death as it concludes in 1632. It was to oppose his *Examen Juridicum* that Paul Harris wrote the work *Arktomatrix*, a whip for the bear, (Ursulanus).

can friar. He lived till the year 1257, distinguished for profound humility and holiness of life, and died and was buried in the convent. There are, from ancient times, the tombs of the Earls of Desmond, the Lords of Desies, and several other nobles of the same family and country; as also of several citizens of Youghal. At the right-hand side of the altar in the convent, a certain friar is buried, whose tomb is illustrated by miracles; and also another friar, put to death by the heretics, lies buried in the same place. Provincial chapters were held here in 1300 and 1313.

II. **CORK.**—The convent of Cork, called also the Monastery of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of Shandon, was founded in the episcopal city of Cork, in Munster, in the year 1214, and built in the year 1229. Father Wadding says that this was on account of the strict observance of regular life, and the piety of the brethren, formerly called the “Mirror of all Ireland.” It was erected into a Custody in the year 1260, in the general chapter of Narbonne. It passed to the friars of the Reformed Observance previous to the year 1500, and remained in their possession till the year 1540, when heresy and persecution began to rage, and it was the first convent in all Ireland that was suppressed by the heretics. It remained desolate till the year 1609, when, under the provincialate of Father Maurice Ultan,§ a residence was erected in that city, and Father William Farris was appointed guardian; and from that to this the friars labour with great fruit for the salvation of the faithful and the conversion of the heretics. The first founder of the convent was Dermot M'Carthy More, called Dondraynean, king of the people of Munster; and some provincial kings of his kindred were buried there, in the habit of the Friars Minors. The most powerful family of the M'Carthy's also established a sepulchre for themselves in that convent, until becoming divided into several noble families, each built convents for themselves. Besides the tombs of the M'Carthy's, and of fourteen knights of Mora, the families of the Barrys, and the chief nobles and citizens of that country, are buried there. Philip Prendergast, the treasurer of King John of England, who was one of the greatest benefactors to this house, is also buried there.¶ I find that a chapter was held there in 1244, 1288, 1521, 1533.¶

III. **ATHLONE.**—The Convent of Athlone, in the diocese of Meath,** was built on the bank of the Shannon, in Meath, in the year 1224, and its church was consecrated in 1241, by the Primate of Ireland, a native of Germany. It was formerly placed in the Custody of Nenagh, and was transferred to the Observants, under the provincialate of Father Walter M'Wadh, in the year 1518.†† It was destroyed by the English Protestants in the tenth year of Queen Elizabeth, and remained uninhabited till the year 1626, when Father

§ A.D. 1609 Father Maurice Ultan was elected provincial in a provincial chapter, held this year in a wood near Roscrea, on account of the dread of persecution. He worthily governed the province for three years, and was subsequently visitator of the province in 1626.—MS. *St. Isidori*.

¶ By many he is supposed to have been the founder. A curious charter of his to the convent will be found in Wadding.

¶ A Franciscan convent known as “Broad Lane Convent,” exists in Cork to the present day.

** Now in the diocese of Ardagh.

†† This must have taken place in 1567, for the provincial in 1518 was William O'Machrain. “A.D. 1567, Father Walter Mac Waid, a most eloquent preacher, and man of most religious life, and profoundly versed in Canon Law, was made provincial for three years. MS. *St. Isidori*.”

Francis Matthew being provincial, a residence was erected in the vicinity, and John Anthony Geoghegan, a theologian and preacher, was appointed superior. The first founder of this convent was Charles O'Connor of the Red Hand, King of Connaught.* During his life time, the house was enlarged by the most noble family of the Dillons, which is now divided into the Earl of Roscommon, Viscount Dillon, and other families. O'Connor by some is said to be buried in this convent.†

IV. CARRICKFERGUS.—The Convent of Carrickfergus was founded in the maritime city of that name, in the diocese of Connor, in Ulster, about the time of St. Francis, and was formerly placed in the Custody of Drogheda. It was reformed in the year 1457, at the instance of Neale M'Ardle O'Neill.‡ It was suppressed in the year 1560, the friars having been driven off and dispersed by the heretics, and some of them killed. It was at last totally destroyed by Arthur Chichester, Viceroy of Ireland, and remained vacant till the year 1626, when Father Francis Matthew, being provincial, a residence was erected in the district, and F. Edmond Cana, a theologian and preacher, was appointed superior. The first founder of that convent was Hugh De Lacy, junior, Earl of Ulster, who died in the habit of the Friars Minors, in the year 1253, and was buried there. O'Neill was also buried there as well as many other noblemen of both families of that district.

V. KILKENNY.—The Convent of Kilkenny, in the diocese of Ossory, in Leinster, is built on the bank of the river Nore; but it is doubtful who the founder was. It was built, however, previous to the year 1234, for the annals of the Friars Minors (n. 19) show that Richard Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, was buried there in that year. About the year 1550, in the reign of Edward VI., the friars were expelled from the convent at the violent instigation of John Bale, the Protestant bishop of Ossory, and the convent was forsaken. They returned to it again in the reign of Mary, in 1553, but were again expelled in 1559, in the reign of Elizabeth. It remained desolate till the year 1612, when a residence was built, and the friars again took up their habitation there, to the great benefit of the Catholics, and of the heretics likewise, many of whom were converted by them. They were placed under the government of Father William O'Kelly, formerly Custos of the province of St. Mary Magdalene in France, and Commissary Visitor of the province of Ireland, who, loaded with years and virtue, slept in the Lord in the year 1627, and was buried in the convent, together with Father Nicholas O'Shea, Provincial of the province. § Chapters were held in this convent in 1626, &c.

* The monastery of St. Francis, at Athlone, was founded by Cathal Croidéarg O'Connor, King of Connaught, in the diocese of Clonmacnois, on the east bank of the Shannon.—*Annals of the Four Masters*, A.D. 1224.

† The founder was not buried here, but in the Cistercian monastery of Kockmoy. A Franciscan convent still exists in Athlone.

‡ The monastery of the friars at Carrickfergus was founded by consent from Rome, at the request of Niall, the son of Con, son of Hugh Brian O'Neill, for the use of the friars minors observants; and sixteen friars of the community of Donegal took possession of it on the vigil of the festival of first Lady Day in harvest.—*Annals of the Four Masters*, A.D. 1497.

§ A.D. 1621. Father Nicholas Shea, professed in Spain, was a man of most holy life and conversation, and a preacher. He was made provincial in the chapter of Cashel; and when he had piously governed the province three years, Father Hugh de Burgo, expert of theology, and guardian of St. Anthony's, of Louvain, arriving as Apostolic Visitor, the chapter on account of the delay of the general one, was deferred until the next year. As on ac-

VI. WATERFORD.—The Convent of Waterford was built in the maritime and episcopal city of Waterford, in Munster, on the banks of the river Suir, in the year 1240. It was formerly placed in the custody of Cashel. It passed into the hands of the Observants, in the provincialate of Father David Hurlihy.* Finally, in the reign of Henry VIII., the friars were banished, and it was converted into a poor house. It remained vacant till the year 1612 (though some friars of the order always lived in the city), when a residence was erected, and Father Thomas Wadlog, formerly visitor of the province, was appointed superior; under whose government and that of others, the friars, by continual labour and preaching, assiduously attended to the salvation of the faithful and the conversion of the heretics. Many learned and holy men flourished in this place, among them are to be numbered Brother Nicholas and Brother John of Waterford (de Wainfordia), who Pisanus says were remarkable for miracles. The first founder of this convent was Hugh Purcell, a knight, citizen, and Baron of Carrickmore, whose tomb is there. The tombs of many other noblemen of that city and vicinity are in this monastery likewise. I find that chapters were held there in 1469 and 1615.†

VII. DUBLIN.—The convent of Dublin was built in the archiepiscopal and metropolitan city of Leinster, but it is uncertain who is the founder. It is thought to have been founded about the year 1260, in which it was made the chief convent of the first Custody, by the general chapter of Narbonne. It passed into the hands of the reformed friars about the year 1521, under the provincialate of Father Daniel O'Hurlihy. It was suppressed by order of Henry VIII. in 1543, and sold for secular purposes. It was then pulled down, and very few portions of the building remained, until the year 1615, when Father Daniel Mooney‡ being provincial, a residence was erected in the city, and Father John Preston, a theologian and most excellent preacher, formerly Commissary, Visitor, and Definitor of the province, was appointed superior. Under his government and that of the superiors who followed him, the faith received extraordinary increase in the city and neighbouring country, by the preaching of the friars. Chapters were held there in 1284, 1309.§

[To be continued.]

count of his infirmity, he could not attend the general chapter, he sent Father Thomas Strange, a lector of theology, and a most celebrated preacher in his place, but he was taken by the Turks on the way. This provincial, wasted away by a tedious sickness, rested in the Lord in the year 1625, having governed the province four years and some months.—MS. *St. Isidor*.

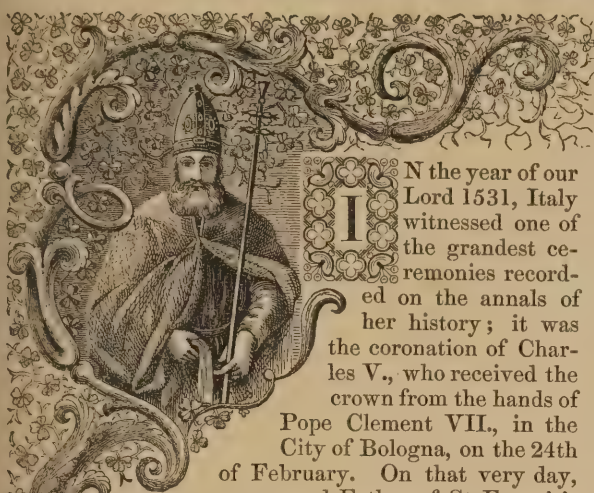
* A.D. 1521. Father David O'Hiarlaghagh, a great preacher, governed the province with praise, discharging the office of provincial for three years.—MS. *St. Isidor*.

† A Franciscan convent exists in Waterford, still, in "Lady lane."

‡ Father Donagh Mooney was received to his profession in 1601 by the provincial, Father John Gray, then in prison; he was afterwards driven into exile. He was a man of great genius and learning; and after having taught philosophy and theology in Ireland, he was appointed the first guardian of the College of St. Anthony of Louvain, and afterwards of Drogheda in Ireland. He was an excellent preacher, and a strenuous labourer for the conversion of heretics and the salvation of the faithful. In the year 1615, he was made provincial in Wexford chapter, and governed the province with praise for three years.—MS. *St. Isidor*.

§ The Catholic Church of St. Nicholas, Francis Street, is now built on the site of the convent. The present Franciscan establishment in Dublin is St. Francis' Merchant's-quay, usually called Adam and Eve, from a sign placed at the entrance of the alley leading from Cook Street, where the chapel was built after the friars were obliged to fly from their convent in Francis-street.

Passages in the Life of Sixtus Quintus.



IN the year of our Lord 1531, Italy witnessed one of the grandest ceremonies recorded on the annals of her history; it was the coronation of Charles V., who received the crown from the hands of Pope Clement VII., in the City of Bologna, on the 24th of February. On that very day, a reverend Father of St. Francis's

Order, who had acquired a provincial reputation for piety and eloquence, rode slowly towards the town of Ascoli, whither he had been sent to preach during the holy time of Lent. His thoughts were occupied with the momentous subjects which were to impress the minds of his auditors, and to contrast the magnificence of heaven, and its never ending glories, with that evanescent pomp and gilded pageant to which the grandees of Spain and Italy had long been hastening. On awaking from a reverie, which had made him indifferent to the scenery through which he passed, the good Father begun to learn that he had ridden in a wrong direction; and on looking about for some one to inform him of the nearest way to the high-road, found himself face to face with a poorly-clad youth, who was in charge of a herd of swine. "Knowest thou the road to Ascoli, young swine-herd?" asked the friar. "Yes, Father, and I will willingly be your guide," was the reply. "Lead on, then, and we will talk as we go." Taking the bridle in his hand, the youth looked wistfully at the Franciscan, as though he envied him the coarse habit which he wore; and the former having conversed for a while with his guide, thought it high time to dismiss him on reaching the high-way. "Thanks, good youth, for thy kindness, return to thy charge, and receive all that I can offer,—my poor blessing." "Nay, Father," said the lad, "the swine will go home at sun-set, and I will follow thee. I rarely meet those with whom I care to converse, and I will not now lose an opportunity so happily given. I would, moreover, unburden my heart to thee, for tis full of strange imaginings." "Speak on, good youth," said the friar, "and bear me company as long as thou wiltest." The good father fixed his eyes on the boy, and being somewhat skilled in physiognomy, thought he saw something remarkable in the features of the rude inhabitant of La Marca. There was a flashing in his quick glance, and a precision in his remarks, which struck him as belonging to a superior intelligence. "Father," continued the swine-herd, "I often weep in secret, and if thou wouldst know the reason, 'tis because I have not the means of acquiring knowledge, while my soul is filled with projects which would not unbecome a king. My parents are poor tillers of the soil; my present

occupation suits me not—wilt thou give me books, and inform my young mind? If so, I will ever follow thee, and my life's task will be to evince my gratitude." "Ha! thou lovest books, and wouldst learn," said the astonished friar; "what then, if I provided thee a place in our convent, wouldst thou put on this poor habit, coarser than thine own, conform to our rule, and consecrate thy days to God in sackcloth and virtue?" "Ah! Father," gasped the elated boy, "for blessings such as these I would endure the torments of purgatory." "Come then, my child, henceforth I will be thy patron and thy friend, and before the sun sets thou shalt dwell with the brethren of my order." The Franciscan father was Michael Angelo Selleri, and his guide, Felix Peretti, who was born in the territory of Montalto, in the last days of the Pontificate of Leo X.

Little, then, did the good father think that he was opening life's page for one who was destined to leave the impress of his genius on the monuments of Sesostris and the Cæsars; he could not have imagined that the classic tastes of Leo X. would have been surpassed—for were not Bembo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Vida his courtiers? Nor did he dream that within the heart of the rude boy whom he now adopted, were germs of thought and grand conceptions, which, in due time, should astonish the world, and link his name with the great ones of the second Augustan age; but he kept his word, the swine-herd put on the habit of a novice, applied himself to study, and outshone his compeers in every department of knowledge. The young novices who were envious of his superior talents, did not scruple to trifle with the feelings of the quondam swine-herd; many a biting epigram called forth their laughter, while Peretti sought revenge in the evidences of an intellect, which even in his young years won from his masters the most glowing eulogies. The time of his noviciate was the age of great events, nor were the thoughts and meditations of Peretti bounded by the horizon of his convent. Charles V. was thundering against the walls of Tunis, and Henry VIII. of England was flinging off the Pope's supremacy. Clement VII. ordered solemn thanksgiving to be made in all the churches, when he heard that the cross was raised where the crescent had been; and the novice, who was supposed to take little heed of political events, sarcastically observed, that he saw no great good in celebrating the downfall of a kingdom, where the Pope was not respected, and only wondered that his Holiness did not show some real regret for the loss of England, where he had long held potential sway.

Throughout his noviciate he was noted for his proficiency in all the studies which are prescribed for the probationary term, nor was his punctilious discharge of all the duties it involved less conspicuous. The dullard he occasionally slighted, for he hated stupidity; and the influence of the professors was often put in requisition to restrain the ardent impetuosity of a temper, which brooked not an insipid, though well-meant observation. At length, when the time of probation had drawn to its close, Peretti was vested with the habit of a professed, and on this, to him most important day, there came the news of Pope Clement's decease. Events of such importance were ever sure to elicit from him some remark worth recording, and he had scarce risen from the altar where he made his solemn vows, when a friend observed to him, "Brother Felix, thou art born to religion on the same day that

the Pope died to the world." "See you, Reverend Father," rejoined the professed, "I am so proud of this habit, that I already fancy myself Pope of Rome." On which the guardian of the convent remarked—"tis out of such heath the best besoms are made."

To those unacquainted with the system adopted in conventual life, tis necessary to observe, that the student does not enter on the theological course till after the noviciate. During the probationary term, brother Felix had to discharge some minor offices, such as sacristan to the Church; but now, that the cowl was on his head, he resolved to apply himself sedulously, to pursuits of a higher, though, perhaps, not holier, order. The Latin tongue was as familiar, to him as the rude idiom of La Marca—the dialectics of Aristotle he knew by heart, and Tully and Demosthenes had schooled him in a rethoric, which, however it might charm his classic tastes, did not possess for him such an abundant store of pathos, invective and imagery as the inspired writings of the apostles and prophets. Canon law, speculative theology, and the books which treat of the duties of the moralist, opened a new field to him; the rapidity with which he acquired a deep knowledge of the abstruse and practical points so necessary for a controvertist, preacher, and confessor, challenged the admiration of his teachers, and raised him far above the level of his fellow-students.

He well knew the great importance of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the controversies which then agitated the world, and have since left their scathing marks on those grand old edifices, which Zuingle and Œcolampadius had been undermining while he was yet an infant. Every moment he could snatch from the duties of the Church and choir was devoted to reading the works of the Fathers and the scholastic productions of St. Thomas Aquinas, and other great men of the middle ages. Disputations were then frequent amongst students, and the youthful Peretti successfully contested the palm with the aspirants of his own and St. Dominick's order. Envy him as his rivals might, he was pronounced, by the auditors and professors who attended the public theses, as gifted with a master mind, far surpassing, in quickness of reply, strength of argument, and witty retort, every antagonist in the learned lists. Nor did he altogether abandon himself to the study of the rigid doctrines of the schoolmen, for, we have reason to believe, from the metrical fragments which his biographers present to us, that he occasionally sported with the muse—but it was the muse of Ther-sites. Removed from one convent to another, he succeeded in commanding the respect of his superiors, and establishing for himself a character of austere morality and punctilious observance of conventual life. In his time, it was customary to exercise the aspirants to the order of priesthood, in preaching before their respective communities, and the fame which Peretti won for himself, as a theologian, was, in every respect, equalled by his fluency and grace as a pulpit orator. The vices of his age furnished ample subject for his invectives; and, from the very first moment that he addressed his brethren, ex-Cathedra, he gave manifest proof of his anxiety to keep alive that sacred fire which Luther laboured to extinguish in the world. At length, the consummation of all his wishes was to be realized, and the young Peretti received his priestly ordination, in the city of Urbino, in the year of our Lord, 1545. The name which he now assumed was

that of the territory in which he was born, and, with something like a foresight of the celebrity which, in after years, he was destined to attain, "Montalto" sounded most pleasing to his ears—as being associated with recollections and occupations which, viewing them from this point of time, contrast strangely with the career and reputation of so remarkable a man. The selection was a wise one, and fraught with meaning, for who could address Father *Montalto* without reminding him of the inscrutable ways of God, "who raises up the needy from the earth, and lifts up the poor out of the dung-hill?"

In the year following that of Montalto's ordination, Luther died, and the evil spirits he had evoked were, everywhere, striking at the foundations of the Church. Ambition was born in the heart of the quondam swine-herd, and tis likely enough that he dreamed of triumphing over the enemies of the Holy See: if he failed, however, in prostrating the machinations of the reformers, there was still open to him a great field for splendid enterprise—and the history of his transactions convinces us, that in the silence of the cloister he meditated those great designs, which have won for him such a glorious name. The emperor, Charles V., was then as much hated in Italy as the Austrian is at the present hour;—the people groaning under the weight of an alien dominion, longed to fling off the yoke, and only waited for some leader to march them against their oppressors; but the time had not come, and their energies were hoarded to stand between the Papal throne and the fanatical masses who threatened to cross the Alps and trample the Vatican and Tiara in the ruins of Rome. The Pope supplied Charles with a contingent, and appointed Octavian Farnese to command the Italian troops who were to fight the Lutherans on their own soil. Montalto sought a chaplaincy to this force—he was disappointed, and his unsuccessful application gave another direction to his thoughts. For many years after his ordination we read of him only as a preacher who went about, from town to town, denouncing the iniquities of people and princes, and occasionally courting popular applause by many a spirit-stirring allusion to the evils which the Spaniards were inflicting on Italy. The vices of the reformers were his constant theme, and he did not hesitate to denounce the rebellion of Henry of England, when Pope Julius ordered public prayers to be offered invoking God's arm to stay the torrent of infidelity which swept over the soil of England. In the year 1552, Montalto was appointed to preach against the innovations of Luther and Henry VIII. Father Ghislieri, afterwards Pius V., and some cardinals went to hear him, and, much as they might have expected from one of his reputation, they were more than surprised at the depth of his reasoning—the fire of his invective, and the impassioned eloquence with which he vindicated the doctrines of the Holy See. The text which he took, on this occasion, was the verse of the Psalm which speaks of the vain efforts of persecutors to overthrow Christ and his Church: "The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together, against the Lord and against his Christ." The vehement discourse of the friar unmasked the hypocrisy of Henry—nor did he spare Charles of Spain, to whose apathy he attributed many of the evils which had resulted from the teaching of the reformers. His cutting remarks procured him the anger of the Spanish ambassador, and the preacher

had to yield to stern necessity when apologising for the warmth with which he inveighed against the emperor. The sermon, however, made him a name, and thenceforth the road from the pulpit led to the throne of the Papacy. Ghislieri became his friend and patron, and, when raised to the dignity of cardinal by Paul IV., in the year 1557, left nothing untried to convince Montalto of his esteem and regard. Every office which Ghislieri could command was now within reach of the far-famed Franciscan. The following year he was appointed inquisitor of Venice. The history of his transactions, during his residence in the city of St. Mark, readily teaches us, that he employed every interval in storing his mind with a knowledge of the great political events of the period. The princes of the republic seemed not to relish the peremptory mandates of the friar, and his imputed arrogance gave cause for apprehending serious differences between the Doge and the Holy See. Montalto, however, was not to be driven from his course, and, in reply to some severe observations reflecting on his conduct, boldly pronounced, that he cared little for the enmity of a hundred crowned heads. Recalled from Venice to Rome, he gladly left the scene of his first appointment, and blessed the day that saw him, a simple friar, amid the ruins of the city of the Cæsars. From this moment, hope, like a fixed star, shone steadily before him. His prudence, piety, and austerity, made him a great name among the religious orders; and the pope and cardinals held him in the highest esteem. Promoted to the dignity of regent of his order, he proceeded to Naples, where he preached during the lent, and won the applause of all who heard him. Returning to Rome, he found letters from a friend, who was interested in the concerns of his family, advertising him that his sister, Camilla, was about to be married to "Master Andrea," who exercised the trade of a carpenter in his native hamlet. Nothing can exceed the tenderness which characterised his reply:—"I am poor, and in labours ever since my youth," wrote he; "silver and gold I have not, but what I have I give—my blessing. For my own part, I must ever be mindful of my former condition, for has not God raised me up from the mud to minister on the golden throne of his altar? Nevertheless, dear friend, the cardinal protector has given me some alms, which I now forward to you for the benefit of my family. Of the seventy dollars which I send, give ten to my mother to provide for the festivity of the espousals, and the remaining sixty you will bestow on Camilla as her marriage portion. Who knows but heaven will, one day, enable me to do more?"

About this time, Mary was endeavouring to restore Catholicity in England, and Pope Julius was moved to send Montalto, in the capacity of Theologian, to Cardinal Pole, who was named Legate *a latere* to the English court. A prince of the Colonna family had influence enough to set aside the arrangement, for he wished to retain Montalto as his private tutor; the duties of preceptor were learnedly discharged, and much to the satisfaction of the young ecclesiastic. Soon afterwards Montalto proceeded on various missions through the Papal territories, and had the consolation of sitting down beneath the humble roof of his parents, which he sportively described as really "illustrious;" "for," quoth he, "the sun of heaven shone brightly through its ill-tiled roof and chinky walls." On the death of Pius IV., Ghislieri succeeded to the

chair of St. Peter, and was proclaimed in the conclave on the 7th of January, 1566. The new Pope took the title of Pius V. The news of his elevation came agreeably to Montalto, who now began to think that the papacy might be one day within his reach. Pius, by whom he was loved and admired, immediately raised him to the dignity of general of the order; and about the end of the year 1568, consecrated him bishop of St. Agatha. Eight days after his inauguration, news was brought him that his aged father had passed out of this world. The newly-consecrated bishop wept bitterly, and then remarked: "My parent died a natural death; but, verily, had he lived to witness this, the joy of seeing a mitre on my head, must have caused his sudden dissolution." At this time Elizabeth was inflicting, on the Catholics of this country, that terrible persecution which, thanks to our modern Irish literature, is well known to those who make a study of our history; and Philip of Spain laboured to impress on Pius V., the necessity of stigmatizing the English Queen, by some mark which would render her odious in the eyes of the Catholic potentates of Europe. The Pontiff yielding to his importunities, resolved on excommunicating the arch enemy of his spiritual children. The king of Spain wrote to congratulate Montalto on his elevation—and the Pope charged him to draw the formal excommunication which was fulminated against Elizabeth, on the 25th of February, 1569. The Pope had now made up his mind to retain Monsignore Montalto near his person, and a vicar was appointed to administer the affairs of the diocese. The mitre had not been many hours on the head of Montalto, when he gave intimation to his clergy of his resolve to correct abuses, and enforce the rigid observance of discipline in the secular and regular orders. The pastoral which he published, gave all to understand that he would not deal lightly with those who contravened his will. The tolerance of his predecessor he named negligence, and his forbearance lack of zeal. The want of the proper acquirements in those who aspired to the priesthood, furnished him with powerful invectives against the illiterate idlers of his diocese; and he gave all whom it might concern to know, that he preferred a few priests, well read, to a legion who had not given their hearts and souls to study. Many shook their heads when this document was perused, and could have wished that Montalto had not been raised to the hierarchy; but there were others who rejoiced at the advancement of one who, with a strong hand, determined to pluck up the weeds without injuring the goodly seed that was destined to multiply a hundred fold.

Nor was the episcopal dignity the only one which Pius resolved to confer on Montalto: he only sought some grand occasion for bestowing the purple on his protegee. He had not long to wait, for the year 1570 saw Cosmo de Medici proclaimed Grand Duke of Tuscany, and there also came news that the spiritual Empire of the Pope was adding to its conquests in India. It was enough to console the heart of the Pontiff, and cause him in some measure to forget the losses of the church in the west, while its territories were being extended in the far off East. Amongst the many selected for the honors of the cardinalate, there was none more esteemed by his Holiness than the Franciscan bishop, and Montalto was accordingly promoted to the Sacred College. Henceforth he became the unwearied assistant of Pope Pius, in the many and important concerns which then engaged the

Christian world. Ecclesiastical immunities occupied the attention of his Holiness, and the celebrated bull "Cœna Domini" was drawn up by Cardinal Montalto, and approved by the consistory. Philip II. was then engaged in offensive and defensive wars: the Turks had a fleet upon the seas, and Don John of Austria, and the republic of Venice, had leagued to crush their power. The Holy See, anxious for the overthrow of those whom she so much dreaded, took an anxious concern in a war which threatened to ruin the civilization of the west: in all these matters, no opinion was deemed of greater moment than Montalto's, and if great projects were not realized, the failure is attributable to other causes than the apathy or inactivity of the Pope and his advisers. Pius V. died in the year 1572, and was succeeded by Gregory XIII. Cardinal Montalto did not enjoy the confidence of the new Pontiff to the same extent as that of his predecessor, and retired from the cares of the court to the seclusion of his study, where he employed himself in producing a new edition of the Scriptures, and the ponderous works of St. Ambrose. Devoting himself to literature, he had resolved to hide himself from the world, and thus contradict the rumours which industriously circulated that he dreamed of one day becoming Pope. However specious such a refutation might appear, it is nevertheless certain that he cherished the hope of succeeding to the Tiara; and it is probable, that in the silence of his retirement, he made himself conversant with the great political movements of Europe, and the minor details of that State which he was destined to reform.

Gregory had not been well on the throne, when news came of the massacres of St. Bartholomew, and no matter how bitterly the Pontiff might mourn over the atrocities of the political fanatics of France, he had as good reason to lament the anarchy and bloodshed which prevailed in his own dominions, by reason of a fatal, though well-meant clemency. A heart of iron was needed, and Gregory XIII. was the last man in the world who could lay the axe to the root of such crying evils. In a brief biography like this, it would be impossible to speak, at any length, of the great results of his pontificate. Some of the grandest institutions which, in our day, adorn the Holy City, are his creations. The calendar, which bears his name, is alone sufficient to immortalize him; but of all his works, none can be so dear to the recollections of an Irish ecclesiastic as the Roman College, which owes its origin to this illustrious Pontiff. The year 1585 was that of his death, and he did not close his eyes on this world till he witnessed the grand benefits resulting from the Jesuit mission in Japan. Such, indeed, was their progress in that distant world, that Protestant writers, in our times, bear willing testimony to their labours; and one of the last acts of Gregory XIII. was, to receive a deputation of several of the natives who came to Rome to bow, in homage, before the Vicar of Christ. In all the literary concerns of Pope Gregory's pontificate Montalto took an active part, and laboured with incredible diligence to amend the canonical Scriptures, the completion of which great work was reserved for Clement VIII. The obsequies of the deceased Pontiff terminated on the 13th of April, and the Cardinals proceeded to elect his successor. The conclave lasted but a few days, and, to the astonishment of Rome, Montalto was proclaimed Pope, with the title of Sixtus Quintus, on the 24th of the same month. Muratori, quot-

ing Cicarelli, Panvinus, and other historians, states, that Montalto, on entering the conclave, affected the greatest infirmity, which made the votes incline in his favour: tottering on his staff, he was heard to say, that if elected to the Pontificate, he could not bear such a weighty load, unaided by active and energetic coadjutors. But scarcely was the scrutiny over which placed the Tiara on his head, when he flung away his staff, and sportively told the cardinals, that while bent to earth, he was looking for the keys of heaven, and that having found them, he had now only to look to the portal.

A few days after the election of Sixtus, all Rome put on her festival apparel—gay banners floated from the balconies of her palaces, and a hundred bells pealed joyfully from the towers of her churches—'twas the eve of his coronation. A crowd collected round the grand entrance of the Quirinal, to see the gorgeous procession, which was to escort the Pope, issuing from its gate. At length a mule, richly caparisoned, was led out, and many an eye was strained to see the *infirm* Pope raised to the saddle. "He is weak" said one, "and cannot mount without aid;" "aye, he is now over sixty years," chimed in another, "and must be stiff of limb—but see, he is at the door, and—miracle of miracles! in the saddle without aid of groom or equerry!" Trifling as the incident may appear, it had a strange effect; the populace begun to learn that they were to be ruled by a man of energy, and the cardinals, that he who was about to receive the tiara "could not be led by the nose.*" On went the procession 'mid the acclamations of thousands, till it reached the square of St. Peter's when the choirs of the seven Basilicas, blending in one grand chorus, called down the benediction of Heaven on the great priest "who kept the law of the Most High, and was in covenant with Him."

An ancient usage had long been observed in Rome, on the occasion of the Pope's coronation. Bandits and malefactors who had contrived to escape the arm of justice, were wont to surrender themselves, on the accession of each new Pope, and thus obtain the general pardon, which was conceded at such an auspicious moment. Now, according to Muratori, the mistaken leniency of Pope Gregory had been productive of the greatest evils—bandits and assassins infested every highway leading to the Flaminian and Latern gates—the merchant who came to sell his wares, or the pilgrim who sought the threshold of the apostles, had no security against murder or robbery, and the licentiousness of the nobility had ground down the peasantry into a state of serfdom, and robbed the artisan of his toil. The unprotected girl had no guarantee against their violence, and who-soever has read the "Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni may form an adequate notion of the ruffianism which, at a period anterior to his romance, characterized the *noblesse* of Italy. He who was now raised to the papacy, had no aristocratic relatives to screen from condign punishment—a plebeian by birth, what cared he for titles? In his youth-time, and in ripening manhood, he had been the spectator of crime which he could not repress—but he was now Pope of Rome, and could trample on the coronet of a Colonna, or any other magnate who would outrage law, and seek shelter in imaginary immunities. Seated in regal state, on the eve of his coronation, the Japanese envoys were presented to him, while he listened with

* Muratori annal. d' Italia.

pleasure to the interpreter who informed him of the peculiarities of their clime and manners. A host of officials crowded the ante-chamber, anxiously waiting an audience, and many and various were the forecastings which occupied the minds of those who came to seek favours or pay their respects; the speculator felt his heart sink within him, and the mailed baron was pondering the most obsequious address. At length the governor of Rome was announced—he had a communication of importance, and was ushered into the presence. “Holy father,” said the functionary, “it has been usual with your predecessors, on the eve of their coronation, to throw open the gates of the prisons, and enlarge delinquents—we now beseech your clemency in behalf of the many who crowd the jails of Rome.” “Clemency!—enlarge delinquents!—throw open the prison gates!” exclaimed Sixtus. “Hark ye, my Lord Governor, the criminal judges of these states have had a long vacation during our predecessor’s lifetime—tis our intention that they be now employed, and we will open the prison doors only for those who are to proceed to the gallows, in order to make room for others. Now to your orders—tomorrow we will be crowned, and that all may know how rigorously we will exact justice, set up gibbets at the four most conspicuous points of the city, and hang out of them the most noted of these assassins who have incautiously presumed on our clemency by making a voluntary surrender of themselves.”

Amongst these were some of the aristocracy who had long trampled on all social order, even to the shedding of blood; their astounded friends and relatives appealed to his Holiness, and had their suit backed by the interposition of the Japanese,—but all in vain. The Pope was inexorable, and they who saw him, on the next day, receiving the Tiara, had to traverse but a few streets to behold the lifeless bodies of the culprits dangling from the gallows. Such vigorous measures were necessary at the time; nor did the pontiff pause till he saw his dominions as free from crime and outrage as they were noted, in years anterior to his accession, for wickedness of every description. The injured matron or insulted maiden had only to appeal to him, and justice pursued, and overtook the offenders; the zealous and learned ecclesiastic was sure of his reward, while the simoniacal and dissolute were pushed out of the pale of the sanctuary. The assassin flung away his weapon, and the very name of Sisto Quinto struck terror to the heart of the lordling. While he was thus employed in tearing up iniquity by the roots, he did not neglect the political and social condition of his people. A new code of laws—numerous schools—granaries, wherein corn and provisions were stored in anticipation of the famine which desolated Lombardy and threatened to invade the Papal territories, were the work of the first year of his pontificate. His whole life was a warfare against the vices and corruptions of his age; and, although the name of Sixtus Quintus was used by mothers when they would frighten children, nevertheless, wise men pronounced it with respect, and looked back upon his career as a happy illustration of a truth, which teaches that zeal, integrity, and ability sooner or later must find their reward. What intelligent man can now visit Rome without finding his heart full of such a conviction? From the Flaminian gate to the summit of the Janiculum a hundred monuments record the glories and the greatness of him who, in his youth, was nothing more

than a swine-herd. The marble bridge spanning the Tiber, and the hospital hard-by, both bearing the name of “Sisto,” were, of themselves, enough to convince us of the grandeur of the man. But even these are only a fraction of what he did for Rome: the obelisks, cast down by earthquake or the fury of barbarians, owe their re-erection to him; the aqueducts, which convey limpid streams over hill and dale into the eternal city, and which he found shattered and neglected were repaired by him; and these noble fountains, which arrest the eye of every visitor, may be said to be the work of his hands. Antoninus and Trajan, cast down from their columns, he replaced by “apostolic statues”—the glories of Phidias and Praxitiles he raised up from the dust, while galleries of sculptures, disinterred from the ruins of the city and the villas of the Campagna, even now attest the artistic tastes of the man, who seemed to labour as though he would rebuild the marble city of Augustus. And all this, and much more, was accomplished at a time when the war of the Hugonots filled Europe with terror, and threatened the ruin of the capital of the Christian world. God gave him a great soul; he knew not the word “difficulty,” and never faltered in the contemplation of the most gigantic designs.

Nor is this brief sketch of Sixtus Quintus without its moral. View it as we will, we may easily infer, that no matter how lowly a man’s lot may be cast, he is nevertheless gifted by the Almighty dispenser with as much of mind and energy as may be useful to his fellow men, if both be properly directed. Recalling the events which won for the poor swine-herd a European celebrity, who is there that must not be convinced of the wisdom of the Catholic Church in awarding her highest honours to the most deserving, without regard to birth? If we needed proof of this, do we not find it in the person of him whose biography we have so lightly touched? Of the many Popes who have sat on the Chair of Peter, it would be found that with few exceptions, they were all taken from the lowly and humble. Even in the college of cardinals at the present moment, some of its brightest ornaments are of humble origin, an evidence in itself of the greatness of an institution which makes little account of aristocracy of birth when compared with the aristocracy of mind. If our limits allowed, we might easily show that a single Pope in a short time, with poor resources, and surrounded by difficulties, did more for art and science than a dozen kings with millions at their command. But it is not necessary to insist on this, when we call to mind even a few of these grand events which have eternalized the name of SIXTUS QUINTUS.

Portrait

OF

HIS GRACE MOST REV. DR. MURRAY.

To us it is a most pleasing task to trace, as far as these brief limits will admit, the character of one of the most distinguished men of his day. As a Bishop, his Grace Dr. Murray has few equals throughout Christendom. In his own country he stands unrivalled. Some men have faculties lofty, yet rugged and uneven, like the towering Alps. They have passions which, when evoked, put us in mind of the ocean lashed by a tempest. They are bright suns that on close examination display many spots. They are like diamonds with the front polished—the sides dim.

Far different, though not less remarkable, is the character of Archbishop Murray. He possesses pre-eminence with perfect evenness of mind. He has determination of soul equal to the greatest occasions. He is a bright sun standing the test of the closest scrutiny, and advancing with increased splendour! Born eighty years ago, amidst the beautiful scenery of the County of Wicklow, he may now look back on a long life marked by many a grand event. The Irish College of Salamanca was his *Alma Mater*, whither he was obliged to travel, to acquire that lore with which his mind is enriched, and which his own crushed country unwillingly denied him. He was, for some time, curate in his native county, but from the disturbed and dangerous state of the times, was obliged to fly to Dublin. Here he was kindly received by Archbishop Troy, and appointed one of his curates. As a pulpit orator, he ranked, if not the first, certainly amongst the most distinguished. Few years had elapsed in his capacity of curate, when he was appointed coadjutor bishop of Dublin, at the request of Archbishop Troy, without any previous consultation.

Those who at that time were the best judges of a cultivated mind, of sound sense, and clerical decorum, were the first to express their satisfaction at his promotion; and strange to say, there was not even one clergyman known to remark, that any other priest in the diocese was more fitted for the high dignity than Daniel Murray. He had not long borne the mitre on his stainless brow, when his fine intellect and great determination were called into action. The question of the Veto filled the Catholic mind from north to south, from east to west; and English intrigue was doing its utmost at Rome to destroy the independence of the Episcopacy of Ireland. Doctor Murray proceeded to the Holy See to counteract, by his reasonings and entreaties, the blighting efforts of alien influence. On his return from Rome, he preached a Passion Sermon, in which he eloquently denounced all those who endeavoured to render that measure successful. We copy his own words from a letter addressed by him to the *Dublin Chronicle*, dated April 15, 1816:

"SIR—As considerable misstatements have gone abroad, relative to a passage of my sermon on last Friday, to which allusion was made in your publication of that day, I beg you will have the kindness, with a view to obviate any further misconception on this head, to give insertion to the passage, such as it was really delivered. Having arrived at that part of our divine Redeemer's passion, where he is represented as bound to a pillar, I said: 'To this bound and suffering victim I would now implore the attention of those misguided Catholics, who seem willing to impose new and disgraceful bands, not indeed on his sacred person, but on his mystical body, that is his Church, which was ever more dear to him than even his life.' Does not St. Paul assure us, that for this mystical body he delivered himself up, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, but that it should be holy and without blemish? And could we suppose that it would be more painful to him, to submit his sacred hands to the ignominious cords, than to see his Church bound and fettered by restrictions, which would render it less capable of fulfilling the object for which it was formed—the object for which he poured out his most precious life? I know that our mistaken brethren would not consent to yield up any point which *they* deem essential, and that they look not beyond what *they* consider safe and ho-

nourable conciliation. But unhappily it is now too well known, that the conciliation which is expected, is such as would imply the degradation and enslavement of the sacred ministry. And what virtuous Catholic would consent to purchase the chance of temporal advantages, at the price of such a real spiritual calamity? Oh! if the stroke must come, let it come from those who have so long sought the extinction of our religion; but, in the name of God, let no Catholic press forward to share in the inglorious work. Let no one among us be found to say of his Church, as the treacherous disciple said of its founder: What will you give me and I will deliver [it] unto you?"

As may be imagined, this energetic appeal had an electric effect; and his Grace had the happiness to witness the failure of the project he so strenuously opposed. Amongst the many who were summoned before the House of Lords, to be examined as to the tenets of the Catholic faith, preparatory to the passing of the Emancipation Act, Dr. Murray shines conspicuous. His answers to questions put were so clear—so comprehensive—so convincing, that his examination had, at once, the effect of winning the esteem of his adversaries, and exciting the admiration of his friends. Of the host of ecclesiastical talent put to the test on that occasion, the evidence of Dr. Murray seems to us, on calm reflection, to be the brightest and the best. Under his benignant rule, the archdiocese of Dublin has calmly and steadily progressed in religious zeal and fervour. New churches have risen in almost every parish; and those abodes of angelic peace and piety—convents of holy women, opened their portals to those who abandoned the world, or sought the blessings of religious training. There was one great want which he, with every other zealous ecclesiastic, deeply felt and deplored: it was the education of the poor of Ireland; to accomplish which, there were not adequate funds to supply teachers or schools. The attention of the English government was called to the necessity of National Education, and His Grace Dr. Murray, was one of the first to hail, with delight, mingled with caution, a measure which would call forth a new soul and a new mind in the people of Ireland. A board was established, and His Grace was appointed one of its Commissioners. Some fears were entertained by zealous ecclesiastics, that the religion of the growing generation would be tainted through the medium of this new system. But Dr. Murray was convinced, that, from the watchful care of the priesthood—from his own influence and experience on the Commission, that the system would shed enlightenment free from even one ray of perverting influence. The result has proved how far he was right, since we find an unexampled spread of education through the country elevating her in the scale of nations. Whosoever shall write the history of the times in which this illustrious dignitary has lived, must make him a great part of that history, linked as his name is to the progressive improvements of the times, and identified with the great Catholic movement in this country.

The beautiful portrait, painted by Stephenson, and engraved by Porter, gave occasion to this brief sketch of the illustrious prelate. We confess, that we rather like the engraving. The forehead is lofty and intellectual: the expression of the countenance, that of anxiety, well befitting an octogenarian archbishop in eventful, if not appalling times. He is represented sitting in his canon's robes, with that ease and dignity

of bearing for which he is so distinguished. The likeness is very striking, and we think it surpasses any work of the kind lately published; we only regret that its price places it beyond the reach of the vast majority of Dr. Murray's admirers. In taking our leave of this short notice, we ardently hope that His Grace may long continue in that activity of mind and body so rare and so truly surprising at his great age. And, we trust in God, that his great labours and great anxieties may not shorten a life so precious, we would almost venture to say, so necessary to the flourishing state of the archdiocese of Dublin.

Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!

I.

LIFE and death are in thy hand,
 Lord, have mercy!
 The blight came down at thy command.
 Christ, have mercy!
 The famine pang and fever pain
 Tear the nation's heart in twain—
 Human aid is sought in vain.
 Parce nobis Domine!

II.

Loud, more loud their footsteps fall,
 Lord, have mercy!
 Heaven is one vast funeral pall.
 Christ, have mercy!
 Twin destroyers, hand in hand
 They stalk along the blasted land—
 Who before their frown shall stand?
 Parce nobis Domine!

III.

Without a grave, like weeds to lie,
 Lord, have mercy!
 Despairing thousands wait to die.
 Christ, have mercy!
 The famished infant vainly cries,
 Its mother dead beside it lies—
 Let our anguish pierce the skies.
 Parce nobis Domine!

IV.

Outcast of the Nations, long,
 Lord, have mercy!
 We bear a foreign tyrant's wrong.
 Christ, have mercy!
 Black our fearful crime must be
 With triple scourges lashed by Thee,
 Famine, Plague, and Slavery.
 Parce nobis Domine!

V.

Oh! if torture might atone
 Lord, have mercy!
 With tears of blood before thy throne,
 Christ, have mercy!
 Six hundred years we toil in chains—
 We sow, but aliens reap our plains—
 The life is frozen in our veins.
 Parce nobis Domine!

VI.

Disarmed and bleeding, here apart,
 Lord, have mercy!
 A vulture preys upon our heart.
 Christ, have mercy!
 Oh! bitter is our Helot doom—
 In life no joy, in death no tomb—
 Despair and vengeance rule the gloom.
 Parce nobis Domine!

VII.

Without a prayer or passing bell,
 Lord, have mercy!
 The shroudless armies hourly swell.
 Christ, have mercy!
 The dying, ghastlier than the dead,
 With blanched lips have vainly said,
 "Give us this day our daily bread."
 Parce nobis Domine!

VIII.

Wo! wo! to feel the life blood freeze,
 Lord, have mercy!
 Fruitlessly, by slow degress;
 Christ, have mercy!
 Oh! had we fallen on the plain
 In rapid battle swiftly slain,
 We had not perished thus in vain.
 Parce nobis Domine!

IX.

The grave shall wider, deeper grow,
 Lord, have mercy!
 My soul forebodes a darker wo;
 Christ, have mercy!
 No food on earth—no health in air—
 The sword were mercy to despair.
 Avenger! when thine arm is bare.
 Parce nobis Domine!

X.

Their God is wroth, our foemen say:
 Lord, have mercy!
 Our Father! turn thine ire away.
 Christ, have mercy!
 Bid thine angel cease to slay—
 Have mercy heaven on feeble clay—
 Hear thy stricken people pray
 Parce nobis Domine!

XI.

Before the Isle is all a grave,
 Lord have mercy!
 Arise! mysterious God, and save;
 Christ, have mercy!
 But if the pestilential sun
 Must see us wither, one by one,
 Thy hand hath made—thy will be done.
 Parce nobis Domine!

St. Vincent of Paul,

AND THE MISSIONS OF LIMERICK, A.D. 1646-52.

THE following records contain memorials of one of the most eventful and deeply interesting periods of our history. They bring before our view the unsuccessful struggle of the Irish Catholics, the butcheries of Cromwell, and the history of that terrible plague which marched in the van of Ireton's battalions, and smote those who escaped the sword when Limerick surrendered in 1651.

Ingratitude is no part of the Irish character. The names of our benefactors, and the memory of their kind deeds, should and shall be ever

"Embalmed in the innermost shrine of our hearts."

Among all those who sympathised with our bleeding country, few laboured more ably and effectually, for her relief than St. Vincent of Paul. "The sole detail," says M. Collet, "of all he did, or procured to be done, in favour of the ecclesiastics banished from Ireland by Cromwell, would exceed my limits, and wear out the patience of my readers."

Having been informed of the deplorable condition of a large number of Catholics, who, for fear of losing their faith in Ireland, had thrown themselves into the jaws of famine in Paris: "What can we do for them?" said the Saint to one of his own congregation, a native of Ireland, "Is there no means of assembling them together in order to console and instruct them?" They do not understand our language, and I see them almost totally abandoned and lost; this goes to my heart, and inspires me with a great feeling of compassion for them." The priest having answered that he would do his best: "God bless you," replied the charitable Vincent, "see, here are six pistoles, go, in the name of God, and give them all the consolation you can." This was nothing, continues Collet, in comparison with the other services which the Saint rendered to a nation, no less celebrated for its attachment to the ancient faith, than for the long and cruel tyranny which it has endured for that fidelity. The recollection of so many benevolent deeds subsisted in this unfortunate country long after the death of St. Vincent. The Bishop of Waterford, who had been an eye-witness, gave an account to Clement XI. of the ornaments, and the vast sums of money which the holy priest had sent into Ireland, almost after the same manner as the faithful had once shewed the prince of the apostles the garments for which they were indebted to the charity of Dorcas. The prelate went farther: he made bold to assert, that God had raised up Vincent, as he had formerly raised up the Patricks, the Columbas, the Galls, the Malachies, and all those men of blessed memory, who were in their days the honour of their country and the glory of religion.

Thus we see that few have a stronger title to the affectionate gratitude of Irishmen than St. Vincent of Paul. Within the last ten years the Congregation of the Mission has been permanently established in Ireland. Of its members, some devote themselves to the literary and religious education of youth, especially ecclesiastics; the rest are devoted to the service of the poor in the country parishes. Still, more recently, another institution of charity, under the patronage of St. Vincent, the father of the poor, and bearing his venerable name, to wit, "the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul," has sprung up, and already extended its branches through Ireland, most providentially, at a

time, when the wants of the poor, both corporal and spiritual, call so loudly for aid.

The following memoirs of the Missions of Limerick are drawn from the admirable "Life of the Venerable Vincent of Paul," written shortly after his death by Lewis Abelly, Bishop of Rodez.

Abelly was the bosom friend of St. Vincent: towards the close of his life he resigned his see, and retired to close his days at St. Lazarus, the parent house of the congregation. In his works we have the testimony of a cotemporary writer, whose informants were eye-witnesses to the acts of the blessed servant of God, and a shadow of doubt cannot fall on the veracity and accuracy of such a biographer, equally celebrated for his piety and learning.

THE MISSIONS OF LIMERICK.

In the year 1646, Pope Innocent X. desired St. Vincent to send into Ireland some priests of his congregation, to apply some remedy to the evils which threatened ruin to the people and their religion. For this purpose he chose eight missionaries, five of whom were Irishmen. At their departure, he said to them—"Be united, and God will bless you; but let your bond of union be the charity of Christ; for all other union, which is not cemented by the blood of this Divine Saviour, cannot last. It is then in Christ, through Christ, and for Christ, that you ought to be united, one to another. The spirit of Christ is the spirit of union and peace. How can you draw souls to Christ if you are not united to one another, and to Himself? Go then, as having, in Him, but one heart and one intention; and by this means you will reap some fruit."

Arriving in Ireland, some went into the diocese of Cashel to labour there, and the rest devoted themselves to Limerick. They began with the catechism: then they added exhortations, simple, clear, and moving; calling on the people to live according to their faith, to renounce and destroy sin by penance, and to practise the virtues proper to their states of life. This manner of instruction and preaching drew the people from all sides, and was much approved of by the prelates and the Pope's Nuncio, who, congratulated the missionaries, and exhorted them to persevere in this grand work.

It is impossible to describe with what devotion the Catholics came from all the neighbouring places, and even from the remotest districts, to assist at the exercises and make their general confessions. The clergy of the places where the missions were made, were ordinarily the first to set the example, and inform themselves of the method of catechising and preaching, which they afterwards employed to preserve and maintain the good which the missions had produced in their parishes.

The persecution increasing, some of the missionaries returned to France, and the Bishop of Limerick sent the following letter to their spiritual father:

"It is just, Sir, that I return you thanks from the bottom of my heart for the blessings we have received at the hands of your priests, and that I declare to you the great need we have of them in this country. I can assure you, with all confidence, that their labours have produced more fruit, and that they have converted more souls than all the other ecclesiastics. And, furthermore, that by their example and their edifying conduct, the greater part of the nobility of both sexes have become models of virtue and devo-

tion—which was not the case before the arrival of your priests in these quarters. It is true that the troubles and the wars of this kingdom have been a great obstacle to their functions; nevertheless the truths of faith have been so engrained by their means upon the minds of the inhabitants of the cities, as well as the people of the country, that they bless God in their adversities equally as in prosperity. I hope for my own salvation by their aid."

The violence of the persecution increased every day; yet the three missionaries who remained, continued to labour with great success, notwithstanding the difficulties and perils which they had to encounter. They plainly saw that two or three need only assemble together in the name of the Lord to feel the help of the Divine presence; for, having undertaken for Him a work above their strength, they nevertheless, happily succeeded by the special assistance of His bounty. Thus was the mission in the city of Limerick, undertaken at the request of the bishop, because the country round about was in the hands of the Parliamentarians, and because the Catholic inhabitants of the villages had taken refuge in the city. What particularly encouraged the missionaries was, that the good bishop himself chose to share in their labours. There were at that time 20,000 communicants in Limerick; in fact, all the city was put into a state of penance, in order to draw down the succour and the graces of the Divine bounty. To this the magistrates contributed much on their part; for, besides the good example which they gave by their assiduous attendance at the exercises of the mission, they employed their authority to outroot vice, and to banish scandals and public disorders. Amongst other things, they established laws, and ordained certain punishments against cursing and swearing, so that these detestable vices were entirely banished from the city and the neighbourhood. Almighty God himself seemed to authorise these wise proceedings, by the most manifest chastisements which came on the transgressors of such holy ordinances.

The following letter, from O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, speaks well of the labours of the missionaries anterior to the siege:

"I have often in my letters to your reverence, given you an account of your missionaries in this kingdom: to speak the truth, never, in the memory of man, was so great progress in the Catholic religion heard of, as we have witnessed within the few last years, owing to their piety and assiduity. In the beginning of the present year, we opened the mission in this city, where there are not less than 20,000 communicants; but, thanks be to God, I doubt not now that many have been rescued from the jaws of Satan so that drunkenness, cursing, swearing, and other disorders have been totally abolished, so that the whole city seems to have changed its face, being compelled to have recourse to penance, by the war, the famine the pestilence, and the dangers which surround us on all sides, and which we receive as manifest signs of the anger of God. Nevertheless the Divine Goodness has been pleased to do us this favour, although we are but useless servants; and God has been pleased to make use of the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. Even the people of the highest quality in the city attend so assiduously at the sermons, the catechetical instructions, and all the other exercises of the mission, that the cathedral is scarcely large enough to contain all. We know of no better way to appease the anger of God, than by de-

stroying the sins which are the root and cause of all evils. And verily, it is all over with us if God do not stretch out to us a helping hand. To Him it belongs to have mercy and to pardon. My good father, I declare to you, that to your children I am indebted for the salvation of my soul. Write to them some words of consolation. I know not, under Heaven, a mission more useful than this of Ireland; for, although we had a hundred missionaries, the harvest of souls would be still exceedingly great, and the labourers too few."

To the letter of this worthy prelate we subjoin one which St. Vincent wrote in the April of 1650 to the superior of the missionaries who remained in Limerick, in order to support them in the great trials they were likely to meet:

"We have been greatly edified," says he, "by your letter, seeing in it two excellent effects of the grace of God. By the one you have given yourselves to God, to hold on firmly in the country, where you are in the midst of perils, choosing rather to expose yourselves to death than to be found wanting in charity to your neighbour; and by the other, you have directed your cares to the preservation of your confreres, by sending them back to France, in order to remove them from danger. The spirit of the martyr has inspired you to the first, and the virtue of prudence has made you do the second, and both the one and the other were drawn from the example of our Saviour, who, at the point of going to suffer the torments of death for the salvation of men, wished to secure and preserve his disciples, saying: 'let these go their way, and touch them not.' It is thus you have acted as a true child of this most adorable Father, to whom I return infinite thanks for having produced in you that sovereign charity, which is the height of all virtues. I pray Him to fill you with it, to the end, that exercising it in all cases and everywhere, you may pour it forth into the breasts of those who want it. Seeing that your companions are in the same disposition of remaining, whatever may be the danger from war or pestilence, we are of opinion that they should be allowed to stay. How do we know what God intends in their regard? Certainly He does not bestow on them so holy a resolution in vain. My God, how inscrutable are thy judgments! Behold at the close of one of the most fruitful missions we have ever seen, and perhaps the most necessary, thou dost stop, as it were, the course of thy mercies upon this penitent city, and dost lay thy hand still more heavily upon her, adding to the misfortune of war, the scourge of pestilence. But all this is done to gather in the harvest of the elect, and to collect the good grain into thy eternal granary. We adore thy ways, O Lord!"

With good reason did the saint speak thus, as though the future were before his vision. In the city of Limerick alone, 8,000 persons died of the plague, amongst whom was the good brother of the bishop, who chose to expose his life, in company with the missionaries, going to visit the sick, consoling them, and providing for their wants. It was wonderful to behold the poor people support this plague not only with patience, but even with peace and tranquillity, declaring that they died happy, because they had been delivered from the grievous burden of their sins, at the tribunal of penance. Others said, that they lamented not their death since it had pleased God to send them the holy fathers (so they called the missionaries) to purify their souls. There were some who,

during their sickness, asked nothing more than a share in the prayers of their confessors, to which they believed themselves indebted for the recovery of their health. The good bishop hearing, and beholding all this, could not refrain from crying out frequently: "Alas! although Mr. Vincent never did anything else for the glory of God than the good he has done for these poor people, he ought to esteem himself a happy man." To crown their trials and afflictions, after a siege of four or five months, the city was taken by the army under the command of Ireton. They cruelly put to death many of the inhabitants who professed the Catholic faith, and, among the rest, four of the principal men of the city, who showed on this occasion how much they had profited, by the instructions and exhortations of the missionaries of St. Vincent de Paul. The first among them was Mr. Thomas Strich, who was elected mayor of the city. When the keys of the city were delivered to him, he made a most Christian address to the inhabitants, exhorting them to an inviolable fidelity to God, the church, and their king—offering to lay down his own life in a cause so just. When the city was taken, God bestowed on him the honour of martyrdom, with three others, who, having been his companions in piety and fidelity, were made partakers of his crown. They all four presented themselves not only with firmness, but even with joy, and went to death as heroes march to victory. Before execution, they severally addressed the bystanders, declaring to heaven and earth that they laid down their lives for the confession and defence of the Catholic religion. Their heroic example greatly encouraged the other Catholics to preserve their faith, and to suffer all extremities of persecution rather than be wanting in the fidelity which they owed to God.

One of the three priests of the congregation of the mission who had remained in Ireland, terminated his life in a glorious manner, in the duties of his calling; the other two, Mr. Breen or O'Brien, and Mr. Barry, escaped out of the city in disguise, after it had been taken. In the year 1652, they were obliged to return to France after having laboured unceasingly in the missions of Ireland for six years. During those missions, more than 80,000 general confessions had been heard, and other good works without number effected. The superior, on his return, having asked the superior-general, whether it would be pleasing to him that a narrative of the whole should be written, was told "that Almighty God knows all, and that the humility of our Saviour requires that the little congregation of the mission, should be hidden in God with Jesus Christ, to honour His hidden life." He added, "that the blood of these martyrs would not be forgotten before God, and that sooner or later it would produce a new harvest of Catholicity."

The Lay Missioner.

I.

Had I a wish—'twere this, that Heaven would make
My heart as strong to imitate as love,
That half its weakness it could leave, and take
Some spirit's strength, by which to soar above—
A lordly eagle mated with a dove—
Strong-will and warm affection—these be mine;
Without the one no dreams has fancy wove,
Without the other soon these dreams decline—
Weak children of the heart which fade away and pine!—

II.

Strong have I been in love, if not in will;
Affections crowd and people all the past,
And now, even now, they come and haunt me still,
Even from the graves where once my hopes were cast.
But not with spectral features—all aghast—
Come they to fright me; no—with smiles and tears,
And winding arms, and breasts that beat as fast
As once they beat in boyhood's opening years,
Come the departed shades, whose steps my rapt soul hears.

III.

Youth has passed by—its first warm flush is o'er—
And now 'tis nearly noon! yet unsubdued
My heart still kneels and worships, as of yore,
Those twin-fair shapes, the beautiful and good!
Valley and mountain, sky and stream, and wood,
And that fair miracle, the human face;
And human nature in its sunniest mood,
Freed from the shade of all things low and base,
These in my heart still hold their old accustom'd place.

IV.

'Tis not with pride, but gratitude, I tell
How beats my heart with all its youthful glow,
How one kind act doth make my bosom swell,
And down my cheeks the sweet warm glad tears flow.
Enough of self—enough of me you know,
Kind reader, but if thou wouldst further wend,
With me, this wilderness of weak words thro',
Let me depict, before the journey end,
One whom methinks thou'lt love—my brother and my friend:

V.

Ah! wondrous is the lot of him who stands
A Christian Priest, within a Christian fane,
And binds with pure and consecrated hands,
Round earth and heaven, a festal, flowery chain,
Even as between the blue arch and the main,
A circling Western ring of golden light
Weds the two worlds! or, as the sunny rain
Of April makes the cloud and clay unite,
Thus links the Priest of God the dark world and the bright.

VI.

All are not priests, yet priestly duties may,
And should be all men's—as a common sight
We view the brightness of a summer's day,
And think 'tis but its duty to be bright;
But should a genial beam of warming light
Suddenly break from out a wintery sky,
With gratitude we own a new delight,
Quick beats the heart and brighter beams the eye,
And, as a boon, we hail the splendour from on high.

VII.

'Tis so with men, with those of them at least
Whose hearts by icy doubts are chill'd and torn,
They think the virtues of a Christian Priest
Something professional, put on and worn,
Even as the vestments of a Sabbath morn;
But should a friend, or act or teach as he,
Then is the mind of all its doubtings shorn—
The unexpected goodness that they see
Takes root and bears its fruit, as uncoerced and free!

VIII.

One I have known, and haply yet I know,
 A youth by baser passions undefiled,
 Lit by the light of genius and the glow
 Which real feeling leaves where once it smiled;
 Firm as a man—yet tender as a child,
 Armed at all points by fantasy and thought,
 To face the true or soar amid the wild,
 By love and labour as a good man ought,
 Ready to pay the price by which dear Truth is bought!

IX.

'Tis not with cold advice or stern rebuke,
 With formal precept, or with face demure,
 But with the unconscious eloquence of look,
 Where shines the heart so loving and so pure,
 'Tis these, with constant goodness, that allure
 All hearts to love and imitate his worth,
 Beside him weaker natures feel secure,
 Even as the flower beside the oak peeps forth
 Safe, though the rain descends and blows the biting North!

X.

Such is my friend, and such I fain would be,
 Mild, thoughtful, modest, faithful, loving, gay,
 Correct not cold, nor uncontroll'd though free,
 But proof to all the lures that round us play—
 Even as the sun that 'on his azure way,
 Moveth with steady pace and lofty mien
 (Though blushing clouds, like syrens, woo his stay)
 Higher and higher through the pure serene,
 Till comes the calm of eve and wraps him from the scene.

S. E. Y.

Ecclesiastical Architecture.

PART I.

AMONGST the various gratifying signs of our age, as indicative of a return to the Faith and practices of ancient times, the present movement on the Continent and in England in favour of the revival of the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the middle ages, is most conspicuous. In the mind of the mere antiquary or virtuoso, who is accustomed to examine works of art by ideas of abstract beauty, and to whom the portico of Eretheium is as interesting as the west front of Wells Cathedral, or the Dome of Cologne, this aspect of affairs can produce feelings little comparable to those by which the Catholic churchman is affected. The latter looks upon mediæval art as the offspring and production of the Christian church, inseparably connected, so far as the genuine existence of the arts themselves is concerned, with the rites and institutions of religion, and illustrative of, while it is glorified by their influence; and he consequently hails all just appreciation of the beauties of Christian art in its true light, as an indication of a return to the principles by which they were produced. The former endeavours to analyze it by some indefinite and unsatisfactory notions of abstract beauty, to the utter exclusion of the divine idea whence it emanated. For a century or more, the influence of this artistic dilettantism had prevailed, with results by no means commensurate with the labours and energy expended on the pursuit. And so it would have been till our own time, had not a

portion of the spirit of the olden times been brought back to aid the enquiry. Men of learning and industry had expended much time and immense labour in the examination of the remains of art of the middle ages, and in giving to the world the result of their exertions. Historical accounts, dates and correct delineations were abundant, but no hope was ever expressed of the possibility of a revival of the works that had formed the subject of their studies. They were esteemed as monuments of the past, precious in the illustration of the history and social progress of mankind, but the idea of their revival would be considered a Utopian project. A wonderful change has come over the spirit of the times, and, within the short space of a dozen years, an almost total revolution of opinion has been wrought. To imitate, and even rival those glorious works of olden times, is now deemed no impossibility or vain speculation. The true use of many things, formerly mistaken for the reverse of what they really were, has been pointed out; and old churches and other ecclesiastical edifices are now examined with a direct and practical view towards their own preservation, or their imitation in new structures of a similar nature. Already has this glorious spirit sprung into full life and energy on the Continent. England has caught the flame, but Ireland as yet looks on with comparative indifference. By the exertions of *one* man,* the spirit of restoration of mediæval art has been nearly completely established amongst the Catholics of England, and churches have been built, or are in progress of erection, which, if not equal in magnitude to ancient works, yet in true Catholic feeling and treatment are worthy of the ages of faith. Nor is the enthusiasm confined to Catholics alone. The most learned and pious members of the Protestant church, anxious to establish their claims to true descent from the ancient glorious church of England, and influenced by a *portion* of Catholic spirit, seem determined upon rivaling the Catholics themselves in this respect. Many of their new churches, and the restoration of old ones, attest the sincerity of their feelings, and the great success of their earnest labours, notwithstanding the many difficulties they have to contend against. When will this spirit warm the hearts of Irishmen? Looking at the present state of things, we are tempted to entertain some misgivings on the subject; but when we reflect on the genius and liberality of our countrymen, we receive high hope that a return to ancient customs and usages will yet be hailed with enthusiastic delight. An example, in confirmation of this opinion, is happily within our reach. The new church of St. John, at the Blackrock, is the first effort towards a revival of a church of the ancient type, within the boundaries of Dublin or its vicinity; and, although miserably defective in numerous important particulars, which we may take occasion to point out at some future time, we are well aware that the beauties which it *does* possess are duly appreciated.

To aid in disseminating a taste for the revival of Christian art in Ireland, to point out its beauties and perfections, and to afford instructions and advice to those about to raise temples in honour of the Living God, would be a task most grateful to our feelings, and most suitable to the pages of a Magazine devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church, and of Irishmen. The spirit of Catholicity is nowhere more active than in this country, and we are unwilling to see the externals of our religion neglected, while the means of im-

* Mr. A. W. Pugin.

provement are easily attainable. On the present occasion, we mean to take a general and suggestive view of the subject, which in itself is one of great magnitude, and involves many details and accessories. In future numbers we shall continue our observations, though at present we propose no definite plan of arrangement. We shall review books, bearing immediately or collaterally upon the subject, notice new churches and other ecclesiastical edifices, and works of art in connexion with them, and labour to show their merits or defects. In all cases our observations shall be guided by Catholic principles, and the examples of antiquity; and while censuring defects, we hope to exercise a Christian charitableness—our design being rather to suggest the means of improvement than to exercise a severe criticism. In cases where pictorial illustrations of ecclesiastical edifices, ancient or modern, worthy of being held up as examples for imitation, are attainable, they shall be freely furnished. By these, and other exertions conducted in the same spirit, we hope to materially aid in removing from Ireland the shameful reproach, "That there is no country in Europe in which the externals of religion are more neglected."

In all ages and nations, the highest efforts of architecture, as of other arts, were devoted to the service of the national religions, and becoming as it were instinct with the feelings and principles of the respective systems, were symbols of their doctrines and disciplines, as clear and intelligible to the initiated as the writings and traditions which contained the dogmas of their creeds. Influences of climate and of custom were also visible in these works, so that each country possessed a species of art peculiarly its own; reflecting the religious belief, political institutions, and popular usages of its inhabitants. The architecture of the Egyptians was totally unlike that of the Greeks; and the art of Greece, although the source whence the Romans drew their inspiration, was so modified in the transition, to suit it to the requirements of the great Empire, as to become a distinct style. Then, under the influence of Christianity, and of the political institutions which succeeded the breaking up of the Roman Empire, was gradually developed a style of art unlike all its predecessors, and breathing more strongly than even the rich and fantastic poetry of the times—the truly Christian, romantic, and we might add, chivalrous spirit of its age. This was Christian art.

There have been three great eras in the history of Christian art. The first, extending from the cessation of the persecutions of the early Christians by the Roman Emperors to the twelfth century; the second, from that period to the sixteenth century; and the third, thence to our own times. These subdivisions, of course, comprehend many varieties which are beyond our province to discuss in this place. The first was characterized by the adaptations of the forms of classic art, to the requirements and spirit of the church, still forming in itself a production both unique and original, whose "prototype was undeniably Pagan, though its development, as far as it went, was essentially Christian." The earliest churches, after the conversion of Constantine the Great, were the basilicæ or courts of justice which the Emperor placed at the disposal of the Christians. They also formed the type of the new churches, but with such alterations as rendered them more appropriate to their use, and more expressive in their decorations. "The form of these basilicæ," says Bishop Milner, "being oblong, and surrounded by porticos or aisles raised upon columns, with galleries very

frequently over them, was found very suitable both to the majesty and the uses of religion. Little more was necessary, for the latter purpose, than to shut up the porticos exteriorly with walls and doors, to cover in the open area in the middle with a roof, where wanting, and to place an altar near the upper end, opposite to the bishop's throne, and an ambo or pulpit somewhere about the middle of the nave." Hence, the churches of that period retained the name of basilicæ, by which appellation some of the churches in Rome are known to this day. Under the various names of Byzantine, Romanesque, Saxon, Norman, &c., this style and its several varieties extended over the entire of Christendom. In every country it developed itself differently, but preserved its general and important features, showing the source whence it sprung, and the Catholic unity and brotherhood of Christian art.

It cannot be supposed, that in the early ages of Christianity, while the Irish Church was carrying, through the exertions of her indefatigable missionaries, the light of the Gospel to European nations, at home the affairs of religion were neglected, and that temples suitable to the pure faith and practices of those simple times, did not arise. Did such a supposition now exist in any sceptical mind, there are remains of churches in many parts of our Island, bearing internal evidence of so remote a date as the sixth or seventh century, while documentary evidences, in confirmation of the fact, have been accumulated sufficient to remove or confute the erroneous impression. The churches at Clonmacnoise, Glendalough, and Fore, are amongst the number. We hope our nationality will not carry us beyond the boundaries of strict truth; and we therefore do not claim for our country that which manifestly she never possessed, those grand developments of ecclesiastical art, which have been the pride and the shame of other countries. Their pride in that spirit, pure and unworldly, which raised them to glorify religion, and their shame in that insanity and sensualism which in latter times dilapidated them, or still worse, disgraced them by the presence of works of anti-Christian art. Yet we must confess our belief, that the remains of ecclesiastical art in Ireland are most interesting and instructive to the architectural student, and demonstrate that in this respect our ancestors were not insufficient to the demands of their age. St. Cormac's Chapel, at Cashel, completed in the commencement of the twelfth century, will, as far as ecclesiastical propriety and artistic treatment are involved, bear a comparison with any similar building in Europe of the same extent, of that era. The check which the development of architecture in Ireland received in the latter part of the twelfth century, preventing its progression with art in the remainder of Europe, is too easily traced to its true cause, and is a subject too painful to dwell upon here. Notwithstanding the interruption, Churches and Monasteries were erected throughout the land, in the prevailing styles of the times; and many of their ruins to this day are examples worthy of imitation; and, even in their desolate condition, demonstrate how superior they must have been to corresponding structures of our times.

We may here mention, that the great *feature* of the first epoch was the semicircular arch, as distinguishing it from that of the succeeding styles, for which reason some writers have suggested the appellation of circular style to the former, and pointed to the latter, which has been opprobriously designated *Gothic*.

The second epoch is marked by a development of

art which, doubtlessly, grew out of its predecessor, "properly called the POINTED STYLE; being one of the greatest efforts of human genius that has been witnessed in the course of ages,"* and which contains the finest examples of Christian art which have yet been obtained. It was characteristic of its glorious times, when ecclesiastical institutions were, of necessity, for the social relations of mankind, and the preservation of their political liberties, so intimately connected with all state establishments, that the philosophic historian is sometimes puzzled in discriminating their respective spheres. It was fated merely to touch upon perfection, and then, as if withered by some untimely blight, to rapidly decline to the third era, when the enthusiasm for the revival of the Pagan arts and literature, joined with the influence of the Reformation's devastating principles, caused its total neglect, but fortunately, not its destruction. For happily, after a lapse of three woful centuries, the spirit of ancient times is reappearing, and we need only refer to the completion of Cologne Cathedral, and the zeal with which it is carried forward, as a proof that Christian art was not dead during that long space of time, but in a slumber, from which, perhaps, in our generation, it may completely arise, and adapting itself, with that plasticity peculiarly its genius, to the necessities of the age, exhibit more glorious developments than the world has yet seen.

"The wisest reform," says Lord Bacon, "is renewal," and those who hope to advance, must travel backwards 'till they reach the true starting point for future development, which is none other than that at which art began to decline. We must arrive at a knowledge, not only of the principles which guided, but of the motives which influenced the artists of the middle ages. And having obtained this much knowledge, the inferiority of modern works will be no marvel to us. Information of this kind is only attainable by a careful study, not only of the works of the middle ages, but by a loving obedience to the spirit which dictated them. This spirit is the genius of the Catholic Church, beyond whose influence all experience teaches us that it is impossible to produce works of highest art. Examinations of the works themselves cannot suffice, for they will only show us the surface of things. To penetrate to the moving spirit, we must study the lives of the great and good men who produced those glorious works of old, and labour to imitate their example in more respects than in their arts. We will, by this means, learn that it was not for worldly emolument or individual glory these men laboured, but for the honour of God's sanctuary, and the propagation of his religion. They did not even esteem their works so much as beautiful productions of highest art—as vehicles of instruction on the sublimest points of Christian revelation. "Everything in the Church," says Durandus, bishop of Mende, in the twelfth century, "is full of divine signification and mystery. Everything in it abounds with celestial sweets, when one knows how to look at it—when one knows how to draw honey from the hardest stone, and the oil from the hardest flint." The great poet of the middle ages, Dante, says:—

— from things sensible alone ye learn
That which, digested rightly, after turns
To intellectual."

A modern poet has called pointed architecture "the petrification of the Christian religion." Did our space

* Bishop Milner.

permit, we might multiply quotations from the fathers and schoolmen, as well as from the more recent divines of the Catholic Church, all tending to the same effect—the demonstration that Christian art was a symbolical language, expressive of the doctrines and discipline of the Christian Church. In our own times, a learned ecclesiastic, unhappily not in communion with the Catholic Church, but who, in his writings, exhibits many traits of true Catholic spirit, speaks as follows—"I proceed, then, to show that ecclesiastical architecture is a language; that it has always, so long as it deserved its name, aimed at expression, and not at mere accommodation without splendour; or even at splendour without a spirit and a meaning. That from the first it was rational: that it had a soul and a sense which it laboured to embody and convey to the beholder. And while we are thus proving that ecclesiastical architecture was a language which expressed something, we shall also find that, from the very first, the things which it expressed were appropriate, that it was characteristic in its intellectual expressions; that its character was theological, doctrinal, Catholic, exclusive; aiming not only at accomodating a congregation, but at elevating their devotions and informing their minds; attaching them to the Spiritual Church, of which the earthly building is the symbol, and leading them onwards to that heavenly Jerusalem of which the material fabric is, as it were, the vestibule. Hence, a Christian Church always embodied some of the mysteries of the Christian religion, as the mystery of the Trinity;—always shadowed forth some part of the ecclesiastical polity, as the division of the church into clergy and laity;—always conveyed some instruction on religion and morals, as for instance, in the texts of Holy Scripture, or certain moral lessons written on the walls;—and always pre-supposed a *Catholic* worship, that is, a worship separate from error, and from the perversions of all sectaries."

Symbolism appears, then, to be the great principle and object of mediæval art, and all those elements of beauty, which have been ascribed by modern writers on art, as the characteristics of pointed architecture, have been produced by it. Symbolism, fitness, and, we may add, expression, as arising from both, are the true causes of all artistic effect in architecture; and inasmuch as works of art deviate from these principles, in the same proportion do they depart from excellence; and inasmuch as we are ignorant of them, in the same ratio are we incapable of understanding or of appreciating the works which are based on them.

Some Catholics, whose idea of a Church is limited to the semi-Protestant opinion, of its being merely a place set apart in which the faithful are to pray and receive instruction, will be surprised at the notion of the material fabric being an exposition of the spiritual Church, and will scarcely understand that "A Gothic Cathedral does, as it were, and scarce by a metaphor, praise God. It is not merely a place wherein, but with which the Church worships the Almighty. Its vast and complex unity, its simple melody, so to speak, and its full and intricate harmony, is as a noble hymn of praise, continually ascending to the Most High, and carrying up with it the chorus of accordant hearts." And indeed we must confess, that we are not astonished at this sort of incredulity, for it is impossible that churches of modern erection, could convey any symbolical expression, when they were designed and erected without any regard to such significance. But, we regret that the error has extended

itself so widely, and sunk so deeply into the minds even of many well educated persons, that they consider material symbolism, rather in the light of an exercise for the mind of the curious enquirer or antiquary, than as a language at any time capable of being popularly intelligible. How fallacious this opinion is, may be easily understood by a reference to those remains of Catholic symbolism which are yet preserved. Who does not know the spiritual meaning of every article of the priest's vestments, or of the altar stone and its five crosses, or of the lights used during the office of Tenebræ in Holy week, or, in fact, of the numerous ceremonies (which are symbols) in the administration of the sacraments, and in all the offices of the Catholic Church? "It should be observed, moreover," says a learned and pious writer,* "that the spirit of the middle ages was peculiarly favourable to this method, so that the symbols adopted in the ritual of the Church, must have then possessed extraordinary charms in the estimation of *all ranks of society*. No object, or occasion, seemed too trifling to furnish matter for the exercise of their disposition to view things in the light of symbols. Ives of Chartres, receiving a comb as a present from his dear friend, Gerard, in reply to him, interprets it as an emblem which can teach him the duties of his episcopal office. *The laity* evince the same inclination; men that were not all tongue, but deeds and truth, would thus in the common intercourse of life, in dumb significance proclaim their thoughts, and, as Shakspeare witnesseth in the Temple Garden, give, in the plucking of a red rose, or a white, an answer to the summons of Plantagenet. Dom Claude de Vert, a learned Benedictine, in his work upon the ceremonies of the Church, offered a simple and natural explanation of most of them. Languet, Archbishop of Sens, published a reply, and assigned to them a wholly symbolical origin. Both of these views, no doubt, were just. As Duns Scotus remarks of the sacred Scriptures, the divine offices of the Catholic Church, have a literal, and a spiritual or mystic sense; which last in three-fold division, was either allegorical, tropological, or anagogical, referring either to what was to be believed, performed, or hoped, and sometimes one sign or word, like that of the cross, or the name of Jerusalem comprised all—a literal sense, signifying an event, or a city; a tropological, denoting trust and sanctity; an allegorical, denoting the Church militant; and an anagogical, signifying the triumphant Church. No one who loves to study the doctrine of perception, in reference to the beauties of poetry and art, can be insensible to the care evinced by the Church, to press into her service, everything which can bring unity into a visible form; and, indeed, the great charm and might of poetry over human life, is never more fully felt, than when it employs consecrated figures and symbols to express the mystery of our existence in the world of wishes, and the ideas of anticipation which console it. That the symbolic sense was intended in the ceremonies of faith, is proved from the ancient fathers."

"But, it was not in words alone," continues the same author, "that the enigmatical expression of the Church was conveyed. Her ceremonies also were high symbols, demonstrating things of which the mystic sense, and invisible truth, are known by divine illumination to the angelic spirits. Philosophers and poets will find no works more rich in profound and beautiful thoughts, than those which are designed to develope, and explain

* Mr. Kenelm Digby.

the ecclesiastical symbols, written during the middle ages, by such men as Hugo, and Richard of St. Victor, Durandus, Durante, Remy of Auxene, Horore St. Autun, St. Bruno of Aste, Martene, and many others.

David Lamenteth Saul and Jonathan.

"And David made this kind of lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son, and he said: Consider, O Israel, for them that are dead, wounded on thy high places. The illustrious of Israel are slain upon thy mountains: how are the valiant fallen."—11. Kings, 17, 18, 19.

MOURN, mourn, oh! hapless Israël,
Mourn, for thy mighty Slain,
Whose bones bestrew the mountain and the plain!
Mourn for the fallen Brave,
The great, heroic ones, who dwell
Now in the shadowy chambers of the grave.

How are the Valiant overthrown!
Oh, tell it not in Geth!
Oh, breathe not there the sad tale of their death!
And let there be no voice
To publish it in Ascalón,
Lest the Uncircumcised thereof rejoice!

On you, ye mountains of Gilbó,
No more may rain-showers fall,
For on your heights was lost the shield of Saul!
On your unhallowed soil
That noble monarch was laid low—
He, the Anointed King, the Sanctified with oil!

From quaffing blood, from hewing flesh,
The sword of Saul ne'er shrank!
How often Jonathan's sharp arrows drank
The life-stream of his foes!
How oft came down their blades afresh
With weighty and exterminating blows!

Daughters of Israel, weep and mourn!
Weep for the True and Bold,
Who gave you glittering ornaments of gold,
And clad you in rich array!
How has the land been left forlorn,
Since Jonathan and Saul have passed away!

Lovely were Jonathan and Saul,
Comely, and brave, and fair,
And Death could not divide this peerless pair.
Swift eagles on their flight,
Fierce and strong lions loosed from thrall,
Were those whose beds are on the hills to-night!

Alas! my soul is trouble-tost!
Dear wert thou unto me,
My brother Jonathan! my love for thee
Passed Woman's love by far!
How is the land left lorn and lost,
For broken lie the weapons of its war!

J. C. M.

Note to Calderon's "St. Patrick's Purgatory."

The following lines were inadvertently omitted from their proper place—they should follow the second line of Ludovico Enio's history, page 48, second col.
Great Egerio, king of Ireland, I
Am Ludovico Enio—a Christian also—
In this do Patrick and myself agree
And differ, we being Christians both,
And yet as opposite as good from evil.
But for the faith which I sincerely hold.
(So greatly do I estimate its worth)
I would lay down a hundred thousand lives—
Bear witness, thou, all-seeing Lord and God!

DUBLIN: Printed by John Mullany, 9, Anglesea-street, and Published by James Duffy, 10, Wellington-quay—Monday, 1st March, 1847.

Poetæ Catholici.

No. II.

THE PURGATORY OF ST. PATRICK.

[Translated from the Spanish of Calderon.]

——— *Andò verso l' Irlanda,
E vide Ibernia fabulosa, dove
Il santo vecchierel fece la cava
In che tanta merce par che si trove,
Che l'uom vi purga ogni sua colpa prava.*
ARIOSTO. *Orl. Fur.* canto x., sts. 91, 92.

“——— He next for Ireland shaped his course,
And saw the fabulous Hibernia, where
The goodly, sainted elder made the cave
In which men cleansed from all offences are,
Such mercy there, it seems, is found to save:—”
ROSE.

THERE has been scarcely any play of Calderon more admired in Germany, for its religious character and poetical beauty, than that of *Saint Patrick's Purgatory*: to us it has the additional attraction of being written upon a period of our history in which we all feel a lively interest, and in connexion with a name which, as long as Christianity exists in this country, must be dear to every Irishman; so many interesting memories crowd around the wild shores of Loch Dearg and its famous islands—so many strange and fascinating legends have centered in this spot—which circulating through Europe, were powerful enough to awaken even the imagination of a Dante, and in this way to contribute no mean portion to the foundation of modern literature—that we shall call the attention of the reader to them in our introduction to the second Act; at present we shall only allude to that version of the old legend which we are satisfied Calderon had before him when he composed his play, and which, from the total absence of all information of this or any other kind in the various editions, we have only been enabled to discover, after much investigation and with considerable difficulty.

In the year 1627, Juan Perez De Montalvan, a Spanish writer of considerable repute, published at Madrid a small octavo volume, on the life and purgatory of Saint Patrick (*Vida y Purgatorio de S. Patricio*), which must have been well received, as it was republished in the same city, in 1655. Before this second edition appeared, it had been translated into French under the following title, “*Histoire de la vie et du Purgatoire de S. Patrice, Archesveque et Primat d'Hybernie Mise en Francois par le R. P. Francois Bouillon, de l'ordre de S. Francois, et Bachelier en Theologie.*” This translation was published at Troyes, but the title-page bears no date. As, however, at the end of the “*Avis au Lecteur*” there is the usual “*Approbation*” of two Doctors in Theology, certifying that they had read the work, and that it contained nothing contrary to faith and good morals, which was given at Paris on the 7th December, 1642; the life, in all probability, was published at the beginning of the following year.* It was translated into the Portuguese language by the Rev. Father Manuel Caldeira, and the Lisbon edition of 1738, which we have seen, agrees substantially with the French version of Bouillon.

In 1627, when Montalvan first published his life and Purgatory of Saint Patrick, Calderon was in his 27th year, and was probably serving in Italy with the army; and in 1655, when the second edition appeared, he was already in the third year of his priesthood. As, after his entrance into holy orders, he confined his dramatic labours exclusively to religious subjects, it is extremely probable that his drama on the Purgatory of Saint Patrick was written about this period. It will be very interesting, as we pro-

ceed in our translation, to see how Calderon uses his materials, and in what respect his work differs from or excels the simple legend on which it is founded: it would be more satisfactory to use Montalvan's own work for this purpose, but as we have been unable to procure a copy, we must rest satisfied with the French and Portuguese versions, above alluded to. By this means we shall be able to form some opinion of the manner in which he constructed his plays, and, perhaps, of the system which enabled him to write so rapidly and so much; we shall see that, like Shakspeare, he availed himself largely of what had been written on the subjects of his dramas, but which, it must be confessed, he appears to have used with considerably less skill.†

THE PURGATORY OF SAINT PATRICK.

PERSONS.

EGERIO, *King of Ireland.*

PATRICK.

LUDOVICO ENIO.

*A good Angel.**A bad Angel.*

PHILLIP.

LAOGHAIRE.

*A Captain.*POLONIA, } *Daughters to the*
LESBIA, } *King.**Two Canons Regular.*PAUL, *a Rustic.*LUCY, *his wife.**An old Countryman.**Two Peasants.**A Figure, disguised in a cloak.*

ACT I.

KING EGERTIO enters, clad in skins, raging violently, LAOGHAIRE, POLONIA, LESBIA, and the CAPTAIN holding him.

King. Let me cast my life away!

Laogh. My lord, detain thee!

Capt.

Listen!

Lesb.

Look!

Polon.

O stay!

King. Let me from this point that shines afar,

Upraised in Heaven, with one brightest star,

Its rugged brow is crowning.

Down, where the rocks above the waves are frowning,

There mid the wild salt billows let me lie,

And as I raging live, so raging die.

Lesb. To the sea—what madness press'd thee?

Polon. In thy sleep, my lord, what fear possess'd thee?

King. Every torment that doth dwell

For ever, with the thirsty fiends of hell,

Children of that monstrous mother,

Which, from out seven scaly necks, doth smother

The fourth sphere of death,

Clouding it o'er with pestilential breath;

All its horror, all its wild unrest,

Were locked within my breast—

So that against myself I wage unnatural strife,

For terror is the master of my life,

And such the torment of its dread alarms,

I lie a living corse in slumber's arms,

And all the dreams that round me wait,

Are but the palid messengers of fate:—

† Upon the subject of the Versification used by Calderon and the other Spanish Dramatists, the following passage expresses almost all that I have to say on the subject: “The ordinary versification of Spanish plays was until imitated of late years, by some of the living German tragic authors, unlike that of any known theatre; their Dramas are commonly written in lines of eight syllables in Trochaic metre, and with what are called *asonante* terminations: that is to say, that the two last syllables of the alternate lines consist of the same vowels, without paying regard to the consonants, thus the words ‘rapid,’ ‘maxim,’ ‘artist,’ ‘hardship,’ ‘establish,’ ‘having,’ ‘magic,’ ‘Cardiff,’ and a ‘sad kiss,’ would be said to *asonar*; this would bear no resemblance to rhyme in English, and we have, therefore, substituted blank verse instead.”—*Blackwood*, June 1825, vol. 17. In this, so far as the *asonante* lines are concerned, I have followed the example of this writer, but in the other equally frequent metre, in the *consonantes* or complete rhythms where the first line rhymes with the fourth and the second with the third, I have generally imitated the original as nearly as I could: I agree with a later writer (*Blackwood*: January, 1840) that *unrhymed trochaics* are generally a better substitute, in English, for the *asonante* lines, than blank verse. They are often, however, much too light and lyrical for the grave sentiments they would have to express, and would be quite unsuited, for instance, to the solemn discourses of Patrick, or the dark and tragic history of Enio, in this act; I have therefore, in these and similar circumstances adhered to the more stately cadence of the ten syllable blank-verse. In addition to the Metres already mentioned, Calderon occasionally uses almost every other mode of versification known on the continent, including the sonnet form and the *Ottava Rima* of the Italians; in this translation of the “Purgatory,” the irregular lines of the opening scene are in imitation of the original.

* Mr. Wright, in his curious but very prejudiced and occasionally offensive “*Essay on St. Patrick's Purgatory*” (London: 1844), is in error in supposing that Bouillon's “*Vie de S. Patrice*” was not published until 1701, the copy alluded to above is in the Library of the Royal Dublin Society, and bears the date (1642) which I have mentioned. To prevent unnecessary references and repetitions it may be as well to state that all the notes to this translation are by the translator.

Polon. What so much provoked thee in thy dream?

King. Ah! my daughters, listen, there did seem
From out the lips of a most lovely youth
(And though a miserable slave in sooth,
My hand against his life I durst not raise,
Being then compelled to spare, as now to praise,)
Well, from the lips of this poor slave there came
A gentle flame,
Which with a mild and lambent lustre blew,
And when it touched you two,
Within the living fire I saw you burned,
But, though I was between you, me it spurned;
And when to stay its rage I sought,
The fire would touch or wound me not, methought,
So that from that dream's abyss,
From that paroxysm,
From that lethargy of death I broke,
And in blind despair awoke.
And my terror still is such,
That flying, at each step I seem to touch
Once more that dreadful fire,
But now I also burn, as ye expire!*
Lesb. These are phantoms light and vain,
Mere chimeras of the brain,
Coming through the gate of dreams,
When the body lieth numb—

[A trumpet sounds.]

But what trumpet's this?

Capt. It seems,
Vessels to our port have come.
Polon. Let me go, my Lord, since thou
Knowest how my heart doth leap and bound
When I hear a trumpet's sound,
And a flush comes deepening o'er my brow,
And my whole frame doth rejoice,
As at a siren's voice;
Since inclined to arms and warlike deeds,
Music's martial clangour stirs my soul,
So that I cannot controul
My emotion; may the fame
Soon be mine, that ever valour breeds,
When my wafted name shall run
To the ever-glorious sun,
Sailing on a thousand waves of flame;
Or, on swift wings o'er the azure air,
Rivalling the goddess Pallas there!
'Twas but to know, I this excuse contrived,
If this is Phillip's ship that has arrived.

[Aside.
Exit.]

Laogh. Come, my lord, descend with me
To the white fringe of the rolling sea,
Which doth humbly bow its curled head
To this mountain, lone and dread;
Which, because it proudly braves
The sea and storm, must ever dwell
In a lone and sandy cell,
Guarded round by crystal waves.

Capt. Come, and all your cares forget,
At this snowy monster's sight—
Like a sapphire mirror set
In a rich frame, silver white.

King. Nothing now can bring relief,
Nothing now can wean me from my grief,
Or expel that ever-torturing guest,
From out the burning Etna of my breast.

Lesb. Is there any earthly sight more fair—
Can the world this miracle surpass—
Than to see a vessel softly gliding,
Like a plough the azure field dividing,
Or go breaking through the crystal glass.

With the light breeze for its willing slave,
Like a bird upon the rippling wave,
Or a fish within the yielding air?
Favourite of sea and sky,
It through the winds doth swim, and o'er the waves doth fly
But that sight were dreadful now,
Full of terror and affright,
For the sea is altered quite;
And the mountain billows roar,
And the ocean's lordly brow,
Is all deeply wrinkled o'er!—
Neptune from his rest awaking,
And his dreadful trident shaking,
And his angry visage baring,
Trieth now the sailors' daring.
Now the storm begins to rise,
Howling round the starry dome,
All is altered in a trice,
Pyramids of shining ice,
Snowy palaces of foam,
All are dashed against the skies.

Polonia enters.

Polon. Alas! alas!

King. Polonia, speak—
Polon. This fickle Babylon that tries
In its thirsty rage to seek
Even the dark and distant skies,
Hides in its remorseless womb
Myriads who for ever rest,
Each within his coral tomb,
Deep below the troubled wave,
In a shining silver cave:
Now the god, by rage possess'd,
Has loosed the winds and let them fly,
Raging over sea and sky;
Rushing o'er the waters dark,
They have struck the wretched bark—
She whose trumpet late did sound
Like a swan's funereal note—
I, who then a pathway found
Up that steep stupendous cliff,
Which upon the shore remote,
First receives the orient ray,
There I saw a mighty ship
Tossing like a summer skiff
On the waters cast away,
As the masts did rise and dip,
Saw I Phillip's banners wave
O'er the sinking vessel's grave;
Then I added more and more,
To the waves and tempest's roar,
By the gushing tears and sighs
Bursting from my lips and eyes!—

King. Mighty Powers! who rule on high,
Why so much my patience try
With such threatened ills as these?
Do you wish that I should seize
On the sceptre and the crown
Of thy conquered kingdom? Lo!
Thither shall I surely rise,
And with vengeful hand tear down
The azure palace of the skies!
Being a second Nimrod. So
That the world by me, perchance,
May escape its threatened doom.
Vainly may the billows roll,
Vainly may the thunders boom,
Vainly may the lightning's glance,
They shall never shake my soul!—

PATRICK, within.

Patr. Ah! me.

Laogh. Some mournful voice;
King. Who can it be?

Capt. Struggling through the cruel sea,
One strong swimmer seeks to save
His life from out the stormy wave,
Lesb. And his arms I see him stretch
To another sinking wretch,
Even in the jaws of death.

Polon. Stranger, whoso'er thou art,
Whom the furious tempest's breath,
Or a cruel fate, hath sent
To this lone and distant part,

* Egerio's Dream, as given by Calderon, agrees substantially with Jocelin's description, and differs only in one slight particular (the number of the flames) from that in Bouillon's *Vie de S. Patrice*. In the latter, the name of the Irish prince to whom Patrick was sold is not given; in Jocelin he is called *Milcho*: Calderon was either ignorant of this, and gave the king a name that was purely imaginary, or, considering it less musical than he would wish, gave him the more harmonious one of *Egerio*. The following is Jocelin's version: "And *Milcho* beheld a vision in the night: and behold Patrick entered his palace as all on fire, and the flames, issuing from his mouth, and from his nose, and from his eyes, and from his ears, seemed to burn him; but *Milcho* repelled from himself the flaming hair of the boy, nor did it prevail to touch him any nearer; but the flame, being spread, turned aside to the right, and catching on his two little daughters, who were lying in one bed, burned them even to ashes: then the South-wind blowing strongly dispersed their ashes over many parts of Ireland."—Pp. 17. 18., *Jocelin's Life of St. Patrick*, translated by Swift. (Dublin: 1804.)

Hither let thy course be bent,
If thou canst my accents hear,
May they o'er the waters be
A vocal polar-star for thee!

Enter PATRICK and LUDOVICO, dripping with wet, and embracing one another; as they enter, each falls to either side.

Patr. Aid me O God!

Lud. The Devil rather

Aid me.

Lesb. I'm moved to pity, father:

King. That am not I—I know not what it is.

Patr. If misfortunes are a test

Wherewith to try the coldest, flintiest breast;

Say, can there here be found a heart like his,

Who would not down his pitying eyes incline

To such misery as mine?

A wretched, shivering, shipwrecked castaway—

Pity, for God's sake, at thy feet I pray.

Lud. I ask it not, for never more can I

Seek it from man, or hope it from on high.

King. Say who you are, we then shall know

If we can pay the debt we owe—

The common debt of food and care—

But first my name I shall declare,

Lest ignorance of it might lead

Your lips some idle deed to do,

And words perchance be spoken, freed

From the respect that is my due—

I am the King Egerio; Lord

Of this small kingdom's island throne—

'Tis small because 'tis mine—until

The throne of all the world I fill,

I must mistrust my valorous sword!

In savage skins you see me drest,

Not in a monarch's regal vest,

Because without, I wish to wear,

In this wild wolfish robe of hair,

Some emblem of the heart I bear!

The name of God is here unknown,

In prayer we neither kneel nor sigh,

Our only creed is this alone

That we are born, and we must die.

Now that you know my greatness and my name,

Say who you are and why you hither came.

Patr. Attend, O Monarch! Patrick is my name,

My country Ireland, Tox my native village—

A place so poor as to be scarcely known;*

Between the north and west remote it lies

Upon a mountain, which the watchful sea

Girdles around as with a prison wall:

'Tis in the isle, which will be called, O King!

To its eternal praise, the Isle of Saints,

So many there will piously give up

Their lives as holy offerings for the faith—

That truest test of pure and faithful souls—

* The account which Patrick gives of himself is evidently taken from Montalvan, which can be proved in a satisfactory manner even by means of Bouillon's French translation. The historical inaccuracies into which Calderon has fallen in this speech, and indeed throughout the play, are probably to be found in the original, and may be some of those errors which, in the preface to his version, Bouillon states were corrected by him. Two or three occur at the very beginning; namely, the country and village in which St. Patrick was born. As to the first, it appears so glaringly incorrect, even from the subsequent adventures which are detailed a few lines afterwards, that it is not easy to conjecture how Calderon or Montalvan could possibly have fallen into such a mistake. As to the name of the village (Tox), it is an error much more easily committed, but where they found it I have not been able to discover. The reader is aware that on the authority of St. Fiech's Hymn (the most ancient life of St. Patrick in existence), "Holy Tours" in France was the birth-place of the Saint. From the extract which I shall presently give from Bouillon, it will be perceived that Calderon, in placing the village "between the north and west" (*entre el septentrion y el occidente*) merely followed the description of the entire island in the life; but in addition to this he puts into the mouth of St. Patrick a very curious anachronism which has scarcely been surpassed. Bouillon's life opens thus: "Between the north and west there is an island which is called Hibernia or more commonly Ireland. This country, through respect, was formerly named the isle of saints, because a great number of its inhabitants, being illuminated by supernatural lights, adored the true God and generously exposed their lives in defence of the Catholic faith." &c.—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, pp. 11, 12. This, which is perfectly correct in a History written long after the circumstances occurred, is put almost verbatim, and in the same tense, into Patrick's mouth long before even he had commenced his mission, and when the country was still Pagan. I have in my translation taken the liberty of changing the tense of the verb *lamentaron* to the future, and of making his knowledge of the fact prophetic. As to the martyrs, the dramatist has also gone beyond the Historian; the latter only stating that many persons exposed themselves to the danger of martyrdom, not that they absolutely suffered it. It has been the boast and sometimes the reproach of this country that the Christian religion was firmly planted here without the blood of a single martyr being shed.

My father was an Irish cavalier†
My mother, his chaste spouse, a child of Gaul,‡
To them I owe, even in my youngest days,
(More than my life) the nobler gift of faith,
And early entrance to the church of Christ.
The holy rite baptismal gave me these,
That gate of Heaven, and the first sacred boon
The church doth give her children: by my birth,
My pious parents having all fulfilled
The duties that they owed the married state,
They each to separate convents then retired,§
Where in the purest chastity they spent
Their lives, until the fatal hour arrived
Which calls the blessed spirit to the skies,
And gives the body to its kindred earth:
I then became an orphan, and was placed
Beneath a holy matron's watchful care,||
But scarce had I my first brief lustrum filled—
Scarce had the sun five times in splendour sailed
In golden circles through the heavens, illuming
Twelve starry signs and one terrestrial world—
When God was pleased to show in me a sign
Of his omnipotence; for he doth ever choose
Most feeble instruments, that men may give
The glory and the praise to him alone;
Upon a day (and Heaven doth know, I tell
These wonders unto you through no weak pride,
But that God's name be praised) upon a day,
The blind man Gormas came unto my doors,
God sent me here, he cried, and he commands
That you do give me sight. Immediately
Moved at the man's obedience, I did make
The sign of the cross upon his sightless balls,
And with the touch, the blessed sight did come
And chase the darkness from his wondering eyes:
Another time, when thick clouds hid the skies
Which warr'd with snowy arrows 'gainst the earth,
So many on a neighbouring hill had fallen
That when they felt the rigour of the sun,
And melted, such a flood throughout
Our village ran, that all the houses seemed
Like ships of brick or stone above the waves,
(Who before this saw ships on rugged hills,
Or sail amid the grassy inland woods?)
Upon the waves I made the holy sign,
And with suspended tongue, in God's great name
Bade them retire, and lo! the land was dry!¶
O mighty Lord! who will not speak thy praise!
Who will not own and worship thee O God!
Much greater wonders I could tell thee: but

† It is scarcely necessary to say that this is another mistake of Calderon, or his authority Montalvan. Calpurnius, the father of St. Patrick, was in all probability a native of France, as was his wife.

‡ Conchessa, sister of the celebrated St. Martin, Bishop of Tours.

§ This is mentioned both in "La Vie de S. Patrice," page 16, and in Jocelin. "But after a little while, this happy birth being completed, they vowed themselves by mutual consent unto chastity, and with an holy end rested in the Lord."—*Jocelin*, p. 2.

|| Patrick, however, who was still of a tender and infantine age, was committed to the tutelage and guardianship of an aunt, already advanced in years.—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 17.

¶ Jocelin mentions the miracle of the blind man Gormas, but says nothing of the inundation, they are both given in Bouillon, and in words which Calderon but slightly altered: "Gormas, born in a little village near to that of the saint, being blind from his birth, incessantly importuned Heaven with his prayers that it would vouchsafe to listen in pity to his entreaties, opening for him his eyes to see and contemplate its beauty, and to enjoy the light of the sun, to the end that he might praise the more the author of all these rare wonders. And, as he was one day in the fervour of his devotion, he heard a voice in the air sound in his ears, commanding him to go and seek Patrick, still a little infant newly baptized, who would thrice make the sign of the holy cross upon his eyes, the sight of which by a natural defect he had been fatally deprived, all of which he experienced to his great content, for, having obeyed the voice which spoke to him, he obtained happily the fruit of all his ardent prayers: God wishing to make known by this miracle the future wonders which he would one day work through the instrumentality of this his servant.

"The same Sovereign Good again renewed this truth by another wonder if not more remarkable, at least more extensive and more public than the first and much more highly praised by the spectators who had seen the prodigy. The miracle was this: The heavens, through the inclemency of the air, having covered with snow all the surface of that country, which beginning to melt or resolve itself into liquid water by means of the rays of the sun, there was formed, as it were, a little deluge which inundated almost all the surrounding country, and winding in its rapid course from village to village went ravaging the entire district, flooding the fields and drowning the houses, so much so that that of Patrick was on the point of being overwhelmed and levelled to its foundations; then the tender youth, who had scarcely reached the age of eleven or twelve years, seeing so strange a disaster, armed with a constant faith, made the sign of the cross upon the furious waves of this little deluge; and immediately in the sight of all the world, the waters retired into the bosom of the sea, and the land remained afterwards as dry as in the most extreme heat of summer."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 13.

Modesty comes and bindeth fast my tongue,
 And chains my voice, and sealeth up my lips :
 I grew in fine, inclining every day
 More to the love of science than of arms ;
 And, above all, gave myself up entire
 To pious reading—to the lives of those
 Called to be saints by God—a school wherein
 Religion, Charity, and Faith are taught :*
 Occupied in this pursuit, one day I went,
 With some companions, to the lone sea shore ;
 Thither a ship came, from whose dusky womb
 Leaped armed men, pirates they were, who prowled
 In search of prey about those seas—they made
 All of us prisoners, and to keep the prize,
 Hoisted their sails and stood to the open sea,†
 Phillip de Roqui was this vessel's chief,
 A man who nourished in his heart the pride
 That afterwards would work him direful woe.
 Some days he spent in prowling thus around
 The land and sea of all the Irish coast,
 And blood and treasure followed in his wake :
 Me alone he kept, desiring, as he said,
 To offer me a tribute unto thee,
 Here in thy very presence, as thy slave :
 (How vain and false are all the hopes of man,
 That are not based upon God's blessed will !)
 This very day upon the smiling sea,
 In sight of land, did Phillip speak his wish,
 The air was mild, and gentle was the wave,
 And yet in one brief moment did he see
 His proud presumption shattered : For the wind
 Roared in the hollow bosoms of the waves,
 A cry of pain burst from the angry sea,
 Billows, like mountains upon mountains piled,
 Pass'd thundering by, whose white and foaming tops
 Moisten'd the sun, and quenched his dazzling light !‡
 The lantern on our mast, joined to the skies,
 Seemed like a comet or an exhalation,
 Or like the strange course of a shooting star ;
 Another time, amid the deeps profound
 It touched the sands, when the divided waves
 Showed alabaster monuments around,
 'Mid coral banks and caves of shining pearl :
 I on whom Heaven bestowed (I know not why,
 Being so useless) more of strength and breath
 Than mine own safety needed, was empowered
 To aid this valorous youth, to whom my heart
 Was drawn by some most potent influence,
 Which he with interest will yet repay !
 At length, through favour of kind heaven, we reached
 The shore, and whether fortune good or ill
 Awaits us, we confess ourselves your slaves :
 May our grief move you, may our bitter tears
 Soften your hearts, and may our whole affliction
 Gently compel you to relieve our woe.

King. Cease, miserable Christian, for my soul
 Charmed by thy voice, knows not what subtle power
 Compels it both to venerate and love you,
 Imagining that you the slave must be,
 Whom lately in my fearful dream I saw,
 Breathing out flames and sparks of living fire,
 In whose alluring light, like summer flies,
 I saw my hapless daughters both expire !

Patr. O King, the flame that issued from my mouth
 Is the true doctrine of the Gospel—is the Word
 Which I must preach to you and to your people,
 By means of which your daughters will become
 Children of Christ.§

King.

Be silent ! close thy lips,

* This description resembles that which is given of St. Patrick's father in Bouillon : "The reading of the beautiful actions of the Saints occupied the best part of his time."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 13.

† This agrees almost word for word with Bouillon's account : "When he was about sixteen years of age, walking one morning in the fresh cool air, by the coast of the sea, and reciting the psalms with some of his companions, he was seized by pirates who were coasting along this island, and was led captive with all who were with him, without any resistance or hope of succour but from Heaven ; for the pirates delighted at having gained so fine a prize, and fearing that they might escape, flung themselves so promptly into their vessels, in order to reach the open sea, that they could not easily save themselves from their hands."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 21.

‡ "The sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out."

SHAKESPEARE. *Tempest*, Act. I. s. 2.

§ The explanation of the dream is given more at length in "*La Vie de S. Patrice*," p. 23, and in Jocelin, p. 18. The two agree substantially with each other, and with Calderon.

Thou miserable Christian, for thy words
 Affront and wound me.

Lesb. Oh ! be calm, my lord !

Polon. Wilt thou, in pity, speak in his defence?—

Lesb. Yes.

Polon. Nay, rather let him die.

Lesb. It is not just

That by a monarch's hands he perish. Ah !

If truth were told, not that alone doth move

My heart to pity these poor shipwrecked Christians ! [*Aside.*]

Polon. If this second Joseph to the king,

Like him of old, interprets dreams, do not||

My lord, have any fear of their effects ;

For if that fancied and unreal flame

Portend that I a Christian should become ;

It is a sheer impossibility, as great

As if being dead I should return again

And live and breath a mortal as before—

But to distract your thoughts from fears like these,

Now let us hear the other traveller's tale.

Lud. Listen, most beautiful divinity,

For thus begins the story of my life,¶

No simple tale of piety is mine,

Nor wonders worked by Heaven's permission through

My favoured hands—far different—all crimes,

Theft, murder, treason, sacrilege, betrayal

Of dearest friends, all these I must relate,

For these are all my glory and my pride !

In one of Ireland's many islands I**

Was born, and much I do suspect that all

The planets seven, in wild confusion strange,

Assisted at my most unhappy birth,

The fickle moon, gave me inconstancy,

Mercury gave me genius ill employed,

(Far better not to have received the gift !),

Lascivious Venus gave me siren passions,

¶ It is somewhat amusing to find *Polonia* so well versed in the history of the Old Testament—what suggested the allusion to Joseph was probably the following passage in Bouillon : "Patrick came to land upon the borders of Hibernia, where he was sold, like a second Joseph, to the prince of that island."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 21.

¶ The curious history of *Ludovico Enio*, on which the principal interest of the play depends, has been alluded to, and given more or less fully by many ancient authors. The name, though slightly altered by the different persons who have mentioned him, can easily be recognised as the same in all, whether as Owen, Oien, Owain, Eogan, Euenius, or Ennius. Perhaps the earliest allusion to him in any printed English work is that contained in "*Ranulph Higden's Polychronicon*," published at Westminster, by Winkin de Worde, in 1495 : "In this Steven's tyme, a knyght that hyght Owen wente in to the Purgatory of the second Patrick, abbot, and not byshoppe. He came agayne and dwelled in the nedes of the abbaye of Ludene of Whyte Monks in Irland, and tolde of joye and of paynes that he had seen." The history of *Enio* had, however, existed in MS. for nearly three centuries and a half before the *Polychronicon* was printed ; it had been written by Henry, the monk of Salterey in Huntingdonshire, from the account which he had received from Gilbert, a Cistercian monk of the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Luden, in Lincolnshire (Colgan, *Trias Thaumaturge*, p. 281. Ware's *Annals of Ireland*, A. D. 1497). Colgan, after collating this MS. with two others on the same subject which he had seen, printed it nearly in full in his *Trias*, which was published at Louvain, A. D. 1647, where with the notes it fills from the 273rd to the 281st page. Mathew Paris had, however, before this, in his *History of England*, under the date 1153, given a full account of the adventures of *Oënius* in the Purgatory, and in the few places that I have compared his account with that given in Colgan, I find both generally agreeing in substance, though not in words. In the folio edition of Mathew Paris, London, 1604, the history of *Oënius* begins at the 72nd and ends at the 77th page. In the French life of St. Patrick, which I have so often quoted, the adventures of Ennius (as he is called) are given much more fully than either in Mathew Paris or Colgan. In their versions of the story the early life of Ennius, previous to his undertaking to enter the Purgatory, is passed over with a few general remarks as to its extreme wickedness—while they give in great detail all that he saw and heard therein. Mathew Paris, for instance, opens the story of Ennius in these words : "Miles quidam Oënius nomine, qui multis annis sub Rege Stephano militaverat—licentia a Rege impetrata, profectus est in Hyberniam ad natale solum, ut parentes visitaret. Qui cum aliquandiu in regione illa demoratus fuisset, cepit ad mentem reducere vitam suam adeo flagitiosam : Quod ab ipsis cumulis, incedentis semper vacaverat et rapinis, et quod magis dolebat, se ecclesiarum fuisse violatorem et rerum ecclesiasticarum invasorem preter multa enormia qua intrinsicose latebant peccata." &c.—*Mat. Paris*, p. 72. In Henry of Salterey's account, as given by Colgan, this portion of *Enio's* life is despatched even with more succinctness, but in Bouillon's *Vie de S. Patrice* all his early crimes are detailed nearly in the order and almost in the very words that Calderon has used, as shall presently appear. Sir Walter Scott mentions, in his *Border Minstrelsy*, that there is a curious MS. Metrical Romance, in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh, called, "The Legend of Sir Owain," relating his adventures in St. Patrick's Purgatory ; he gives some stanzas from it, descriptive of the knight's passage of "The Brig O'Dread ;" which, in the legend, is placed between Purgatory and Paradise. This poem is supposed to have been written early in the 14th century. There is another English poem on the same subject, of a much later date, in the manuscripts of the British Museum. There are many early French and Italian poems and romances founded on this legend, to which I shall more particularly allude in my introduction to the Second Act.

** "Louis Ennius was born in the island of Hibernia, whence he departed with his parents, while still young, in consequence of a misfortune that happened to them, which compelled them to quit their country so that they came to dwell at Toulouse."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 106. Perpignan is mentioned shortly afterwards as the place where the convent was situated.

And ruddy Mars a hard and cruel mind
 (What will not Mars and Venus jointly give ?)
 The sun conferr'd upon me rank and state—
 Which to support I scrupled not the means,
 Jupiter gave me pride and lofty thought,
 And Saturn blended in my complex nature
 Rage, anger, valour, and a ready mind—
 And fitting fruits have grown from out these seeds—
 My father, being for certain secret reasons
 Banish'd from Ireland, came with me to live
 At Perpignan in Spain—I was a boy
 Of ten years old, and when six more had passed
 He died—may Heaven for ever be his home !—
 An orphan I remained—a willing prey
 To all my fancies—all my wild desires—
 And thus without a rein or curbing check,
 Ran headlong o'er the wide alluring plain—
 The two poles of my life, were love and play,
 On which the rest were balanced, what they were
 As a foundation you can now behold—*
 In long detail my tongue would not suffice
 For all my actions—this is but a sketch :
 To force a tender damsel to my wish
 I slew a noble venerable man
 Her father—nay an honoured cavalier,
 I stabb'd (through frenzied passion for his wife)
 As he lay sleeping calmly by her side—
 Bathing his dearest honour in his blood—
 Making his bed a fatal theatre,
 And mingling there adultery and death—
 Husband and father both gave up their lives
 Martyrs to honour—for it has its martyrs
 Even as Religion—may the atoning Heaven
 For ever guard their souls in endless rest !—
 Flying from punishment I entered France,
 Where long my name and actions shall be known ;
 For flinging myself at once into the war,
 Which between France and England then was waged,
 I found occasion to display my valour,
 And soon obtained even from the king's own hands,†
 A captain's standard—in what way the debt
 I soon repaid I shall not now relate—
 Returning thus in honour to Perpignan,
 And gaming in a guard-house for some trifle,
 I struck a serjeant, killed a captain,
 And in my fury wounded several more—
 Attracted by the noise, the guard approached
 To make me prisoner, when in self-defence,
 I slew a bailiff—much too small amends
 For all the other evils I had done—‡
 May God receive his soul in lasting bliss !
 At length I fled into the fields, and found
 Asylum in a sacred convent's walls,
 Which in that desert far away was built,§
 There I lay retired, with kindest care
 Attended even by one of the religious,
 A lady of my kindred, who for this
 Discharged that duty || Like a basilisk,

* "Louis seeing himself liberated and free from every kind of restraint on the part of his relatives, the now inheritor of great riches which his father left to him at his death, commenced his excesses by the dangerous allurements of love and play."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 106.

† "And, as he was courageous and bold, he performed many brave exploits, and in a short time acquired the reputation of a valiant captain, so much so that the Lieutenant of the company being killed, he succeeded him in his command."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 123. Calderon gives the name of Stephen to the French king, confounding him with the English Stephen, in whose reign, according to the legends, Enio entered the "Purgatory."

‡ This is mentioned somewhat differently in Bouillon. The account he gives is this: that Enio, gaming with a serjeant lost to him all his money, and, with the peevishness of a losing gamester, began to upbraid his successful competitor in the most opprobrious manner. The serjeant, thinking, from the sum he had won, that he could afford to keep his temper, disregarded Enio's abuse, and when the latter demanded back (what appears to have been not unusual) a portion of the other's winnings, he only gave him four crowns. This by no means satisfied Enio, who instantly blew out the candle, fell upon the luckless serjeant, and not only took from him by force all that he had himself lost, but all that the other had brought to play with, and then laughing at him went away. This insult to one of the constituted authorities was too much, even for the indulgent Alguacils of Perpignan, so that our hero was compelled to withdraw himself for a while, and took shelter in the convent to which he presently alludes.—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, pp. 109, 110, 111.

§ "He took the resolution of withdrawing into a monastery of Religious, which was distant about two leagues from the city of Perpignan, where he remained secretly in the company of their father confessor, who was of his acquaintance."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 111.

|| This lady was his cousin. In the play, Enio afterwards says, that out of respect to her memory he will not mention her name. In "La Vie," however, she is called Theodosia: "But there was in this monastery one of his cousins-german, who had made profession therein, and where she had been for a considerable time, with whom he had been reared and educated from

My bosom turned the honey into poison
 And wildly rushed from liking to desire !
 Desire ! that monster which doth ever feed
 On the impossible—that living fire
 That groweth by resistance—that strange flame
 Which the wind kindles—that dissembling foe
 Which killeth its own master. In a word,
 Desire, unawed by God or sacred things,
 Imagines all that's horrible or vile,
 But to be it ¶—In fine, my lord, I dared :—
 Troubled by the recollection here my voice
 Grows mute—the frightened accent fails,
 My shattered heart in throbbing seems to leap
 From out my breast, as when in dusky shades
 The beard and hair, in terror, stand on end—
 Confused, and doubtful, sad and full of thought,
 I scarcely have the courage now to tell,
 The deed I had the courage then to do,
 So horrible and hateful is my crime,
 So sacrilegious and profane, that I—
 Even I, repent me sometimes of the deed—
 In fine, I dared, one night when starry silence
 Doth build for men brief sepulchres of sleep,
 When heaven doth wear the mournful veil of grief,
 Wherewith the wind doth hang the widow'd skies,
 For the sun's death, whose obsequies are sung
 By nightly birds—when trembling stars fling back
 Their clear reflection to the parent skies
 From sapphire waves. At such a time as this
 I entered by the garden wall, assisted
 By two companions** (comrades never fail
 In such adventures), and twixt fear and horror,
 I reached the cell of her I must not name,
 She, horrified at such wicked boldness,
 Fainted upon the ground, from which she passed
 Into my arms, and ere her sense returned
 She was far off beyond the convent wall,††
 Where if heaven could have given her aid
 It did not. Women if once persuaded
 That man's excesses are the fruit of love
 Easily pardon them:‡‡ and thus, delight
 Replacing sorrow, she for a little while
 Escaped the misery of her wretched state—
 Although to it had every crime contributed
 Which rebel man can dare against his God.
 From out the desert where we first had gone,
 On rapid steeds§§, the children of the wind,
 Towards Valentia||| then we took our way—
 Where, feigning that she was my wife, we lived
 Some time with little happiness or peace.
 My money being exhausted, without friends
 Or hope of succour, I was base enough
 To think of turning to a vile account
 The beauty and the honour of my wife ¶¶
 (Had I not bade a long farewell to shame
 This act alone would make me—for it is
 The lowest depth even of the vilest breast
 To make a public traffic of one's honour***
 And put a price upon our dearest joy).
 As soon as I with shameless face proposed
 This foulest project, she appeared content,
 But hid her true resolve within her breast,†††

his earliest years, and who stood very high for virtue and prudence in the estimation of her sisters ; she had on this account, a particular care of him, that he should want for nothing ; and all the others, also, studied who best could divert his thoughts from the contemplation of his disgrace."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 111.

¶ The beginning of this very fine and thoroughly Shaksperian passage, may have been suggested by the concluding sentence of the following extract: "This Louis being of the libertine and abandoned life, which we have described, and having his mind and inclination so naturally carried to evil, that he never saw anything that pleased him of which he did not desire the possession, and did not hope its enjoyment, however impossible it might have appeared."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 112.

** "The resolution being taken, he sought out two of his most intimate friends, to assist him in this pernicious undertaking."—*La Vie de S. Patrice* p. 115. (Tr.)

†† Calderon omits the pillage of the convent, which it appears by "La Vie" was very successfully executed.

‡‡ This passage, also, would seem to have been suggested by one in "La Vie," p. 115.

§§ "And each of them being mounted on one of his horses," &c.—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 115.

||| "Louis chose his retreat at Valentia."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 116.

¶¶ "He was compelled to have recourse to the beauty of Theodosia."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 118.

*** "This was to put publicly his honour to sale."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 120.

††† "Judge, if you can, what were the tears and resentment of Theodosia at receiving the last stroke of her misfortune."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 119.

But scarcely had I turned my back upon her,
 When, flying from me as from one infected,
 Once more she sought asylum and repose
 Within a convent; where, advised by one,
 A holy priest, again she closed the gate
 Of torment and the world—and then she died,
 Leaving to all a wonderful example
 Both of her penitence and crime.—May God
 Receive her, also, to eternal rest !*
 I seeing that the illiberal world
 Took notice of my crimes, that every spot
 Whereon to rest would slip beneath my feet,
 Resolved to go into my native country
 As an asylum from my enemies.†
 Upon the journey I set out and soon
 Reached Ireland, which received me as a son,
 But soon a very step-mother became,
 For scarcely had I reached a sheltered bay,
 Than I was made a prisoner by some pirates
 Who lay therein concealed. Their general
 Was Philip—and he, to show his sense
 Of the most brave resistance that I made,
 Gave me my life. What still remains you know—
 You know how late the angry wind rose up
 And flew with threatening fury round our ship;
 And made such ruin 'mid the seas and mountains,
 That all their usual wildness seemed but tame
 Compared to it. With catapults of crystal
 It struck the firm foundations of the land,
 And neighbouring cities fell within the wave.
 The sea o'er all the coast flung out its store
 Of tinted pearls, which the swift breath of morn
 Engenders from the dew, whose drops are tears
 Of fire and ice.—But not to lose more time
 In vain descriptions, all our crew went down
 To sup with Satan; I, who was also asked,
 Must have gone too, had not good Patrick here
 (Whose face, I know not why, I always view
 With love and terror mingled with respect),
 Had he not drawn me from the poisonous wave
 Where I was drinking death in every draught.
 This is my history; and now, nor life,
 Nor pity I require—I do not crave
 Even commiseration for my sufferings;
 If thou wilt give me anything, let it be
 Death only, for a man so bad as I
 Can never hope to reach to any good.

King. Ludovico though you are a Christian,
 Which I abhor with every other truth,
 I so admire your valour, that in you
 And Patrick I will now display,
 Even at the self-same moment, all my power;
 As I can elevate, so can I humble,
 As I can punish, so can I reward,
 And thus while unto you I stretch my arms
 In token of protection—unto you
 I lift them but to fling you to the earth
 Beneath my feet (not balanced are the scales).

[*He flings Patrick on the ground and places his foot upon him.*]

But that you, Patrick, may perceive how much
 I value all your threats your life I spare—
 Go breathe in fire the Word of God, thou'lt find
 I neither worship his divinity
 Nor fear his wonders. Live then, but in some
 Obscure and menial state, and as thou art
 Unfit to share the glorious toils of war,
 Here in these vallies must thou spend thy days,
 Tending my flocks and herds, that browse around,
 We soon shall see if thou can'st spread that fire

Of which thou speakest; or if, being my slave,
 Thy God will free thee from captivity.

[*Exit.*

Leob. The sight of Patrick moves my heart to pity.

[*Exit.*

Polon. For me I know not pity. If I did,
 I think 'tis Ludovico would awake it.

[*Exit.*

Patr. When, Ludovico, on the ground I lay,
 And saw you raised at once to Fortune's height,
 'Twas grief, not envy, it awoke within me—
 You are a Christian, oh! be one indeed.

Lud. Patrick, allow me to enjoy the bliss
 That Fortune offers.

Patr. This one boon I ask—

Lud. What is it?

Patr. That, alive or dead, we meet

In this world once again.

Lud. Dost thou demand

So strange a promise?

Patr. Yes.

Lud. 'Tis thine.

Patr. I take it.

[*Exeunt.*

King Simnel and the Palesmen.

A STORY OF IRELAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

[*Continued from page 25.*]

CHAPTER IV.—THOMAS-COURT.

It might have been the fourth hour of the bell, in the evening, when the Lord Deputy and his guests found themselves under the proud roofs of Thomas-court. They had scarcely time to breathe—the ladies to lay aside their mantles, and the gentlemen their swords—when a few quick strokes of a silver-toned house-bell summoned them to dinner in the great hall. It was a chamber of princely dimensions, supported on either hand with rows of light Corinthian columns, swathed with wreaths of laurels, ivy, and other ever-greens; the capitals being bound with garlands of flowers. The floor was newly spread with rushes; mint, thyme, and other aromatic herbs were scattered over it. The walls above the wainscot were tapestried with various banners—the table extended between the pillars, down the entire room. At the extreme end, was the *dais*, on which the ladies, the deputy, the prior, Lord Portlester, and other noble guests sat. At an intermediate table, between this and the common board, Sir Piers was placed, Sir Gibbon, and the junior guests. Among these he joyfully recognized, nearly opposite to himself, Sir Morogh Na Gall, for whom he already felt that irresistible impulse of friendship which is one of the inexplicable sympathies of our Irish natures. On the table were the flesh of the deer and the wild boar, as well as of black cattle and sheep, cranes, partridges, and water-fowl. Beakers and flagons raised their heads above these in lines of circumvalation, holding the choicest foreign wines, the produce of Burgundy and Spain, usquebaugh tempered with honey and fennel seeds, and home-brewed beer. Behind the Earl's back, "the dresser" (since banished into the kitchen,) with all its blazonry of plate, was exhibited, and at his feet lay his two favourite greyhounds, looking up to him for their accustomed largesses. An ornamental ship, laden with spices that diffused a delicious odour, was placed near his right hand.

Grace having been said, the dinner commenced, and was soon over. Whether or not it was specially in honour of St. George, the entire company regaled themselves with most unanimous heartiness. If an

* Calderon skilfully and properly softens and alters the catastrophe in this place, which in the original is too painful. In "La Vie," it is stated that, after resisting a long time the abominable proposals of Ennius, the unfortunate Theodosia was at length compelled to submit to his wishes, and for ten years lived in the dreadful state to which she had been solicited. At the end of that period conscience again revived within her, and having received the grace of true repentance, she made a full confession of all her sins to a holy personage, who lived in a small village of Andalusia, who obtained for her admission into a convent as a servant. After some time her repentance and virtues again obtained for her the rank of sister; she lived six years in the convent, and at length died, "leaving to all the religious of this monastery the example of the most perfect life that up to that time had been seen amongst them."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, pp. 120, 121.

† In "La Vie de S. Patrice" several adventures are related of Enio before he takes the resolution of going to Ireland. In the play these are afterwards described by Enio himself, and occur between the time of his visiting Ireland with St. Patrick and his final return.

exception could be found, it was, perhaps, in the Knight of Drimnagh, who, several times, ran the danger of slicing the fingers of his left hand with his knife, while his eyes were stealthily returning to the loveliness of the daughter of O'Connor. As she rose, with the other ladies of the household, to leave the room, his heart leaped violently upwards, as if it would have borne her company. He half rose in his seat, and leaned forward: she perceived him; smiled, blushed, and was gone in a moment. None in the presence seemed to have noticed this pantomime.

The attention of the noble company having exhausted itself on the edibles, now turned for relief to the fluids. At first, cautious measures were filled, and men shook their heads when persuaded to fill higher. Lights were brought, and the earl and some of the elder occupants of the *dais* retired. Then deeper draughts were poured, goblets were clinked in fellowship, the talkers began to have the majority over the listeners, and the whole scene to assume a bacchanalian character. Sir Piers, during the evening, had made rapid strides towards the affection of the strange Knight of Wexford.

"Sir Piers Barnwall," said Sir Morrogh, as the revel began to thicken, "what say you if we steal away from this upurious company. Anon this noise may turn to bickering."

"With all my heart, Sir Morrogh," answered the other, "but first fill me a full goblet to the fairest tenant of this noble house."

"I fill."

"Drink." It was drank.

"I did not ask you to name your fairest tenant," said the Wexford knight, as they emerged into the earl's garden, "because, being little of a wooer myself, I have small right to be curious on those who are. Is she nameless?"

"Not to you, Sir Morrogh, if you are to be my friend."

"Are to be!"

"*Certes*—I feel that in my breast which tells me I am beside the man who, of all the world, should be my choice for a friend."

"I am right willing to accept your friendship," said the errant knight, "although I had thought the spring-time of my affections had passed. I, too, feel some such voice as you speak of. We are brothers in arms!"

"Yea, brothers!"

"To stand by each other in danger and trial."

"In danger and trial!"

"To have no third brother!"

"None!"

"No secrets except those which honour may compel us to keep."

"None else!"

"Well, we are friends. See! how kindly the heavens look down upon our friendship!"

"Aye," said Barnwall, "it is a glorious evening; how placidly the white moon floats along her heavenly way."

"The moon is yellow," said Sir Morrogh.

"Oh, no, friend and brother, white. White is the hue of nature's loveliest works. The daisy—the ivy flower—the pear—marble, snow."

"And of your radiant lady's raiment. But the green grass, Master Barnwall, the blue sky—the mottled thrush that sings yonder in the bower."

"Sings! all singing is not music. Oh! I have heard those talk whose words were the divinest melody; the

warbling of birds, the falling of crystal water in coral caves where sun or storm never enters, the pealing of trumpets, do not approach melody such as I have heard from human voices."

"Why, Sir Piers, brother mine, you are certainly in love. Tell me now, has not this daphne of Offally stolen away your wits?"

"No, no, not quite. Confess me, brother, you who have been far and near, who have feutered your spear and hacked your burganet in every clime in Christendy, have you ever seen on thrones, or in palaces, any maiden so matchless in beauty?"

"Truly I have seen no fairer."

"Nor so fair."

"To my taste, I have seen as fair, though I have not looked on any more so. What think you of the beauty of the earl's lesser daughter, Eustachia?"

"That 'tis childish!"

"It may be," said Sir Morrogh, slowly; "but is not that the caste of purity and bounding thought. Think you not that angels may be speaking through the pure lips of children, when we hear the very young utter truths that astart sages, and that their young souls which are happily darkened unto the world, till they are fit to do battle with it, have another and a luminous side turned towards heaven? Eustachia is a child in face, and almost in years; but, brother mine, there is a soul under that half-blown intelligence, greater than is common to the natures of woman."

"I doubt it not, as you say it is so," said Barnwall.

"You have learned, in the school of adventure, to make living faces your book. I cannot read the marvels of this volume, though you do."

Just then, from an adjacent walk of the garden, the new comrades could hear low, sweet, voices discoursing together. In the stillness of the hour, these words reached them distinctly:

"But what think you of our gallants—of the Knight of Drimnagh?"

"A very seemly, stout, distracted looking cavalier."

"Nay, nay, Nuala, most courteous, I think him."

"It may be, Alison; I noted it not."

"She noted it not!" repeated Sir Piers to his friend, who motioned him to walk aside, but he remained rooted to the spot.

"He is but poor," said Lady Alison, for it was the earl's daughter.

"In lands," replied her friend.

"In lands only," said a fine voice, that sounded silvery and solemn as the ringing of the altar bells, heard in an empty chancel, from within the rood-screen of a sanctuary; "his descent is from the Dukes of Brittany, and his first ancestor here, Sir Hugh Barnwall, had granted him by Prince John, the lands of Drimnagh, Terenure, and—"

"Eustace, sweet Eustace, cease; save us your rights of ferriage and fishing. Methought, Nuala, he looked wondrous amorous, when stooping to me he said—'Fair lady, how is your friend called who sits at your right hand?'"

"That was Eustace,"

"Nay, indeed, it was not."

"And what said you?"

"But that it sits with my humour to tell you, I would punish your patience, I warrant. I told him."

"And then."

"Why, then he ceased his comment; threw his head aback, and closed his eyes, as though he had been daz-

zled with the prospect of an angel passing between him and the sun."

"He has a noble bearing, withal. But, Alison, his heart, I opine, sits as lightly among its conceits as his own falcon on the many coloured plume of feathers."

"They are very deviceful bearings of the Barnwalls," said Eustace; "the legend of it is——"

"Eustace, Eustace, will you ever foresay this book-stuff? How can you discourse so, who never note the bleeding hearts in human breasts—the doves quartered before your eyes, and how all the myrtles planted in your smile, ever turn up, in the end, sorrowful willows?"

"Well-a-day, dear Alison, when were you in such a merrimake mood before? One would think Sir James Flem——"

"Hush, hush! hark!"

"I will speak to her," said Sir Piers, who, losing the sound of Nuala's voice, could remain in suspense no longer; and so he walked hastily down the pathway on which they had just entered. Morogh followed him. The pathway led into an open circle, the centre of the garden, where a fountain gushed up under the canopy of two broad apple trees, already beginning to be sown with blossoms. Here he perceived the three fair friends—pausing, surprised, but far from displeased at the apparition of his newly enlisted brother-in-arms. All soon joined in conversation.

While these hopeful hearts were beating up and down the avenues of that magnificent garden, conversing at first of the feats of the day—the brightness of the firmament—the advances of the spring season—the trees and flowers around them—themselves—and life, a different debate was held in the Lord Deputy's own chamber, where he was surrounded by his chief friends and allies.

This chamber was of nearly equal size with the dining hall, but its furniture was still more costly. The walls were hung with a gorgeous tapestry, on which was wrought the story of the migration of the Geraldines, in a succession of scenes, the chief of which was the debarkation of Æneas from Troy, and his landing in Italy; the Castle of Windsor, of which William de Windsor, a Geraldine, was constable; the arrival of Maurice Fitzgerald's ship, as precursor to Strongbow, at Baginbun, with many embellishments of the after career of the Geraldines in Desmond, Kerry, and Kildare. Near the hearth, where a pile of bogwood burned on brazen "dogs," the Lord Deputy's guests were seated round a table of black oak, covered with cloth of gold, on which was a beautiful urn full of perfumes, a reliquary, and a missal. Huge chests of polished cedar were laid by the walls, in which the papers and household stuffs of the earl were said to be deposited. At the lower end some pieces of armour, spears, and shields, were hung upon the wall. The whole room was lighted by a silver chandelier, filled with oil-lamps, which cast their dim lustre over the apartment, except where—near the council table—the fire threw a broader and clearer light.

Kildare occupied a central seat: near him sat the Archbishop of Dublin, the Lords Portlester and Malahide, the Prior of Kilmainham, the Baron of Slane, Chief Justice Plunkett, the Mayor of Dublin, several members of the Geraldine family, and Dowdal, Master of the Rolls. Their conversation seemed, from its confidential tone, to be on business of moment to the state.

"My lords," said Kildare, "I have your pledge,

and, I doubt not, your devotion. I will read for you, therefore, the missive lately sent us by the Duchess of Burgundy:—'*To our most trusted and beloved cousin, Gerald, Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of Ireland, greeting. We have heard from those parts, of your lordship's devotion to the succession of the house of York to the throne of England; between which house and your own, many courtesies and services have been, and, God aiding, will long continue to be exchanged.*' [The Duchess is pleased to say so.] '*And we have heard, moreover, that many noble lords and puissant gentlemen, with much of the chivalrie of that realm, are of your lordship's mind in this matter,*' [the Duchess, I ween, hath had a trusty informant,] '*and do stomach, but poorly, the late crowning of an ill-begotten usurper in England;*' [the Duchess hath truly termed him my lords; he is verily an ill-begotten usurper;] '*this is to advertise you and our other faithful friends and allies of Ireland, who, one day, shall be recompensed according to their desert,*' [and that will be highly, indeed,] '*that he who ought to wear England's crown, will soon throw himself into their loyal arms, by which aid, God's, and ours, he hopes to be lifted up unto his rightful inheritance.*—Margaret of Burgundy.' My lords, the bearer of this message further tells me of that which is alluded to in the close of this letter, that John, Earl Lincoln, whom Richard declared his heir, is at the Burgundian court; that 2,000 men, well armed, under the command of Martin Swart, are prepared to aid, if we say it, in this enterprize. Dear friends, I pray you be not hasty in this weighty business; think what it is to enter into a war with England—but think, also, what it is to abandon the righteous cause, because the usurper is strong. Ye are my allies and brethren, and I would not, for Richmond's crown, imperil your lives and fortunes; but that is not imperilled which is risked in a holy cause, for therein, even to lose fortune, is to gain renown. Our friends are strong in England, Lord Lovell's rising showed that; they are powerful in Burgundy, as this missive we have received proves; and we are not, I opine, inconsiderable here in Ireland. This bastard of the house of Somerset having no foe in England, will turn all his power against us whom he knows to detest falsehood, bastardy, and usurpation; but if you so resolve it, we will be before hand with him. Speak freely all: I will abide by whatever the general voice decrees."

When Kildare had finished his speech, the impetuous Plunkett, the chief justice, said: "Reverend fathers, and noble lords, it appears to me this matter admits of small debate; let us count our strength: if we have hands enough to pluck the crown from Richmond's head, let it be done. If not, why, in God's name, be not disloyal for the satisfaction of having your names sung in a ballad after your bodies have been strung on a gibbet."

"We all here are for Edward VI.," said Kildare.

"All!" was the universal response.

"I can answer for a thousand kerne and five hundred hobblers," said the Lord Deputy.

"And I," said the Baron of Slane, "for seven hundred horse and foot."

"And I," said the Prior of Kilmainham, "for all the retainers of the houses of St. John, in the four shires."

"I am a poor secular," said the Archbishop of Dublin, "but you shall have my benison."

"And mine," said the Bishop of Meath, "with seven score rose nobles."

"The citizens of Dublin will not be laggards," said

the Mayor. "My Lord Deputy, I will pay you sixty marks on Strongbow's tomb to carry on the war, and furnish you with three score archers and twenty men-at-arms towards the hosting, whenever it is proclaimed."

Kildare, who anxiously watched the fermenting of his yeast, rose, much agitated, and said: "I would thank you, dear friends, fathers, lords, and gentlemen, severally and heartily, and on my own account I do so, but for the estates ——" He walked to the further end of the chamber, lifted the tapestry, and, opening a door, cried aloud, "enter."

The door was flung open, and Maurice Fitzgerald, lord chancellor, appeared in his civic robes, with an ecclesiastic, stooped and grey, having between them a youth of about seventeen years of age, of grave, noble, and beautiful countenance, and attired in the height of the current mode.

"My lords and fathers," cried Kildare, "behold this injured prince! Behold, peers of Ireland, the rightful heir to England's crown, who, escaped from the tower, hath fled to your loyal breasts for refuge, accompanied by this good priest, Sir Richard Symon. They, I mean his English nobles, who should have been a shelter to his youth, saw him sent to a base prison. They, I mean the citizens of London, who should have stoned his adversaries with the uprooted foundations of that prison, basely deserted him, talking their loyalty over their heaped tables, while he hungered and thirsted in his fetters! Look upon him, my lords; does not his port proclaim him royal? Sir, you have fled from your kingdom but to return to it circled with unflinching friends. These gentlemen are no weak waverers that take up any cause lightly or lay it down easily. You are not without subjects here, and, lowly on my knees, I claim to do you homage, Edward VI., king of England and France, and lord of Ireland! Long live Edward VI.!"

"Long live Edward VI.," repeated they all, bending on their knees as the earl had done.

"Rise my lords," said the Prince, advancing to them; "it were fitter I, a suitor for your aid, should kneel to you, than you to me. Be seated, I beseech you, and let us take council of your wisdom."

That night a new allegiance was sworn in Thomas-court, but it was not yet to be proclaimed.

CHAPTER V.—THE HAWKING IN FEIN-ISKHE.

SIR Piers Barnwall, after a long slumber, through the woof of which many bright dreams were woven, awoke at a later hour than he was wont, on finding the morning sun streaming full on his face. To his surprise he perceived his squire standing by his couch.

"You have lately learned to be astir betimes," he said, half vexed to be caught slothfully napping beyond the prime.

"Sir Knight, you know that the franklin who misses one of his sheep over night, seldom lets the matin pass without a search after it: I had that on my mind which would not let me sleep."

"Rather say on your stomach, Hugh. I dare be sworn your chief care was your last night's drink, and your greatest anxiety, where to renew it, to-day."

"Of a truth," said the squire, "it is not always I have wherewithal to do so, yet am content with my lot, though hard. But of this anon. Yester night, sir, I went to the Chapel of St. George, where I met with the major-domo of the Earl of Ormond."

"Ah!"

"He told me, as a secret, that his lord will quit Dublin to-morrow, that is, to-day, for there is that in the wind he cannot bear the ordure of. He asked me to inform you of this, as touching your interest, and that you might have yet time to visit the earl."

"I will see him to-day, Hugh," said Sir Piers, "this day, before sun-down."

"I told him," said the self-possessed squire, "that you were somewhat fickle, but sound at the core—a sort of apology of infinite value for ne'er-do-wells, and one that has seen service—that you would amend through time, but that you were firmly attached to the Lancastrian succession."

"A very proper account of your lord, though I doubt not well meant. Go to, and prepare my horse; I must see the earl to-day."

The squire departed. As he made his exit, a servant of the Lord Deputy's came with information that the court was to go on a hawking party, that day, in Fein-iskhe, and requesting, in Kildare's name, his presence. The ladies, he was further informed, were to be of the company. "I can see Ormond before sunset," said the knight to himself; and so he sent back the messenger with word that he would join the party.

It was now near noon. In the court yard of Thomas-court, were an hundred horses, of all races and sizes, from the fiery charger of the cavalier to the gentle jennet of the lady. The broad front of that noble palace—for palacial it was in extent, grandeur, and inhabitants—was of stone, divided into compartments by uprights and beams of wood. Wooden corbels supported the cornices and mouldings over the windows and door-ways. In the angles of the court, the falconers stood by their shagged ponies, with the casts of falcons sitting on frames suspended from their necks, to which frames the birds were attached by jesses or straps of leather fastened to their legs. The sportsmen discoursed professionally together, lamenting that so propitious a day should be so wasted, by those who were about to share the sport.

Apart, equally from the falconers and the spectators, were two persons before mentioned in this story, the tenants of the ruined house near St. Owen's Church. They were engaged in confidential discourse:

"That is her palfrey," said the giant, "I tell you. But I would rather be that dumb beast, and near her, than the Lord Deputy, the grand O'Neil, or the King of England."

"Pish!" said the dwarf, "so would not I, Sir Patrick Darcy. Power and money will command even woman's will; and if you wore a crown instead of that broken bastenet, you'd but have to say the word, and she was yours."

"It may be, it may be," responded Sir Patrick, who seldom dared to differ from the imp that led him—as cunning ever leads manhood—whither he would, "but I will watch her to-day, and strive to gain her presence, if I can."

About noon the fair and puissant company issued into the court. The Lord Deputy and his chosen friends were apparently as free from care as if no design of moment had overnight engaged their thoughts, and the ladies they led forth looked still fairer than they appeared the day before. Among them were Fionuala, Alison, and Eustachia, who were placed in the sage van of the company. The two former restrained their eyes with maidenly modesty, neither looking to the right hand nor the left; but the little

heraldress threw her merry glances on all sides, with the privilege of mere girlhood. Even the giant received a look of consideration which pierced his troubled breast as the sunrise the huge mists of the sea. The procession moved at a regular pace towards the Ormond-gate, from thence to the Bridge-gate, across the bridge, and into Oxmantown.

Sir Piers rode in the rear of the cavalcade, with his friend Sir Morogh some distance before him, and Sir Gibbon Fitzgerald by his side. The coxcomb had avoided the press of the crowd, lest it might disarrange his attire; while Piers being clogged with ruminations, unconsciously bore him company. He was dressed out in the extreme of the mode; his doublet opened in front, and laced like a boddice, displayed his fine linen beneath; itself made of velvet, it was spangled with silver, and the aiguillettes were of cloth of silver. His hose were of the same material. His beard was pointed and perfumed; and his cap, a modification of the Celtic *baraid*, was of the pattern then most highly prized in Britain and "the Pale." His shoes were of Moorish leather, and his gloves made of the fleece of a golden fawn. His horse was attract in corresponding splendour, and two tall, unspotted grey hounds, followed at his heels.

"*Perdie*," said the coxcomb, "the air is a little cold, and blows from the north, I ween."

"From the west," said Barnwall.

"By 'r lady, I think it is from the north."

"I do not find it so," said the Knight of Drimnagh; "t'is a little sharp, but not too rough for a soldier's cheek to bear."

"Ah! Sir Barnwall, you were reared in the plain of Dhuvall, and are used to the mountain winds, as savage as the O'Briens themselves; but 'tis less to my taste than summer weather." And the fop shrugged his aggrieved shoulders, and shook his head.

These, the only words they had yet exchanged, were spoken as they passed St. Michan's Church, and came in sight of the outskirts of the Park. An aged Dominican friar was crossing to a by-way in haste, as Sir Gibbon ceased. He seemed to have beneath his habit something attractive to the instincts of that knight's dogs, for they no sooner perceived him, than they leaped violently upon him, threw him on the ground, and tugged from his hand a pipkin, from which an odour, as of steamed venison, arose. At this the fop burst into a loud laugh, encouraging the unmannered brutes by several phrases intelligible to their ears. But, Sir Piers jumping from his seat, first raised the old ecclesiastic, hoping him unhurt, and then rescued the pipkin from its captors, having dealt them many energetic kicks in the interim.

"Hold, hold, Knight of Drimnagh, would ye kill my dogs; hold, or I will spear you where you stand."

"Thanks, master Barnwall," said the poor friar; "thanks, and an old man's blessing be with you, for your true genero'ity."

"Generosity!" cried Sir Gibbon, "to belabor my poor dogs like a clown."

"Sir Hugh."

"Sir Piers, holy father."

"Sir Piers, heed him not; 'tis a poor weakling, grown up in stature, but not to manhood. Heed him not—pray you heed him not. He that will not reverence age, his own age shall be unreverenced."

"Father, I will do as you will—farewell!"

Age is ever grateful for kindness. As the knights rode off, still less in love with each other than before,

the friar gazed after Barnwall until his dim eyes could see him no more; then he raised the sleeve of his habit to the strained orbs, as if they had been suddenly filled with moisture, and turned away. It was the Infirmarius of St. Mary's, going on a mission of charity among the descendants of the proscribed Danes of Oxmantown.

The sun, with April suddenness, now shone over the woods and leas of Fein-iskhe. It was then in reality a right royal chase. As far as the eye could see, were undulating plains bordered with ancient standing woods, and watered with many clear streams. Far southwards the Dublin highlands lay up to the sun, as if ambitious of his countenance. Beyond the Liffey rose the home of the Knights Hospitallers, from whose demesne the forest of Inchicore stretched its gigantic files into the inland. The hawkers were grouped together in an open area, from which they could survey the whole scene. The grooms and the falconers' assistants were beating up the thickets, and questing about the silent waters of the valleys for game. The Lord of Offally sat on his horse, near to the deputy, and by him was his daughter, who seemed less desirous for the sport than the exercise it gave. As they were thus waiting inactive, Sir Piers summoning up all his courage, advanced to them and tendered his services to wait upon the lady. The O'Connor looked at him, and then at his daughter, and granted his request, coupling it with many grave charges. At the same moment Sir Piers perceived Sir Gibbon in discourse with the Lord Deputy.

"Fair lady," said Kildare, turning about, "I will commend you, if you will, to the care of our cousin Gibbon here, who will not lead you into danger, rest assured."

"I have already enlisted a knight in my service, my Lord," replied Fionuala, "and it would be an injustice to this beavy of beauty to engross another."

The earl was silent. Just then a covey of partridges rose shrieking into the air, and were followed by some pheasants. Above these, rose a solitary heron, startled at his remote fountain, by which, hermit like, he was found pondering on himself. The falconers gave their loosed pupils to the ladies who cast them into the air; that of the lady of Offally, a bright-eyed, strong-winged, sharp-clawed, ambitious bird, mounted in pursuit of the heron, which sailed away gradually westward, towards Castlenoe. "The field" had dispersed in divers directions, and so the lady and the knight rode westward also, keeping in sight the feathered combatants, who now seemed near enough to strike. Away and away flew the heron and the hawk. The latter had stooped, and was assailing his victim from beneath; the heron flapped its broad wings, rose and fell, and wheeled like a warrior hard prest in the lists, but all the time advanced further westward. Suddenly a change came over the heavens—dark clouds seemed to rise up from the four winds, as if to a general tryst; a dead calm in the air succeeded, then a few heavy drops, hot as if from the brow of the elements fell, and the rain began to pour in torrents. Three plummy sycamores stood in the path of Sir Piers and lady Fionuala; under these she rode on her palfrey, while he, dismounting, led his statelier steed to the same shelter.

"Our day's sport, I fear, is done," said the lady.

"Done, and yet I do not fear for it. Lady, perhaps fortune has led us from the chase, and heaven itself driven us to this retreat."

"Visibly heaven has done so."

"And for its ends. You would not hear me talk last night of love. Will you not now?"

"Sir Knight of Drimnagh, I have distrusted ever that love which shows itself so soon. Great passions are like these trees; they grow not suddenly, they bend not quickly, they stand the round of the seasons. The favours of summer do not oppress them, nor the wrath of harsh winter shake them from their ground."

"Truly said, fairest predicant, and when these trees were first visible, had they been unregarded, they would have perished."

"A poor plea; and yet, Sir Piers, I do not say I misbelieved you; but, in this strange court, it behoves me to pause before I speak. If you were of mine own race, the elder race of this land, I would take your word as the Gospel itself. But I do not know the nature of your clans of "the Pale," and, therefore, I must needs take time to learn."

"What you say is wise, lady; it has the cold wisdom of the world. But it seems to lodge in your warm breast, like the canker worm beneath the sun-ripe fruit."

"Sir Piers, Sir Piers, you know not what you say; you are as young in the world as the eyas that this morn first mantled its wings, and would have hawked as fiercely at a scald crow as at the kingly heron himself. I did not say I *would* not love you."

"Pardon me, lady—friend—Nuala—I will task my soul to change your 'would not' to 'I will.'" And the knight taking her fair hand, which hung unguardedly at her side, kissed it devoutly, raised it, and laid it on her saddle.

The storm had ceased, but the hawk and the heron were no longer in the air. Through the long, wet, grassy avenues, the lovers turned homewards, not doubting that their companions had already left the field. Before they had gone far, they perceived lying dead on the ground, the victim of the chase. But near him lay also the vanquisher. His eye glazed, his proud breast all gory, and his plumage torn. The knight dismounted, tied them together by the hawk's jesses, and flung them over his saddle-horn. Thus both, moralizing on the event, rode on.

As they approached near the confine of the park, towards the city, they heard, advancing, the muffled sound of a troop of horse. Withdrawing from the way, Piers placed his fair charge in safety, and himself in a position of observing the new-comers. The first files consisted of menials, by whose dresses the knight knew they belonged to the Earl of Ormond. In the rear, circled by his guard of kerne and mounted men-at-arms, and accompanied by half a dozen noble youths, his clients, rode the Butler himself, a loose, merry looking soldier, with iron grey hair and beard, armed at all points. The conviction flashed at once on Barnwall's mind that the earl was deserting Dublin. Making a sign to Fionuala to await him, he rode from his concealment and confronted Ormond. For a moment the latter imagined he had fallen into an ambush; but seeing only a single knight, armed with sword and dagger, his fears gave place to surprise.

"Who are you," he exclaimed, "that thus stay our march?"

"Piers Barnwall, of Drimnagh."

"Ho, by Saint Kenny! You are come, Sir Piers, somewhat late, but nathless, you are welcome; fall into our company."

"My Lord, I cannot. I am bound back for Thomas-court."

"Thomas-court! Then, Sir Ingrate, what in God's name do you here? Do you wish to tempt us to forestall the executioner? Begone to that den of traitors, and fatten in the arch-traitor's stall, by and by you will be fed enough for the felling."

"My Lord Ormond, say as you will, I am as good a Lancastrian as any in this presence, not saving him that sits in your own saddle. I have a charge at hand that I cannot abandon, but by abandoning mine honour. And if I now marched with you from what you call a den of traitors, my own heart would turn traitor and stay behind."

"Oh!" cried the earl, half in mockery, half in mirth, "so, so, Grace, Walsh, le Poer, beat up these bushes, till we get a glimpse of this dove that hath trussed up the falcon of Drimnagh in his high flight of youthful promise."

Barnwall drew his sword and placed himself before the thicket where Fionuala was concealed.

"Back, gentlemen," he said, "if you wish to bring your lives to your friends southwards."

The tone of his manner, and the visible prowess of his person changed the earl's mood.

"But what do I say," he muttered, "how wild to waste a moment or a word in this folly. "Knight of Drimnagh," he added aloud, "return into yon dis-leal city. If in ten days from this you appear at our castle of Kilkenny, we will hold you guiltless of the cursed crimes of ingratitude and treason; ourselves the Barons Howth and Bermingham and the leal citizens of Waterford, convoke our strength there. If you fall by the way, your name shall be unstained. But for God's love get from under Kildare's roof as fast as you can; proud and high as it appears to-day, it will yet be powdered and trampled dust, wet with the blood of its rebellious lord. Remember, ten days is given you to be at our gate. Move on, my men, on!"

The knight bowed, and watched them as they vanished in the distance. He then rejoined his fair companion. His eye was lit with fresh fire, and his whole figure dilated with honest self-esteem. She, who had overheard all that passed, also felt a strange sensation of delight and pride in the issue. And as they rode towards Thomas-court, Sir Piers observed with a keen intensity of pleasure, that her eye sought his more frequently than it had done before, and her voice was more eloquently musical than it had been during the day.

While crossing the bridge to Bridge-gate, Fionuala observed an aged friar attentively regarding them. She thought, too, she could hear him muttering a benison as they passed, an impression that deepened her innate satisfaction. When they reached the court they found their companions of the field had already returned before them, and various were the comments passed upon their tardiness.

[To be continued.]

Round Towers.

A.D. 1020. All Ardmach burnt wholly—the Damliog with its cover of lead, the steeple with the bells.—*Translation of Annals of Ulster*, British Museum.

THE origin of the "Steeple," or as they have been called by learned men in modern times, "Round Towers" of Ireland, has been so mystified by profound Irish historians, that a writer has an excellent chance

of a coronet of black beans, if he venture to assert that the steeples are no mystery at all. It is unbecoming, no doubt, in a neophyte to dogmatise, where Bishop Lynch, Dr. O'Connor, Dr. Lanigan, and Dr. Milner doubted; and, therefore, if any opinion of decided conviction should break out in these remarks, the reader will please to remember the preliminary anathema against precocious dogmatism. Ireland is a land of mystery—the richest soil in Europe, and yet the poorest nation—the elder sister and teacher of England, yet England's hated slave: these things are a puzzle to statesmen at the other side of the channel, and yet the beardless politician is not censured by his countrymen when he protests in the face of the great British nation that they are not mysteries, but things palpable as Nelson's pillar on a bright morning in June. Give then a similar amnesty to a harmless speculator on the origin of the steeples, especially if from being Jack o'the Lanterns to the antiquarians, they may become great lights to a people. To this humble plea are hereby fearlessly subjoined an act of hasty contempt for what our countryman, Burke, calls "the superstition of antiquarians," and an act of cordial faith in another oracle of the same man, "people will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors, always acting as if in the presence of our canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity." Not many years ago, a young Irishman, stocked with an average knowledge of his country's history—which in those days was not very high—was discoursing with a company of intelligent Frenchmen, on the spread of Catholic literature in France during the last twenty years. They spoke with all the enthusiasm of their country, on the established fame of Count de Maistre and Bonald, the rising glory of Montelambert and La Martine, and many other *abilities* of the literary world whose names have no connection with Irish steeples. They remarked also the decided tendency of the national taste for the preservation of the old monuments of the country, and the erection of churches, many of which have since been completed, and may bear a comparison with the greatest wonders of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It would be straying too far from Irish steeples, to recount what was said of the pyramids of Egypt, or the creations of the painter and sculptor in various ages. After a long statement of facts, they began to philosophise, and establish, by what they called the inductive method, the existence of a general law in the moral world, whereby genius acted on genius, as deep calleth unto deep, either by a moral force—namely, the force of example and emulation, or a physical force, such as awakes the broken echoes of the myriad windings of Killarney, or clothes by the same genial sunshine, the pear-tree with its surplice, or the apple with its purple. Their laws, their nation, the succession of their effects, intermittent in some countries, perennial at Rome alone, were not very intelligible to the Irishman, partly because the power of attraction or generalization, had been absorbed in his attempt to lay up a store of knowledge, and still more because the laws were directly opposed, as he thought, to well known facts in the history of his own country. He was not preaching in an unknown tongue, when he assured his philosophers, that Ireland was once the luminary of the western world, and that in many of the cities, churches, and schools of France, Irish genius and learning,

and in one great instance (at Poitiers) Irish architectural taste had won high fame in the old annals of France. But where are the architectural monuments, on the Irish soil corresponding to this literary glory? Gigantic stone crosses, and diminutive chapels—these are the only monuments, very respectable no doubt for their age, but immeasurably below the standard of cotemporary literature. Their surprise was the greater, as this glory of Ireland was principally religious. Wherever the Catholic church goes, she feels at home, and builds for eternity—she demands the tithes of genius, grapples with the political revolution, or repairs its effects; and can evoke and sanctify the highest flights of intellect and charity, with as much ease as she can suffer and live in caves during three centuries of persecution. Every country on the face of the earth, wherever she has flourished, preserves eloquent traces of her majestic presence. Was Ireland from 530 to 900 an exception to this rule, or were her literary pretensions exaggerated? Thus, in every city and barony in Ireland, you have great churches and monasteries to remind you of the ages of St. Malachy and Duns Scotus; during the short sway of the Catholic confederates the arts, if we can believe Arsdekin, flourished in all the confederate towns, especially at Kilkenny; and in the present age, while the Catholic genius of Ireland is repairing the havoc of three centuries (during which the only religious stone-works in Ireland were ruins) cathedrals, and parish churches, and convents, and all the accessories of Catholic civilization, painting and sculpture are rapidly springing up around us. Could it be maintained that an analogy, good in all other countries, and in Ireland at three different periods, was fallen during these ages when Ireland was an island of sages and saints? Can it be, that those men who raised their country to so proud a position as few countries—save Rome and Judea—ever attained, have left on the Irish soil no great and eternal monument of their fame? Foreigners came over from Rome and Egypt to Ireland, "*amandatus est ad Hiberniam*" was, according to Camden, a stereotyped passport to fame, in the lives of literary men during several centuries, and Irishmen were the patrons of many churches, the founders of universities, and apostles of many nations, at least in one-half of Europe. If those be historical facts, resting, not on the testimony of Irishmen alone, but on the concurrent assertion of the mediæval literature of Europe, is there not the strongest reason for expecting some great cotemporary architectural monuments in Ireland? But what increases the difficulty still more, is the acquaintance which Irish ecclesiastics must have had with the great churches of other countries, not half so favourably circumstanced as their own, during the convulsions subsequent to the dismemberment of the Roman empire. The Irishman who knelt in the great churches of Rome, and beheld the splendid relics of the Roman empire, returned to his own country, and never dreamed of erecting anything grand on his own Irish soil; nay, he had before his eyes, at home, great monuments built by Pagans; and which, whatever be their other merits, have at least that to which all builders look, the principle of eternity, standing to this day as perfect as when the scaffolding was first taken down. Yet with all his foreign knowledge, and those domestic examples, he was content to build his little church by the side of those Pagan towers, as the Arab pitches his tent beneath the shadow of the Pyramids. Does the history of the world supply such a striking con-

trast? On the one hand, the very highest place in the literature of the day, both sacred and profane, and such a miracle of art as the gospel of St. Columb—on the other, an ignorance scarcely inferior to that of the savages of New Zealand. The contrast, at all events, was a profound mystery to the young philosopher, and after many ineffectual attempts to explain it, it was unanimously decided, that from some inexplicable idiosyncrasy in the Irish Catholic mind, Ireland's most brilliant age was the only one in the history of the church which had left no great architectural witness to posterity. But to return to the steeples—one of the disputants asked, whether *they* might not be, perhaps, monuments of those Christian ages; but as the Irishman had never examined them, the answer was a decided negative, because they were not larger than a respectable chimney, which, he asserted, was their real use in the days of the fire-worshippers, and there was no possible Christian object worthy of a reasoning mind for which they could have been originally designed. Thus ended the discussion, leaving the question of ancient Irish civilization the same mystery to the Frenchmen that the present misery of Ireland appears to be to British statesmen. But has not the mystery been expounded yet? has no filial hand rescued Ireland from the exceptional and dishonourable position of being the only Catholic country which does not imprint her faith on some immortal monuments? or, are we to say, that the ancient Irish was like the modern English church, which if this famine and fever were to sweep us all to the tomb, would not leave for future colonists one respectable religious monument of its existence in this land? Surely, in this history-loving age the question deserves serious consideration, and on holier and more natural grounds than "the superstition of antiquarians."

If the excavator in the marble quarries of Rome, light upon the limb of a statue, and find that the material, the artistic skill, and even the veins of the marble are the same as in a mutilated trunk which had long since been dug up in a different part of the city, he needs no profound antiquarian lore to decide that the fragment belonged to that trunk, and if the Irish steeples appear on examination not to be overgrown chimneys, but well adapted for Christian purposes—if their site always near the church, their material and workmanship like the church, all the varieties of their doors, and minutest ornaments, even to the curl of the statues' beard—if all these rays point to a Christian origin—if, moreover, many of the phenomena of our strange history, especially during the very respectable resistance of this land to the Danes, be well explained, by supposing that most of the steeples were built by the Catholic Irish during the Danish invasion, is not the mystery of the young French philosophers solved? Does not Ireland, instead of being an exception, powerfully confirm the great Christian analogy? for, may we not say to France and England, and every country at this side of the Alps and Tuscan sea, show us, if you can, on your own soil, Christian ornaments so numerous, so old, and with all their singularities so respectable. Ireland once held a distinguished place in the literary and religious history of Europe, and spilled as much Danish blood as you, and these steeples are the witnesses of that piety and patriotism. If the Lord of hearts should ever, in His great mercy, unite all her sons before the old altars, and inspire them to enjoy, this fair land which He has given for *their* use and

benefit, they must assemble their young men every year around these steeples on the anniversary of the great day of Clontarf, and administer to them the patriotic oath, to hold Ireland for the Irish, peaceably, of course, legally, and constitutionally. No man would ever pass by one of those stout old antagonists of time, without making an act of faith in the church, and of love for his country. "Always acting, as if in the presence of our canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess is tempered with an awful gravity."

The best arguments for the Christian capabilities of the steeples, are a visit to one of them, and a pair of good eyes. In Dr. Lanigan and Dr. Milner's day, the doors invariably pointed to the east, and the windows in the top to the four cardinal points; nor was there any sign of stories or rafters, or any little window to light them. But this is all changed now. You will see that the doors do not always point to the east, nor the windows above to the cardinal points, unless there be five, six, or seven such points; that there are stories always varying in number, from four to eight, distinctly marked by belts of stone, or ledges, or sets off, or holes in the wall for joists; and that each of those stories has its own little window, which happens to be in shape coeval to all the church windows. Then you may find, by measurement, that the eight storied steeple, for instance, could afford accommodation, tight enough no doubt, to the monks and clergy of a moderate-sized establishment; and the bards and brehans (who were too old to tilt with the Dane), with their books and laws, and chalices and vestments, which, with provisions for a short siege, could so safely stand in one of the stories, while the signal fire of distress flamed from the large upper window, and summoned the country to the rescue. Thus, a monastery could live for some weeks in one of the steeples; but military men are best judges on this matter. "The Irish pillar tower," says Colonel Montmorency, "taking into account the period that produced it, may fairly pass for the completest invention that can well be imagined. Impregnable every way, and proof against fire, it could never be taken by assault. Although the Abbey and its dependencies blazed around, the tower disregarded the fury of its flames; its extreme height, its isolated position, and diminutive doorway, elevated so many feet above the ground, placed it beyond the reach of the besiegers." The brave daughter of St. Bridget, without throwing aside even her veil, and with half the nerve of the women of Limerick, could keep a legion of Northmen at bay, by sending down any sort of missile or disposable blocks of granite, from the large window over the door or in the upper story, on the heads of the assailants. The Dane, however, sometimes forced the door, and then the steeple became an awful fire tower. Thus, in the Four Masters, A.D. 948, the "*cloitreach*" of stone (the steeple) was burned by the Danes, with its reliques and good people, and the crozier of the patron saint, and a bell, the best of bells. And again, A.D. 1097, "The *cloitreach* of Monasterboice, with many books and treasures was burnt." Still the most convincing proof of the profound wisdom of the steeple architects, is the general success of their invention, for every church and monastic establishment, not excepting Armagh, Derry, Kildare, or Clonmacnoise, was frequently, during the course of two hundred years, burned by the Danes, and yet the Irish church was never reduced so low by these barbarians, as England was in the days of Al-

fred. He could not find, south of the Humber, a single priest able to read Latin, while Ireland—though her annalists describe the Danes as second only to the tyranny of hell—still sent out her apostles and learned men to France and Germany, and founded some of her noblest establishments in the latter country. The fact is easily explained—the curse of invasion swept over the land, overwhelming the church and convent, and college, but the Pharos stood unmoved; when the storm passed, the priest with his Scriptures and sacred vessels, the brehan with his laws, the bard with his poetry and chronicles, moved once more over the chaos, and reorganized the elements of Christian civilization. When you reflect that the English destroyed many Irish manuscripts on their first arrival in this country; that the same vandal achievement became a regular system under Elizabeth, and still more under Cromwell, that even in the middle of the last century, manuscripts were seized by government, and yet, that there are large piles of unpublished materials in the libraries of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy, you may form some estimate of the national treasures once preserved in the steeples, and of the sagacious views of their architects. Had the steeples been larger, besides the great additional expense, they would be less defensible; and moreover, the same Christian aspiration which planned the dome of St. Peter's and the spire of Strasburg, would have prompted the Irish abbot to select such a type of architecture as could raise the cross on the pinnacle to the greatest height. And does it follow, that because the Irish loved a profusion of luxuriant ringlets, and preferred the flowing robe of saffron to the skimpy habiliments of modern times, and allowed several folds of gold and silver lace for the dress of their ladies, to the great annoyance of Henry VIII., the Vulcan of false *keys*, they must necessarily have indulged the same lavish taste in architecture? Many of the steeples were built in the Derg, the Cluain, or the Innis; places expressly selected by the monks, because of their solitude and desolation; and if the steeple was sufficient for the monastic family, where was the use of a larger keep?

But you will say, that there is not, and never was, a steeple, except in a church-yard; that the door of the steeple has, as fixed, a position relatively to its neighbour church, as the star in the tip of the tail of Ursa Major to the star in his snout; that the cross, the crucifixion, the arches, the angles, the grating, the zigzags, and images of Kildare, and other steeples, are all found in the churches of the eighth and ninth centuries. Even so, may not the Christians have found the steeples ready made, by the fire-worshippers or other idolators, and, after the overthrow of that established religion, built their churches near them, and copied their style in the Christian architecture? This hypothesis may, in some minds, counterbalance the evidence already deduced from the ordinary progress of Christian civilization; but it was only an hypothesis: it has no direct testimony, native or foreign; at best, it is only "a may-be," and of that peculiar kind which strikes with most force on those who can see best in the dark; and yet, though we have very full details, legendary and authentic, of the progress of Christianity—how Pagan idols were broken in the temples, and Druids encountered in their strong-holds—Pagan customs abolished—Pagan books burned, and other natural consequences of a religious revolution, the steeples are most unaccountably consigned to oblivion, though, if

they existed at the time, their venerable associations should have made them the "Crom-a-boo," of the priests of Crom, against the white-robed Failgear, whose paschal fire, on the hill of Slane, was to spread over the whole kingdom—supplanting all Druid fires, and burning through all ages in the Sacred Isle. Some learned men, enthusiasts for this old Pagan glory of Ireland, say that the steeples are sepulchral Pagan monuments, but, unfortunately, some of the steeples which have been excavated rested on the solid rock, without the slightest trace of any bones or tomb, and, even where bones were found, there were none of the characteristics of the *historical* Pagan sepulchres of Ireland. In the ordinary course of human events, the expensive tower would be the culminating point of monastic prosperity, and might, by chance, strike its eternal root over the monks or faithful who had long since gone to rest near the Abbey Church.

If other arguments were necessary to confirm the opinion, that those towers are the representations of the great Catholic age which has been so highly extolled by Digby, and even by Guizot, they could be taken from the very name by which, in the Irish language of the present day, and in all our written authorities, legendary and authentic, they are universally designated. *Cloiteach* (bell-house) is the only name by which our fathers called them; and, though it may have been sometimes metaphorically applied to defensive secular keeps, its literal signification must, according to all the known laws of language, be in accordance with the universal usage and tradition of the country, and the authority of our manuscripts. They, by oral explanation, unanimously interpret "cloiteach" as a "belfry;" and, if any one ask: Why a defensive keep should have taken its name from the "bell," which was only accessory, let him consult Petrie's Essay on Irish Bells, and the Catholic Ritual, whence he may learn the mystic sublimity which the Church bell held, and ought to hold, in Catholic philosophy.

But where did those obscure Islanders find the type of the eternal towers? We might answer: where have they found the secret of being faithful to Rome amid the sad wreck of all the northern nations, many of which they converted?—but could they not find the altitude of the steeple in their own heavenward aspirations, and, in some cases, in the more earthly motive of a watch-tower? It is not the least among the glories of Brian of Clontarf, that, with true conservative policy, he founded, as Mac Liag informs us, not less than thirty-two church steeples (*cloiteachs*).

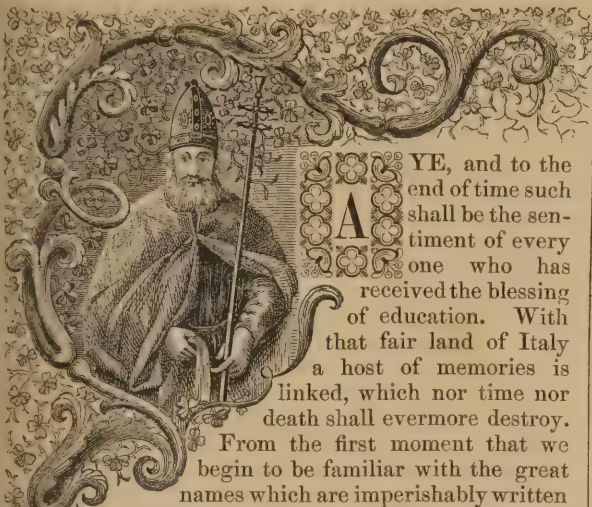
Will the silver bell of St. Bride ever breathe its gentle music from her tower at Kildare, inviting the young students in a great central Lyceum to unite a prayer to "Mary of Erin,"* with the *Ave Maria*? Will the solemn peal, booming over the placid lakes from the towers of St. Kevin, never again soothe the autumnal eve of great men, who served Erin well during life's long day, and await now the dread summons in the solitudes of Devenish or Glendaloch? Smyth, a Presbyterian minister, in his life of St. Columba, cites an old prophetic hope of the kind, regarding the monastic resurrection of Iona. We may not see it, but we ought to guard the steeples as the apple of our eyes, and never forget where lies the true secret of our strength.

* A common name of St. Bridget with the old Irish bards.

The Papacy.

GREGORY XVI.—PIUS IX.

Italy, empire of the sun ! Italy, mistress of the world ! Italy, cradle of literature, how often has the universe been thy subject, tributary to thy arms, thy beauteous arts, and clime !—*Madame De Staël.*



AYE, and to the end of time such shall be the sentiment of every one who has received the blessing of education. With that fair land of Italy a host of memories is linked, which nor time nor death shall evermore destroy. From the first moment that we begin to be familiar with the great names which are imperishably written on the page of history, has not Italy been the object of our speculations ? Romulus, Numa, and Tarquin, furnish our first notions of the monarchical principle, its rise and ruin. Democracy, and the struggle of the commons against patrician authority, is chronicled on that sacred hill, where the plebeians camped, and raised the standard of Republicanism. Looking down upon Time's onward course, what glorious recollections rise from out the depths wherein they lie, like the ruins of a whelmed world. The great Rome of the emperors, extending its conquests from the Pillars of Hercules to the confines of India, and thence to the fastnesses of the Caledonian mountains—striking down the empire of the Alexanders and carrying arts and science captive in the march of her mighty legions ; does she not seem to us, to have been built for eternity, and garrisoned against the assaults of time and man ? When Tully reposed in the shade of his Tusculan, and the Falernian bard listened to the thundering Anio shaking the foundations of the sybil's temple, mid the olive groves of Tibur—could either of them have thought that this mighty power would one day crumble and be despised ? that these invincible legions, scattered over Gaul, Asia, and Africa, would be destroyed, and those iron ramparts which stretched along the frontiers of the empire be trodden down like mud 'neath the feet of barbaric myriads, pressing to the devastation of the Mistress of the World ? 'Twere hard to suppose that such forecastings could have engaged the mind of the bard, the orator, or the statesman. That glorious city was the centre of greatness, arts and civilization—multitudinous armies sentinelled her frontiers and garrisoned her colonies—her fleets swept the seas, and the sculptured emblems on the rostrum proclaimed them invincible. The immortal gods had special care of this great empire—the reeking victim and the incense of Araby were offered daily on a hundred altars to the fabulous hosts of Heaven—senators pronounced the indestructibility of its institutions, and Virgil sang that its greatness should last for ever. But Time has taught us that they erred. From the shores of the Euxine, and

the morasses of the North, there arose a mighty horde who knew not mercy and scorned civilization ; Goth Hun and Vandal armed for Rome's overthrow, and the helots of the empire were made the instruments of its ruin. Even so it may yet be with other nations, but from far different causes and dissimilar agencies ; the great events which were the forerunners of the destruction of pagan Rome shall never fling their giant shadows on this earth again. Christ, the son of the living God, has come into the world and the face of the earth has been renewed ; the portico of Solomon, where he taught, has disappeared—over the foundations of the temple where he prayed the ploughshare has traced its furrow, and of all the dicta of philosophers and statesmen against which he raised his voice, what now remains ?—nothing, save their memories. When he foretold the destruction of the daughter of Sion, the Pharisee and Sadducee laughed his prediction to scorn ; nor was the painful vision of the future, then before the eye of the Eternal, exclusively connected with the Jewish metropolis ; far otherwise—the hum of mighty armies and the marshalling of fierce hosts came upon the ears of Christ, and moved before his all-seeing eye—compassing the strongholds of corruption and idolatry, and reducing the world to a state of chaos and darkness, till informed and enlightened by the teaching of the Gospel. Judea has seen the prophecy realized to the letter—her people, scattered to the four winds, have been reduced to a captivity exceeding in duration and ignominy all her former vicissitudes ; no prophet comes to breathe a hope of return : the Mahommedan has built his mosque where David pitched the ark—the city of Solomon shall never be rebuilt, and more than eighteen hundred years have echoed that terrible voice, pealing louder than the thunders of Sinai : “*Christus venit, regnat, imperat.*” And Rome, too, has fallen ; her forum is as silent as the lips of Tully and Hortensius ; her “senate and people” no longer sway the destinies of the world—the palatine with its golden house has been abandoned by the Cæsars, and Olympian Jove has no priest to offer the garlanded victim on the capitol. The same sun still shines upon the soil, the same blue Heaven still canopies the seven hills, but high above the yellow Tiber towers a mighty dome, such as had not entered the conceptions of Vitruvius, and half-concealed in the mid-Heaven, springs from its summit the emblem of a spiritual empire, which shall not terminate its career on earth till the son of God comes to judge the human race, “*stat crux dum volvitur orbis.*” That “vast and wondrous dome” is now the capitol and council-chamber of an empire, whose power and rule are recognized at the uttermost ends of the world ; the indomitable Parthian and the naked Antipodean acknowledge its supremacy and its laws ; eighteen centuries have witnessed the unbroken succession of its high priests, whose commission bears the seal of the Man-God's authority—compared to which the proudest of this world's patents are as the chaff which is scattered before the wind. The genealogy of that priesthood is inscribed in letters of gold on the records of Heaven ; for the grandest struggle which has ever engaged the thoughts of men has led to its enthronement. In that conflict humility triumphed over pride—and liberty, vindicating man's immemorial rights, has utterly destroyed slavery and death. Caligula, Nero, and Domitian exercised a tyranny such as after times have not seen ; thousands, like Cato of Utica, could not find a crag or homestead where liberty had taken

refuge in the days of these monsters, and stabbed themselves in despair. In the war which Christ's Gospel waged against such men, a paradox was vanquished—for, freedom of thought and action was proved not to be the right of one or more tyrants, but the birth right of man in every clime, age, and condition. "Confess me before men," said Christ our Lord, "they will stone you and put you to death for the avowal—but no matter, persevere, for the Gospel shall triumph—slavery shall be banished from the world—the weapons of your warfare shall be virtue and sanctity, and the rights of mankind shall be reasserted in your blood." And so they have been; the kingdom of Christ has risen on the ruins of ignorance and prejudices—the strong-hold of force and fraud has tumbled at the clarion sound of truth, and the ensign of the cross has supplanted the eagle of the Cæsars. Were it not for this, where now would be the civilisation and enlightenment of the world? Were it not for this, where would now be all our systems of modern legislation of which that struggle was the basis? Alas! how often, in the enthusiasm of our dreamings, do we forget the fountain-spring while drinking of the stream as it flows; and how greatly do we err, when we do not recognise liberty's first dawning upon the world at the moment when a Pope dwelt in the catacombs, and a Nero blasphemed the name of Christ!

And this fair land of Italy was the scene of these stupendous events; in her colosseum and circuses this grand drama was enacted—the victory which she was to win had long endeared her to the Lord for whom she bled; and, in the fulness of time, it was decreed that she should reap a rich reward. Favoured as was Judea of old, the Eternal God had decreed to give to Italy a more exalted position among the nations. The high priest in the old dispensation had but a narrow sphere; his authority did not extend beyond the mountains which girdled the land of promise, but the Pontiff in the new covenant, was destined to rule, and govern, and influence to the very limits of the creation. Who but the divine architect, whose fiat called earth, and air, and all things that be, could have conceived the notion of such a magnificent empire? Who but the Supreme pastor of souls could have originated that lofty design, which exhibits to us the whole human race with all its peculiarities and contrarieties of climate, manners, and conditions, hearkening to the voice of one shepherd, and taking refuge in one fold? Yea, verily it was the work of the right hand of the Most High, and the further we go back in the history of nations, the more forcibly does the conviction come upon us. The gravestones of those who have slept for ages—the records of these times which chronicle saints and heroes—the bulls of the Popes which are in themselves the epitome of this world's history, prove beyond question the marked and special interposition of God in the creation and maintenance of that hierarchy, which, like the ladder of Jacob, based upon earth lifts its summit into heaven.

And now, turning to the consideration of the temporal power of the Popes, where can we find any other monarchy to which this world stands so deeply indebted? The oldest dynasties on earth exhibit to us their founders clothed in strength, and raised to a state of pre-eminence by force of arms and oppression. Capet and Hapsburgh, not to speak of other princely houses, which compared to the former, are as the creations of yesterday, readily bring to mind that iron time

when the *jus fortioris* was the only acknowledged claim to sovereignty. With these, how strongly is not the Papal power contrasted? The foundations of the Pope's temporal authority were not laid in fraud, violence, or usurpation; whoever would fully investigate its origin, must seek and find it emanating from the Christian idea, which, in order to fraternize mankind, built him a throne and fenced it round with arms of faith and intellect. In the middle ages, when this temporal authority, and the spiritual influences were everywhere recognised, how splendid were the results, and how much does not civilisation owe to the exercise of both? Pope Leo the Great, taming the heart of Attila, was the embodiment of a principle which saved to the world these glorious remains, without which art would be now only in her infancy. Hildebrand, dying in exile, has taught us to admire that unbending spirit of perseverance in right, but for which the world might have retrograded and left to posterity an additional record of havoc and blood. The Papacy is essentially necessary to Rome—and what would Rome be without the sovereignty of its Pontiff? Villani, Muscato, and other historians, have left us a painful picture of the miseries which came on the Christian capital, when Clement V. passed the Alps and took up his abode in Provence. Need we rehearse the evils which resulted to the Pontificate from that unwise act? Suffice it, that Venturino da Bergamo, a celebrated preacher of the fourteenth century, raised his voice, in every pulpit of Tuscany and Lombardy, against the transfer of St. Peter's chair from Rome to Avignon, and that Petrarch* mourned such novel centralization. Dear as Vauluse was to him, he did not fail to urge that the domicile of St. Peter's successor should be nearer the well-spring of the Mamertine prison;† and verily, with good reason, for when Rome fell into the hands of the inconstant populace who sustained the Tribune against the barons in the time of Innocent VI., it was God's interposition that preserved us a wreck of her old glories—the Flavian amphitheatre—the tombs of Cestius and Metella—the triumphal arches and aqueducts were converted into strong-holds by the contending factions; nay, the very statues were broken up to be used as missiles by the belligerents, and the burnt capitol had scarcely begun to smoulder, when the barons parcelled out among them the patrimony of St. Peter. Nor is the temporal sovereignty of the Pope less necessary to Rome in the nineteenth than it was in the fourteenth century. Were the Eternal City consigned to Austria, France, or Russia, its ancient monuments would be soon transferred to adorn the galleries of the Louvre, the Schoenbrunn, or the halls of the Semiramis of the north.

The abominable philosophy of Voltaire was levelled against the spiritual and temporal authority of the Popes; and it is strange that the counsellor of the tyrant who first conceived the notion of partitioning unhappy Poland, should have had such fatal influence on the minds of his own and successive generations. Alas! cold doubt engendered a cursed infidelity, and the world has wept tears of blood for the pernicious teaching of one man. The disciples of Voltaire were taught to believe that the ruin of the Papacy would restore liberty to mankind, and the march of a French

* Rer. Sen. Ep. 13.

† In the Tullianum or Mamertine prison, at the foot of the Capitol, there is a well in which St. Peter is said to have baptized his keepers, while he was detained in the dungeon in which Jugurtha was starved.

army on the capital of Christianity was hailed as the forerunner of the world's emancipation. Alas! for the fatuity of erring man! God's providence did not abandon the chair of Peter, when Pius VI. died in a Hospice of the Alps, surrounded by the satellites of the terrorists. Pius VII., torn from his principality, returned thither in triumph, and lived to learn the overthrow of the greatest mind and the greatest power which ever combined to crush the world. Since then what great events have marked the history of man—more than one throne has tottered from its foundation, and monarchs have sought the refuge which Rome affords to exiles. He to whom God has committed the guidance of his Church in our times, has already won a European reputation—an admiring world recognizes in him the vindicator of man's rights, and the restorer of that sacred freedom, which, from the days of Petrarca down to his own, has burned with fitful flame in the hearts of his countrymen.

He on whom the duty devolves, must chronicle the accession of Pius IX. among the great facts of the nineteenth century; and surely no former period shadowed forth such wondrous events. The gradual return to the centre of unity, the eager grasping of the human mind at every wreck of the ages of faith, which may float it from the sea of doubt and infidelity to the haven of repose, is evidenced by the investigating spirit which characterizes our times. Men are beginning to look with amazement on the worn-out prejudices of former periods, and wonder at the folly of their ancestors—while the last efforts of Russian and Teutonic tyranny are cursed, from the snow-fields of Siberia to the heights of the Caucasus. Austria, leagued with the Emperor of Russia, thus making herself the vanguard of Tartars, shall not stay the onward march of freedom; and God in his own good time will avenge the blood of Poland, and the base outrage practised on Cracovia.

At such a crisis, what wisdom and consummate prudence are required of him who wields the destinies of the Church. Had he nothing to engage his solitudes save the gigantic spread of Catholicity 'twere an awful weight even for the Vicar of Christ; but God has fitted him for the burden, and in the brief space that has elapsed since the elevation of Pius IX., we have had ample room to judge of his great capacities. Succeeding one whose holy and pious life is his highest eulogy, Pius has taken the tiara from a head which ached and throbbed beneath it as though it had been a thorny crown. Happy was that day which chose him to fill the place of Gregory XVI!—conversant with the ways of men, and familiar with the spirit of the age, he was prepared to meet the demand for reform, which fell upon his ears before he crossed the threshold of St. Peter's. A day had not elapsed after his enthronement, when he gave the world to know that he would be in advance of his time, not dragged in the wake of the popular movement—but, as it best befits him, guiding, controlling, and purifying it. The wily policy of Austria, and the revolutionary spirit of France had pained and fretted his predecessor's pontificate: the tri-color on the ramparts of Ancona, and the Austrian eagle on the mouldering battlements of Ferrara, were set up as the rival standards of two factions who in the pursuit of their own aggrandizement cared little for the interests of the papal authority. Gregory XVI., ever dreading a recurrence of these horrors which came on Italy when Napoleon's army crossed the Alps, lived in perpetual apprehension lest

the French would sooner or later descend on Civita-Vecchia, and scale the walls of Rome. To be rid of such unhappiness, he threw himself on the protection of Metternich, thus hoping to silence the discontent of his subjects. 'Twas an unwise resolve—and the pontiff found himself cajoled by the great head-piece of the Vienna congress. Austria, ever anxiously lusting for that portion of the Papal dominions north of the Apennines, fomented the greatest unhappiness, and made the Pontiff answerable for their vexatious tyranny. The Emperor of Russia desirous to establish a territorial possession in Italy, made overtures to his Holiness for placing troops at his disposal, in order thus to counteract Austrian interference. The proposal however, was not, entertained; for much as the Pope lamented that his people should be overawed by Austrian bayonets, he recoiled from the contemplation of those demi-savages who had deluged the plains of Poland with the blood of her children. Who can wonder, if, under such circumstances, Gregory XVI. looked back through tears and sorrows to that period of his life when the regulation of his humble cell, and the devotions of the choir, and his studies made his sole concern? Threatened by France—made responsible for the tyranny of Austria—tormented by the effete cabinet of Naples, he had nothing to afford him consolation save the triumphs of the Faith in far off regions.

What a mighty work has fallen to the lot of Pius IX., and at what an auspicious moment has he ascended the throne of St. Peter. The day that saw his predecessor entombed, might have proved ruinous to Italy: a single blow "struck in hate or ire," might have thrown her back a century; but she knew that though patience had been overstrained, yet God, in his own good time, would send her hope and consolation. The first act of Pope Pius was one of clemency and wisdom. The guns that boomed across the Tiber on the day of his coronation announced a new era to his people. The prison-bolts of St. Angelo were unlocked for political offenders, while proclamations recalled the expatriated Italians who had been driven into exile to propitiate the Gaoler of Spielberg. The news spread with the rapidity of lightning, and from Bologna to the Campus Martius arose the shout of a grateful people, invoking blessings on their deliverer. Henceforth German sabres shall not be needed, French intrigue shall not embroil, and the wild horsemen of the Don may betake them to the Cherkesses, and leave their bones to bleach in the valleys and highlands of the Caucasus. Oh! but it was a splendid sight, when a thousand generous youths, restored to their homes and freedom, assembled before the Palace on the Quirinal, and pealed out that hymn which, reverberating in the deep stillness of the night time, called forth half the population of Rome to bless the advent of the anointed Rienzi. That demonstration was the knell of Austrian bondage, nor are we free to regard it as the ebullition of momentary enthusiasm. Since then what triumphs have awaited the papal monarch! wherever he moves his presence is hailed with rapture—festive arches span his road—joyful voices shout his name—the stalwart men of Trastevere, and the sun-burnt hunters of the Campagna make his escort—ready to do and die for him who lives and reigns in the affections of his subjects. And why should they not love and reverence him? The work of reform is already commenced—political offences are forgotten; the laws are to be remodelled; popular rights

respected; obsolete immunities cancelled, and municipal privileges reasserted. When the pontiff has placed himself at the head of this great movement, who can doubt that Italy is steadily advancing to nationality? That living light which lately blazed along the Apennine chain troubled the heart of the despot who reigns at Vienna; it had a deep meaning, yet not so mystic as the hand-writing on the wall of the Eastern tyrant; may it prove the *mene thecel* of oppression in Italy, and all the world over. Cracovia, bleeding Poland, and Lombardy ground down by bearded Croates, have gathered hope from the omen, and Pius IX. may live to see the regeneration of his native land. Have we not a fore-shadowing of this great consummation in his acts? Railroads are to traverse his states from Centumcellis to the Adriatic; commerce is to be increased and facilitated; exports of provisions are to be rigorously interdicted to prevent a visitation which is to be attributed to the sordid avarice of man, and not to that Providence, which, opening its hand, fills every animal with benediction. The representative of Christ on earth, it well becomes him to guard and cherish the liberty of his children; that liberty is not the offspring of revolution and anarchy—'tis the daughter of Christianity and the hand-maid of the Church.

'Mid all our anxieties for the weal of this dear land, why should we not share our sympathies with the people of a sunnier clime? 'Neath the shadow of Rome's crumbling fanes, he who preached tidings of redemption to our fathers, received his apostolic commission. A thousand proofs have we had since then of the benevolence of her pontiffs, in a great measure atoning for the fatal act of one, who, perhaps unwittingly sent us gyves and bondage. Did not Italian swords and Italian aids contribute to win us one of those brilliant victories,

"Whose memories are the stars that light
Long nights of shame?"

Within Rome's walls our banished priests found a welcome and a home, and the greatest of our chieftains awaits the resurrection in the crypts of the janiculum. And now, Oh, sacred Heaven! when this land has been turned into one wide tower of famine, wanting little of the horrors of Ugolino's dungeon, has not the Pontiff acted nobly by us—contributing generously of his own resources, and dispensing of the treasures of the Church to those who take compassion on our miseries? May God forbid that we should ever be unmindful of all this. Grateful memories these for us, but grander are the associations which endear that land to its own sons. Dante, Tasso, Raphael, Columbus, and a thousand others, to whom the universal world shall ever more do homage, sprung from her soil; and, if we err not, time shall yet inscribe the name of Pius IX. on that page which records the benefactors of the human race. *Fia sacro.* Land of great memories!—empire of the sun!—cradle of arts and literature, may the fondest hopes of thy children soon be realized.

"Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the Keys of Heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

THE HYMN

"*Stabat Mater Dolorosa,*"

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH.

I.

LONG she stood, the Mourning Mother,
Long by Calvary's Cross she stood,
Pierced as with a hundred spears;
While the grief she could not smother
Bathed her pale face in a flood
Of exhaustless tears.

II.

Who shall paint her heart's affliction,
Who depict her soul's dismay,
In that ghastliest hour of hours,
The dark hour of Crucifixion,
When Hell triumphed in the sway
Of the Evil Powers?

III.

When she saw her Son, the glorious
God of Mercy, Love and Light,
Tortured by a ruffian horde—
Then, alas! awhile victorious
O'er the world-controlling might
Of that Son and Lord?

IV.

And what pen, what power of painter,
May describe how sharp a sword
Rent her anguished Virgin breast
When, each moment waxing fainter,
Her Beloved, her Son and Lord,
Sank at length to rest?

V.

Oh! thou holiest, fondest, meekest
Mother of the Holiest Son,
Let me weep His woes and thine!
So may I even, though the weakest
Child of Clay, when Life is done,
Soar to realms divine!

Religious Toleration.

Now, that a more cordial and kindly spirit is beginning to preside over the intercourse of Irishmen, and that parties, too long estranged by fierce political and religious dissensions, forgetting their sectarian hostilities, in the pleasing duties of common charity, begin to discover in each other more congenial feelings, more heartfelt sympathies, more of the finer and nobler portions of our nature, than hitherto they deemed each other capable of, it will not, we hope, be judged inopportune, to offer a few thoughts upon Catholic views on religious toleration. When Catholic priest and Protestant parson, ascending peer, and popular agitator are cordially uniting in a holy rivalry of benevolence, it may, we are convinced, contribute to foster and consolidate that happy reunion, to lay before our separated brethren the light in which we, as Catholics, are bound to regard those who differ from us in religion. Such an exposition, however, has other, higher, and more abiding objects in view. We wish from our hearts' core, to see a kindlier feeling spring up between us and all our fellow-subjects and fellow-men; but we

wish to see it flourish without compromise of principle, and without sacrificing one iota of that high-toned, deep-felt, all-pervading Catholic spirit which it is the aim and pride of our existence to cultivate. Some there are, no doubt, even among Catholics, who may deem our exposition rather hostile than friendly to such a union of parties. Why, they may ask us, at a time when our separated brethren extend to us the right hand of fellowship, obtrude upon their consideration stern doctrines from which their prejudices must revolt, and at which their feelings must shudder? To such we answer, that we are too thoroughly convinced of the rational soundness and comprehensive charity of this, as well as of every other portion of Catholic doctrine, to apprehend that it will, when clearly understood, make an unfavourable impression upon any rational and benevolent mind.

We may further add, that Protestants seldom correctly understand our real sentiments upon this matter, and that, in nine cases out of ten, their misapprehension is more calculated to beget aversion than to foster a kindly feeling towards us. Moreover, we sincerely hope that this happy result may long survive the melancholy cause that produced it. We wish that this better feeling, which our misfortunes have contributed to propagate, may become an abiding characteristic of Irish society; and hence we wish to see it established upon a clear and solid basis. Catholic principles and sentiments are unchangeable. We have no power to alter them, and as little disposition to cloak them. No good and permanent result can be much furthered by paltering with principle; and no result, however desirable, would, in our minds, sanction the adoption of means so disreputable. Our object, as far as Protestants are contemplated, is to lay before them a full and intelligible exposition of Catholic sentiments, relative to what we regard as errors in faith; that they may fairly canvass them and see whether they will find anything of which, with their boasted spirit of toleration, they can fairly complain. We do not, indeed, pretend to be able to make Catholic doctrine fully palatable to Protestant tastes. There is an unshrinking sternness in our principles upon this head, of which we are neither able nor willing to divest them. We have no disposition to weaken the effect which the conscientious convictions of many hundred millions of Christians, may have in stimulating the just fears of some, or in disturbing what we must regard as the dangerous security of others. But our object now is not polemical. Much as we may wish, we do not expect to make converts. But we do expect to convince Protestants, that, though there is much in our doctrine which they may not admit, yet there is nothing in it that can at all be regarded, either as indicating a want of Christian charity towards them, or as disentitling ourselves to a full participation in their kind and hearty sympathies. We appeal to that proud and boasted right of thinking for themselves, which Protestants so forcibly assert; and in the name of consistency we demand of them, to recognise the same privilege in us. We claim it to its fullest extent. We claim it not only in questions of a confessedly religious nature, but also in deciding what are, and what are not to be regarded as coming under this denomination.

A remarkable instance of what we cannot help designating as intolerant intolerance, occurred in a late number of the *University Magazine*. Speaking of the part which an illustrious Irishman, lately deceased, took in relation to the Provincial Colleges' question,

the writer treats us to the following rather curious exemplification of Protestant liberality of sentiment: "He felt humiliated, as we did, that a nominally free people, whose mouths at the time were full of the conventional watchwords of national independence, should have sought to submit a matter *so purely social* as the education of their youths, to the decrees of a foreign corporation: manfully opposing the reference of the Irish Colleges' Bill to any other tribunal than a national one, he petitioned the legislature in favour of the measure introduced by the minister."

Now, we have no disposition to quarrel with the writer in the *University Magazine* for regarding education of youth as a purely social question, totally disconnected from religious sentiments. He may, for all we care, feel that it would be degrading on his part, to submit such a matter to the adjudication of what he calls a foreign corporation. But, with every respect for his judgment, we must assert our equal right to regard the matter in a light very different. There is not a sincere Catholic who does not consider religion as intimately connected with a proper system of education. That father who would be indifferent about the religious sentiments of those who are to mould the growing mind of his child—to foster and develop its good, and correct and suppress its evil inclinations—would be universally regarded as betraying a culpable indifference about the dearest interests of one whom God has intrusted to him. Our Church, as a loving parent, has always watched, with the tenderest solicitude, over the education of her children. She has ever exercised a jealous vigilance over those who were intrusted with this important charge. Nor can this be deemed an idle caution. A Protestant, we know, may be a very learned professor, and a very amiable man. He may possess, in very high degree, many of the noblest qualities, both of head and heart; we feel proud of the acquaintance of many who are ample illustrations of this. Yet, notwithstanding all these recommendatory qualifications, we cannot help believing, that many of their religious sentiments are unsound and dangerous. We know, too, that the religious sentiments of the teacher may, imperceptibly, and even unintentionally, make their way to his instructions, and thereby make an unfelt (and the more dangerous because unfelt) impression upon the plastic minds of his youthful pupils. Besides this, it appears manifest, that by proper care the education of youth may be made the means of fortifying and enriching, as by neglect it may be that of corrupting their religious sentiments. To us it would appear but a poor recommendation for a system of education, that it left the religious sentiments of the pupil totally unheeded. Education is, with us, a question essentially connected with religion. There is no diversity of opinion upon this head. Every sincere Catholic is thoroughly convinced both of the evils and blessings which, in a religious point of view, it is capable of producing. None therefore can, without culpable compromise of principle, be indifferent about the religious bearing of that secular education which our youth are to receive. There is no intolerance in this, as may be clearly illustrated by an example. Let us suppose that there is a member of the medical profession, who has attained a considerable celebrity in some departments of his art; but who, rightly or wrongly, is supposed to have imbibed some serious and dangerous errors in medical science—errors which may lead to practices the most pernicious in his profession. Would he, we

ask, be considered a prudent father, who would intrust to such a practitioner the life of a loved son, believing that whilst he cured a fistula he might induce consumption? Yet such a physician might be an amiable man; he might be a talented and learned man. The estimate formed of his professional skill might be erroneous. Still it would be no intolerance, but the exercise of prudence, in those who thought of him as we have supposed, carefully to avoid him in the practice of his profession. If this be true in what concerns the body, how much more so is it in what concerns the soul? Protestants may believe that their sentiments are neither false nor dangerous. They are welcome to think so; but they must be content to allow us to form a different judgment.

There are points, however, connected with education, upon which conscientious Catholics may differ. All may not form the same estimate about the extent of danger in any given system of education. Nor is it necessary that they should agree about the efficacy of such means as may be thought of for counteracting this danger. A defective system may be bad, but good men may think the want of any system worse. As the question of education stands at present, there is ample room for diversity of opinion; but there is no second opinion about the religious character of the question. If toleration is to be anything more than a name, we are not to be sneered at for submitting it to ecclesiastical adjudication, whether at home or abroad, this being, upon our principles, the only proper mode of settling religious questions. We are not to be insultingly asked, how can geometry be taught upon Catholic principles? or, how is algebra to be regulated by the rules of the Council of Trent? To this silly question we have only to answer that geometry and algebra do not constitute education. There is more in the proper training of young intellects and young hearts than can be accomplished by lines and angles, or the ingenious evolutions of *X*'s and *Y*'s. We stand upon our own principles, and insist that we have a right to think and act in conformity with them. We stand upon our numbers and importance in the state, and insist that we have a strict right that whatever system of education is to be extended to the people of this country, be so shaped in our favour, that we may, without any compromise of our own principles, avail ourselves of its benefits. We do not seek to regulate the education of others. Let others speak and act for themselves.

Our object, however, in this paper is rather with the members of our own communion than with Protestants. We are anxious to foster a kindly feeling between us and all our separated brethren; but we are more anxious, we confess, to cultivate a bold rich Catholic spirit among ourselves. We wish to impress upon Catholics the propriety of a straightforward ingenuous conformity with their own principles in their manner of speaking and acting towards Protestants. We would earnestly impress this upon them, as more high-minded, more independent, but above all, as more religious. A spirit of toleration has happily of late become more fashionable than heretofore; but, like most fashionable sentiments, it has often been driven to excess. Many Catholics, and generally not the least educated, feel so anxious to excel in this agreeable qualification for social intercourse, that they care little about compromising their religious sentiments. Some there are, who seem to regard their religious principles as the tradesman does his holiday garments,

that are to be carefully hung up during the week that they may be taken down, upon Sundays, uncreased and unsullied by the rough and toilsome labour of his ordinary calling. Some of them, we fear, are not so regular in renewing their acquaintance with their religious principles, as the tradesman is in visiting his wardrobe. They think it liberality, not to allow their distinctive religious sentiments to make any impression upon their mode of acting in the common affairs of life—but they are wrong. Religious truths are not dry abstract principles; they are practical sentiments, that must impress themselves upon the conduct of such as feel them as they ought. What reason is it for suppressing their influence, that a respected friend does not recognize their truth? These persons too often act as if they feared there was something in these principles that would not bear the light of day. They delight in a sort of mawkish liberality, that manifests itself in vague unmeaning expressions, about “common Christianity,” “essential principles,” and “minor differences of opinion”—expressions which have an intelligible meaning in the mouth of a Protestant, but with them either are totally meaningless, or imply a sense highly at variance with Catholic sentiments. They are, indeed, unwilling directly to gainsay any doctrine defined by the Church; but they hesitate not to do the same thing by implication.

In pressing these considerations upon our Catholic brethren, we are not to be understood as encouraging a coarse, offensive bearing towards those who are separated from us in religion. The Catholic spirit is essentially a spirit of conciliation—a spirit of sincere and ardent brotherly love. There are, indeed, we regret to say, Catholics to be found, seldom however among the educated, who, actuated rather by the morbid feeling of the partizan than by the meek and loving spirit of the Christian, seem more desirous to wound the feelings than to edify the souls of their separated brethren: by presenting Catholic sentiments in a garb coarse and forbidding, they excite ill will where they should rather conciliate affection. We are not for gratuitous obtrusion of our sentiments upon reluctant minds; we would, with St. Paul, sincerely wish to see all men as ourselves in this matter; but a coarse obtrusive attempt at proselytism would, we think, neither become ourselves nor serve those whom we would fain convert. We would like to see our religion propagated; but it would be by the earnestness of prayer, by “a manifestation of the spirit” in charity and love, by an exemplification of Catholic orthodoxy in the purity of Catholic morals, and, upon suitable occasion, by calmly but firmly accounting “for the faith that is in us. We are no advocates for acrimonious polemics; they may gratify pride, but they can neither conciliate prejudice, nor cherish those rich and holy qualities of the heart, that are the soul and substance of Christianity.

That in our doctrine, to which we would especially wish to direct the attention of our separated brethren as bearing upon our present subject, is the unbounded charity towards all men, which our Church inculcates. Charity, with us, is not a mere evangelical counsel; it is a Christian duty, and no error, however gross, or crime, however enormous, can place a fellow-man beyond the sphere of its obligation. Charity, to be genuine, we are taught, must be a real internal feeling of benevolence, that wishes well to the neighbour here and hereafter, rejoices at his happiness, sympathizes for his miseries, and is ready to lend assistance to the afflicted, according to its abilities and the circumstances.

of the case. Our doctrine has been repeatedly calumniated as encouraging a cold, unfeeling, and even malevolent disposition towards those who are separated from us in religion. This calumny has been eagerly propagated by those who have an interest in religious and political strife. So incessantly have they urged it, such various changes have they rung upon it, that many well-disposed and kind-hearted Protestants have been caught by the deception. From their earliest years they have been taught to regard us as a cold-hearted, blood-thirsty race, who would make a merit of imbruing our hands in the blood of those whom we regard as heretics. So forcibly have many of them been convinced of this, that when fortune brought them within the acquaintance of high-minded Catholics, whose kind and warm-hearted disposition should disabuse their unlucky misconception, they regarded this rather as the triumph of the natural goodness of the individuals over the corrupting influence of their creed, than as the genuine result of their religious sentiments. Against this pernicious calumny, Catholics have often protested. The fullest answer we can give is by appealing to our doctrine—where any such pestiferous sentiment will be sought for in vain. The doctrine of the Catholic Church is easily appealed to—there are no gnostic mysteries, no esoteric organization, no masonic secrets; all is open—all is before the world. We appeal to our definitions of doctrine, to our canons of discipline, to our accredited books of instruction, to the writings of our approved theologians, and we defy the most malignant scrutiny to discover anything at variance with that unbounded charity towards all men—that deep, practical feeling of good will, which, we assert, our Church inculcates, as one of the holiest and most essential duties of a Christian. Where then is that baneful doctrine, of which we are accused, to be found? Nowhere else than in the heated imaginations of our calumniators.

If members of our Church have displayed a rancorous persecuting spirit, our religion is not to be taxed with it. A blind, earthly zeal, and the rabid feelings of the partizan may mix themselves up with the holiest cause. In becoming Christians or Catholics, we do not cease to be men; nor do the grosser feelings of our nature necessarily lose their influence; besides, religion is often only the pretext, whilst worldly objects are the real motives. It is not from isolated cases that the spirit of Catholicity is to be estimated. Our religion is no more chargeable with these than she is with the hard-heartedness of the oppressor, or the villany of the murderer. From this unjust and unwarranted sentence, we appeal to what our Church openly teaches, and to the conduct of the majority of her people—particularly of those who are most strict in the observance of her commands. In the former, universal benevolence is inculcated; in the latter, it is practised. Oh! the spirit of Catholicity is truly a spirit of charity, of sincere unbounded charity—charity for every creature stamped with the image of the Creator—for every soul purchased by the blood of our common Redeemer. We are bound to regard every man in particular, as ransomed by the blood of the Man-God, and to have a sincere wish that the beneficent intentions of the Saviour be not frustrated in his regard. If then we believe the condition of our separated brethren to be dangerous, and think that they are making void the blood of the Redeemer, it is not because we take complacency in what we regard as their misery. We do not hastily adopt this conviction, as agreeable to our

prejudices, but are forced into it as the inevitable result of what we regard as the clear unmistakable principles of revelation. Protestants may consider our premises unsound, but they cannot charge our conclusion with want of charity; they may think our intellects weak, but they cannot regard our hearts as unfeeling. If a kind neighbour be led from his own views of things, to consider my condition as dangerous—have I any right to quarrel with his judgment? If actuated by the goodness of his heart, he feels for what he considers my misfortune—am I not bound to be grateful for his sympathy? I may disregard his judgment, but I must admire his heart.

That we do regard separation from our Church, as pernicious to the soul, we do not deny. If by toleration, we are to understand an admission, that antagonistic creeds may be true or may be harmless, we at once wave all claim to its possession. Our Church does teach, and every consistent Catholic must believe, that she is the only authorised interpreter of the Word of Truth—the only accredited “dispenser of the mysteries of God.” Every doctrine opposed to her doctrines, she regards as erroneous; every altar raised against her altar, she deems an abomination. She exacts of her children an implicit submission of their judgment to everything she teaches; and forces them, under the sanction of anathema, to receive her decisions as infallible. This submission of our judgment to what we regard as an infallible church, is not to be considered as a blind tribute of the will to the authority of a superior. The Church is our superior, commissioned to govern, as well as to teach us. But the authority whereby she commands our obedience, is different from that which serves to fortify our faith. A person may obey a superior, and even may be bound to do so, though he have serious doubts as to the propriety of the command. But no one is bound to believe a doctrine, nor can he believe though he were willing, as long as there remains upon his mind a remnant of rational doubt of its having been revealed. The authority of the Church, we consider as sufficient to dispel every doubt; because we regard the promises of the Redeemer, as guaranteeing her decisions from every taint of error. When, therefore, our Church calls upon us to submit to her directions, she does not, as some would have it, “compel us to put out our eyes that we may grope our way by the light of a distant star;” but she commands us to fix our steady gaze upon what we consider a clear effulgent light that shines upon a mountain—that by its aid, what of ourselves we could not, we may be able to distinguish between genuine and counterfeit revelations. Light is the province of intellect; but it is not necessary that all our judgments rest upon a clear intuitive knowledge of the matter in question. More than half our knowledge depends upon authority human and divine. All our faith rests upon revelation, and the genuineness of revelation is known only from the motives of credibility that accompany it. As a revelation, once given, may become involved in obscurity, the establishment of an organ, commissioned to guard and expound it, is quite in conformity with the economy of God in giving such a revelation. That God has established such an organ, most Christians admit: Catholics believe that he has endowed it with infallibility. Upon this point hangs the whole dispute between us and those who differ from us. This is with us the alpha and omega of religious controversy. All other disputes may resolve themselves

into this, and it is resolved into the fact, "did Christ promise to preserve His church inviolate?" None can say that it is beyond His power to do so. Who can deny that it would be worthy of His providence? If we be right upon this point, we are right upon every other. If we be wrong, a wide field, we confess, opens for error. However that be thought of, it must be admitted that, believing, as we do, our church to be infallible, we act most rationally in submitting to its decisions. If, then, we regard all adverse creeds as essentially false, it is because we are convinced that our own is infallibly true. If we regard separation from our church as pernicious, it is because we believe her to be the one, only expositor of divine truth, to whose infallible judgment all are bound to submit—the only "dispenser of the mysteries of God," wherein alone the waters of life, are to be sought and found. There is no intolerance in this. We cannot call that light which we believe to be darkness. We cannot look upon that as innocent which we are convinced to be pernicious.

Where the clear unequivocal decision of the Church does not stamp upon a doctrine what we must regard as the infallible seal of truth, there is full scope left for the exercise of opinion. Protestants sometimes charge us with inconsistency, as considerable diversity of opinion is tolerated within our Church, whilst their dissent is stigmatized as heresy. To understand us upon this point, it is necessary to bear in mind that we make a wide distinction between doctrines and opinions. Everything connected with religion has not been defined by our Church. It appears that it was the will of God, that in this land of imperfection, we should not have absolute certainty upon everything in religion. The leading points of Revelation are placed before us by the Church in bold relief; but out from these the shadings often become so faint, that it is impossible to determine where truth ends and error begins. Here is the legitimate province of opinion—here the Church not only permits a right to differ, but guards it with jealousy. Saint Augustine has well expressed the spirit of the Church in these beautiful words: "*In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus charitas.*"

Does it follow, from what we have been saying, that Catholics must regard all those who die out of actual communion with our Church as inevitably lost? We emphatically answer that it does not. In the first place, we are taught that baptism may be validly conferred by a person who is not a member of our church; consequently, we believe that all those are saved, who having received this regenerating sacrament, die without forfeiting, by any act of theirs, the high privilege therein received. As to those who have arrived at the mature use of reason, we know that much of their error may be owing to invincible ignorance. No man is bound to believe any doctrine, without sufficient motives of credibility; nor is any one bound to submit to our church's teaching until her credentials are clearly made known to him. How far invincible ignorance may excuse the errors of our separated brethren, we do not pretend to determine. We do not wish to set limits to the mercies of God. Gladly we would cling to any hope that would go to extend them; but we know also that his justice is severe and searching. We know that upon every man there devolves a fearful responsibility of corresponding with the light that is vouchsafed him. An indolent apathy, or a pertinacious adherence to preconceived opinions, too often, we

fear, makes many extinguish the little light that begins to flicker in their souls, and which properly attended to, would bring them to the required knowledge. We know too, that flung upon the world and its distracting cares, with all its incentives to sin, they are deprived of those powerful aids, with which God has enriched his church, to fortify the weakness and subdue the passions of her children. There is no sacrament of penance to wash away the filth contracted by sin; no bread of life to nourish and fortify their tottering souls, no altar, no sacrifice. When we consider all these things, we are obliged to moderate our hopes in invincible ignorance, as a cover for the errors of faith. We willingly admit that salvation is not impossible; but our fears prevent us from saying more. But this we know, and this we must believe, that such as are saved, are saved only because, on the one hand, invincible ignorance rendered separation, even in death, excusable; and on the other, clinging to the light and aid conceded to them, they died in the loving embraces of their God and Saviour.

In these hurried lines we have endeavoured to lay before the reader, as clearly as our abilities enabled us, such of our doctrines as bear upon the question of religious toleration. We have said nothing about the infliction of civil punishments for religious disbelief, because our Church teaches nothing upon the matter. If in past times, such punishments have been resorted to, the civil powers of particular kingdoms alone are accountable. However, before we rashly condemn such conduct, we must bear in mind that the most ardent admirers of religious liberty cannot hold that treasonable principles should be propagated with impunity, under the guise of religious sentiments. Few, we think, will deny that many of the sectarians adduced as punished for their religious opinions, preached doctrines of a treasonable nature. It should also be recollected, that innovations in religion are generally attended with civil commotions; and these, of course fall under the province of civil authority. In further mitigation, it should be borne in mind, that antecedent to these innovations, the ancient religion was universally received in these countries. To stop by force the spread of a new religion, is very different from compelling a people, by force of arms, to abandon an old one. The Catholic church has often restrained the indiscreet zeal of kings, in wishing to further the spread of Christianity by force of arms; but it could not be expected that she would make a stand against civil power, whilst it made use of the means at its disposal, to crush a movement which both must have regarded as pernicious to the souls of the people, and subversive of the peace and security of the constitution.

Protestants who regard these movements, as identified with the spread of the Gospel, will hardly comprehend the justness of our reasoning. But to form a just judgment of the conduct of others, it is necessarily, as Dr. Whately, to his credit, observes, to place one's self in their position. If there be anything real in Protestant toleration, they cannot condemn men for acting in conformity with their own sentiments. These civil authorities had no apprehensions, that in opposing religious innovations, they were setting themselves in opposition to the Gospel. They were fully persuaded that these movements were destructive of both political and religious happiness. There was nothing to restrain them but what should never be lost sight of, a due regard for the weakness of others, and a reluc-

tance to adopt means severe and oppressive. If they have failed in this respect, if they have needlessly resorted to harshness and cruelty, they are justly to be condemned for their conduct; but the Church is not responsible, she has never sanctioned such a spirit. We entreat of our separated brethren not to judge of our religion from such isolated cases; let them look to what is openly taught, let them examine too what is generally practised.

In conclusion, we earnestly exhort all fellow-Catholics, to allow full play to their religious sentiments within their souls. Is there anything, we may ask, in what we have been explaining, from which they should shrink to avow? We have barely stated Catholic doctrine—if they believe it, they should blush to palter with it—if they do not, they are not Catholics. The Catholic church rigidly exacts our obedience; we must believe her doctrine whole and entire. Our belief must be solid and unwavering, or it is not worth the name. Many, we fear there are, who, though they do not positively disbelieve any doctrine; yet, are so little occupied by religious sentiments, that they scarcely feel their impression. Their language often abounds with expressions and allusions, borrowed from the writings of Protestants, and tinged with their peculiar sentiments. Is it honourable, or is it consistent, thus to suppress and compromise their own principles? Is this a fitting tribute of respect to their Protestant friends? Let Protestants speak and act in conformity with their principles; but let Catholics adhere to their own. We would wish to see this dastardly, sneaking spirit scouted from society. Why should Catholics endure it? why should Protestants admire? Men are ready to avow their political principles at all hazards—are religious sentiments of less importance? This defect is attributable to the defective and Protestant character of the higher branches of education amongst us. It is also attributable to a want of practical knowledge of Catholic sentiments in many of our otherwise highly enlightened members. Many, whose exalted qualities fit them to be ornaments to our religion, are rather a curse than a blessing, for not thoroughly imbibing a rich Catholic spirit. We exhort them to cultivate this spirit—we exhort them to study well and understand it. The Catholic spirit is congenial to every exalted quality of head and heart: it fosters every generous sentiment and stimulates every endowment of genius that can enoble the human intellect. Without the chastening control of religion, what gigantic prodigies of fiendish mischief genius may produce, sad experience informs us. Under her guidance, the same powers might have realised effects of equal magnitude, but characterised for sanctity and universal beneficence. Religion opens a wide field for exalted exertion; under her guidance their course will be safe, and the glory thus obtained is extinguished neither in time nor eternity.

Ancient Irish Missions

ON THE CONTINENT.

MANY a lecture has been read to the Irish, both by friends and enemies, on excessive national pride. It generally happens that the foreigners who administer the correction, are themselves the slaves of the vice, and therefore have no right to expect much fruit from their charity; but the admonitions of a friend are always useful, if, admitting that there are some respec-

table facts in Irish history, he restricts his censure to national vices, thus lopping away the rank luxuriance of a fruitful stock. Prudent men will not rashly tamper with a principle, which in Ireland as in all other countries has, like everything human, produced good and evil, alternately the support and the disgrace, the life and the bane of a nation. Cervantes enriched the Spanish language, and made the world laugh at Spanish chivalry; but it has been questioned whether Spain has not paid too dearly for his wit, whether her grandees did not lose their high principle with their punctilious pride, and were not ever after the most worthless of her sons. Surely some indulgence ought to be given to national pride, until we find one example of national humility; one nation that has formed a true estimate of its virtues and its vices. We may not admire the Irish harper, Rory Dall, who maintained, before James VI., that O'Neil, the uncrowned chieftain of the north, was a higher name than the future monarch of the British isles; but Rory's error was not the worst extreme.

The ancient Irish missions are not produced as subjects of national pride, for though they are the brightest page in Irish Annals, and unique in the history of medieval Europe, selfish insular pride is the last feeling they engender in a Christian mind. Their principle was not of the earth: they brought home, in triumph, no captives, tributes, nor tattered banners. The missionary gave, gratuitously, what he had received gratuitously, and stands before us not so much an Irishman as the Christian priest, the soldier of that kingdom of Christ which has seen, and to the end of the world shall see, the rise and fall of European crowns. It is in the annals of that kingdom that the missionaries' glory is written. The missions, it is true, have a double aspect—a supernatural and an earthly—the Irish *foreigner*, appearing in Guizot's pages, not only as the priest and preacher, but as enlarging the realms of philosophy, and acting as pioneer to civilization in literature, the arts, agriculture, and even commerce. But these latter fruits, which are the ordinary food of national pride, are, to the missions, what the Jesuit discoveries in geography, botany, and other branches of natural philosophy, were to the spiritual results of preaching of the Jesuit missionaries. The priest, inspired by God to convert souls, abandoning Ireland and friends, casting down the idols in the dark forests of Germany, or on the mountains of Switzerland, is the object that rivets the attention. However, national pride in those Irish missions is not, perhaps, a national sin; as for the one that boasts vainly, one hundred may either not have known or undervalued them. The following sketch is given, as nearly as translation allows, in the words of Dr. John Lynch, Bishop of Killala, one of those great men who, in the worst days of the seventeenth century, saved the wreck of our history. For the truth of his statement, it is sufficient to state, that, with the exception of a few anachronisms, and two or three doubtful names, they have passed the rigid censorship of Dr. Lanigan, who has been to Irish history what the Devil's attorney-general is to the canonization of saints. Should Ireland, after the example of the mother church, ever erect a national pantheon to all her saints, where all the Christian virtues would be enthroned in the persons of saintly men—where the eloquent voluptuary or the fiery zealot, by contemplating the models of Christian virtue, might be changed into a St. Augustine or a St. Paul, few

countries in Europe could claim a greater number of saintly sons, whose memories are still honoured on the scene of their labours, binding Ireland to Europe and to Rome by an eternal bond—the interchange of spiritual blessings:—

"All the world knows that the Irish went over, not one by one, but in crowds, to Britain, Gaul, Belgium, and Germany, to convert the inhabitants of those regions to the Christian religion, and bring them under the obedience of the Roman pontiff. A signal testimony to this fact is found in the letter of Eric of Auxerre to Charles the Bald. "Need I mention Ireland, who, despising the dangers of the deep, emigrates to our shores, with almost the entire host of her philosophers; the most eminent amongst them become voluntary exiles, to minister to the wishes of our most wise Solomon." Such, also, is the testimony of St. Bernard, 'From Ireland, as from an overflowing stream, crowds of holy men descended on foreign nations.' Walefridus Strabo says 'that the habit of emigrating had become a second nature to the Scoti,' namely the Irish, as I have already proved; hence the just observation of Osborne, that the habit of emigrating 'had taken the strongest hold of the Irish. For what the piety of other nations has made a habit, they have changed from habit into nature.' Those holy emigrations of the Irish were distinguished by a peculiarity, never, or but very seldom found among other nations. As soon as it became known that any eminent monk had resolved to undertake one of these sacred expeditions, twelve men of the same order placed themselves under his command, and were selected to accompany him; a custom probably introduced by St. Patrick, who had been ably supported by twelve chosen associates in converting the Irish from the darkness of paganism to the light of the true faith. St. Riach, nephew to St. Patrick, and walking in his footsteps was attended in his sacred missions to foreign tribes and regions by twelve colleagues of his own order; and when St. Rupert, who had been baptised by a nephew of St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland, departed to draw down the fertilising dews of true religion on pagan Bavaria, twelve faithful companions shared the perils and labours of his journey and mission. St. Finnian, bishop of Clonard, selected twelve from the thronged college of his disciples, to devote them, in a special manner, to establish and animate the principles of the Christian religion among the Irish, and hence they were styled by posterity the twelve apostles of Ireland. St. Columba was accompanied in his apostolical mission to Albany by twelve monks. Twelve followed St. Finbar in his pilgrimage beyond the seas, and twelve St. Maidoc, bishop of Ferns, in one of his foreign missions. St. Colman Fin was never seen without his college of twelve disciples. When the ceaseless eruptions of foreign enemies, or the negligence of the bishops, had well nigh extinguished the virtue of religion in Gaul, and left nothing but the Christian faith—when the medicine of penance and the love of mortification were found nowhere, or but with a few, 'then,' says Jonas, 'St. Columbanus descended on Gaul, supported by twelve associates, to arouse her from her torpor, and enlighten her sons with the beams of the most exalted piety. Twelve disciples followed St. Eloiuis from Ireland to illumine the Belgians with the rays of faith; twelve accompanied St. Willibrod from Ireland to Germany; the pilgrimage and labours of St. Farannan, in Belgium, were shared by twelve faithful brothers of the cowl; and the same number were fellow-exiles with St. Macallan. Perhaps the reason why the Irish clung with such invincible attachment to this custom, was the number of the apostles chosen by our Saviour, and the same number of disciples appointed by the Apostolic See to accompany Palladius to Ireland.

"But it was not in companies of twelve, alone, that great men went forth from Ireland to plant or revive sound doctrine and discipline in foreign lands. Bodies, far more numerous are also mentioned. St. Albert was accompanied by nineteen disciples. Sixty accompanied St. Brendan in his voyage in search of the land of promise. St. Guignier, son of the king of Ireland, passed over to Britain, with a noble band of 770 associates; and St. Blaithmac, son of the king of Ireland, was followed thither by a good number of monks. St. Donnanus led away from his country fifty-two associates. Twenty-four disciples of St. Ailbe were sent by him to propagate the faith in Ireland. St. Emilius brought to the aid of St. Fursa at Lagny, a large body of their countrymen, and gave him wonderful aid in instilling the grace of God into the souls of man. St. Seizin was accompanied by seventy disciples to Armorica, Britain, and Alsace welcomed St. Florentius, with Arbogastus and Hildulph.

"Irish saints are also found toiling in strange lands, in smaller numbers, and fortifying them abundantly with the dew of their faith and virtues. In Italy there were Donatus of Fiesole, Andrew, and their sister, St. Brigid of Opaca; in Picardy, SS. Caidoc and

Fricorius, otherwise Adrian; at Rhemes, SS. Gibrian, Tressan, Hoelan, Abram, German, Veran, Petroan, Promptia, Possenna, and Iruda; at Paris, Claude, Clement, and John; among the Morini (of Boulogne), SS. Vulgan, Kilian and Obod; in the territory of Beauvais, SS. Maura and Brigid, virgins and martyrs, and their brother Hyspad; at Fusciria, SS. Marildis, virgin, and her brother Alexander. In Kleggon, a district in Germany, St. Northberga, with Sista, and nine others of her children. At Ratisbon, SS. Marian, John, Candidus, Clement, Murcherdach, Magnoald, and Isaac. In Austrasia, SS. Kilian, Colonatus, and Totnan; and St. Cadroe and his associates at Walcedore. These devoted their lives to the instruction of the people, and were celebrated for the miraculous favours obtained by their intercession.

"Though it would be too tedious to mention, in detail, the great number of our countrymen who were distinguished on the continent for their marvellous works, and the sanctity of their lives, it would be unpardonable to omit them altogether. Not taking into account those who were canonised in Britain, nor those who went over to the continent in large bodies, we have in Italy, St. Cathaldus, patron of Tarentum, St. Donatus, patron of Fiesole, St. Emilian, patron of Faventum, and St. Frigidian of Lucca. Pavia honours John Albinus as the founder of her university, and St. Cumean is, above all other Irish saints, the favourite patron of Bobio.

"In Gaul, St. Mansuetus is patron of Tulle, St. Finlag, abbot of St. Simphonan, patron of Metz; and St. Præcordius of Corbie, situated between Amiens and Peronne. Amiens honours St. Forcensius, and Poitiers, St. Fridolinus, abbot of the monastery of St. Hilary. St. Elias is patron of Angouleme, St. Anatolius of Besancon, St. Fiacre of Meaux, St. Fursa of Peronne, and St. Laurence of Eu. Liege honours St. Momo, and Strasburg SS. Florentinus and Arbogastus. In Bretagne, SS. Origin, Toava, Tenan, Gildas, Brioc, and many others are revered as patrons. In Rhemes and the surrounding district SS. Gibrian, Heran, German, Veran, Abran, Petran, and three sisters, are held in the highest veneration. 'In Burgundy, the vineyard of the Lord yielded an abundant harvest to the zeal of St. Columbanus, who founded there a great number of monasteries and colleges of monks, restored the true service of God, and left there after him Deicolus, Columbinus, and Anatolius.'—*Flodoard Hist. Rhemes.*

"In Burgundy, also, St. Maimbode is honoured as a martyr.

"In Belgium, you have in Brabant, SS. Rumold, Fredegand, Himelin, Pypmia, and Gerebernus. In Flanders, SS. Levin, Gutthagon, Columbanus; in Artois, SS. Liugluio, Liuglianus, Kilian, Vulgan, Fursa, and Obodius; in Hainault, SS. Ette, Adalgisus, Abel, Wasnulp, and Mombolus; in Namur, SS. Farenann and Eloquius; in Leige, SS. Ultan, Foillan, and Bertuin; in Gueldress SS. Wiro, Plechelm, and Othger; in Holland, St. Hiero; in Friesland, SS. Suithbert and Acca.

But Germany, especially, was the most flourishing vineyard of our saints. St. Albuin, or Witta, is honoured as apostle in Thuringia; St. Disibode at Treves; St. Erhard, in Alsace and Bavaria; St. Fridolin, in the Grisons of Switzerland; St. Gall, among the Suabians, Swiss, and Rhetians; St. John, in Mecklenberg; St. Virgil, at Saltzburg; St. Kilian, in Franconia; St. Rupert, in part of Bavaria. From these saints these different places received the grace of faith, and the sacred discipline of Christian virtue, and afterwards honoured the memory of their benefactors, as the apostles of their nation. But these are not the only saints to whom the Germans send up their filial prayers; equal honours are paid by them to some others of our countrymen. St. Albert is honoured at Ratisbon, SS. Deicola and Fintan at Constance, and St. Eusebius in Coire. The town and canton of St. Gall, took their name from our countryman, St. Gall. "This monastery," says Munster, "was the school of the noble and the peasant, and the nursery of a great number of learned men; at one period it contained no less than one hundred and fifty students and brothers." Ireland was, therefore, both the atheneum of learning, and the temple of holiness—supplying the world with literati, and heaven with saints. Truly doth she appear the academy of the earth, and the colony of heaven. Was ever panegyric more appropriate than the words of Eric of Auxerre? "Need I mention Ireland, who, despising the dangers of the deep, emigrates to our shores, with almost the whole host of her philosophers; the most eminent among them become voluntary exiles to minister to the tastes of our wisest Solomon?"

The period of these Continental missions extends from the year 500 to the twelfth century; from St. Seizin of Armorica, and St. Gibrian of Rheims, to St. Colman, patron of Austria. It is an error of Dr. Lannigan and Mr. Moore to assign the troubled state of Ireland, especially during the Danish invasion, as one

of the great causes of the missions. If the stream had stopped when Ireland was in peace there might be some grounds for the opinion; but as it flowed with greater or less force during six centuries, a man might as well attribute the tide that breaks on the western shores of Europe, to a western wind, as assign Irish missions to Irish political tempests. Christian Ireland was fulfilling her destiny. Placed like an army of reserve on the flank of the pagan barbarians, she co-operated with the Holy See in subduing Europe; and so far from being influenced by a wish for more peaceful climes, her sons selected the most uncivilized and dangerous fields—those which are most remote from the other centres of Catholic civilization. It was the instinct of apostolical charity, for where the body is, thither flock the eagles. Thus it has struck those who are familiar with Irish history—not a little singular—that no Irish missionary is found in Spain, notwithstanding the communication between the two kingdoms. Spain needed no help; her councils of Toledo, during the sixth, seventh, and eight centuries, had given her the start of all European nations, and nerved her for the long fight against the Saracens. No Irish missionary is found in the southern provinces of France, some of which were under Spanish jurisdiction, and all had been more thoroughly Romanized than the proper kingdom of the Franks. The few Irishmen who settled in southern Italy, were detained there, after a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but the great field of their zeal commences with the Lombards, then over the Alps, in Switzerland, along the banks of the Rhine and Danube, Bavaria, Belgium, the northern provinces of France, the Hebrides, the Orkneys, Iceland, Scotland, and England, except Wales, which gave as much as it received, perhaps more.

The services of the Irish were gratefully remembered in Europe. The rank which England held in the general council of Constance, after being denied to her on her new claims, was granted to her as the representative of Ireland. Stephen White, a Jesuit, a contemporary and correspondent of Usher's, writes, "that preceding 1000 years, there was not one cathedral church from the Grisons to the German Ocean, in which the festival of St. Bridget of Kildare, patroness of Leinster, was not kept on the 1st of February. Her church stood beside the church of St. Martin, in Cologne. All the reformed German calendars, down to White's time, preserved her name, though they expunged many others. When the hand of the persecutor was heavy on Ireland, well might Benedict XIV. remind her of her ancient glory." If we wished to enumerate all those most holy men, Columbanus, Kilian, Virgil, Rumold, Gallus, and many others who introduced the Catholic faith from Ireland into other provinces, or honoured it by the bloody crown of martyrdom, our epistle would exceed all proper limits. Let it suffice to have referred to them briefly, that you may the more easily recall to mind, what was the religion and piety of your ancestors, what and how great was the solicitude of the episcopal order, which made them glorious and happy.—August 15, 1741.

When we review our centenary feuds and criminal discord, grand opportunities lost for ever, and other great national crimes, we must be pharisees indeed if we do not confess that it was the arm of God alone which has preserved us—selecting the weak things of the world to confound the strong, while England, Scotland, and Germany, to whose conversion we contributed, have fallen off from the fold. Conceive

the feelings of an Englishman 250 years hence, if the United States of 1779, after being scourged by the million scorpions of democratic anarchy, voluntarily returned to the English crown; then you may guess what the Irish Catholic feels, when, with the sad, but glorious page of his history before him, he reads of twelve scions of royal or princely families, and forty-two of the greatest men in literature, science, and art in Germany, and nearly as many in Presbyterian Switzerland, returning, humbled penitents, to the one fold of Christ, during the present century.

[Note.—Willibrod, Switbert, and a few others, though Saxons, are classed among the Irish missionaries, because it was in Ireland they prepared for the missions. The Latin form of many of the names was common, even for those who never left Ireland; thus: "Mochoemoc," is, in Latin, Pulcherius, and "Blaithmac," Florentius. The celebrated voyage of St. Brendan, was commemorated in the old Irish Calendars as "Egressio familiæ Sti Brendani."]

Lamentation of Jeremias over Jerusalem.

"And it came to pass, after Israel was carried into captivity, and Jerusalem was desolate, that Jeremias the prophet sat weeping, and mourned with this lamentation over Jerusalem, and with a sorrowful mind, sighing and moaning, he said:—"

I.

How doth she sit alone,
The City late so thronged, how doth she sit in wo,
Begirt with solitude and graves!
Oh! how is she that from her Temple-throne
Ruled o'er the Gentiles, now become
A widow in her dreary home!
How have her Princes fallen low,
And dwindled into slaves!

II.

She weepeth all night long,
Forsaken and forgot: her face is dusk with tears;
Her heart is rent with many throes.
Not one of all the once-admiring throng
That sued and wooed her night and morn,
But looketh down on her with scorn!
Her fondest friends of other years
Have now become her foes!

III.

Her dwelling-place is dark;
Her palaces lie waste: she feareth even to pass
Their bass-courts desolate and bare.
She hath become a by-word and a mark
Among the nations: lorn and lone,
She seeketh rest and findeth none.
Her persecuting foes, alas!
Have caught her in their snare!

IV.

Gloom shroudeth Sion's halls,
And trodden in the dust lie silver lamp and bowl.
Her golden gates are turned to clay.
Her priests are now the godless Gentiles' thralls.
Her youths walk wan and sorrow-worn;
Her silent virgins droop and mourn.
In hopeless bitterness of soul
She sigheth all the day!

V.

Behold the sad Bereaven !
 Her enemies have grown to be her pitiless lords,
 And mock her in her sore disgrace !
 Her sins have risen in black array to Heaven ;
 Therefore the Lord Jehovah hath
 Rained on her head His chastening wrath ;
 Therefore her sons go bound with cords
 Before the Oppressor's face !

VI.

How hath her glory fled !
 The beauty is out-blotted as a fallen star
 Of her that whilome looked so fair !
 Her stricken Princes cower for shame and dread
 Like wandering sheep, that seek in vain
 Their pasture-ground o'er hill and plain,
 They stray abroad, they flee afar,
 Guideless, and in despair !

VII.

Oh ! lost Jerusalem !
 She pondereth not the holy times of old.
 What warnings hath she known in vain !
 Dimmed is the lustre of her diadem,
 And now her foes wield four-fold power,
 Because she hath forgot the hour
 When Monarchs deemed it overbold
 To follow in her train !

VIII.

Oh ! lost Jerusalem !
 Because of her transgressions is she left forlorn,
 And hath no more a goal to win !
 Because of those she is despised of them
 Who honoured her in by-gone days,
 But now abhor her loathsome ways.
 She weepeth, but her heart is horn,
 She hath gone back in sin !*

IX.

Oh ! lost Jerusalem !
 Where now be her mad hours of wantonness and wine ?
 Her leprousness is on her hands,
 So lately pranked with pearl and golden gem !
 A captive Queen she sits, cast down
 From Heaven to Earth, without her crown !
 O Lord, my God, what grief is mine
 To see her thus in bands !

X.

She lieth overthrown,
 Smitten of Thee, O Lord ! and shrinking in her fear
 Before the alien Gentile powers,
 Since Thou hast cast away Thy church, Thine own !
 They violate her sanctuary,
 Of whom command was given by Thee,
 That they should ne'er adventure near
 Her Temple and its towers !

XI.

Wo for the fallen Queen !
 Her people groan and die, despairful of relief.
 They famish, and they cry for bread !
 No more her nobles walk in silken sheen ;
 Their gauds and rings, their precious things,
 Are pawned for food ! O God ! it wrings
 My soul to see it ! Through my grief
 I lie as one half dead !

XII.

O ye who travel by !
 All ye who pass this way, stop short awhile, and see
 If Earth have sorrow like to mine !
 Judea's dark iniquities belie
 The faith she vaunteth in her God ;
 And therefore are her people trod
 In dust this day, and men tread me
 As treaders tread the vine !

XIII.

O most mysterious Lord !
 From Thine high place in Heaven Thou sendest fire and flame
 Into my dry and withered bones !
 Thou searchest me as with an angry sword !
 Thou spreadest snares beneath my feet !
 In vain I pray, in vain entreat,
 Thou turnest me away with shame,
 And heedest not my groans !†

XIV.

Thus waileth she aloud,
 The God-forsaken one, in this her day of dole :—
 " My spirit faileth me ; mine eyes
 Are filmed o'er with mist ; my neck is bowed
 Beneath a yoke the live-long day,
 And there doth lie a weight alway,
 An iron hand, on my spent soul,
 That will not let it rise !

XV.

" The mighty warrior host
 That girt me round—my captains, chiefs, and charioteers,
 Where are they ? Where their fathers be !
 The Lord abandoned me, and they were lost !
 He knew the season—He chose well
 The hour against me,‡ and they fell !
 The wine-press of a thousand years
 He trod for mine and me !

XVI.

" Therefore I weep and sigh,
 And tears gush down my cheeks, like rain in winter-time,
 The Comforter forgets my pain ;
 The much-loved of my soul no more is nigh !
 Because my strength in battle failed,
 Because mine enemies prevailed,
 My children, in a far-off clime,
 Must wear the Tyrant's chain !

† It is sometimes extremely difficult to distinguish between those passages in which the Prophets appear to utter their sentiments of and from themselves in their individual characters, and those others in which they unquestionably speak in the name of Jehovah, or of Jerusalem. The lamentation of Jeremias in this chapter is carried on in the first person from v. 12 to v. 22. I believe, however, that most commentators are of opinion that from v. 14 it is really Jerusalem who laments ; and I have accordingly taken the liberty of commencing the verse by stating this.

* " He hath called against me the time, to destroy my chosen men." This is the original. My apprehension is that the allusion here is to the well-known belief so prevalent among the Eastern nations with relation to the necessity of making choice of certain hours and seasons in order to secure the success of any particular enterprise.

* In the original—I mean, of course, the Douay version—the words are: "She sighed, and turned backward." That is, as I understand the passage, she in some degree repented of her sins, but nevertheless relapsed into them continually.

XVII.

"In vain I look for aid,
And raise my shrivelled arms, and spread abroad my hands;
None heed the miseries I endure;
My friends forsake me, and my foes upbraid.
In His indignant ire the Lord
Gave tenfold strength to them that warred
With Jacob and his armed bands
Because I was impure!

XVIII.

"The Lord, the Lord, is just.
His wrath is kindled fierce against me for my ways.
I have provoked the Lord, my God,
Therefore I make my darkling bed in dust.
Pity me, ye who see me, all!
Pity my sons, who pine in thrall!
Their spirit wastes, their strength decays.
Under the Gentile's rod.

XIX.

"I sought my friends, to tell
The story of my woes: alas! they would not hear!
Disease drank up my princes' blood,
For Famine's hand lay black on them as well.
My priests, too, fainted on their feet;
They feebly crawled from street to street,
Seeking all day afar and near,
A morsel of coarse food!

XX.

"Behold, O Lord!—behold!
Behold my wretchedness! For I am overcome
By suffering—almost by despair!
My heart is torn with agonies untold!
The land expires beneath Thy frown;
Abroad the red sword striketh down
Its tens of thousands; and at home
Death reigneth everywhere!

XXI.

"My groanings are not hid.
All they who have hated me regard me with disdain;
They see the darkness of my face,
And mock it, for they know Thou hast forbid
My nearest friends to help me now.
But Thou wilt yet avenge me, Thou!
They shall lie low where I have lain
Who scoff at my disgrace!

XXII.

"Then shall their evil fall
On their own heads—for still 'tis evil in Thy sight—
And they shall mourn as now I mourn,
And Thou, Lord, shalt make vintage of them all,
And tread them down even as they see
Thou, for my sins, hast trodden me,
They who to-day deride and slight
The afflictions I have borne!"

J. C. M.

A SHORT

History of the Irish Franciscans.

By FATHER HUGH WARD, originator of the ANNALS of the FOUR MASTERS.—(From an original MS.)

[Continued from page 30.]

VIII. CASHEL.—The convent of Cashel was founded in the archiepiscopal city of Cashel, in Munster, by the once illustrious but now extinct family of the Hackets, in the year 1260, in which year it was also made the head of the second Custody of the province,

in the general chapter of Narbonne. It passed into possession of the Observants in the year 1538, under the provincialate of Father Terence O'Conachoir;* but soon after, heresy and persecution having arisen, it was suppressed about the year 1550, and remained desolate till the year 1618, when the Rev. Father Eugene Fildea,† being provincial, a residence was erected near the ruined convent in the city, and Father John Mullin, a theologian and most zealous preacher, was appointed superior. In the year 1621, while a provincial chapter was being held, a company of the troops of the President of Munster, made an irruption on the friars, but they escaped. The house, however, in which the chapter was held, was seized, and forfeited to the crown.

IX. DROGHEDA.—The convent of Drogheda, situated in the maritime town of that name, in the diocese of Armagh, in Ulster, is thought to have been founded in 1260, in which year it was established as the head of the fourth Custody of the province, in the general chapter of Narbonne. It was reformed in the same year as the Dublin convent, 1521. It was suppressed in Henry the Eighth's persecution, about the year 1546, and pulled down to the very foundation by that most pestilent heretic, Moses Hill. It was deserted until the year 1610, when a residence for the friars was erected in the town, and Father Donald Mooney, a learned theologian and preacher, was appointed superior; under his government and that of his successors, the friars never ceased to labour for the salvation of the faithful and the conversion of heretics, although they have been several times persecuted, and some of them taken and put in prison. The first founder of this convent was D'Arcy of Platin, whose family, together with many of the nobility and of the principal citizens of Drogheda, have been buried there from the earliest date.‡

X. NENAGH.—The Convent of Nenagh (Conventus Enaghensis) in a town of that name, in the diocese of Killaloe, was founded previous to 1260, when it was made the head of the fifth Custody of the province. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England, the friars were expelled, the convent destroyed, and it remains desolate. The first founder of this convent was O'Kennedy, and his tomb, and that of O'Brien of Arra, as well as of many others of the nobility of Ormond, are in this monastery.

XI. THIMOLEAGUE.—The convent of Thimoleague, in the maritime town of that name, the diocese of Ross, in Munster, was founded in the year 1240, on the bank of the river Arigden, and was reformed in the first year of the Reformation, 1460. During the time of the persecution and heresy it always remained entire: it was, indeed, often visited by the

* A.D. 1537. Father Terence O'Knoghovir, a pious and learned man, was provincial minister three years.—MS. *St. Isidor*.

† A.D. 1618. Father Eugene Fildea, a lector of theology and philosophy, who was professed in Salamanca; was president of the College of St. Anthony of Louvain; a celebrated preacher, and a man of holy life and conversation. He laboured for many years in the conversion of heretics, and the salvation of souls in Ireland; and in the year 1618, being then guardian of the convent of Thimoleague, was appointed provincial in the chapter held in the convent of Roscrea. He governed the province laudably for three years, and having discharged the office of visitator and diffinitor some time, was taken by the heretics, together with Father Philp Hualan, guardian of Lislaghtan, and put into prison. He died on the 23rd of October, 1668, being over 100 years of age.—MS. *St. Isidor*.

‡ The present Franciscan convent of Drogheda is situated near St. Laurence's-gate.

heretics, and everything moveable carried away; and some of the friars were taken and put into prison, and others obliged to fly, but they returned afterwards, and a succession has been constantly kept up in the convent to the present day.* The first founder of this convent was William James Barry, but others assert (and I agree with them) that it was M'Carthy Riagh, Prince of the Carberrys, whose family sepulchre is to be seen in the choir, as is also that of the Lords Barry More, formerly Viscounts, now Earls of Barry. In the same monastery is the tomb of the Baron De Courcy, of O'Machmera of Carberry, and of other eminent noblemen of the adjacent country. Chapters were held here in 1494 and 1650. "Edmund De Courcy, Bishop of Ross, the favourite of Henry VIII., is also buried here.†

XII. LIMERICK.—The convent of Limerick, in the episcopal city of that name, in Munster, is considered to have been founded in the year 1260, since, it is enumerated among the convents of the Custody of Cork, erected in the general chapter of Narbonne, which was held that year. It was reformed under the provincialate of Father Timothy Thomas,‡ at the instance of the magistrates and citizens of Limerick who presented to the Fathers assembled in chapter, in Kilcollan, in 1534, a petition to that effect. It was suppressed by the heretics in the third year of Edward VI., King of England, the year of Christ 1548, all the buildings being converted to profane purposes, and destroyed, with the exception of the choir of the church, which was converted into a court house, for the trial of civil and criminal offences. This place remained vacant from the suppression until the year 1615, when a residence for the friars was erected in the city, and Father James Kent, an eloquent preacher, was appointed superior, under whom and his successors the friars strenuously labour for the salvation of souls. This convent was founded by the illustrious family of De Burgo (Burke), subsequently divided into the families of the Barons of Castle Connell, Brittas, and other illustrious families; and their tombs, as well as those of other noblemen of Clanwilliam, and of many of the chief citizens of Limerick, are there from the times of old. In the year 1318, the most illustrious Earl of Clare was buried there. A chapter was held here in 1629.§

XIII. CLONMEL.—The convent of Clonmel was founded previous to 1260, in the town of Clonmel, in the diocese of Lismore, but the friars were not put into possession of it until the year 1269. It was formerly placed in the Custody of Cashel, and it passed into the hands of the Observants in 1536. When the persecution arose the friars were expelled from the convent, and the buildings fell into ruin, with the exception of the church, which was never destroyed, but preserved, whole and entire, as a burial place for the faithful Catholics. It remained

* The beautiful ruins of this convent are to be seen still, and, with the exception of the roof, are almost in a perfect state. In the reign of Mary, the friars got full possession of it once more, and, in 1603, it was put in perfect repair.

† He built the square tower and the dormitory and library.

‡ A.D. 1527, Father Timothy Thomas, a great preacher, and a man of holy conversation, governed the province for three years. A.D. 1534, Father T. Thomas, a second time provincial, governed the province three years.

§ No remains of this ancient convent exist in Limerick at present, but the district in which it was situated is still called St. Francis' Abbey. The Franciscans never were without some residence during the time of persecution in that city. Their present house is in Henry-street.

deserted, however, from that time till the year 1616, when a residence was erected in the town, and Father Thomas Bray, a theologian and eloquent preacher, was appointed superior. He was most remarkable for reconciling parties in dispute, and, by his own preaching and that of his fellow-labourers, did incalculable service, and brought a great increase to religion. The first founder of this convent is considered to have been the Earl of Desmond, but his foundation was very much augmented by the citizens of Clonmel. The principal persons buried here, and whose tomb is of marble, are the Barons of Cahir, of the family of the Butlers, the Prendergasts, and many other nobles and citizens of Clonmel. A certain priest, who was put to death by the heretics, sleeps also in this convent.*

* The present Franciscan church in Clonmel, is composed of one wing of the old church, and a modern addition. The old tower also remains, but the remainder of the church was taken down, to make the street in which the present convent is situated.

[To be continued.]

Pompeii.

THE heralds of thy ruin and despair

Thickened and quickened as thy time drew nigh.

What prodigies of sound convulsed the air!

How many a death-flag was unfurled on high!

The sullen sun went down—a globe of blood—

Rayless, and colouring every heart with gloom,

'Till even the dullest felt and understood

The coming of an overwhelming doom—

The presage of a destiny and fall,

A shock, a thundershock, for thee, for them—for all!

The sullen sun went down—a globe of blood—

Rayless, and colouring every soul with gloom;

And men's imaginations, prone to brood

Over the worst, and summon from the womb

Of unborn Time, the Evil and the Dark,

Launched forth in fear upon that shoreless ocean

Whose whirlpool billows but engulf the bark—

Conjectural Dread—and each fresh-felt emotion,

Like spectral figures on a magic mirror,

Seemed wilder than the last, and stronglier strung with terror.

We shrink within ourselves when Night and Storm

Are darkly mustering; for, to every soul

Heaven here foreshows the character and form

Of Nature's death-hour. Doth the thunder roll,

The wild wave boil, the lightning stream or strike,

Flood, Fire, and Earthquake devastate in vain?

Or, is there not a Voice which peals alike

To all from these, conjuring up that train

Of scenes and images that shall be born

In living, naked might upon the Judgment Morn?

If thus we cower to Tempest and to Night

How feltest thou when first the red bolt broke,

That seventeen suffocating centuries might

Enshroud thine ashes in Time's midnight cloak?

Where wert thou in that moment? Was thy power

All a funeral phantom? Thy renown

An echo? Thine the triumph of an hour?

Enough!—I rave: when empires, worlds, go down

Time's wave to dissolution—when they bow

To Fate, let none ask *where*, but simply—*what* wert thou?

The desolated cities which of yore

Perished by flooding fire and sulphury rain,

Where sleeps the Dead Sea's immemorial shore,

Lie blasted wrecks below that mortal plain.*

They fell—thou fellest—but, renounced of Earth,

Blotted from being to eternal years,

Their image chills the life-blood—*thine* gives birth,

Even while we shudder, to some human tears.

Had'st thou less guilt? Who knows! The book of Time

Bears on each leaf alike the broad red stamp of Crime.

* "The soil of this accursed locality is a species of soft clay, which the rains literally convert into mortar."—*Wilson's Travels in the Holy Land.*

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Poetæ Catholici.

No. III.

THE PURGATORY OF ST. PATRICK.

[Translated from the Spanish of Calderon.]

— Andò vero l' Irlanda,
E ride Ibernica fabulosa, dove
Il santo vecchierel fece la càva
In che tanta merce par che si trane,
Che l'uom vi purga ogni sua colpa prava.
ARISTO. *Orl. Fur.* canto x., sts. 91, 92.

" — He next for Ireland shaped his course,
And saw the fabulous Hibernia, where
The goodly, sainted elder made the cave
In which men cleansed from all offences are,
Such mercy there, it seems, is found to save :—"
ROSE.

SCENE—The cottage of Juan Paul, near the sea shore.

Enter PHILIP and LUCY.

Lucy. Forgive me if I have not known
To serve and tend you as I ought—

Phil. A great deal more, I frankly own,
Must I forgive than you have thought—
For even thy face, on which I live,
Awakes not bliss without alloy,
So for the mingled grief and joy
I must be grateful and forgive—
And thus, in curious pleasing strife,
Two feelings in my breast have striven—
Your beauty, and your care have given
The pang of death—the throb of life.

Lucy. Too rude and ignorant am I
For all the ingenious things you've said,
And so I give my arms instead,
Which saves the trouble of reply—
Though silent they will speak to thee
Of all with which my heart is rife.

[PAUL enters and sees them embracing.]

Paul. Oh! Heavens, what sight is this I see!
A man embracing my own wife—
What shall I do? I burn! I burst!
I ought to kill them; yes, 'tis clear
That is my duty—but I fear
That she, perchance, might kill me first—

Phil. Beautiful mountaineer, deny
Not thou to take the ring I wear—
Would it could be, for all thy care,
The fairest star of yonder sky!

Lucy. Pray do not think me one of those
Who of their kindness profit make,
But I accept it for thy sake.

Paul. Being her husband, I suppose
My duty is to hold my tongue;
But had she not received the ring
Of course it were another thing.

Lucy. Again, these clasping arms among,
My very soul I give to thee—
I have no other gem or chain.

Phil. And there I ever could remain,
The prison is so sweet to me;
As at the rising of the sun,
Night's shadows fly; so here I know
No more the memory of the woe,
These cruel crystal waves have done.

Paul. Ah! he embraces her again!
Good Sir, think what my soul endures,
This woman is my wife, not yours!

Phil. Your husband's here—I think 'tis plain
He sees us—it is best I go,
And presently return again.
Oh! sweet Polonia could'st thou know
The abject state to which I'm cast,
Thou'dst feel some pity for my pain!—
And thou, O heaven-aspiring main!
Roused raging up by storm and blast,
Where hast thou hid? in what far tomb,
The myriad lives that fill thy womb?

Paul. This silence will do little good,

I'll speak aloud.—My Lucy dear!
My life! methinks it doth appear
I've caught you now!—this piece of wood—
A good stout window-bar it is—
Will do for vengeance.

Lucy. Bless me! say
What new suspicion, spouse, is this?

Paul. Is it then mere suspicion, pray,
Or chance, to see you o'er and o'er
Embraced before my face?

Lucy. Indeed
It is suspicion, nothing more—
It must be so—because, if you
The duties of a husband knew,
You'd only see where'er you went,
One half your wife might do.

Paul. Agreed!

To that condition I consent,
And as I saw you twice embrace
That rascal of a soldier, whom
The sea has flung from out its womb,
I shall not in the present case
Be too exact, but for the nonce,
Think you embraced him only once.
And as I meant to give to you
A hundred blows, 'tis only fair
That I divide the whole by two—
So fifty is your proper share.
And so by sacred Heaven I swear!
Since you yourself the sentence gave,
And since the reckoning is so clear,
Not more than fifty blows you'll have.

Lucy. It is too much—no man should strive,
By any means, to hear or view
More than a fourth his wife may do.

Paul. Well let it be a fourth for it;
The blows you know are twenty-five,
These I will pay.

Lucy. It is not fit
Men know so much.

Paul. Ah! something new!—
How much then pray?

Lucy. Between us two,
Henceforth I think it just and right,
You only see what I allow,
And trust my word and not your sight.
Paul. Dear daughter of the devil! thou
Convinceth me, and so 'tis plain
The stick no longer should remain
With me; so let us change our places,
Here is the stick, 'tis now for thee
To give the hundred blows to me—
And to the other the embraces.

Enter PHILIP.

Phil. I hope the clown has gone away.
Paul. Ah! Senor soldier! you have come
Just in the nick of time—although
The debt of gratitude I owe
To you is such a mighty sum
I never can the debt repay—
For all the honour, you to-day,
Intended for my wife and cot,
How poor were all that I could say?
Yet still a fancy now has got
Into my head, that it were best
You went upon your homeward way—
Go! in God's name, without delay—
Since you are strong with food and rest;
As I don't wish to raise my hand
Here in my house in strife 'gainst thee,
Or that (almost a fish at sea)
You should be left dead meat on land!

Phil. This is suspicion, do not doubt it,
Which has no true foundation got—
Paul. Well then, with reason or without it,
Am I a husband, Sir, or not?

Enter LAOGHAIRE, an old countryman, and PATRICK as a slave.

Laogh. My orders are that you should take
This slave, and make him tend the sheep
Out in the fields.

Old man. Leave all to me.
Laogh. But, bless me! am I quite awake,
Or is it but a dream of sleep.

That Philip here I seem to see?
Permit me, mighty lord, to press
Your feet.

- Paul.* Is't "Lord" he calls him?
Lucy. Yes;
Now give the hundred blows, my Paul.
Phil. Come to my arms thou good Laoghaire.
Laogh. You do n e t o much honour there,
But how dost chance you live at all?
Phil. Cast on this shore so wild and bare,
A wretched monument of chance,
I would full soon have surely died,
But for these peasant's friendly care—
I thought it best some time to abide
Their guest, amid these lonesome haunts,
Until I found my strength renewed,
And learned the temper of the king,
Here I have lived 'till time might bring
(My royal master's wrath subdued)
Some sorrow to his soften'd breast
For my supposed disastrous fate;
Then I might go with heart elate
And trust forgiveness for the rest.
Laogh. Consider *that* already gained,
And all his stormy wrath blown o'er,
Thy strange escape will glad him more
Than even thy fancied ruin pained;
Come to the king I'll lead the way,
You'll find how changed doth fortune blow.
Paul. May't please your lordship, ere you go,
Permit me just a word to say—
My name, my lord, is Juan Paul,
Pray let my vile suspicions pass,
In truth I was a very ass,
To talk of such a thing at all,
My heart for pardon humbly craves,
But for the rest of my poor life,
Pray think my cot, myself and wife
Your lordship's very humble slaves.
Phil. For your great kindness and attention,
I hope some future time to pay.
Paul. A word of that pray do not mention,
But, if you wish it there's a way,
By which you can a boon confer
On Lucy and myself—'tis this,
Vouchsafe to take her with you, do,
She will be glad to be with you
And I too happy without her.

[*Exeunt PHIL. and LAOGH.*]

- Lucy.* Well, was there ever such a miss?
My tender hopes are all o'erthrown—
Gone like the light of morning mist,
Even when born!
Old man. We are alone
Friend Paul, and now I think you ought
Sometimes this tender youth assist;
He'll need it.
Patr. Ah! good sir, do not
Think of my state or me too much,
God wills that I should be a slave;
As such I'll serve you—and I crave
That you will treat me just as such.
Old man. How modest!
Paul. How humble!
Lucy. And how handsome too!
Paul. His face affects me greatly.
Say,
(And let it be between us two),
Is there a solitary case,
In which a stranger pass'd this way
You did not take a fancy to?
Lucy. Ah! it is plain you're jealous still,
You think that I'm inclined to fall
In love with the whole human race.
Old man. I have a weighty charge, friend Paul,
To trust you with.
Paul. You know my skill;
Say on.
Old man. This slave, that here you view,
I much suspect, is not secure,
I wish to guard him well—be sure
You'll know the cause ere long. To you
I give him now in strictest charge,

- Let him not stray, unwatched, at large,
Or, unattended, roam about. [Exit.
Paul. A very pleasant task no doubt—
It seems I'm placed to watch you here, [To PATR.
The only thing in all my life,
I had to watch (except my wife)—
The duty's troublesome. I fear
I now can neither sleep nor eat;
But should you wish to use your feet,
And go away, the coast is clear.
In truth I'll rather thank you for it,
As care disturbs me night or day;
In fact no mortal doth abhor it
Like Juan Paul—so go away,
Go, in God's name.
Patr. Nay, do not fear,
Though slave, no fugitive am I—
Oh! mighty Lord of earth and sky,*
What boundless joy my heart shall taste
As, rapt in thought, I wander here,
Amid the solitary waste;
Enjoying, even on earth, a glance
Of thy most glorious countenance—
In solitude the sage and saint,
The wonders of thy bright world view.
Paul. Pray will you tell me, if it aint
Offensive, who you're speaking to?
Patr. Thou art of all created things,†
O Lord, the essence and the cause—
The source and centre of all bliss;
What are those veils of woven light,
Where sun and moon and stars unite—
The purple morn, the spangled night—
But curtains which thy mercy draws
Between the heavenly world and this?
The terrors of the sea and land—
When all the elements conspire,
The earth and water, storm and fire—
Are but the sketches of thy hand;
Do they not all in countless ways—
The lightning's flash—the howling storm—
The dread volcano's awful blaze—
Proclaim thy glory and thy praise?
Beneath the sunny summer showers
Thy love assumes a milder form,
And writes its angel name in flowers;
The wind that flies with winged feet
Around the grassy gladdened earth,

* "But as the love of God finds more eloquence in solitude and in places far removed from towns, than among the crowd and affluence of the people who inhabit cities, he occupied the best part of his days, and of his nights, in conversations with God, and in the sweet transports of his holy love."—*La Vie de S. Patrice*, p. 21.

† So that he availed himself of all created things to honour his creator; and, to publish his adorable wonders, he often erected simple temples and altars to the Divine Majesty, dressing them with the branches of trees, and with boughs clustering and fragrant with flowers."—pp. 21, 22.

‡ The reader cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance between this very beautiful passage of Calderon and the exquisite "Sacred Song" of Moore, "Thou art O God, the Life and Light." It may be interesting to compare the manner in which two great poets treat the same idea, and I therefore give Moore's song in full:

THOU ART O GOD, THE LIFE AND LIGHT.

I.
THOU art O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see,
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee—
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

II.
When Day, with farewell beams delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

III.
When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'er shadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

IV.
When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreaths,
Is born beneath that kindling eye—
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Seems but commissioned to repeat
In echo's accents—silvery sweet—
That thou, O Lord, didst give it birth
There is a tongue in every flame—
There is a tongue in every wave—
To these the bounteous Godhead gave
These organs but to praise his name!
O mighty Lord of boundless space,
Here can'st thou be both sought and found—
For here in every thing around,
Thy presence and thy power I trace.
With faith my guide, and my defence,
I burn to serve in love and fear;
If as a slave Oh! leave me here;
If not, O Lord, remove me hence!

*An ANGEL descends, holding in one hand a shield, with a mirror in the centre, and in the other hand a letter.**

Angel. Patrick!

Patr. Who calls?

Paul. There's no one by—

Nobody calls. The man's distraught—
Methinks a poet he should be.

[Aside.]

Angel. Patrick!

Patr. Who calls again?

Angel. 'Tis I,

Paul. He speaks and yet I can see nought—

Well let him speak: what's that to me?

I am not placed to guard his tongue.

Patr. Ah! can I trust my wondering eyes,

That Heaven so great a favour sends?—

A glorious cloud from yonder skies

With mingled tints of pearl and rose,

And all its summer bravery hung,

Before my raptur'd sight descends—

And now its glittering gates disclose

The sun within more glorious still;

He comes in purple and in gold—

He comes, as comes the smiling dawn,

In his crimson chariot drawn

By the running rosy hours—

Scattering over vale and hill

Jessamine and all sweet flowers.

Never yet by day or night

Did I such a sight behold!†

Angel. Patrick!

Patr. I'm dazzled with the light—

Who art thou, celestial Lord?

Angel. Patrick, of my own accord

Here my course I have not bent,

I am Victor, hither sent

(Guardian Angel of thy soul),

From the happy realms of bliss,

Even by God, to give thee this.

[Gives him the letter.]

Patr. Oh! sweet messenger divine,

Happy harbinger of joy,

How can I my heart controul?

Seeing thee, who, like the seven

That before God's footstool shine,

All thy eternal hours employ,

'Mid the sweet choirs singing, solely,

"Holy! holy! holy! holy!"

Mighty Lord of Earth and Heaven."

Angel. Read the letter.

Patr. Can it be

That the scroll is sent to me?

Yes to me 'tis sent indeed.

[Reads the superscription, which is addressed: "To PATRICK."]

Angel. Open it.

Patr. Within I read,

"Come, Patrick, come, we wait for thee

To free us from our slavery"

So ends the writing; it is clear

* The foundation of this scene is contained in the following passage of "La Vie," all the early lives agree substantially with it. "As he passed almost entire nights in fervent prayers, it happened to him, upon one occasion, that, being entranced, as it were, in an ecstasy or divine transport, he saw, as in a mirror, or beautifully polished glass, a man of a grave and majestic appearance who presented to him a letter on which was inscribed, 'Here is the voice of all the people of Hibernia:' and when he had opened the letter to see what it contained he read, therein, that all the inhabitants of Ireland, men, women, and children, big and little, called to him, saying, 'Patrick, &c.'"

† The appearance of the Angel Victor is somewhat differently described in the various lives, but Calderon's description far surpasses them all in sublimity and beauty. I scarcely know a finer picture of the descent of a heavenly messenger than this of Calderon.

This means more than doth appear—
Faithful guardian, let me know
Who are those who call me so.
Look within this mirror then.
Heavens!

Angel.

Patr.

Angel.

Patr.

What do you behold?

A mighty crowd of young and old,
Tender children, women, men,
Calling me.

Angel.

And those you see

Are the Irish people. They
Stretch their longing arms to thee,
Waiting for the blessed day,
When the darkness pass'd and gone,
Thou wilt bring, like morning light,
Tidings of the Faith—Begone!

Thou, I know, will not be loth

To listen to thy God's command—

Leave thy slavery, and go

Legate and Apostle both,

Of the favour'd Irish land.

First to France† depart and take

There at blessed German's feet

The habit of a monk. To Rome,

Then, a rapid journey make—

Then with letters from the Pope,

Good Celestine, thou wilt come

Hither, full of heavenly hope,

Thou St. Martin, too, wilt see

Bishop of Tours.§ But now with me

Borne upon the mighty wind

Let us leave this land behind.¶

Now that I have let thee know

What thy glorious fate must be,

And the task reserved for thee,

Let us on our journey go.

[Exeunt.]

[END OF ACT I.]

† "He wished nevertheless first to make a voyage into France, where he went to visit Saint German, bishop.—*La Vie*, p. 26.

§ "Continuing his journey in France, he went to visit Saint Martin, Archbishop of Tours, who was brother to Conchessa, his mother."—p. 26. It was from him according to Bouillon that he took the habit.

¶ "In Bouillon and most of the other lives, his Guardian Angel points out to him a cave in which he finds sufficient money to purchase his liberty and to carry him on his journey. Jocelin states that his master, repenting of having lost so good a servant, pursued him, but being led astray he did not overtake him, 'but the gold which was the price of his freedom, on returning home he found not. And with this the law accords, for to him who has served six years in slavery, the law directs that in the seventh year shall his freedom be restored.'—p. 12.

Ecclesiastical Architecture.

PART II.

"THE symbolic sense of the holy vestments worn by the priests of the Catholic church was seen in the sublime prayers which they repeated, as they clothed themselves to minister at the altar. A long sermon of Ives de Chartres is devoted to explaining, for the edification of manners, the mystic beauty of the priest's vestments, in which every part had a divine meaning. Witness, says Walafrid Strabo, that alb denoting purity, that belt signifying continence, that stole obedience, and that flowing chasuble which is placed over all to denote charity, the greatest of all virtues. The gloves of the bishop, were put on to signify that his good works were sometimes to be in secret, and not before men; and, they were laid aside, to remind him that his light was to shine before men. The mystic sense of the pallium, symbol of unanimity, as Pope Symmachus styles it, writing to a bishop of Austria, in the year 504, and which ancient authors mention as being taken from the body of St. Peter, that is to say, from the altar over his relics, and to which they ascribe the plenitude of the pontifical office, is explained by Isidorus Palustis, in his epistle to Count Herminius. The bishop, he says, wears upon his shoulders a band, not of linen, but of wool, to signify that he is an imitator of Christ,

the great Shepherd, who carried on his shoulders the sheep which he had lost and found. Many usages and institutions will be unintelligible, if we do not bear in mind their spiritual interpretation. Why, for example, was a church to be consecrated afresh, if the altar had been moved; but only its walls washed with salt, if the other parts of the building had been repaired, after having fallen? Ives de Chartres explains this by showing, that as the altar signified faith, its removal signified a loss of faith, which could only be repaired by a fresh reception of sacred mysteries; but the rest of the edifice when injured, and repaired, was only to be washed with salt, to show that by tears and penance, other sins were to be purged away. Thus, as he says, whatever was done in the temple made with hands, signified what ought to be done spiritually within us, that by the observance of visible sacraments, we might be led to the knowledge, and love of the invisible building. It may be remarked generally, that the church had nothing for mere ornament, but, like nature, all her rites had regard to use, as well as beauty. *She loved symbols that were beautiful, but no unmeaning decorations.* It is observable, also, that a vast number of loving harmonies, and sweet incidents, fruitful in sublime, poetical, and religious emotions, were produced by keeping this in mind, and doing things in consequence, simply and naturally; without attending to the part of mere formality or fancied decorum, but just as the bare need of the occasion required."

It is, therefore, not unreasonable to believe, that the Church which "pressed into her service everything that could bring unity into a visible form," did not neglect so important, and accessible a medium of instruction, as her material fabrics—and we know by the testimonies of Catholic writers, that she did not. We are not aware of any satisfactory reason, why that symbolism which it appears was once universally intelligible, should not be again understood. 'Tis true, the materialism of our age militates against it; but we are not always, we hope, to labour under such debasing influence—and when we are removed from its trammels, we shall view the beauties of nature and art with new eyes. Nature and art will not then be looked upon merely to gratify the senses, but they will be books of spiritual meaning. "If thy heart were right, then every creature would be to thee a looking-glass of life, and a book of holy doctrine."

We have seen that, in a general point of view, ecclesiastical art is a symbolical language. It now becomes our duty to point out some examples in which this language is intelligible; and in doing so, it will be easy to show that fitness and expression are intimately connected with symbolism. By fitness, we understand propriety of arrangement, appropriate construction, and due proportion. By expression is understood the characteristic effect produced by the foregoing elements, and the appropriate treatment of detail and decorations, so that the character and destination of the edifice may be unmistakeable. And having made this examination, we shall find that in all these respects the works of the ancients were far superior to those of the moderns; that in the simplest and smallest church the principles of symbolism, fitness, and expression are as perfectly set forth as in the most magnificent cathedral, in proportion to its nature and extent.

From the earliest ages of the Christian church, it was deemed necessary, for the due solemnity of reli-

gious worship, that there should be a marked distinction between the place for the celebration of the sacred mysteries, and the place for the congregation of the worshippers. This feeling gradually produced the chancel for the former, which was so called from the *cancelli*, or railing, which divided it from the nave or place for the laity. Thus the chancel and nave became the two essential parts of a church, without which the idea of a church cannot be maintained. To show the peculiar sanctity of the chancel, and its exclusive appropriation to the solemn services of religion and the ministers of the altar, the following admonitory text, or some other of the same meaning, was frequently written over the chancel arch or upon the *cancelli* or screen:

"Intra cancellos laicus ne quisque moretur."

In the cathedral and large conventual churches, the chancel received the name of choir, from the circumstance of the *chorus cantorum*, who sang the divine office, being placed there.

The position of the chancel or choir appears to have been almost invariably towards the east. There are, however, some exceptions to this general rule as a deviation from due east towards the north or south is often observable, which has been attempted to be explained by the supposition, that the chancel was turned towards that part of the east in which the sun rose on the festival of the saint under whose invocation the church was dedicated. The plan of the ancient church of St. Gallus, given in the *Ecclesiologist*,* shows choirs at both the east and west ends. The most ancient churches in Ireland preserve the distinction of parts and orientation faithfully. Some of our very small churches indeed consist of a simple parallelogram, but they can be considered only as oratories or places of private devotion. That these arrangements of separation and orientation in the ancient churches conveyed symbolical meaning, we have the testimony of many liturgical writers of antiquity, by whom we are informed that the distinction of chancel and nave, besides the self-evident and natural symbolism of the distinction between the sacrifice, priests, and people, was also typical of the two states of the church spiritual—the triumphant and militant; that the chancel arch, with the representation of the Last Judgement over it, commonly called "the doom," typified death, by which the triumphant was entered from the militant state; thus, in the well-regulated Christian mind, disarming "the King of Terrors" of his awful attributes.

The reasons for the orientation of churches, with some remarks upon the beautiful natural effects produced by this position, are thus given by Mr. A. W. Pugin†:—

"A church should be so placed that the faithful face the east while at prayer. Such has been the practice of the church from the earliest period, and very few are the examples of any deviation from this rule. The chancel should consequently be turned towards the east; and all the altars in the church should be so placed, that the celebrant, while officiating, looks towards the same quarter."

Independant of all Christians turning towards the same point, being a beautiful figure of the unity of the church, those learned writers, Durandus, Gavan-

* Vol. 1, New Series, p. 118.

† Present state of Ecclesiastical Architecture, p. 18.

tus, and Cardinal Bona, have adduced the following reasons for this rule:—

1.—That the apostles turned towards the east while at prayer.

2.—That the Holy Spirit descended on them from the east on Pentecost.

3.—That we should all turn towards the holy land where our Lord was born.

4.—That as our Lord was the great light of the world, we should turn towards the brightest quarter of the world, as a figure of his glory.

5.—That as our Lord was crucified looking towards the west, the roods, placed in the same position, face the faithful.

6.—That the star appeared in the east to the three wise men at the birth of our Lord.

7.—To distinguish the faithful from infidels and heretics who, being without faith or unity, turn in any direction.

8.—That, according to the traditional belief of the Church, our Lord will come from the east to judge the living and the dead.

But independent of these mystical and pious reasons, the ancient and canonical position is the most judicious that could have been chosen. How beautifully do the rays of the rising sun, streaming through the brilliant eastern windows of the choir or chancel, darting their warm and cheerful light to the very extremity of the nave, correspond to the hymn appointed to be sung at prime:—

“Jam lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus,
Nos servet a nocentibus.”

Then, as the day advances, from the whole southern side a flood of light is poured into the building, gradually passing off towards evening, 'till all the glories of a setting sun, immediately opposite the western window, light up the nave with glowing tints, the rich effects being much increased by the partial obscurity of the choir-end at the time.”

“Now,” continues Mr. Pugin, “this beautiful passage of light from sunrise to sunset, with all its striking and sublime effects, is utterly lost in a church placed in any other than an ancient position. In short, there are both mystical and natural reasons for adhering to antiquity in this practice, a departure from which can only be justified under the most urgent necessity.”

In more advanced ages we find the necessity for larger churches producing new efforts in art, guided by the old principles, and harmoniously blending symbolism, fitness, and expression with sublime and beautiful effects. Churches were now built in the cruciform and tripartite arrangement, which were symbolical of the great dogmas of the Christian faith—the redemption of mankind, and the Trinity in unity. “In this case you will find the same great Christian verities, the Trinity and the atonement, expressed in a different, but perfectly consistent manner. The atonement is shadowed forth in the grand form of the church—the cross, which is the foundation of the whole. To signify the Holy Trinity, we have, first of all, the threefold division lengthwise into the nave, transepts, and choir; and then the threefold division breadthwise, of the nave or choir, and two aisles,

“Three solemn parts together twine
In harmony's mysterious line;
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine,
Yet all are one.”

In the exterior elevation, the two western towers, with the central tower, with which they are necessarily associated in the view of the whole building as we approach, it, follow the same ternary arrangement; and in the interior elevation, we have the like in the three stories of the nave and choir, viz.: the first tier of arches, separating the nave and choir, respectively, from the aisles on either side; the triforium, and the clerestory.”*

Descending to the examination of minor details of arrangement, we find the same appropriateness, joined in most cases with the same suggestive symbolism. Thus, for example, the baptismal font was situate near the entrance door, to typify the admission of the newly baptized into the spiritual church, by their entrance to the material edifice. The chancel contained the piscina,† which was a niche in the side wall, with a ground drain, by which the water used by the priest at the ablution of his hands, was conveyed into the earth. The sedilia were seats, in which the priest and deacons sat during such parts of the Mass as were sung by the choir. They were generally raised one a little above the other, to accord with the steps of the altar, and to symbolise the different degrees of the clerical order; the priest sitting in the highest place, and the deacon and sub-deacon in succeeding gradation.

The subject of arrangement is in itself so extensive, that an attempt to examine it in all its features, would far exceed our present limits. Confining ourselves, however, to the few varieties we have mentioned, we think few persons will care to deny that they were strictly symbolical in spirit, and appropriate, in as much as they were apt adaptations of the means to the end required—the reception of the faithful within a material fabric to witness the solemn rites of religion, and the elevation of their souls to spiritual things, by material agencies. Who, even of our cold generation, could enter one of our primitive Irish churches, and not participate in the feelings so eloquently expressed by Mr. Petrie, in reference to their former state: “Yet in their symmetrical simplicity—their dimly lighted nave entered by its central west doorway, and terminated on the other side by its chancel arch, affording to the devout worshipper an unimpeded view of the brighter sanctuary in which were celebrated the Divine mysteries which afforded him consolation in this life, and hope in the next—in the total absence of every thing that could distract his attention—there is an expression of fitness to their purpose, too often wanted in modern temples of higher pretensions; as the artless strains sung to the Creator, which we may believe were daily hymned in these unadorned temples, were calculated, from their simplicity and artlessness, to awaken feelings of deep devotion, which the gorgeous artificial music of the modern cathedral but too rarely excites, even in minds most predisposed to feel its influences, and appreciate its refinement.” Or can any one doubt, on the other hand, that the varied play of light and shade, the multiplied perspectives, the indistinctness of some prospects, the seeming

* Rev. G. A. Poole.

† “Near to the altar, which signifieth Christ, is placed the piscina, or lavacrum, that is, the pity of Christ, in which the priest washeth his hands, thereby denoting that by baptism and penance we are purified from the filth of sin; which is drawn from the Old Testament. For he saith in Exodus, “*And Moses made a laver of brass, with his basin, in the which Aaron the Priest and his sons should wash, before they went up to the Altar that they might offer an offering.*”—Durandus’ “*Rationale Divinorum Officiorum,*” Lib. 1.

infinity, and prolongation of some parts in the more magnificent churches, all united and blended together by the rich and subdued light reflected through the stained-glass windows, must be productive of religious emotions. "On entering a Gothic cathedral," says Coleridge, "I am filled with devotion, and with awe! I am lost to the actualities which surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite; earth, and air, and nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left is, that I am nothing."

These effects will, we believe, be found by those who closely examine the subject, to proceed mainly from the cruciform and tripartite arrangements, joined with the principle of verticality of which we shall here take some notice.

"It is not less the beauty, and the perfection of Gothic architecture," says Mr. Poole, quoting Professor Whewell, "that it is *vertical*, aspiring, indefinite, than it is the beauty and perfection of Grecian architecture, that it is *horizontal*, reposing, definite." The idea of each is beautiful, though its beauty be of a different character from that of its rival sister, and the very forms in the Gothic style, which Evelyn calls *fantastic and licentious*, and which Wren sneeringly attributes to the builders "*spiring up all they could*," are the apt expressions of the distinctively beautiful idea of Gothic art." Now in the churches of the middle era of Christian architecture, which we have said contain the best specimens of ecclesiastical art, we find the principle of vertical tendency to prevail. The arcades of nave and aisles, the arches of doors and windows, the canopies of niches and tabernacle work, in fact, every detail from the floor to the spire-top, "whose silent finger points to heaven," are governed by the aspiring idea of verticality, and its symbolical allusions. The substitution of the pointed for the semicircular Romanesque arch, was the first step taken by the ancient church builders towards the development of the vertical principle. The forms and details of the half pagan Romanesque hung heavily on Christian art, till the introduction of the pointed arch, from which period verticality quickly developed itself; and it was only towards the close of the fifteenth century, when the idea was in a great measure abandoned by the substitution of the low four-centred arch that art began to be debased; so long as verticality in treatment was preserved, pointed architecture was a living and progressive art. How much greater degree of height was obtained with the same features, and a smaller quantity of material, by the use of the pointed arch instead of the semi-circular, is shown by Mr. Pugin, in his excellent "Contrasts."

Another of the peculiarities of detail of Christian, as contra-distinguished from pagan art, is the aggregation of minute parts, and this, experience teaches us, is a characteristic of the beautiful, and is peculiarly appropriate in Christian churches. By the smallness of the several parts, our idea of the vastness of the whole is magnified; thus we find on closely comparing ancient works with modern of the same actual dimensions, the smallness of the stones used in the walls of the former, gives the entire an effect of greater magnitude than is conveyed by modern works, in which it appears to be a fixed principle to use the largest blocks the quarry can produce. The representation of the human figure in ancient works never approached to any thing like life size. We will often find the jambs of a door of moderate dimensions decorated with various groups of figures, as at Lichfield, Wells,

Malmsbury, and several other cathedral and monastic churches in England, Bayeux Cathedral in Normandy, and in some of our humble and less pretending churches in Ireland. At the neglected and almost forgotten church of Clontuskret, in the County of Galway, there remains a west door, the minute sculptures of which are in an excellent state of preservation. The part over the arch, contains representations of bishops and other ecclesiastics; the sides of the jambs contain figures of grotesque character, the meaning of which we have not heard explained. Immediately within the door, on the angle of the inner jamb, there is a small holy water stoup, contained within a niche, which is adorned with two bass reliefs, one of St. Augustine, probably, and the other, undoubtedly, of St. Catherine, as she is represented with her usual symbol, the wheel. Often a story of Sacred Scripture, or ecclesiastical history, was contained within a space which would scarcely contain a fragment of a heathen divinity or of a monstrosity of modern sculpture. Our old Irish crosses contain many beautiful examples of such aggregation of minute parts. On several ancient fonts are figures in bass relief, representing the crucifixion of our Lord, and the seven sacraments.* We do not mean to contend, that in every case the *form* of these details is correct in *delineation*, and that in general the moderns are not superior to the ancients in this respect. But the beauty of form is altogether apart from that of aggregation, and affects us in a different way, though, perhaps, towards the same end; and in this particular, we hope for great improvements in future developments of Christian art. Beauty of *form* and correctness of *outline* may be given to the details of aggregation, without infringing on the ancient idea. In painting already great triumphs have been achieved by Overbeck, and others of the new German School of Catholic art, who, while preserving the entire spirit of the artists of the middle ages, have corrected their defects in outline, and perspective. Flaxman, who may be considered an impartial, as well as a competent judge, appreciates highly this ancient sculpture. For speaking of the west front of Wells Cathedral, he says, "This work is necessarily ill drawn, and defective in principle, and much of this sculpture is rude and severe; yet, in parts, there is a beautiful simplicity, an irresistible sentiment, and sometimes a grace, excelling more modern productions."

The construction of medieval architecture is so important a feature of its fitness, as to call for our utmost attention, particularly when it is contrasted with contrivances for the support of modern edifices. In no point, perhaps, does the superiority of medieval to modern art appear more strikingly than in this, notwithstanding the much boasted improvements of modern science. If any one will take the trouble of comparing the ground plans and sections of relative buildings, of the pointed and the revived pagan styles, he will find that, in buildings covering the same superficial area, the touching points occupy a much greater extent in the latter than in the former; that is, that of the areas within the walls a greater space of ground is required for the supports of the structure (such as piers and columns) in the pagan than in the Christian styles. He will also find that a greater degree of altitude is arrived at in the Christian styles, with, as we have before mentioned, a smaller quantity of materials. These facts demonstrate the superior practical know-

* Vide Paley's *Fonts*, Britton's *Antiquities*, &c.

ledge of statics and dynamics which must have been possessed by the artists of the middle ages. Construction was then no *sham*. It was *real* and not *apparent*. The ancient artist was not ashamed of his contrivances for the stability of his work. "He built for God, not for man; for the church, not for private interest; for religion, not for fame; for *endurance*, not by contract; for devotion, not in the spirit of economy; *pro salute animæ, non pro crumena*."* "He would have disdained to give affected elegance to his bold and low massive walls, his stately roof, and his fearless irregularity of buttress, windows, and gable; much less would he have used cast iron props for piers, that he might have more money to spend in making a fine street elevation."† With him there was no affected mystery, no hypocrisy. All was real, genuine, and natural. Was a roof to be of stone, it was groined, and the lateral pressures of the mass boldly resisted by flying buttresses. Was it to be of wood, there was no plastered ceiling to imitate a better material,

"But naked rafters intricately crossed
Like leafless underboughs; mid some thick grove
All withered by the depth of shade above"

honestly declared their office, and possessed a beauty peculiarly their own, which, as it was *real*, could not be equalled by any counterfeit whatever.

The old men appear to have had a horror of all æsthetical hypocrisy. We never find in any of the old churches an inferior material treated in such a manner that it might be mistaken for a superior. Each material received a construction and decorative treatment suitable to its own nature. Stone, wood, metal, glass, each had its particular use and application, and one never was adapted so as to imitate the other. The several varieties of the preparation of clays had peculiar, naturally appropriate, and beautiful characteristics, such as ornamental bricks and encaustic tiles; but we never find the introduction of that material which has been a main instrument in the debasement of modern architecture—*stucco*. The bare surface of the inside of the walls, when they consisted of rubble masonry, was plastered, but no ornament was ever executed in that vile and perishable material. About the works of the middle ages, there was a reality and distinctness in the application of the constructive *means* to the required *end*, that was quite visible and unmistakeable. In modern works, the greatest efforts appear to be wasted in the concealment of the real construction, and in constructing showy ornaments for mere effect.

With regard to that element of fitness called proportion, if we admit with Doctor Alison‡ (and we think his demonstration on that head clear and conclusive,) "that the emotion of pleasure which proportion affords has no resemblance to any pleasure of sensation—but that it resembles that feeling of satisfaction which we have in other cases, where *means* are properly applied to their *ends*;" and, "that every form which is susceptible of proportion may be considered in either one or other of the following lights:—1st, In the light of its whole or general relation to the end designed, or when it is considered as a whole without any distinction of parts; or 2nd, In the light of its relation to the several parts," we think that the illustrations given of construction and arrangement will show, that, in Dr. Alison's sense of the term proportion, which is

only satisfactory definition of the idea we have yet heard, Christian architecture possessed this element of beauty in a high degree. It is absurd to suppose that there is an *abstract* beauty of proportion, and that that proportion is governed by fixed and definite rules. If such were the case we should find all the examples of the several orders of the classic styles exactly corresponding in the relations of their several parts to each other, whereas the reverse is the fact, and we find no two examples coinciding in all respects. The truth is, the pleasurable emotions with which we are affected by what has been called proportion, is the satisfaction that we feel from the consciousness that the means employed are adequate to their ends.

King Simnel and the Palesmen.

A STORY OF IRELAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

[Continued from page 55.]

CHAPTER VI.—MAY DAY.

FIVE days had passed over since the hawking party of the Lord Deputy had been in Fein-iskhe. Every day brought additional guests to Thomas-court, and every day saw some of the earl's adherents set out on pilgrimages to all the shrines in the kingdom. Among the former was Sir James Fleming, heir of the Baron of Slane, the cousin and accepted suitor of Alison Fitzgerald. Barnwall, engrossed in the ardour of his love-chase, was scarcely conscious that one-half the time allotted to him by Ormond had expired. But on May-eve, talking in the twilight with Sir Morogh MacDavid, the sad reality pressed upon him. "Brother!" he said to him, "we are to have no secrets from one another. I am a Lancastrian and an Ormondist. It is thought that the wars of the roses are soon to be renewed. I have been warned to quit this court and city, and in ten days to present myself in Kilkenny. Five of these ten are gone; to-morrow, or the next, I must depart. Will you bear me company?"

"Dear friend," said Sir Morogh, "anywhere on earth will I go with you but into Ossory. My race—the Mac-Davids and Mac-Morroghs are of the same—have, for ages back, waged an endless war with the Ormonds and their race. The Nore is to me and mine another Styx; beyond it lies our Hades. But wherefore do you rank yourself under the banner of the Butlers?"

"I inherited this fealty from my father, who had it from his father, and he from his. It is not for me to choose my own colours. Gratitude to Lancaster for favours, and to Ormond for alliance, in times past, I was born heir to, as well as to Drimnagh and Terenure. It is a hard task, oh, my friend, to part from you; harder still, may I not say, to leave behind, half won and half known, the fairest maid that was ever nursed in Leinster. Yet, must I go, or the motto of our house will become but a lying scroll, proclaiming that within, which inhabits not there."

"The way is long and dangerous," said the Wexford knight, "yet think not I would dissuade you from it. The hard way of honour should be as easy to the true knight as the rocky hill-path to the callous heels of goatherds. If you must needs go, let us at least spend one other day together, and then invoke your guardian saint, and gird your sword, and in God's name depart upon your way."

* F. A. Paley's Manual of Gothic Architecture, p. 227.

† Ecclesiologist, Vol. 2. p. 118.

‡ Essay on the nature and principles of taste.

"And where may our next meeting be?"

"If I am living," said Sir Morrogh, "I will meet you in the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Glendalough, at noon, on a day within the next octave of St. Kevin."

"I, too, will be there," answered Sir Piers, "if God gives me life and health." Having made this resolve, the two friends embraced, parted to their several couches, prayed, and slept.

The night was not long, and passed swiftly away, just as thousands and thousands of nights have passed since darkness first girdled the globe. Over the living, breathing, thick-bedded city, over the silent graveyard, over the tuneful choirs of ancient convents, over the untenanted surface of solitary lakes, it passed never to re-pass. The evening before, Fionuala O'Connor had spent with her friends, discoursing of the legends which have long been linked with May morning, in the beliefs of our people. There was one of these on which she dwelt with more than usual thoughtfulness—and heathenish and wild though it was, it haunted her during the hours of night: the one which declares that whatsoever virgin will first after sun-rise on that morning look into a pure spring, will there perceive, reflected as in a mirror, the features of her future spouse and lord. It may not be denied that the strongest minds have sometimes been subdued by the weakest agents, that real learning has with open eyes juggled with itself; or, that the soundest discretion has sometimes forsook its stand, and let in, for a time, the most complete follies. Fionuala was up before the sun, and, by a delightful spring in the earl's garden, waiting for its first rays to read her destiny.

The grey dawn was long in retreating, and the faint forecast of the sun was sickly and slow in its advances. The birds in the trees around sang as if dubious whether it was day or no, and a lark that had risen from the neighbouring fields, and trolled a note or two in mid-air, as if deceived, descended to its dewy couch. At last a glancing beam brightened the face of heaven, and the lark's note was heard again: the brightness spread over the sky and the land, until it embraced the silent and shaded nook where the lady awaited her destiny. Eagerly, yet fearfully, she saw a ray descend upon the waters, and looking, beheld with wonder, and awe, and fear, the face of Sir Piers Barnwall pictured vividly on the surface. With a sudden start she leaped to her feet and turned to fly, when the Knight of Drimnagh caught her by the hand, and saluted her, with the ardour of a mortal lover rather than the chilling kiss of an unreal fetch.

"St. Bridget bless us; Sir Piers, how came you here?"

"Lady, I slept ill last night, being troubled with a sad dream, threatening a sadder reality."

"And what might your dream be?"

"I dreamt I was going to the church—with a fair festal company, who were chanting *Hymen to Hymen!* and covering the way with flowers. Now the church stood in the midst of a graveyard, walled about, and lined with yews, and willows, and melancholy ivy—evergreen over the ashes of the ever dead. We went to the first gate, but a coffin had got into the way, and we could not pass; to the second, and the clay from a new grave had been thrown up against it, and blocked the way; in the third sat three loathsome lepers asking alms, and we turned away to the fourth gate, whence the mourners from the late burial were pour-

ing forth in a broad black stream, sighing dolefully as they came. On every side death stood between me and happiness."

The lady shuddered at the dream, while she smiled at the moral.

"Does this dark vision daunt you, Sir Piers?"

"Nay, dearest lady; there was one comfort which upheld my hopes through all. The bride was——"

"I!"

"Even you."

"Then, Knight of Drimnagh, tell me not dark dreams any more. Know you not that he whose proper day and dominion is darkness, has, in his hapless world, an infinity of visions, spells, cheats and enchantments, to unsettle our minds over night, and to discontent us with God and ourselves."

"I doubt it not. But, Nuala, am I to disbelieve all this, even the identity of the bride?"

"That, I do not say. If it relieves your frightened fancy it would be cruel to forbid you."

"And you do not?"

"I do not."

"Ah! happy hour. Nuala, it is May morning, and all earthly creatures, plants, birds, insects, flowers, are blessing heaven for its beneficence. Here do I too bless God for your pure love, the richest blessing, short of His soul-saving grace, for which I ever besought His throne. Here, in this newly verdant garden, even as our first father wedded the mother of man, do I vow to thee, before the same God, truth through life, and devotion until death."

"And here I return thee my fealty for thy fealty, never to be broken."

Well-a-day, young hearts, how quickly you have learned to cling to one another. How many a pair like you, since those of whom you speak, have vowed their vows on this round earth of ours. And time, the antithetic, that saw their morning of love dawn, how often has he seen a cold eve set upon their affections, or a fierce noon of trial melt them away. Ah! thou grey spirit of the mowing scythe, and the falling sand, why hast thou not written thy morals on stone, that we might read them from generation to generation. Thou that at the prime, attired as a bridegroom, stands before the chancel—and at evening, as a sexton, waits in the gate, speaking for ever to the ear of reason—"All things change but God alone—God alone." Even this pair, who doubted each other no more than they doubted the ground they stood on, heard in that hour of their new-born union, this solemn voice. For, never do thoughts of eternity come more keenly upon the soul, than when we have just made unto ourselves a new hope in the days of a coming time.

May-day was then a feast of social as well as religious observance in Dublin, especially for the citizens. The Lord Deputy and his friends were too deeply engaged in affairs of state to be witnesses of these sports, as was their wont; but the lady guests, at Thomas-court, were committed to the acquiescent hands of the younger knights, Sir Gibbon Fitzgerald, Sir James Fleming, Sir Morogh, and Sir Piers. After a dinner, prepared at an earlier hour than usual, they were ready to visit the scenes of civic enjoyment. Fionuala was dressed in green, with a white scarf fastened at her waist by a fibula of gold. Her snowy turban had assumed a fox-glove, instead of the wintry ivy-flower. The daughters of the earl were in pink and blue, with the tall head-dresses and

long trains in fashion in England somewhat abridged and made manageable. Sir Gibbon came forth in all the finery he had displayed on the day of the hawking, and the three knights in the more ordinary and less costly velvet caps, slashed doublets, and tight-fitting hose.

Hugh Herrick, who, in the interval, had been abiding at the White Horse with as much satisfaction as his master at Thomas-court, had for some time arrived with the horse of Sir Piers, and delayed without, with a very ill grace. As the knight came forth leading out Nuala, all beauty and contentment as she was, the moroseness of the squire, arising doubtless from drought, somewhat relaxed, yet he could not help muttering in a very audible soliloquy.

"Always late—always late. O my word, Sir Piers, you will be late at your wedding, yet."

"Who is this?" enquired Nuala.

"My squire, who was also my father's, and like all old retainers, is readier with his morality than his obedience."

"And his name?"

"Herrick, lady mine, Hugh Herrick."

"Master Herrick," said the lady, "come hither," and she put some gold into his hand, "will you do me the favour of drinking my health herewith?"

"That will he, I can answer for him," said his master.

"I am not given, most fair lady," said the squire, "to many libations, and still less to the bacchant habit of pledging healths. Howbeit, your beauty, so sovereign over all others, shall find no rebel in me. I will drink it, and uphold it unparalleled in Christendy, nay, even among the Eastern heathens themselves, to whom, 'tis said, the devil hath given more beauty than heaven gives grace."

"Thanks, Master Herrick, many thanks; but I pray you do no battle in my name—'tis not worth it."

"By Saint Joseph!"

But the others of the company being in the saddle, delayed no longer, and the eloquence of Master Herrick was brought to an untimely period by the disappearance of his auditors.

"My squire," said the knight, as they rode along, "always invokes Saint Joseph; he has a peculiar devotion to him."

"Is he pious, then?"

"As pious as that Duke of Clarence, who chose to be drowned in a butt of Malmsey."

"The same Clarence, whose son, 'tis said, is to be set up as true heir to the English crown."

"The same—a true Yorkist; without one great Christian virtue to redeem his character."

"Tush, tush! do you not know, rash Piers, that that word, spoken in the earl's ears, might cause your death; or, the next worst evil to you, and even to me, your banishment."

As she spoke this, the daughter of O'Connor perceived a look of ineffable sorrow stealing over the features of Barnwall's face; but, like the summer cloud's shadow that sweeps across the ripe corn fields, it went as swiftly as it came.

The scene of the sports they came to see was Kilmainham, near the Liffey's bank, where already great numbers had assembled. In one part a tall pole was erected, dressed out with evergreens and flowers, under which sat two musicians, playing on the bagpipes to a ring of merry dancers around. Farther off, two swinging ropes were seen in a group of trees, which sport

attracted its own set of spectators. Nearer the river, butts were erected, and the archers of the city were exercising before many distinguished spectators, among whom our noble company found the Prior of Kilmainham, the mayor, the Captain of the Bachelors, his lieutenant, the tanner, and the captain of the earl's guard. In a strip of meadow land on the opposite side of the river, a party of apprentices were playing at common.

"Seats for the earl's party; this way, Sir Piers—this way, ladies," cried the Captain of the Bachelors.

Seats were made, and after the momentary interruption occasioned by this accession of noble guests, the archers resumed their trial of skill. The prize, a small silver arrow, was in the hands of the mayor, as umpire. Two classes seemed to contest the superiority in marksmanship with all the pertinacity of party, the squires and retainers of the nobles, and the archers of the city. The tanner, who was reckoned a good shot, had just made the best of many aims, when Sir Piers observed his own squire stepping forward, having evidently obeyed the injunction of Nuala, and borrowing a bow from one of Kennelbreck's men, sent the shaft into the border of the inner mark. This seemed decisive, until Captain Myrtle taking his stand, reassured the courage of the citizens. The chief bachelor raised his athletic figure, drew his arrow up to the barb, fixed his bright eye upon the spot, and pierced it through the very centre. Loud and long was the cheering of the burgher party, and well pleased the worshipful face of Jenicho Marks, as he hung the silver arrow to the victor's baldric. One little maiden, with a face like a primrose, seemed the most gratified at this result. It was Maud, the daughter of the rigid elder, whom we saw in the street of the winetaverns, in the first chapter.

"Master Myrtle," said the Knight of Drimnagh, "I bid you joy, though you have beat my squire."

"I thank you, Sir Piers," said the victor, "and if Master Herrick will be a guest at our hall this evening, I will show him that the bachelors of Dublin are no less lucky than hospitable. Nay, Sir Knight, if these fair dames and noble gentlemen, and yourself, would be our guests—as the nobles of Dublin were wont to be in kinder days—we will do our best to make you cheer."

"I will, right willingly," said Sir James Fleming.

"And I, and I," said the rest.

"*Perdie*, Captain Bachelor, so would I too," said Sir Gibbon, "but that state affairs demand my joining the Lord Deputy."

"Which is much to be regretted by the citizens of Dublin," said Myrtle, in a tone very slightly ironical.

"Nay, indeed, now, captain, nay, it is not so; I could add but little to your entertainment."

The bachelor smiled, but did not venture a second sally.

After viewing the other sports of the evening, Sir Piers and his companions, with the ladies of their charge, returned to the city, and first directed their way to the hall of the bachelors, by Christ's Church, which was very tastefully decorated for the festivity. Here they remained for some hours dancing, and observing others dance, with such good nature and sympathy as quite charmed the hearts of the people. No other incidents occurred, save a fall experienced by Captain Kennelbreck, in a strathspey (which fall he attributed to the irregular movement of his next neighbour, Squire Herrick), and an altercation between the gossiping tanner and the pipers, on the subject of music

generally, which ended in a confidential draught in the chimney corner. The attention of Master Myrtle to his guests was adjudged by all to be exemplary, yet Sir Piers though far from being a mere spectator of others' pleasure, thought he noticed his attentions directed to the little maiden of the primrose face, more frequently than to any one else of either sex present.

It was much farther from noonday than midnight when the earl's party re-entered Thomas-court; where, contrary to the usual custom, the windows of the Lord Deputy's chambers glowed with light, and the horses of the Prior of Kilmainham, the Lord Chancellor, and others, stood before the door. As Barnwall was giving directions to Herrick, who was not the soberer for his day's amusement, he felt a hand upon his arm, and was drawn aside into an angle of the courtyard.

"Sir Piers Barnwall," said a shrill cracked voice, speaking in low tones from the recesses of a Spanish cloak, "are you still here? How long will you palter with your fealty and forego your duty?"

"Who are you that so questions me?"

"An old man, and a servant of the house of Ormond. If you value your honor, faith, or life, fly this court to-night. Treason has reached a head, and the foul blotch is about to disspread its vile corruption. Mark those lights—they are lighting perjured nobles and rash young men into the dark ways of treason. Fly!"

The warner had himself flown.

"I will not fly like a thief in the night," said Barnwall; "I owe it to the earl as his guest, to my brother Morrogh as his friend, to my darling girl, moreover, not to abscond silently and without any explanation. I will stay till to-morrow, but no longer."

And he did stay.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CASTLE.

THE Earl of Kildare having once declared in favour of the new claimant of the English sovereignty, was resolved to enter with all his energy into the enterprise of seating him upon the throne he claimed. Ardent in all his undertakings, extreme in all his likings and hatreds—he was determined to treat all who opposed this scheme as his personal enemies, and all who joined in it as friends. Under pretence of going on pilgrimages, his emissaries had scattered themselves through the country, treating privily with the chief personages—as well clerics as laymen. To receive some of these who had returned, he arose on the morning after the day recorded in the last chapter, at an earlier hour than usual; and that business over, he now sat immersed in anxious thoughts in the audience-chamber of the court, when the Archbishop of Armagh was announced.

Octavius de Palatio, was by birth, as his name indicates, an Italian. He was now beyond the middle age, and of that spiritual cast of face, and lean habit of body which so well becomes the active ecclesiastic. His reputation for piety was great, but his fame for learning was still greater; for, even then, the world had begun to prize mere human acquirements more highly than victories of discipline, or conquests over temptation. The untroubled, yet thoughtful face of the primate prepared Kildare for a serious discourse, which he strove, with his natural ardour, rather to hasten than to delay.

"My Lord Archbishop," said the earl, "it is so long since this humble roof was honoured by your presence,

that I need not say I am curious to learn the occasion of this visit."

"My Lord Deputy," replied the primate, "I will be as brief in words, as you seem resolved to be. Your cousin, the chancellor, hath taken into his protection an English lad——"

"Pardon me, my Lord," interrupted the earl, if I stay your further speech, From the tone of this prelude, I foresee what is to follow. You have come to declare against Edward the Sixth.

"Edward the Sixth! God's mercy, but treason is a crop that soon ripens. My Lord of Kildare, I come here to warn you as you love your life, as you would save your soul, as you would preserve your own name from infamy, and your children from reproach—to discard this impostor. Stay me not, earl, I will warn you out: I have credible information from Oxford, that this youth whom you style duke and king, is an organ-maker's son, and that Sir Richard Symon, his tutor, wo that I should say it of an ordained priest, is in the plot to deceive you all——"

"Say, rather my lord, you have had this wondrous news from the wise louts of Waterford. Believe me, I am not ignorant of the epistles of those saucy burghers. Even my own ears have been assailed with their invention; but the tongue that bore it, now hangs from a dry throat——"

"You did not hang the herald, Green!"

"Even so. And look you, my lord primate, if you were other than you are, you would leave Thomas-court, either for the gallows or the castle."

"Earl, I fear you not, nor will I waste other words upon you. I know the metal of your head-strong house too well, to think that any let will keep you from the precipice of your own will. When, even one life is taken, it is too late for parley on either side. But remember, I apprise you, this would-be prince of yours is the base-born heir of an unfranchised craftsman. You will hear it from other lips hereafter."

"My lord primate," said Kildare, with a deeper vexation than he had before expressed; "even if what you say be true, the upholders of the descendant of an adulteress need not taunt us with it; but this comes of Italian bishops."

For the first time, the calm prelate seemed moved. "Methinks the Earls of Kildare used to boast of some Italian blood"—he began, but checking himself, he added—"I have done my duty, my lord; I leave you to God, who I pray, for your own sake, will send you a calmer mood of mind. Farewell."

As he passed along the corridors he met Sir Piers, who was bound to the audience-chamber, to announce his departure. The young knight, with the instinct of true reverence, bowed his knee before him, and asked his benediction.

"Whom am I to bless?" said the primate, "a traitor to King Henry or a liege man?"

"A liege man, Piers Barnwall of Drimnagh," replied the knight.

"Arise, Sir Piers, and may the God of truth bless you; it is a fair morning, but a foul day impends." So saying he passed on his way, as calmly as he came.

In the ante-room of the audience-chamber, Sir Piers perceived Captain Kenelbreck, who smiled grimly upon him as he went in. The earl he found pacing up and down, in anything but a self-complacent mood.

"Brief words, Sir Piers," he said, turning abruptly round, "are needful in busy times. I do not bid you

good morrow, because, by your own words, the good or evil of this day must be decided. Have you heard of the presence among us of the true king of England?"

"Henry the Seventh?"

"No, Sir, 'tis Edward the Sixth who is here! 'Ere another week will have passed, he here will be crowned—and before a month from that glad day, he will sit on the seat usurped by him you call Henry the Seventh."

"My lord——"

"Our friends are able to the occasion. Margaret of Burgundy is engaged to furnish men and munitions, Lord Lovel and Lord Lincoln of the English side will be with us, the chancellor, the prior, and myself, with others not powerless here, will also aid him to his rights."

"But, my lord, think of the number who will not take arms against Henry, Lord Bermingham, of Louth——"

"We have the Abbot of Mellifont, a better ally——"

"The Baron of Howth——"

"An evil scion of the least honourable line in Ireland; we can spare him."

"The citizens of Waterford——"

"We have the braver and better men, of Dublin."

"But, good, my lord, will you imperil your own house, your friends, yourself——"

"Sir Piers, I wished you hither not to take council, but to take service. Are you for the true prince or the usurper?"

"My Lord, I will answer you plainly. I am not skilled in titles, for seldom hath a baron of the pale asked whether his patron was or was not the true heir of England. I have felt the royal bounty of Henry—I believe him true king—and for him only shall my sword be drawn."

"Then, Knight of Drimnagh, I grieve to say that you are a prisoner of the state. Kenelbreck! ho, Kenelbreck!"

The captain of the guard and Sir Gibbon Fitzgerald entered together.

"Captain," said the earl, "convey this gentleman forthwith to the castle—by the side postern."

"I congratulate you, my lord," said the simpering Sir Gibbon, who came forward with divers genuflections, "on the—aw—detection of this gentleman. Do you know, my Lord, I came here this morning *specialiter*, I may say, to inform you that this gentleman was seen, by one of my varlets, parleying with the Earl of Ormond in Fein-iskhe, the day of our hawking there."

"Ha! the earl is then left ——"

"Yes, my lord," said Kenelbreck; "but he has left his spies behind. I wished to inform your excellency, that we took old Bolter, his conspiring major domo, last night in the court; the most impertinent Ormondist alive—he had been here conversing with this knight."

"What! treason in our very court. Away with him—away. Fool that I was, to trust a stranger here so long. Not a word, sirrah, not a word."

"Kenelbreck," added the excited earl, in a lower tone, "privily, secretly; let no one know of it—be gone!"

Sir Piers saw there was no use in immediate resistance. He was hurried along the almost deserted streets, wet and clammy with the heavy dew of the night, for the sky was thickly clouded and the sun invisible. As he passed the neighbourhood of St.

Owen's Church, a wizard face peeped for a moment from an aperture near the roof, and was as quickly withdrawn—and as he entered the castle gate, he thought he saw in the distance the figure of the Infirmary of St. Mary's, but the face was turned in another direction.

Handed over to the castle authorities, he was lodged in the third story of the Birmingham Tower, where a mat, a half-broken pitcher, a chair, and a rudely carved wooden crucifix—the unfinished work of some former captive—was the only furniture. A small and high window threw down at mid-day a distinct light, but in the morning and evening hardly admitted of any. The door which was narrow (and within another that opened upon the stairs leading to the leads and the floor), was carefully secured from without. After his legs had been fettered, his pitcher filled, and a brown loaf laid beside it on the floor, Sir Piers sat down upon his mattress, folded his arms, and hummed a snatch of an old ballad. Feeling that he was guiltless of any crime, that he had done his duty and asserted his loyalty, he was satisfied. There was another consolation in finding himself confined in the city where Fionuala was. Better a captive and near her, than at liberty if far away. He had, in addition, a presentiment that his confinement there would not be of long duration, and this, perhaps, tended more than any other thought to make him musical.

When Captain Kenelbreck had lodged him in safety with the keeper, he directed his way towards the hostlerie of the White Horse, where he doubted not to find Hugh Herrick, to whom he bore no great good will since their encounter on the eve of St. George. But Hugh, having instructions to be early at Thomas-court, had arrived at the main gate just as his master left it, a prisoner, by the postern. He rode into the yard, and dismounted at the entrance. Sir Gibbon Fitzgerald coming out at the time, the squire enquired if he knew whether the Knight of Drimnagh was yet astir.

"*Perdie*, yes," answered the coxcomb, "he is early up, that gentleman. He left by day-break, without bidding his friends adieu. He said that he had a loon of a squire who would follow him home, if he had not been too close to a spigot over night."

"A loon of a squire!" exclaimed Herrick. "Sir Gibbon, are you resolute those were the very words?"

"As I remember, faith these were his words."

"I will not follow him, then," said Herrick. "I will turn knight errant, and seek my own fortune in these wars that they say are nigh hand. If I follow him, my reputation I may say is gone. But," he continued, speaking to himself, "there may be something in this—mayhap the safety of the Lancastrian succession required it. I will after him—I see through it all. His unnatural abuse of me was a good feint—St. Joseph—an excellent feint. I will follow him."

With this meditation in his mind, the trusty scapegrace galloped from the courtyard, and before Kenelbreck returned from his search at the White Horse, Master Herrick was leaving the dust behind among the oaks of Inchicore.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE CORONATION.

THE lord deputy and his friends, having ascertained the sufficiency of their strength, now threw off all restraint, and openly waited upon the prince at the chancellor's. The citizens of Dublin, informed of the nature

of their designs, were divided into rival parties, one set of commoners being for the present succession, and another for the Yorkist claim. But there was a third class, and, perhaps, the most numerous, who, having no great attachment to either the white rose or the red, sided with the strongest side, rather fearing to offend the deputy who reigned at their own doors, than Henry who reigned in London. Of this section was our friend, the Captain of the Bachelors, and his lieutenant, the tanner.

It was Sunday morning, and those two municipal worthies sat in the Bachelors'-hall, near the old cathedral of Christ Church. The day was fitfully gloomy, and the opposite wall of the cathedral still glistened with the damps of night. But though the sky was heavy no rain fell, and the wind rather fretted than blew.

"It is long since we had a king crowned in Dublin before," said Myrtle.

"None, that I have heard of," replied the tanner, "since Asculph MacTorcall's time, from whom the valiant Earl Richard, whose tomb is within yonder church, and MacMorrogh's son took the city for the king of England."

"The Ostmen had been long settled here," said the captain.

"A long time. I've heard Friar Roger of All-Hallows say, that of their kings, a score and five reigned here—and Friar Roger, they say, is as deep in books, even as the archbishop, Octavius, himself."

"They say the same learned prelate is much averse to this affair of the earl's, and refuses to be present at the crowning."

"So I have heard," answered the gossiping tanner, "and truly even to one so unlearned as I, it does seem passing strange, that a king of England and France should be crowned in our city. The Mayor of Waterford," he added in a lower tone, "in his letter to the archbishop, Fitzsymon, hath said that this young man—the rightful prince, as I am sure—is no other than an organ-maker's son, born at Oxford, and no more son to Clarence than to Prester John. But that so many sage and aged lords, as well bishops as counsellors of state could be thus deceived, is not to be thought of."

"'Tis not, at least, to be said," observed Myrtle—and a mutual pause ensued.

A humming sound now vibrated on the ears of the captain and lieutenant, and the bells of Christ's began to ring merrily. This was the signal for all the bells in Dublin, and peal answered peal, within and without the walls. On issuing into the street before the cathedral, the bachelors' commanders found, already before them, a vast concourse of people, all earnestly engaged in discourse or observation. The Archbishop of Dublin and the bishops who were to assist at the ceremony, had already entered the cathedral, and Kildare and the future king were momentarily expected. From the church gates up to Thomas-court, anxious crowds lined the route of procession, ranged along the footways, perched on pillars and in blind windows, hanging from windows and rude verandahs, and bristling along the eaves. The bells ceased to chime, and a peal, as of an hundred trumpets, was heard from the quarter of Thomas-court, as, at a fixed hour, the prince descended from the deputy's audience-chamber to the yard. He seemed pale, anxious, and dubious of his own mind. On the one side he was supported by the Lord Chancellor, and on the other by Sir Richard Symon. As he came out, Kildare's

retainers and guardsmen filled the court-yard with their huzzas, and a fair hand dropped, from a window of the court, a garland of glorious flowers in his path. He looked up, but could not see the bestower of the propitious gift—then he looked down at the flowers, and, for the first time, a smile stole over his mournful, and withal majestic face. The quicker eye of one of the spectators, Sir Patrick D'Arey himself, caught sight of the wreath-giver, who was no other than the Earl's daughter Eustachia.

"By Saint Dooloch of Balgriffin," said the giant, "he shall be my king. Look you, Bat, how he takes up the flowers, and hands them to the good old priest. She has crowned him, and I will crown him. Long live the true prince," he shouted with lungs like Stentor's, "long live the true prince!"

The cry was heard far beyond the court-yard, and was repeated by all, even to the very doors of the cathedral. Then the procession being formed, it was put in motion. The sky cleared at the same moment, as if to favour the pageant—an omen which raised the spirits of both the actors and spectators of this remarkable scene.

First, there rode out, six heralds, in pairs, mounted on white horses. After these came the city trainbands, commanded by the senior warden, and the mayor of the city. These were followed by the civic authorities, Dowdal, Master of the Rolls; Plunkett, the Chief Justice; and Maurice Fitzgerald, the Chancellor. Then came a cohort of the grave knights of the temple, with their renowned prior and master at their head. The standard-bearer, and the sword-bearer of Ireland marched next, with such other representatives of the hereditary offices of the English in Ireland, as still survived. The secular and regular ecclesiastics of the second order followed—the bishops were already at the cathedral—among whom the mitred abbots of Mellifont, Holycross, Batinglass, and Selskar, were particularly distinguishable. After these, mounted on a white, unspotted steed, and attended by Sir Richard Symon, and two other priests, as his domestic chaplains, came the prince himself, armed *cap-a-pie* and bearing himself like a true heir of a royal inheritance. Kildare, in the midst of his guards, came next, and after him the Lords Portlester, Barry, De Courcey, and Gormans-town, the Barons Slane, Devlin, and others; the Knights Sir Morogh, Sir James Fleming, Sir Gibbon, and many beside. The procession closed with six other heralds, riding in pairs.

The sun shone, the bells renewed their peals, the crowds cheered louder and louder as the procession reached the church doors. Defiling to right and left, the several companies that preceded him, opened a way for the prince to enter first. As he crossed the door, two bishops advanced from the chancel to meet him, bowing slightly. Taking off his casque, the prince placed himself between them, as prescribed in the ceremonial, and advanced to the altar, before which the metropolitan, Fitzsymon, sat, vested in all the solemn garments of his high office. Around him, their chairs placed so as to form the likeness of a crown, sat the assistant bishops, to the number of ten, each vested in rochet and stole, white cope, and simple mitre. Near the altar, and nearly level with it, on a temporary platform, carpeted with cloth of silver, stood the throne, covered with purple and gold, and on the altar itself, were laid the sword, the crown, the sceptre, and the oil of catechumens. On the other

altars were the relics of the cathedral, the famous *Baculus Jesu*, the object of pilgrimage for generations, supposed to have been the staff that fell from Heaven at St. Patrick's feet by the Tyrrhene sea, the Shrine of St. Cuba, and other sacred possessions of the church. At the extreme end of the left transept was a tent of spangled cloth, for the prince to robe himself in.

The then assistant bishops having brought him to where the archbishop sat, introduced him in these words:—

"Most reverend father, our holy mother the church demands that you should raise this illustrious soldier to the royal dignity."

To which the archbishop replied—"Dost thou know him to be worthy and useful for this dignity?"

The bishops answering that they knew and believed him to be useful to the church and the kingdom, the archbishop replied "*Deo gratias*," and the prince took his seat between the two bishops, with his face to the archbishop, who thus addressed him:

"Since you are about to receive from our hands to-day, oh! best prince, the sacred unction, and the ensigns of royalty, it is necessary that we admonish you of the great duty to which you are destined. You take on you to-day the royal dignity, and the duty of governing those committed to you. Truly this is a charge full of labours and anxieties; but if you consider that all power cometh from the Lord God, by whom kings reign, and the framers of laws decree justice, you must know that you will one day have to render an account to God of the charge committed to you. In the first place, you will be pious, you will love the Lord your God, with a whole mind and a pure heart. The Christian religion in which you have been nursed, you will retain inviolate to the end, and to the best of your power will defend it against all its adversaries. To the prelates of the churches, and the priests, you will exhibit condign reverence. You shall not trample on ecclesiastical liberty; justice, without which no society can stand, you will administer most impartially to all, conferring reward upon the good, and just punishment upon the wicked. Widows, minors, the poor, and the feeble, you must defend from oppression. To all those who approach thee, thou shalt exhibit thyself affable, benign, and gentle, as comports with thy royal dignity. And thus shalt thou carry thyself, as reigning for the utility of all thy people, and expecting the reward of thy good deeds, not here on earth, but in heaven, which may it be granted to you, we beseech of Him who reigns one God, world without end. Amen."

After listening attentively to this impressive prelude to the ceremony, the prince prostrated himself upon the floor; and the archbishop raising his hands to heaven, prayed devoutly to that God who caused Abraham to triumph over his enemies, and bestowed on Moses and Joshua an hundred victories—who raised the humble boy David to the throne of his kingdom, and enriched Solomon with the ineffable gifts of wisdom and grace—to hear the prayers of his humility for Edward, Duke of Clarence, now elected to be king, so that he might rival Abraham in fidelity, Moses in meekness, Joshua in fortitude, David in humility, and Solomon in wisdom. So that protected by the helmet of heavenly defence, armed with an invincible shield, and clothed with celestial arms, he might be a terror to unbelievers, and a preserver of the faithful, and finally, glorified with Christ, the conqueror, of Tartarus, in Heaven. Then making the sign of the

cross over him, the archbishop uttered another short prayer and returned to his seat.

The prince rising, came to the archbishop's knee, knelt, and was anointed on the right arm and between the shoulders. The archbishop and bishop having prayed, and the sacred oil being absterged from the prince by the former, Simnel rose and proceeded to the pavilion, in the left transept, to enrobe, while the archbishop began the solemn mass.

Returning, royally enrobed, the Pretender approached the venerable Fitzsymon, who had resumed his seat, while the choir chanted the anthem; and the choiristers ceasing, he made aloud, in a voice clear and courageous, this profession:

"I, Edward of Clarence, about to become Edward VI., of France and England, profess before God and his angels, that I will do justice to the church of God, and to the people subject to me, *pro posse et nosse*. And to show canonical and condign honour to the bishops and the church, and observe all privileges conferred on her by emperors, kings, and lords, and that I will confirm to all abbots, earls, and my vassals, their privileges, according to the council of my lieges."

Having said this, he spread both his hands on an open copy of the Gospels, saying, as he did it, "So help me God, and these holy evangels of God."

After this the metropolitan again prayed, repeating solemn injunctions of the duties of Christian kings to the church and their kingdoms.

In giving to him each of the three ensigns of royalty, the sword, the crown, and the sceptre, he delivered him fresh exhortations, and prayed anew to God that he might rule in righteousness and wisdom to the end.

At last the solemn rite was done—the mass was finished—the choir chanted the majestic *Te Deum*—and the procession of the prelates, the nobles, and the people, began to be formed.

"To the castle! to the castle!" was the cry.

"Why do you not move, my Lord?" said old Port-lester to the deputy.

"We are waiting for those accursed bearers, who have got shut up in the throng without," said the earl.

"My lord earl," said a husky, scarce human voice, "wait for no bearers. The king is in his throne—loyal shoulders will bear him to the castle."

So saying, the gigantic D'Arcy strode into the open sanctuary, snatched up the throne and its new tenant, and placed it upon his herculean shoulders.

"On—on," said the wild giant; "long live Edward the Sixth!"

The procession formed. The gigantic knight of Platin, with the throned king on his shoulders, led the line. The people, mad with excitement, shouted vociferously, scattering flowers and evergreens in the way; and even the knights and nobles sharing in the general tumult, waved their casques, and bannerols, and favors.

As the giant deposited his burden at the inner entrance to the castle, the latter said—

"Sir, we are much beholden to your loyal shoulders, for escaping through this throng; they that have borne so well our weight, can well bear the honours we will hold in mind to give."

"So, please your grace," said the giant, who seemed to have a dim consciousness of the 'vantage ground he stood on, "as you deign to interest yourself in my fortunes, there is a lady who—"

"Oh!" said the king, who could scarce forbear

bursting into laughter at the thought of such a monster being smitten in love, "we will hear of it again, to-morrow, mayhap, or the next day."

"Please your grace, you will remember——"

"To-morrow, to-morrow," said the deputy; "detrain not the king, good Sir Patrick; to-morrow tell us of your love, and I will back your suit myself."

"You promise."

"By Saint Brigid, I will."

At this declaration, the simple-minded monster broke into an uproarious fit of laughter, and looking with glances of the strangest perplexity at the lord deputy, turned away and fled.

"Most strange," said Kildare.

"Strange, indeed," said the new king. "My lord, will you order some of your men to watch this Atlas of our new sphere; his wits, I fear, are less tough than his thewes."

"Kenelbreck, let some of your fellows have a watch over Sir Patrick D'Arcy. Will your grace be pleased to enter?"

King Sinnel was quickly installed among his council in the castle, where Kildare at once surrendered to him the sword of state, which as Lord Deputy he held. This the new monarch graciously restored, calling the earl his governor and tutor, and praying him to retain that sword as an emblem of his long reign in Ireland. The other great officers of state made similar tenders of submission, which were received with equal grace, and their titles and offices confirmed to them. Then an address was recited from the citizens, written in ballad royal, by Friar Roger, of All-Hallows; letters from Burgundy and England were read, a tournament proclaimed, and a parliament resolved; and all the chief actors in this momentous scene, highly pleased with themselves, sat down to a sumptuous entertainment, presided over by the king, on whose right hand sat the archbishop, and on his left, the lord deputy.

[To be continued.]

THE HYMN FOR EASTER.

"O, Filii et Filia."

I.

"O, hear it, youths and virgins, hear!

The King of Heaven, the ever-glorious,

Arose to-day, arose victorious

Over Death and the grave so drear!

Alleluiah!"

II.

Far o'er the golden orient skies

Shines out the sunny Sabbath morning.

The Lord's Disciples, at the warning,

Seek the tomb where they think He lies.

Alleluiah!

III.

Now James and Salomè have met,

And Mary Magdalen comes weeping,

With precious essences for keeping

The dear Corpse from decay as yet.

Alleluiah!

IV.

When, wonder-waking sight to see!

An Angel, clad in shining vesture,

Who speaketh, with majestic gesture,

"Lo! the Lord is away in Galilee!"

Alleluiah!

V.

The Apostle John has left his room,

And, with light foot, each moment fleeter,

Outstrippeth even the eager Peter,

And is first to approach the tomb.

Alleluiah!

VI.

Some others mourn and droop apart,

When, 'mid the group, the Lord appeareth,

And, "Peace be here!" He saith, and cheereth

And reviveth anew each heart.

Alleluiah!

VII.

But Thomas yields them no belief;

He deems their tale an idle fiction,

And meets it still by contradiction:

It alleviateth not his grief.

Alleluiah!

VIII.

To him the God-Man, therefore, saith—

"Friend, see my side. Lay here thy hand on

My hands and feet, and then abandon

All thy doubts, and be firm in faith."

Alleluiah!

IX.

And Thomas, at his Master's word,

Inspects with eye and probes with finger

The wounds whose bleeding chasms yet linger;

And he cries, "O my God and Lord!"

Alleluiah!

X.

Then Jesus: "Thomas! thou hast been

Convinced by sight, but blessed rather

Are they before my Heavenly Father

Who believe, though they have not seen!"

Alleluiah!

XI.

May, then, our God inflame with love

The hearts of all! May youth and vestal,

In this most holy time, so festal,

Worship Him who is throned above!

Alleluiah!

XII.

Him who bestoweth Light and Grace,

Who deigns to accept our prayers and praises,

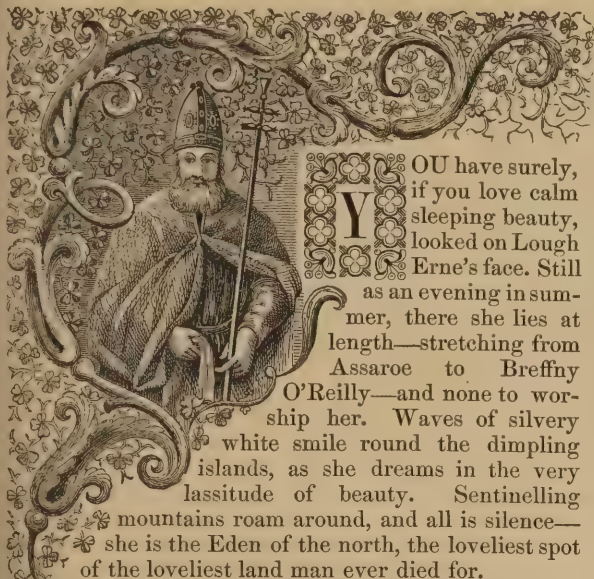
Who can abase and no man raises,

Who exalteth and none can abase!

Alleluiah!

The Death of Lord Macguire.

(A SKETCH OF '41.)



YOU have surely, if you love calm sleeping beauty, looked on Lough Erne's face. Still as an evening in summer, there she lies at length—stretching from Assaroe to Breffny O'Reilly—and none to worship her. Waves of silvery white smile round the dimpling islands, as she dreams in the very lassitude of beauty. Sentinelling mountains roam around, and all is silence—she is the Eden of the north, the loveliest spot of the loveliest land man ever died for.

In the youth of that "son of the waters," whose death may be the subject of many a fitter pen, the desolation of conquest was on her. The Earls had long since fled from Lough Swilly's mouth; and though the Macguires, like all the other sept of the north, wailed and prayed for the return of them or their sons, the old land fretted without a chief like him of old. A new language was being forced into men's mouths—a new religion had demolished all morality—the customs, dress, habits, and arms of the native races had almost vanished away. Courts of High Commission, of Castle-Chamber, inquisitions of escheat and forfeiture usurped the domains of the Brehon. Even in the ruins of Devenish, on the very grave of Molaise, the English had held their sessions. Old castles crumbled down under the blighting red-flag they supported. Unightly bands of Scotch and English—of vagabond pedlars of civilization from London, and *chevaliers d'industrie*, from Cantyre in Galloway, poached over the hunting grounds on the Lough sides. Nay, the fairy islands of the lake were not too sacred for the English plough. Innish-mac-saint, itself, with its holy relics, was under the hoofs of the heretic stranger, who found "great delightfulness in the place," as so he might. From Lough Melvin to Belturbet there were Spottiswoodes, and Coles, and Archdalls, and Lowthers, and Blenherhassets, and Foliots, and Atkinsons, and Loftuses, and such foreign marauders, who liked Lough Erne well; but the old people in the old place, they were "despairing Irishes."

And why should they not despair? old men among them remembered the days of Hugh O'Neill—but where was the might of the "red hand" now? Where was the Macguire among them all to gather the clans of Fermanagh? The "Earls" had not fled ten years, when a planter, one Davies, versed in English law, and called Attorney-General by the English, "represented" Fermanagh in the Irish parliament, and the race of Macguire bore it. Their acres had been taken over their heads, and they groaned in secret; martial law and its myrmidons were on them, and spies, and forgers, and suborners—and it was death to murmur.

And their faith, the faith of their fathers—that is the saddest fact of all.

If the ideas of a people have a consonance with the scenery in which they live, if nature influences the mind of man, we cannot wonder that on Lough Erne religion was always supreme. The grand paganism of our fathers pitched upon the mountains over it for their worship; but the serene catholicity of mediæval times, found in the quiet nooks and placid islands of the lake a kindred serenity. Nature and her beauty ceased then to be grandly symbolical, and became real to men's eyes. Belmore,* when the sinking sun threw down its sides dishevelled light, streaming like the golden hair of a Celtic god, ceased then to be reminding of terror; and the scenic placidity of the waters spoke audibly of peace, and quietude, and the after-life of man. There, then, Catholicity raised her earliest and some of her holiest fanes. Monastic brotherhoods settled on the islands of the lake, and the valley of waters was redolent of prayer. Crosses and effigies in stone, holy names for holy places, mark still the devotion of a happy people. The islands were paradises to them, and they laid there the bones of their dead, as in the safe keeping of a quieter world. The shore had its "ports of lamentation," where the living wailed as the dead were slowly borne over the lake; and, when the caoine died away round the headlands, the mournful tolling of the abbey bells still woke the silence of the waters.

But Devenish was dismantled now—her devotees were expelled and hunted. In the very hall sacred to the living God, the English held their sessions. Every insult that could be affixed to native piety was heaped upon the owners of the soil. Protestant Vicars were planted there, who robbed them for their souls' sake. "Oaths of supremacy" and divers other blasphemous instruments were used to coerce, or to test for the halter. The Catholic was an attainted native, he worshipped God after his own fashion, and "ploughed his horses by the tail;" two diabolical acts of treason to England. Brooding wrong settled in the people's heart, and a due vengeance came when the "despairing Irishes" stung in '41.

Then appears, for the first time in history, Connor, Lord Macguire; he was the son of Bryan, first Baron, by English law, of Enniskillen, and from his grandfather held, by royal letters patent, broad acres in Fermanagh. Though he had conformed thus to English practices, his property, by the intriguing of the Coles and Loftuses, passed into planters' hands, and, when Roger Moore came from Spain, he found Macguire almost without an acre. The vultures were settling around the possessions of his fathers, and a Cole was already "governor" in the very Castle of Enniskillen.

It was about Candlemas, 1640, in about the twenty-fourth year of his age, that he and Roger Moore, the great prime mover of the insurrection of 1641, met "in the house of one Peter de Costres in this city." If we can trust the narrative of Macguire, which has been handed down to us, he unwillingly afforded to Moore this meeting; they discoursed "of the many afflictions and sufferings of the natives of this kingdom, and particularly in those late times of my Lord Strafford's government." Then Moore "began to particularize the sufferings of them that were the more ancient natives, as were the Irish; now that on several plantations they were all put out of their ances-

* Belmore—Baal-more—i. e. *the great Baal, or great God.*

tors' estates; all which sufferings, he said, did beget a general discontent over all the whole kingdom in *both* the natives, to wit, the old and *new* Irish." Topics, like this, lost none of their fire coming from him whose memory was full of the misfortunes of Leix. He spoke of the Irish rising and the "regaining of their own lands and the freedom of their religion." But Macguire was one of these men, steadfast, yet hard to move; these matters were altogether "out of his element." Moore changed the point of discourse. "He began to lay down to me," says the narrative "the case that I was in then, overwhelmed in debt—the smallness of my estate, and the greatness of the estate my ancestors had, and how I should be sure to get it again, or at least a good part thereof." Still the man was immovable; and Rory changed again. He showed "how the welfare and maintaining the Catholic religion, which, he said, undoubtedly the parliament now in England will suppress, doth depend upon it; for, said he, it is to be feared, and so much I hear from every understanding man, the parliament intends the utter subversion of our religion; by which persuasion he obtained my consent:" the Catholic yielded.

Next day they met again, and with them O'Reilly and Mac Mahon and others. O'Moore spoke of the "troubles of Scotland," the physical power of their country, their relations with Spain, where the son of Hugh O'Neill served at his regiment's head, and with Flanders, where Owen Roe learned to win Benburb. He hinted, too, at secret friends, and mentioned Lord Mayo.

Twelve months and more passed away. The power of the English parliamentarians was far in the ascendant. The king of "the graces" might have seen his merited fate without looking beyond Whitehall courtyard. Unseen hands too were working throughout Europe against Ireland. A young prince of the Red Hand was found strangled in his bed at Brussels; and the race of Hugh was extinguished for ever.

Thus, one hope of the clans of the north was baulked, and their prayers made purposeless.

Sir William Cole, an extensive planter in Macguire's country, was "governor" of Enniskillen castle. On the 21st October, 1641, a convenient coachman, laid bare to him a mighty plot of Lord Macguire's, to seize the castle, with 150 men, and murder him—the "governor"—and "throw him over the wall into the river."

On the next night, Mr. John Woodcock, "being one of the sheriffs of the city of Dublin," having received from Lord Justices Borlase and Parsons certain orders founded on the information of a drunken servant of Sir John Clotworthy, "did, by virtue of his office, walk up and down the city." This locomotive virtue further incited him to go to the house "of one Neville, a chirurgeon, in Castle-street," and enquire for Lord Macguire. The latter was within, with some "ten or twelve others;" nevertheless, Mr. Sheriff Woodcock did not proceed to arrest. A watch, which he had set upon the house, shortly after informed him that Macguire and his party had left for the residence of "one Kerne, a taylor."* There he immediately proceeded—searched for arms and found them, of course—searched "narrowly" for Lord Macguire, and found him, too, "in a cock-loft, with a cloak wrapped about him, standing by a bed, the door lockt

upon him, *there being no key to be found.*" As pretty a trap as ever Mr. Sheriff Woodcock devised!

This day is known in history as "Lord Macguire's day." The English honoured him with this memorial, because they said he had then planned the surprise of Dublin Castle.

The vengeance of the ejected race burst out all over Ulster. In Fermanagh, "one Captain Rori Maguire," says John Carmick, a servitor of Sir William Cole's, erstwhile in the Castle of Enniskillen, "took upon him the managing of all businesses." Rory "fortifies, first, the Castle Hasen, the house wherein he dwelt himself; he took in the castle of one Edward Aldrith, Esq.; he put out all the English there; he went to the town, burnt that, but killed none of the men (humane Rory! not even a Cole), went thence to another place and hanged one Eleazar M., one that was clerk of the peace of the county, and from thence he went to Newtown, four miles off from it, took in the town, and stript and disarmed all the Protestants that were in the church; murdered Arthur Champion, Esq., and many more. Twenty-two castles were seized upon, and the church of Monah, with eighteen Protestants burned in it—764 Protestants were destroyed in that county."*

Such a dread retribution the Lough sides never witnessed. Deeply did the planters there rue the day they plotted for the destruction of the chief.

He had seen his home for the last time. We too must leave it and follow him, a man apparently by chance, a man without innate nobility, as you would say—charged with machinating for the rights of property, and the mere toleration of that old religion, which the English parliamentarians had vowed to extirpate from the Irish soil—through a long imprisonment to a martyr's victory in the conqueror's land.

While the lovely scenes he should have ruled over were desolated by the conqueror's blight—while the old Milesian stock, the Macguires, "sons of the waters," the MacManuses of the Lough sides, the O'Flanagans and MacGillafinnans, were, now, rising with the wild vengeance of forbearing races stung to hatred; and, again, failing in all the miseries inflicted by a dominant alien, Connor lay in his dungeon. Sir Phelim raised his red arm of vengeance; the Cavan was up and at Belturbet, and Tully-mangan justified the historic pride of the clan of Maelmora; plundered O'Donnells rose in Donegal; and from Dartrey mountain swept down over Lough Melvin the torrent of the O'Rorkes; and still the Baron of Enniskillen knew it not.

"For, as Sir John Temple declared to the court, the Lord Macguire was then brought to the council board, and they could get nothing out of him." Afterward he was again (26th March, 1642) taken before Charles, lord Lambert, and Sir Robert Meredith, knight, "Chancellor of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer," in Ireland; and what purports to be his examination taken—"whereupon he was sent back to prison for that time."

And Rory O'More, thanks to our Lady, escaped from the capital of the pale, to die, thereafter, in Kilkenny of a broken heart. And Owen came from Flanders, and with the might of Hugh, broke the ranks of the Sagums at Benburb, to die, thereafter, too, of

* Either in Cooke-street or Lower Exchange-street. Tradition points out the house in the latter. The written evidences lean to the former.

* Deposition of John Carmick.—Trial of Lord Macguire. Half the number would have been, perhaps, the utmost of possibility; unless, indeed, we account for the extraordinary loss of life among the English in Ulster in '41, by the very natural theory that each of them had "as many lives as a cat."

a sassenach woman's treachery, in old Cloughouter; and Macguire, when the foreigners could charge nothing against him, save the material suspicion of being Irish, was transported with a MacMahon from Monaghan to the safe keeping of a gaol, thence to the Tower of London.

Of Macguire's imprisonment then we have the following graphic memorial, lately published in the *Dublin Review* :

"REVEREND FATHER—I have a sad story to tell you about Cornelius Macguire, Lord Inniskillen, who was at large hitherto, but who is now in Newgate, the filthiest prison in London—the prison of thieves and felons—himself, and Mac Mahon, and a Scotch captain, also a Catholic, who was brought with them from Ireland.

"They are all there in one small room, without food, or drink, or bedding, having only one small bed between them, and no place to relieve the necessities of nature (*horresco referens*) but the room in which they sleep. And the wicked tyrants are not content with this, but they say they will be brought to trial next week, at the assizes; and we fear very much they will be sentenced to death. I beg of you, for God's sake, to pray without ceasing for them. Enough for the present, but God be with you.

"Your own poor man,

"James" [surname in cipher.]

"London, May 23, 1643."

"Our own poor man, James," might have stayed his prayers for months. On the 18th August, 1644, the captives managed to saw their way through an oaken door, and grope to a loophole or window in the White Tower, whence they let themselves down by a rope. Then wading through the moat, they escaped to some friends in Drury lane.

It is dramatically related, that on the night of the 20th of the following October, an oyster-woman, with small imaginations of romance, was marching down Drury-lane. From an open window an Irish voice hailed her, and, in two hours afterwards, Mr. Conyers, lieutenant of the tower, had the fugitives in his safe keeping.

On the 18th of November, the Queen's Bench in Westminster was astir; crowded with loyal planters of the Macguire and MacMahon's countries; and swollen with that spirit of legal justice which is *ex-officio* English. MacMahon was brought to trial and at once condemned.

Not so the Fermanagh chief. A perfect master of the fence of English law, adroit in the dodgings of English justice, he resolved not to die without an effort to shame and balk his thirsting enemies. He pleaded his peerage, and the right of trial by his Irish peers. His trial was, in consequence, postponed.

At the beginning of the following term, Mr. Justice Bacon delivered his judgment "that a Baron of Ireland was triable by a jury in England." Whereupon the parliamentarians, lords, and commons, passed resolutions of indemnity to Mr. Justice Bacon, making his judgment "law."

And again, "on Monday, February 10th, Connor was brought from the tower of London, by the guard belonging thereto, unto the King's Bench bar." He demanded time to bring his witnesses from Ireland. "What can your witnesses say for you?" answered the Judge. "Can they say thus much, that you did not conspire, as this indictment charges you?" "I humbly desire," said Connor again, "to have a formal trial."

"In what respect do you mean?" asked the angel in English ermine. "I think it is so now. Now you are come to be arraigned, and the evidence is to come in against you, I conceive it is a formal one." Surely no more formality was needed.

A jury having been called, Macguire challenged the whole, peremptorily, "for causes best known to himself." Still a "speedy trial" should be effected; and accordingly, on Tuesday, February 11th, by virtue of a rule granted to Mr. Tower-lieutenant Conyers, Macguire was arraigned again for the last time. Every quiddity of "law," every merest common-law technicality of English "justice" he used. He moved, appealed, in vain. Another jury having been called, the following dialogue took place:

"MACG.—Under favour, I conceive, that my lands being sequestered, those men that have bought my lands, should not pass upon my trial; and, therefore, I desire they may make answer to it upon oath, whether any of them have adventured or no.

"SER. WHITFIELD.—To desire, that a whole jury may be demanded such a question upon their oath, is that that hath not been known. If my Lord Macguire have cause now against any, he hath run out the liberty which the law gave him, to challenge thirty-five peremptorily. Now, if he should challenge any more, he must make a particular challenge to every particular man that comes to be sworn, and he must have such a challenge, notwithstanding as is warrantable by law; but this general challenge is not warrantable by law, and if it were particular, it were not warrantable neither.

"SER. ROLL.—If you will challenge any more, the law does not debar you to show cause.

"MACG.—I conceive, that any that have given money for Ireland for my destruction, ought not to pass against me.

"SER. WHIT.—This is for the king, this is for no particular person whatsoever.

"MACG.—I beseech you hear me in it.

"JUDGE.—You know this, that the king cannot grant it without the consent of both houses, and in this case it may be put to the jury to try upon their oath. Thus far I shall agree, that if any of this jury be to have any particular benefit in Ireland, of land or goods, by his attainer, it is good; but if his lands come to the king, and that the king is no way bound to give it to any of them, it is no challenge. Look the statute.

"M. PRYNE.—Under favour, Mr. Justice Bacon, it doth not appear to the court that the prisoner hath any lands or goods in Ireland; and, therefore, no such question is to be demanded of the jury.

"JUDGE.—You may make needless disputes upon it.

"Then the jury being accordingly required to answer upon oath, whether they had adventured, or had any share in Ireland for the rebels land; Macguire desired the question might be, whether they themselves, their children, or brothers? But that would not be agreed unto, as being unreasonable."

Then another jury was sworn; and, beaten back to the wall at last, he stood upon his trial.

Among the witnesses against him were Sir William Cole, governor of Enniskillen, till Rory "took on him the managing of all businesses;" and another, Sir Arthur Loftus. Among the present possessors of "the land of the waters," are men with these very same names.

Against Macguire and his brethren in Ireland, it was principally alleged that they were "Papists." "The Lord Finghall is a Papist," said Lord Blaney, "and Clamorris a *pestiferous Papist*." "All Papists!" quoth Serjeant Whitfield, in that awe and horror which became a zealous defender of the Lord's word, and pure creature of English parliamentary justification.

From the report of the trial we extract the following scene:

"JUDGE.—You confess in your examination, when the day was for the rising, that you were in the conspiracy, and appointed for the taking of Dublin Castle; and that you were taken when you came about it: also, you rode about it, and provided arms.

"MACG.—I was in the house in the cock-loft where I was taken; I did not know where any army was.

"SER. WHITFIELD.—My Lord Macguire does forget himself, what he acknowledges under his own hand.

"Then the examination being shewed him, he said, *there is my name, but not my hand*.

"JUDGE.—I am sorry to hear it; I did rather expect, that you should have acknowledged it. Here are two able witnesses that can testify it against you; your denying your own hand, which is

so manifestly proved, will be a great discredit to what you say. You acknowledged it at two several times.

"MACG.—What did I acknowledge?"

"JUDGE.—You say that you came to Dublin to settle your estate. By your own examination you acknowledge, that the Castle of Dublin was to be surprised by yourself.

"JUDGE.—It is now time we should draw to the jury. You hear my Lord Bramstone and my brother Finch here justify it to you.

"Then my Lord Macguire's examination was shewed to my Lord Blaney, being present in court, demanding whether he thought it to be Macguire's hand or no?"

"LORD BLANEY.—It is my lord's own hand, he hath written to me many letters.

"MACG.—I don't think I have written many letters to your Lordship.

"JUDGE.—Gentlemen of the jury, you may go to the business."

Mr. Justice Bacon charged; and the jury returned a verdict of "guilty."

Then occurred this other scene. Macguire's tact reminds us of the windings of a hare.

"CLARK.—Connor Macguire, alias Cornelius Macguire, thou hast been indicted for several high treasons, and thou hast been arraigned. Upon the arraignment thou hast pleaded not guilty; and for thy trial hast put thyself upon thy country, which country have found thee guilty, according to the indictment; therefore prepare thyself to receive the sentence.

"MACG.—I desire to know by what law?"

"JUDGE.—The law is well enough known. That is a treason within the statute without doubt.

"MACG.—I was not tried by my peers.

"JUDGE.—This is a general exception, formerly annexed in your plea. If you can shew some particular cause also, you shall be heard.

"MACG.—I desire counsel to advise me.

"JUDGE.—When you did put in a plea therein, you had counsel to advise you in your plea, and to argue it. Now your time is past for counsel; you must have none assigned to pick holes in the indictment.

"MACG.—I desire the court would consider of it, before they proceed to sentence.

"JUDGE.—You offer nothing to the court that is of any difficulty. You had counsel, whether you should be tried by your peers or the jury here, which jury are to try any man under a nobleman in this kingdom.

"MACG.—I desire to know under what seal you thus proceed against me; for I think you sit here by the new seal.

"JUDGE.—What seal do you mean? I sit here by virtue of the old, by order of parliament.

"MACG.—Under favour, I conceive, that the ordinance of parliament for the new seal, makes all done by the old seal to be void.

"JUDGE.—Here is nothing done but by good authority, and the parliament's approbation.

"MACG.—I conceive the ordinance for the new seal cuts off all proceedings of the old.

"JUDGE.—My authority is not cut off. I was made by the old seal, before there was any new seal, and so I am continued by the parliament; and the parliament did take notice that I have been allowed to sit. Besides this, there is nothing done in this court by the new seal. The sheriffs are here by a charter, and that comes in from year to year; and there is no seal in order of execution."

The Judge delivered judgment.

Then came the grand characteristic of Macguire. We have seen him flying secretly from the dungeon like a mere being, afraid to die—we have seen him caught again like a fool, unable to escape; we have seen him dodging through English law like an English lawyer.

Look now on the Irish *Catholic*:

"After judgment pronounced, the king's council demanded of him, whether he would have any ministers come to him, to prepare him for his end, and to advise him for the good of his soul.

"MACG.—I desire none of them; but I desire I may be sent prisoner to Newgate.

"COUNSEL.—His reason is, because there are some Popish priests there.

"JUDGE.—That cannot be. Your judgment is to return to the Tower, where you may have ministers (if you please) to return to advise you for your soul.

"MACG.—I desire you, that some gentlemen of my own religion

may have access to me, to confer with me; and some who are my fellow-prisoners in the Tower, to speak with me in my keeper's presence.

"JUDGE.—You must name somebody in particular.

"MACG.—I desire to confer with Mr. Walter Montague. [*Belike he knew him to be a Popish Priest or Jesuit.*]

"JUDGE.—You must prepare yourself to die against Saturday next.

"MACG.—I desire a fortnight's time to prepare myself.

"JUDGE.—That is too long a space, and I cannot grant it; but you shall have convenient time.

"MACG.—I desire you, that I may have three days notice at least, to prepare myself.

"JUDGE.—You shall have three days warning; but, however, delay no time to prepare yourself."

And again arose in him the pride and dignity of a chief, and he liked not to die as felons die.

"MACG.—I desire my execution may be altered, and not according to the judgment: and that I may not be hanged and quartered.

"JUDGE.—This lies not in my power to grant. But here are some members of the House of Commons in court, and you were best address yourself to them, that they may acquaint the house with your desires.

"MACG.—I shall desire the gentlemen of the House of Commons, so many as are here, to move the house in my behalf, that I may have a fortnights time to prepare myself, and that the manner of my execution may be changed.

"SIR JOHN CLOTWORTHY.—My Lord, I have been your school-fellow heretofore, and have found some ingenuity in you; and I have seen some letters of yours, importing some remorse of conscience in you for this fact; and I should be glad to discern the like ingenuity in you still. And shall move the house, that you may have some ministers appointed to come to you; and likewise acquaint them with your other desires.

"Then the prisoner departing from the bar, Mr. Prynne advising him to confer with some godly ministers for the good and comfort of his soul; he answered, that he would have none at all, unless he might have some Romish priest of his own religion.

"To which Mr. Prynne replied, my Lord, these Romish priests are the chief instruments who have advised you to plot and perpetrate those execrable treasons for which you are now condemned, and have brought upon you that shameful judgment of a traitor, the execution whereof you even now so earnestly deprecated. Since then they have proved such evil destructive counsellors, to you in your life, you have great reason to disclaim them with their bloody religion, and to seek out better advisers for you at your death, lest you eternally lose your soul, as well as your life, for the blood of those many thousand innocents which have been shed by your means. To which he, pausing a little, answered: that he was resolved in his way. Whereupon another lawyer said: my Lord, you were best to hear both sides. To which he answered, in an obstinate manner, I am settled on one side already, and therefore I desire not to confer with any other. And so departed through the hall towards the Tower, the people crowding and running about to behold his person."

He petitioned—God forgive him!—these English lords and commons that he might be executed as became an Irish gentleman. "But this petition was rejected by the parliament, and on Thursday, February the 20th, he was drawn on a sledge from the Tower through London, and so to Tyburn, where being removed into a cart, he kneeled and prayed a while."

But Mr. Sheriff Gibbs was too much of an Englishman to leave this Irish chief even to the possession of his own thoughts.

We extract this scene too, fully satisfied that our pen is not half so graphic:

"SHERIFF GIBBS.—Do you believe you did well in those wicked actions?"

"MACG.—I have but a short time, do not trouble me.

"SHER.—Sir, it is but just I should trouble you, that you may not be troubled for ever.

"MACG.—I beseech you, Sir, trouble me not, I have but little time to spend.

"SHER.—Sir, I shall give you as much time after, as you shall spend to give satisfaction to the people; I do require you, as an instrument set in God's stead here, to make an acknowledgment to the people, whether you are sorry for what you have done or no, whether it be good or no.

"MACG.—I beseech you do not trouble me; I am not disposed to give you an account. *Pray give me leave to pray.*

"DOCTOR SIBBALD.—Give glory to God, that your soul may not be presented to God with the blood of so many thousand people.

"SHER.—You are either to go to heaven or hell; if you make not an ingenuous confession, your case is desperate. Had you any commission or no?

"MACG.—I tell you that there was no commission that ever I saw.

"SHER.—Who were actors or plotters with you, or gave you any commission?

"MACG.—For God's sake give me leave to depart in peace."

In peace! Die, amid thy enemies, for thy country and thy God, in peace! Oh! Connor, son of Bryan, why ask things impossible?

He returned no answer to their insults; but "continued *mumbling* over a paper which he had in his hand, as he had done from his first coming."

This paper contained notes of reflections, and short ejaculatory prayers, meet for a Catholic in death. A priest, "his friend William," was in the crowd, who, when Macguire would give a sign agreed upon, had promised to administer absolution. With these notes of prayer, was the following touching letter:

"My master, his coach shall wait on you infallibly. That day your friend William shall go by coach all the way, upon a red horse, with a white hat, and in a grey jacket, and then you cannot choose (by the grace of God) but to know the coach, of two whitish horses, and then you may do, or shew that token only, as to lift up to your face your hand, nodding (or inclining down) your head, and there shall go two or three (divers) coaches for the same purpose, and be sure to have plenary physick as you desire. I send you this holy stone, by virtue whereof you may gain a plenary physick, in saying any certain prayer. I beseech you, dear Sir, be of good courage, for you shall not want anything for that happy journey, and offer you yourself wholly for him, who did the same for you. *Pray earnestly for your country*, and for your own sons, that God may prosper them. I do humbly entreat you to pray for me, your own poor afflicted servant,

"Your poor GRAY.

"You shall do well to send your letters to-morrow to that young man that comes to me, and the wooden cross that I have sent there of late; I beseech you send me word, whether the reliquary that came along with those two crosses was yours or your companion's, Mac-Mohun Hugh.

"These words following were in an Irish character:

"*Mo mhile beannacht chugad a mhic mhanma.*

"In English:

"*My thousand blessings unto you, son of my soul.*"

As his lips moved in prayer, "the Sheriff commanded his pockets to be searched." They robbed him of his beads and crucifix—all they found. Then Mr. Sheriff Gibbs having done his worst, Doctor Sibbald kept up the torrent of insult:

"Come, my Lord," he said, pointing to the symbols of Catholicity, "leave those and acknowledge your offence to God and the world. * * *

It is not your *Ave Marias*, nor those things will do you any good; but it is *Agnus Dei, qui tollit peccata Mundi.*"

Not at all "regarding this discourse," Lord Macguire turned round to the people and calmly spoke as follows:

"Since I am here to die, I desire to depart with a quiet mind, and with the marks of a good Christian, that is, asking forgiveness first of God, and next of the world. And I do forgive (from the bottom of my heart) all my enemies and offenders, even those that have an hand in my death. I die a Roman Catholic, and although I have been a great sinner, yet am I now by God's grace, heartily sorry for all my sins, and I do most confidently trust to be saved (not by my own works), but only by the passion, merits, and mercy of my dear Saviour Jesus Christ, into whose hand I commend my soul."

Again he asked for "a little time to say his prayers"—and again, and again was insult flung upon him. At last Mr. Sheriff Gibbs bade him prepare for death.

"I do beseech," were the last words of this stern

son of a glorious race, "I do beseech all the Catholics that are here to pray for me, I beseech God to have mercy upon my soul."

And in another few minutes Tyburn-hill witnessed the embowelling and quartering of a half-hanged man—and the realms of another world held the soul of an Irish martyr.

Thus died the chief of Fermanagh, one victim of 1641.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF

Red Hugh O'Donnell.

(A.D. 1602.)

I.

The dark day of Kinsale was over,
And Ireland lay again in thrall;
No hope seemed left her to recover
From this her fatal, final fall.
Her goal was lost, her strength departed;
The Saxon hosts had scattered far
Those bright prestiges her High-hearted
Had shed around her arms in war.
Her glory bode a burnt-out star,
A voice of wailing and lamenting,
A cry of late and vain repenting
Rose from the centre to the sea,
Throughout the once-glad, songful isle;
And ruffian Force and treacherous Wile
Rode rampant o'er the Brave and Free.
A Night without a Morrow,
An ever-wounding Sorrow,
A death-trance that might borrow
No ray from Hope to gild its gloom,
A wild, vague thirst unsated,
For vengeance on the Hated—
A bondage fixed and fated,
Such seemed the trampled Nation's doom!

II.

And He, the Chieftain of the North,
The Red O'Donnell,
Who led her banded legions forth,
In green Tirconnell,
O'er fortified height and battle-plain,
So many a day to Death or Danger,
He, tended by the hireling stranger,
He droops—he sinks—he dies in pain—
He breathes his last in far-off Spain,
Alone, alas! in far-off Spain!
Mourn ye the Brave!
Mourn him with tears,
He goes down to his grave
In his youth, in his bloom!
On Iberia's dusk shores,
In the flower of his years
Is his life's lamp outquenched;
It bides dark evermore
In the gloom of the tomb!
He who never once blenched
Before falchions or foemen
Lies low, like a tree
Laid in ashes by lightning.
Alas! for the omen,
Sad Erin, to thee,
When thy fate appeared brightening!
Mourn we the Brave!
Mourn him with tears!
For he goes to his grave
In the flower of his years!

III.

Behold yon pile, that rises lone
Within Zimanca's* cloistered walls,
On whose dark arabesques of stone
Scarce even the noon-day sunbeam falls—
An ancient fabric! reared, I ween,
What time the Moors were here the masters,
As tellth well the sombre sheen
Of its carved arches and pilasters.
We enter, passing court by court,
And long-deserted hall and fort,
And blank alcoves and corridors,
And rooms whose tessellated floors,

* Zimancas is a small, but by no means insignificant, town, in the province of Old Castile. The historical associations connected with it (among which Irishmen, we hope, may be allowed to class those belonging to our melancholy story) are peculiarly interesting. In point of antiquity it stands, if not alone, at least on a parallel with the most ancient cities of Spain, and on this account was chosen by the Spanish monarchs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as the National Depot for the chronicles of the kingdom. It was besieged and taken by storm by the Moors in the year 967, after a gallant resistance on the part of its inefficient garrison, but regained its independence (in common with most of the cities and provinces of Spain) long before the final victories of King Ferdinand, in the fifteenth century. Of late but little has been heard of it; but it has nevertheless (as we have reason to know) taken an active and decided part in the unfortunately over-numerous revolutions, for which the Spanish Peninsula has been disastrously distinguished in modern times.

And faded sandal-roofs appear
 To shadow forth, in many a token,
 The gloom and splendour blended here
 Before the Arab arm was broken.
 Now, up yonder winding stairs,
 Which Time day by day impairs,
 We wearily clamber,
 And lo ! a long chamber,
 Dim-lighted and cold,
 Like a King's mausoléum of old.
 Therein sleeps the boldest of Erin's best Bold !
 There sleepeth, laid low
 Not by musquet or spear in
 The field, but by Sickness and Wo,
 The last Prince that may battle for Erin !
 The winds, as in pity, sweep sighing
 Around the pale-canopied bed
 Where the corpse of the Hero is lying ;
 One brief hour ago
 They waited o'er the Dying,
 They now pour their dirge for the Dead !
 Two tall figures kneel beside him,
 These received his parting breath ;
 These alone stood by to guide him
 Through the Gates of Death.
 Their sacred robes, their prayerful mien,
 At once reveal those holy priests
 At home, abroad, far oftener seen
 At poor men's graves than rich men's feasts.
 O ! blest and honoured be the names
 Of O'Mulconry and Dunleavy ;
 Who, though themselves of worn-out frames,
 Yet, when the thought of Erin's woes,
 And future fate lay dark and heavy
 On their Prince's bleeding bosom,
 Nobly cheered him to the close
 Of this his bitterest hour of hours !
 May their memories ever blossom,
 Fresh and bright in Time's meridian bowers !

IV.

The moon is dawning, the West is darkening ;
 A sighing sound haunts the bodeful air ;
 The forest-pines appear hushed and hearkening,
 Like living forms, for the Vesper prayer.
 Their leaves are sparkling, but not in gladness—
 Who readeth well what their sheen bespeaks
 Will deem those pearly-pale dew-drops of sadness
 Most like the tear-drops on weepers' cheeks.
 The knelling fall of the Douro's waters
 Floats down the dells like the saddest song,
 As though the flood's fabled Fairy Daughters
 Bewailed some victim or deed of Wrong.
 And, as the gold of the sunset slowly
 Decays and darkens, till all hath fled,
 Those tones appear to unite in holy
 And choral swell for the Lost or Dead.
 Is this illusion ?—a poet's dreaming ?
 An airy legend from Peristán ?
 Or are the Thoughtful more wise in deeming
 That Nature sometimes may mourn with Man ?

V.

"What, ho ! my lords and lieges all !
 I call a Golden Revel !"
 The King commands ; the trumpets peal ;
 And all ranks known in Old Castile
 Meet in the royal palace-hall—
 Meet on one joyous level !
 And Pleasure takes the reins from Power,
 And Mirth unbounded rules the hour !
 The festival—the song—the dance—
 The brilliant lights and gay attire
 Recalled those days of Old Romance,
 And gallant knightly Chivalrie,
 Even then but known through lay or lyre ;
 A goodly sight it was to see !
 Here, some illustrious Caballero
 Bent low before an aguadara,†
 And there, a noteless calesero‡
 Led out the blood of Alcantara.
 While many Hidaigos, who, for years,
 Had proudly stood aloof and single,
 Almost from even their very peers,
 Cast off their state, and stooped to mingle
 With all who thronged around—unmasked ?
 And, what though every face was masqued ?
 Condemn not this ! for men have made
 Of Life a darker Masquerade,
 Where nought is genuine more—save Guile.
 His wrinkles mock the Conqueror's wreath ;
 And, where the false lips fain would smile
 The veiled heart often bleeds beneath.
 Enough !—but if thou wilt win pleasure
 From pondering how the things that seem
 The stablest—Beauty, Pomp, and Treasure,
 May vanish like a morning dream,
 Or turn to dolorous memories after ;
 If thou wilt fondly mark how soon
 Sighs may resound where late rang Laughter,
 Glance round thee through this wide saloon—
 The lights are quenched, the guests are gone,
 A few stray menials glide alone,
 Like spectres, o'er the matted floor.
 It is the gloomiest hall in Spain,
 For always ten-fold Wo must reign
 Where Gaiety was King before !

VI.

And wherefore such a change ? Oh, Spain ! unto thee
 Be the tribute of those tears, that fill mine eyes unbid !
 Thy Sovereign sought to make my country great and free !
 The gay lamps are darkened, and the wine-cups are hid,
 Because the cold corpse of the young Irish Chief,
 The Red Hugh O'Donnell is in Valladolid !

Yes ! He whose career was so bright, but so brief,
 He lieth on his bier in the palace-chapel aisle ;
 And Spain shares the glory and the gloom of Erin's grief !

Yet a few fleeting hours, and a train shall defile
 From hence through the city to the Place of the Dead
 Such as never until now left this venerable pile !

Oh, Philip, king of Spain, be blessings on thy head !
 Thou honorest O'Donnell for his nobleness and worth ;
 Thou lovest, too, the land for whose weal he fought and bled !

But this thou guessest not—that the House that gave him birth
 Is matchless even in Spain for its ancientness of line—
 Perchance is truly royaller than any on the earth !

Yet, thou givest him a tomb—thou yieldest him a shrine
 Among the highest lords—the magnates of thy land !
 The greater meed of praise, O King, is therefore thine !

VII.

Hark ! the Cathedral bell !

One deep knoll,

And no more !

How it thrills through the core

Of the heart and the soul,

That knell !

Hark ! yet another and deeper knoll !

A long hour hath passed

Since the last.

Now torch-lights are fitting to and fro

Around the high palace-wall,

And a Hearse, with coffin and pall,

Standerh anear in plumed woe.

Another hour—and a final knoll !

For the night weareth late.

The signal is given and obeyed,

And slowly the Funeral Cavalcade

Moves from the chapel-gate

On the way to its last dark goal !

VIII.

The Bannermen lead the van,
 Their black flags flapping high in the wind—
 Singly they move, man after man ;

After them pass

The Guards and Senors of the Bascaller class,

Two and two, in a long, long train behind ;

The Torch-bearers march afoot by their side ;

The chief Caballeros ride

On crape-covered steeds in front of the Hearse,

With its coffin and pall.

The Serge-bearers march afoot by their side.

In silence march all—

No sound ariseth to pierce

The ear of Night save the moanful toll

Of the far Esgueva ;

And so they wind through the Puerta del S61.*

The Bannermen lead the van,

Their black flags flapping again and again ;

Singly they ride, man after man.

Behind them appears

The line of the Guardsmen and Bass-cavaliers,

Two and two, in a long, long sable train—

The Torch-bearers march on foot by their side.

The King and his Nobles ride

In the rear of the Hearse :—and hark ! anon

A slow musical strain,

Funereal and sad, resounds from the wide

Ravines † to the plain,

And the notes fall, one after one,

Off the muffled drum, and blend with the swell

Of the rolling Esgueva,

Till the Cavalcade winds through the Puert' d' Isabel.‡

The Bannermen ride in the van ;

Then follow the Guards, Knights, Nobles, and King

Slowly move all, as when they began.

The mists of the night

Dull the red glare of the torches' light ;

And the Hearse, with its plumes of black heron-wing,

And its formless look in the dusk, damp air,

Seemeth like an Embodied Despair !

While the horn and the bass-bugle mingle their tones

In funereal strains,

That sound like the wallings of Dolorous Prayer

From a soul in her pains,

And seem sadder at whiles from the groans

Of the muffled drum, and the mournful flow

Of the rolling Esgueva,

As the Cavalcade winds through the Portal of Woe.§

IX.

But lo ! the Gate, with its Gothic arch,
 The Convent, with its mitred wall !
 The lurid rays of the torches fall
 Aslant on Saint Francis' Convent-wall.
 Enough ! here halts the processional March.

* Gate of the sun.

† The city of Valladolid lies in a hollow, and is surrounded by cliffs.

‡ Isabella, the Queen of Ferdinand the Victorious.

§ Puerta de la Pena, the Gate of Sorrow, or Punishment.

* Fairy-land.

† Female water-carrier.

‡ Itinerant merchant.

X.

With measured and solemn tread
The buriers all, the King the while
Advancing at their head,
Move to the end of the lamp-lighted aisle,
And there lay down their Dead,
The Mass is chanted for the Dead,
Before the altar of the Lord !
The Brethren of Saint Francis raise
Aloft,
With one accord,
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
To Him, the All-wise God and Lord,
The only Ever-blest,
Who oft
Works out by chastening and mysterious ways
Salvation for the souls He loveth best !
And, as the midnight bell tolls forth its warning
That Night is nearing Morning,
The corpse is lowered into its bed of rest.

XI.

It is done ! All is over !
The too fond-hearted lover
Of his Mother-land is lying in his crypt of marble stone.
May a blessed resurrection
Be the meed of that affection
That burned in his bosom for Her, and Her alone !
Many, since, have shared his doom,
Of our Noble-souled and True—
For, wo is me, the brightest of the laurels Erin gathers
Still bestow their barren bloom
But on those, who, like to Heen,
Lay their bones far away from the valleys of their fathers !

[The following sketch of the character of the celebrated Chieftain whose death and funeral obsequies form the theme of the preceding poem, is paraphrased from the *Annals of the Four Masters*,* as translated by my friend Mr. Owen Connellan.]

Honour to Hugh of Tyrconnell ! Honour to him whose valour,
Through a long decade of years, baffled Elizabeth's power,
Him to whose manly cheek no danger ever sent pallor,
Him who in troublous times was Ireland's Buckler and Tower !
Truly a Chief was He !—a wise and masterly Leader,
Skillful in Peace as in War—foremost in council and field,
Yet, ever finding the Sword by far the most eloquent pleader
For the lost rights of his land, which the Enemy hated to yield.
Strong in his frame as the lion that roams the African forest,
Dauntless in spirit no less, in mind as in body robust ;
Well was he able to strike where the wounds to England were sorest,
And to bring down the proud plumes of Essex's Earl to the dust.
Kingly of aspect and air, with a voice like a resonant clarion,
Withersoever he went, he compelled submission and awe,
Cheering the Faithful and Brave, but casting to ravens for carrion
All, as well Irish as English, who dared to defy his law.
Though as a lamb or a dove, in gentlest bearing and meekness,
Towards the Poets and Priests, and those who obeyed his commands,
His was a soul that never gave way to womanly weakness,
As the base traitors found who at times fell into his hands.
Great was the good he achieved !—making to fly like pebbles
Under his conquering sword the heads of the foes of his isle,
Gibbeting up rapparees, and banishing obstinate rebels,†
Raising the Worthy to honours and bringing to shame the Vile.
Deep is his image enshrined in the hearts of Erin's Afflicted,
Though it is nothing so strange that these should remember him still,
Since it is known unto all that He was the Ruler predicted
Ages and ages before, in the verses of Saint Columkille.‡

J. C. M.

* Geraghty : Anglessea-street, Dublin, 1846.

† Rebels, of course, to his own authority.

‡ The passage alluded to here is the following quatrain, which is found in one of the poems of the Saint :

"There shall arise a Man of might and fame,
Whose death shall be a cause of woe and tears,
He shall be called The Pious Chief by name,
And reign as Prince for ten successive years."

Apropos of Duelling.

CANT words, whether they take the shape of old saws or of modern instances, are the bane of wisdom. Some people will never do right, because our grandfathers coined false proverbs ; and other some, because themselves know better, feel no concern for posterity. Civilization with these latter is an accomplished fact ; a moral sun that will shine unimpaired for ages, without needing, like the sun of nature or of fiction, to rest or set. The schoolmaster, they pretend, will remain abroad for ever, like the cedars. Intellect, once set a-going, shall never grow weary nor get off the rail. Winter floods shall not disturb, summer heats shall not disperse the pellucid and perennial rills of

science ; and the ocean of truth shall flow and overflow for ever, without being subject to ebb like its watery type. Absurd things have been said and repeated, acted and reacted, throughout all the ages of the past ; but the brother of the Earl of Cork was as yet unborn. Our more gifted age is quickened with organic change. Space has succumbed to our engines. Our telegraphs cope with time. All the Past is in our grasp, and Futurity is barely ahead of us. We shall prosecute, therefore, under a more propitious horoscope, and with a more favourable projection, the great work of renovating the face of the earth. Our infinite resources considered, it is surely an easy task : yet, this task perfected, we enter on the millennium.

What a hydra-headed monster is this human vanity ! What a combination of infinite insolence, everlasting blindness, and perpetual youth ! It is as fresh to-day, and as ready to play the fool, as when the children of Adam opened their brick kilns in Sennaar. A millennium of some sort has been ever its dear delusion ; but a millennium of any sort is actually, alas, impossible. This nut was too unpromising to engage the attentions of the multitude. Of even the few who pierced it, some, disrelishing its fruit, have incontinently spat it from them. Yet, although of bitter flavour, in the first instance, this fruit is assuredly wholesome, and in the after-taste not unpleasant. Reader, shall we essay to unlock it, and to relish its recondite virtues ?

Wisdom is an attribute of man. How it originates in man, God only—who made him—knows. We can understand, after a manner, how it grows with his youth ; but when man dies, his wisdom disappears from earth, and its end, like its origin, is known only to its author. All that is wont to be said about a man's wisdom being bequeathed to posterity in his works, is mere cant ; and feeds, in no stinted measure, the insolence and folly of mankind. Good books, which are the most precious legacy the wisest can bequeath—good books, which are the greatest works of the greatest men—even good books are not wisdom ; they are only books. They may condense, perhaps, into a more pithy compass, or, according to occasion, amplify into more visible proportions, or they may distil into a rarer spirit, or they may fix on more enduring rolls the truths and beauties revealed in nature, which are too large or too minute, or too diffused, or too evanescent for the dull perceptions of ordinary men ; but still they are only books, only a dead letter—a skeleton, and a very imperfect skeleton moreover, of the soul of wisdom that inspired them. They may be overlooked, or they may be undervalued, or they may be misunderstood. They may be forgotten—they may be absolutely lost. Though all the revelations of nature were daguerreotyped in every encyclopædia, though all the harmonies of life were set to music and arranged for every instrument, the mass of mankind may remain, therefore, like the Cretans from of old, "liars, evil beasts, slothful bellies," to the bewilderment of those victims of metaphor and cant, who confound books with wisdom, and expect that knowledge will some time or other march up to the millennium.

Nor is the reason of all this very abstruse ; on the contrary, it lies very much on the surface of the world. Mankind is a most variable quantity—flowing and ebbing like the ocean stream ; appearing and disappearing like the changeful moon. Wisdom, therefore, which as we have observed, is an attribute of man, so far from always progressing as a matter of course, must fluctuate for ever as a matter of necessity. There

is every day emerging into the region of consciousness a tide of humanity, as darksome as the gulf from which it flows, on which all the lights of civilization shed a most vain and ineffectual splendour. As far as this rising generation is immediately concerned, all the sages and savants of the earth may as well have been savages. Unless they themselves shall appropriate the truths of faith or of science, converting them by that alchymy so simple and yet so mysterious, from dead words into living wisdom, those truths are as though they remained buried in the undiscovered mines of nature. Now, this process of appropriation implies so many conditions of capacity, opportunity, leisure, and will, and each of these conditions representing an aggregate of dispositions still more remote, is such a creature of contingencies and—humanly speaking—of chances, that the odds are incalculable against the success of any given individual in conducting it, though he should have inherited a library—and innumerable against the success of a community. Thus it happens, that although the advent of universal enlightenment has been often solemnly promulgated and widely proclaimed, impostors of any profession, religious, medical, or political, have never lacked crowds of willing dupes to blazon their craft and to swallow their nostrums. So that, after all, the antiquated wisdom of the preacher outvies our swiftest machinery, outfaces our boldest inventions; and, however rapidly we may affect to be advancing, the echoes of his voice oracular shall still keep sounding in advance, with a solemn premonition of the experience that awaits us at the station house—"Nothing under the sun is new; neither is a man able to say: behold this is new; for it hath already gone before in the ages that were before us."

This train of thought involves the rationale of all idiosyncrasies. That any individual should think or act absurdly upon any matter or upon every matter, in despite of history, philosophy, reason, and religion, is as natural as cockerowing. That the absurdity has been demonstrated by some other person may be a fact, but that is all. There is room for two facts in the universe. One of these persons was wise; the other is not—as the tide is sometimes high, sometimes low. Philosophers will scarcely wonder at such a phenomenon, at least in its more obvious aspect—downright fools certainly will not; but there is a species of artificial ignorance, an enlightened affectation, that regards it as a puzzle, almost resents it as an affront, and refuses all comfort until it be somehow accounted for. Human perfectibility they must sustain at all risks—these artificial ignoramuses—it is their hobby; and though all nature and daily experience oppose them, they will back their hobby against daily experience and all nature.

How a false and absurd opinion may acquire and maintain a wider influence in society is thus also apparent. It is only a coincidence of idiosyncrasies—a whole circle of the heavens that is setting with all its stars. A variety of causes and conditions has so affected a number of men, that they remain unenlightened upon the matter in question. Other circles of society may be a-blaze; but this only shows again that there are circles and circles. These remarks, however, bear more especial reference to ethical truths, the realization of which more properly constitutes wisdom. Truths of pure science may be rather ignored than gainsayed; that is, when they really are truths of pure science. For, many opinions, such as that of the roundity of the earth, are vulgarly esteemed scientific

truths, which are found to rest, when analysed, upon moral postulates, and which are therefore, according to our theory, fairly and fully debateable.

With these prolusions we introduce duelling to our readers, trusting that they may enjoy the reciprocal illustration which the prolusions and the duelling are designed to confer upon each other. For, heedless of all imputations, we hasten to pronounce duelling as absurd a system as ever tasked the equanimity of a philosopher, or puzzled the theory of an enthusiast. It has not an idea to stand upon. It moves a social monster, like that fabled Frankenstein, without a final cause, an ultimate end or a natural life; and it will keep moving, nevertheless, until it is supplanted by some fresher folly. But if such be the case, we may be asked at the outset, why we allude at all to the subject; or, indeed, how we should attempt to establish any truth, or to refute any error whatsoever, seeing that our ideas of the world's destiny tend towards a species of fatalism? A question more serious than opportune; but which, now that it has been started, must have an intercalary paragraph.

It is true we do not hope to alter, or to see altered, the condition of humanity. All such hopes we esteem vain and visionary. This world is a place of trial, and so will continue even to the end. Good and evil will battle upon it while time shall endure. There will be no universal enlightenment, no reign of reason, no improvement upon Christianity, no millennium. But individual men, few, perhaps, comparatively speaking, yet worthy of all consideration for their own individual sakes, will still even in this doomed and darkened world attain to wisdom, and through wisdom to happiness. The salt of the earth shall not utterly lose its savour. The traditions of man's original destiny and duty may not irreparably decay. Now, one of the agencies, doubtless, whereby the harvest of the elect will be ripened, nay, the specific agency expressly appointed and ordinarily employed by God for that purpose, consists in the testimony and teaching, the lives and works of those god-like men—patriarchs, prophets, apostles, saints, sages, heroes—who transmit from age to age, and develope as it pleases Providence, the primitive revelations of truth vouchsafed to man at his creation. Under these pillars of the temple, and it may be participating their grandeur as they have caught their fire, the lesser lights of civilization, the *dei minorum gentium*, influence according to their measure this predestined harvest. Schoolmasters who merit the title, essayists who essay aught, preachers who preach in earnest, all the brotherhood of the pen who honour their craft and respect their cognizance—this is their lawful office—their legitimate purpose in society; this the scope of their mission, and this the limit of their influence. To discharge, according to our incapacity, some minor ministrations of this office, to foster germs of wisdom that may otherwise suffer blight in perchance one reader—ah, if but in ONE! of the Catholic Magazine—with this consistent purpose and humble hope, we return, therefore, to the assault which that untimely question interrupted.

The system of duelling has presented three phases to the admiration and astonishment of the considerate. The monomachy of the ancient world, and the trial by battle, which, after the dismemberment of the Roman empire invaded our Christian codes, seem to constitute, both together, one of these phases, and to have been distinguished, each alike, by a principle of religious faith. Physical force exerted with courage, vigour,

and effect, was regarded in this duel as a revelation from the god of battles. Victory sided always with justice; and the trial did not terminate until the fraud of the criminal was expiated by his death. The tournament of the age of chivalry was a second phase of the same system. The principle of faith which had predominated in pristine vigour throughout the encounters of the Christian knighthood with Saracen or Moor, was at length degenerated into a point of honour, which was at once extremely knotty and desperately sharp. Any pretension to rivalry in arms, or indeed in anything else, was put down at the sword-point. If you were not prepared, for instance, to swear that any given lady was the flower of all perfection, that her eyes were lustrous as a star, that her curls were wreathed sunlight, and her cheeks fresher than a morning rosebud, you were liable to be knocked off your horse with all due fatality. The period was critical for prudent men. Common sense had the worst of it for once. Staid and virtuous characters were overriden in all directions. Folly flourished her trumpets, and triumphed by the acclamation of heralds. However, the outward and visible form of the contest was still so imposing, physical force was so fully plumed and in such resplendent feathers, all the accompaniments of the combat shone so gorgeously through an intoxicating atmosphere of enthusiasm, that the fantastic motives of the champions were half redeemed from contempt, or even invested with a semblance of deceptive dignity.

The modern duel is the last phasis of the system, and by a long chalk the most ridiculous. In this, as in the tourney, we recognise a point of honour as fantastic perhaps as the craziest knight could worship, but infinitely more prosaic than an authentic knight would condescend to. It is no longer the sprightly offspring of an imagination unduly exalted, but quite a stupid child of commonplace and matter of fact. The externals, however, have fared worst in the flight of years. The physical force ingredient—the redeeming element, or at least the dazzling error of previous exhibitions—is frittered into sheer burlesque. Its accessorial splendours have faded one by one, into blank inanity. The lists, the banners, the caparisoned chargers, the mail-clad knights devoted to the noble sport, emulous of the danger and of the fame which their companions or rivals in arms are permitted to encounter, all have disappeared. The balcony hung with costliest silks and gold, redolent of roses and radiant with beauty,—the ladye-love for whose honour, belike, the jousts are celebrated, kindling with her lambent glances the spirits of her champion, the inspiration, the witness, the judge, the guerdon of his triumph, ready to receive him unharmed with refreshing smiles, or to pour balm into his wounds with her own sweet fingers—these also have vanished. The very sunshine of heaven is exploded from these modern farces, which are celebrated after the stealthiest fashion according—more or less—to the following programme:

A pair of ex-officio gentlemen creep out to what is called the sod; taking care, sometimes, to dodge the peace-officers in their progress. This sod is, be sure, a desolate waste—a place of skulls—sacred to misdemeanors in general and in particular. The time is also suspicious, being usually the latter part of the night; or if it should have stretched into early morning, there will be a compensating fog upon it, as nasty and disagreeable as the circumstances may warrant.

A few disappointed burglars get up a factitious interest in the proceedings, with a view to drown sorrow; while hardby, under some dripping hedgerow, a friendly sawbones shivers, enlarging his fringes like a Pharisee, or sharpening his stylus like a Scribe. Thus placed, and in these predicaments of time and circumstance, our men of pith erect themselves as best they may, and having coldly received the customary irons, and submitted, like lumps of putty, to the posture prescribed, vent all their valour in a slight twinge of the forefinger, which, if judged by its effects, should be often accounted a purely nervous affection. A short parley ensues, and the parties return to breakfast, if both are so minded; but if one wont have breakfast, then the other goes straightway on shipboard, choosing rather to trust the treacherous ocean than his more captious peers.

The educated adherents of this ludicrous system, for drunken foxhunters unhappily are not the only duellists, advocate it on grounds of justification or necessity which it behoves us now more seriously to consider. Ridicule, we admit, is not argument; besides that many attempts at ridicule may themselves be truly ridiculous. The first, then, and in some respects the most natural defence of the duel proceeds on this theory. The civil law leaves certain offences unpunished or inadequately punished. Of these the duel takes cognizance, and mulcts the offender with liability to a violent death. We shall not object to this theory on the fanatical principle that vengeance belongs only to the Lord; nor even on the principle proclaimed by the abolitionists of capital punishment, and which, they assert, is recognised by all enlightened jurists, that vengeance is not a legitimate object of human law. Believing that crime merits punishment, on its own account, without any reference to other or future criminalities, and that God may employ human agencies to inflict it, we are not altogether satisfied with these modern refinements. Neither shall we rest much on the distinction between private authority and public authority, or their respective warrants to punish offenders. It may be a useful distinction, but it reaches only to caution. Our objections go more to the quick; but before stating them we are tempted to nibble at the preamble. There is no reasonable ground for supposing that the civil law suffers any offenders to escape without adequate punishment; and if there be offences worthy of punishment which public justice cannot reach, this must arise from the fact that they are not proveable, from which fact it follows that they cannot be justly punished according to any system.

First, then, we object to this punishment theory that it confounds all degrees of criminality to the utter violation of natural justice. The man who ravishes your wife, and he who merely squints at you while you are walking apart him, are made equally liable to death by duel law. We object, secondly, that the nature of the punishment varies without any corresponding variety in the offence. Liability to a violent death is a very different punishment according to the different circumstances of the persons who incur it. The father of an unprovided and helpless family, and the scapegrace who was disinherited a week ago, would be very unequally punished for the same offence, according to this trenchant code. We admit that other codes are not blameless in this respect; but be that to the codemongers. We object, in the third place, that the amount of the punishment is equally variable and independent of all natural relations of justice. Liability

to a violent death ranges between wide limits. If you chance to be corpulent, and your opponent a keen shot, it is a serious affair. If you are thin, and he palsied or purblind, it is a trifle. A double objection might be grounded, furthermore, on the uncertainty, first, of the punishment actually inflicted under this system, and then of even the liability to incur any punishment whatsoever. But we deem the objection, in both respects, more specious than solid. A certain liability to punishment is essentially a certain punishment; and the uncertainty of even the liability to punishment, may be merely a defect or an abuse of the code, from which it would be, of course, unfair to argue. We rely then on the objections put forward to demolish that defence of duelling, which rests upon the theory of punishment. Each of them singly is irrefragable; but if the three were skilfully combined, the champion should have a leaden headpiece that could withstand their force.

The next defence of the duel proceeds on a different view of the subject. In certain cases the civil law provides no remedy, or no sufficient remedy for persons aggrieved in fame or feeling. The duel interposes in their behalf, and affords them full and ample satisfaction in the premises. This may be designated the reparation theory. We shall on this occasion waste no time with the preamble, but attack the theory at once. It is by far the most preposterous defence that could be devised; and yet, judging by the usages of language, it would seem to be as prevalent as it is preposterous. Satisfaction, and gentlemanly satisfaction, have come in time to be synonymous with nonsense. Satisfaction!—exposition to a bullet in full swing, liability to a boring, how can this satisfy a man for the injury or insult he may have already received? What, though the transgressor is equally exposed, equally liable, the idea of reparation is yet utterly unrealized, or rather it is directly falsified and frustrated by this very equality. Nay, although the death of the offender were to follow, as a matter of course, while the innocent party should be always providentially preserved, the duel could not still be justified on this ground; for an injury done cannot be undone, or in anywise affected by the death of the perpetrator. Besides it may happen that the transgressor shall not be equally exposed to the bullet, nor equally liable to the boring, as in case he should be the hawk and his opponent the bittern; but we assume the average danger of all duels to be equal on either side, and are content with the average absurdity demonstrable on this assumption. It is truly pitiful.

What a singular illustration of our opening thesis! We had imagined that the superstition was obsolete during many centuries, but we heard a gentleman belonging to one of the learned professions, and in his profession not undistinguished, professing very lately an opinion at variance with the reasonable assumption we have just advanced. The offending party, this gentleman believed, must be always worsted in this encounter. The honest man, though he puts his hand in the fire, and with his eyes open moreover, must be kept unscathed by virtue of a clause inserted in the laws of nature for that especial behoof!

A more refined defence, and as such, we will admit, a more tenable position, pretends the prevention of wrong as the true justification of the duellum. This may be called the prevention theory, and it prevails amongst the better educated professors of the system. In support of it they quote history, and refer tri-

umphantly to experience. We shall first observe in general of history and experience that there are no greater scapegoats in creation, saving their presences. Of all the folly that distinguishes mankind, nine parts in ten will be found, perhaps, on a close scrutiny, to flow from that source of error which logicians call “no cause, for a cause,” and which may be sufficiently described to the general reader as an easy acceptance of superficial causes for any effect that may need to be accounted for. True causes are not to be found like blackberries. When the microscope has detected a fungus, or an electrometer gauged the lightning, experience is produced forthwith to evidence the cause of the potato blight. But a cautious reasoner will reflect that it was not yesterday that fungi or electrical currents commenced their mission; that even earthquakes depend on their antecedents, yea, that miracles are only wrought in the fullness of time, and when their occasions have been disposed according to the ordinary laws of Providence. Though it were certain, therefore, that courtesy and charity varied in the direct ratio of duelling, we should be still most sceptical as to their mutual relationship.

But it is not, in this instance, by an illogical circuit that poor history is circumvented: she is belied in her very teeth. Courtesy and charity do in point of fact vary as duelling; not directly, however, but in the inverse ratio. The refinement of civilisation, which is the concrete result of perhaps innumerable influences, in proportion as it cherishes courtesy discredits the duel. Where this refinement is unknown, and in proportion as it is unknown, insults and duels are hand and glove. So much for the general case, which indeed includes particulars. Yet we shall essay to be more particular still.

We grant that a particular wrong may be prevented by an apprehension of those particular inconveniences which the duel involves. But if a wrong-doer, in any particular line, instead of being made a target, were to be made a lord mayor, you would find persons, otherwise prone to offence, abstinent through fear of the consequence. As a general rule, however, the class of persons who will be most disposed to do the wrong which duelling is presumed to prevent, will be the least affected by this restraint. We should rather apprehend on the contrary, that many who might not trouble themselves otherwise, may actually go out of their way and take pains to insult some one, for the sake of the eclat which must accrue to them. So that the notion of duelling being a safeguard to society, is quite a hoity-toity business. If society were not otherwise protected, many of us would have taken long since to the woods.

These are the only defences of duelling that have any real or positive character, even in appearance. There are others of a negative quality that might have been invented, for the most part, as examples of the vicious circle. First, a man insulted is believed by the world to have deserved the insult, unless he resents it by fighting a duel. By no means, master. The world is not all out such a simpleton. It knows, in a general way at least, the rules and the requirements of evidence. Even the hâstiest tempers reflect occasionally upon the necessity of hearing both sides of a story. Wiser people rather interpret an insult to the prejudice of the insulter. And people that are wiser still, will scarcely believe that a man merited the insult, even though himself should commit the question to the wager of battle. People find it rather safer to

judge a man by his own conduct than by the misconduct of others; and Berkeley might have added to his list of queries, whether any man or men ever lost credit except through their own acts; and whether any disreputable character was ever solidly respected on the single ground that its owner could shoot a snipe.

Secondly, a man insulted is believed by the world, unless he fights, to be at least a coward. No man ought to lie tamely under such an imputation. Argal. This world is bad enough, God knows, without being bandied thus, like a shuttlecock, from foolery to foolery. An attentive listener will, in about four and twenty hours, hear of not less than five hundred worlds, every one of which labours under some strange hallucination, to the infinite amusement of the other four hundred and ninety-nine. The sporting world is remarkable for showing sport of this quality—it is thorough game. It measures time, which is its peculiar difficulty, by a cycle of horse races. The extraordinary events of its life are ordinaries. Cockfights are its holidays; and, like the primitive Chaldees, it worships Bel. The inhabitants of this world, if any grave citizen or member of a staid profession could only overhear their confidential chat, would astonish him quite as much as a council of Mohawks met in solemn palaver. Now it is very conceivable that amongst their other peculiarities, such people as these might really believe a man to be a coward who should decline to fight a duel. But surely it would be too silly to act a folly because otherwise fools may think one. If such a motive of action be decreed standard, it is hard to say at what particular stage of nonsense a man may rest himself. If one must do battle with common sense, until this or that world shall have learned wisdom, he shall have scant leisure for self-improvement. No, it is as vicious a circle as was ever yet described. Weak minded men may shiver within it, as if old scratch must have them bodily, unless they respect its prescriptions; but a rational child may walk through it, as it were a web of gossamer, and laugh at the conjurors.

On the contrary, he is the real coward who submits to such an absurd ordeal. And in all conditions of society, the innate cowardice of his soul would appear in some violation of eternal justice yielded meanly to a reigning prejudice. The man who is truly brave, the just man who will not swerve from his just purpose,

Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Mente quatit solidâ,

he keeps to his honourable course, and deems of their censures as of the cackling of geese. He knows what a life is worth, and what it is no more than worth, and what it is not worth; and if a fitting occasion offers—a just cause, a high aim, and a fair field—then he shall approve his mettle, and not till then.

There yet remain for notice what may be described as exceptional defences of the duelling process; some grounded on theories fanciful and far fetched; others on alleged peculiarities of position which no general rule could or should comprehend. One example of each class must suffice. Assuming courage to be the point of honour in a man, some will gravely tell us that the duel is only intended to give a calumniated party an opportunity of showing that he possesses enough of that essential quality to entitle him to exemption from reproach on any other account. An opportunity with a wannion! But, supposing courage to be this invisible point of honour, what is courage? Is

it an indifference to death, with or without an equivalent? a downright desperate determination to sell your life for half nothing? A plague on such courage.

The peculiarities of position should be detailed by the parties concerned; and then it is like play acting. Such fervor and such pathos, and so many *je ne sçai quois* are launched at you in words, in looks, in gestures, in silence, in repose, that your reason is left in a visible minority. Is an only sister at the bottom of it? Ah, only a brother can understand that predicament. Was there a special election at hazard? Oh! you must have been present then to appreciate the entanglement. This is all nonsense. Truth is stable and shall endure. God has power to extract, but man no right to expect, good from evil. The allotted wages of sin is death.

It is not an easy matter, however, to deal with these peculiar people. The general arguments you cannot in decency insist upon, seeing that they are freely and as it were conscientiously conceded to you; yet each must have a word. Fraternal affection we should strive to wheedle into sense, as thus: If, maugre your noted bravery, one man may insult your sister, why may not twenty? Is your life charmed, that you shall escape twenty shots? And if you do not, what then shall become of your sister? Electioneering ardour we should seek to quench by a more hydropathic treatment. You profess to be patriotic sparks, guides of your benighted country, watchers of her weal and zealous in her service. Traitors! a faithful sentinel will not risk the loss of his post for an idle brawl. Hypocrites! the interest of a dice-box measures the full dimensions of your patriotism. Idiots! the misconduct of that class concerns nobody a mite. Madmen! that class will pick you down, every man of you, and follow the hounds next morning as if nothing particular had occurred.

While meditating portions of this theme, some sage reflections have occurred to us, which, unwilling to hoard up like churls, and yet failing of a satisfactory peg whereon to hang them, we now feel as a burthen of which we would be fairly rid. A love of brevity which, like love in an old bachelor, is not the less overwhelming for visiting us late, suggests the form of the apologue as most appropriate for our purposes. Mankind, experience teacheth, is composed of tall men and short men, who regard each other with a mutual and mysterious antipathy. To the tall men appertain usually the elements and the organs of physical vigour, whereof the short men are curtailed by the dispensation of Providence. In ancient days the tall men were called giants, and they lorded it over the short men, as it is set forth in the chronicles of the time. Now, the short men smarting under this inferiority during a succession of ages, bore it, however, with patience until their necks were too sorely galled; but then becoming vindictive, they cast about for some artificial aid to compensate their natural defects, and place them on a level with their tyrants. And first, they invented stilts, but the invention availed them naught; for the tall men tripped them up, and converting their stilts into cudgels, belaboured them for their ingenuity. Other devices did the short men try with varying successes, until at last, their cunning being wrought to an agony, they invented gunpowder. Now the tall men had their turn at the bottom of the wheel. They were pulled down in every quarter, like superannuated maypoles, and the short men celebrated their overthrow by public games, in which tumblers

performed prodigies in mockery of their fall. These games were the cradle of rope-dancing. Experiencing such a dire reverse, the tall men did at first murmur mightily against the caprice, as they accounted it, of nature, who gave them such superior endowments and then evacuated her gift by swindling. But when the first feeling of surprise at the novelty of the invention had subsided, the tall men ceased to murmur; for they found that when all the gunpowder was burned, or though it were not all burned, that when they closed upon the short men, their natural superiorities did revive, and enabled them to triumph, as of old, over their hereditary foes. This experience was embodied in companies of grenadiers. Hereupon the short men demanded a parley, and protested against the grenadiers with their accustomed acuteness. Are you not, they said to the tall men, contravening the manifest dispositions of our common mother, nature? For why should she have produced within her womb the ingredients of gunpowder, appointed laws for their union, and for their government when united, and initiated us moreover into all these secrets, except for the purpose of placing us on a perfect equality with you, as became a just parent and a non-respecter of persons. Disband your grenadiers, therefore, and let it be a religion between us, that whether the gunpowder is all burned or not, you shall never approach us nearer than within about a dozen paces of a man of the middle-size. At the conclusion of this speech, the greater part by far of the tall men did lay their thumb-tops on their noses, extending all their fingers like a fan—but of words they spake few, and those few sneeringly, to the effect: that if nature did indeed design such an equality as was pretended, she took a very circuitous and tedious route to her object, and overlooked a very short one; and that it would be a very childish game at cards, wherein one party might forge trumps which he received not from the dealer, while the other should resign even those which he had received, and chance it with the balance for his earthly fortune. Howbeit, a small party of the tall men who comprehended not the words of their brethren, for that they were sprung from a family remarkable for the thickness of its wit, fell into the snare that was laid for them, and signed a treaty with the short men to the effect aforesaid. Thus originated the duel, which all the tribes of the short men continue to advocate, and some tall descendants of the thickwits to patronize, even to this our day.

Druidism.

PAGAN ANTIQUITIES.

MANY interesting Antiquities in Ireland are connected with the Pagan times. *Druidical Remains* are still abundant in Ireland. In our bogs, and deep in the earth, in various places, have been frequently found, gold and silver ornaments of a crescent form, symbols of the moon, and some with rays representing the sun; they were no doubt used in solar and lunar worship by the Druids. Many curious figures of bronze, considered to be images and idols used in Druidical worship, and various other articles and utensils for the same purpose have been often found, and are to be seen in abundance in different museums. Plates representing these antiquities are given in Vallancey's Works, and in the Dublin Penny Journals. Copious representations of Druids and their costume, and of Druidical

antiquities are given in the illustrated work entitled "Old England," lately published by Knight, of London.

The *Crom-Leac* or stone of Crom, so called from the god Crom of the Pagan Irish, was used by the Druids as an altar for sacrifice, and also as a place of sepulture; for under them, deeply buried, have been found fragments of burned human bones, urns, and other sepulchral remains. These Cromleacs, or parts of them, are found not only in every county, but almost in every parish in Ireland; having, from the massiveness of their materials, withstood the hand of time for more than two thousand years, and are still strong enough to stand for two thousand years to come, these rude and massive monuments of Celtic architecture, being as durable as the rocks of which they are composed, and almost indestructible by time, like the Pyramids, and Cyclopean Walls of ancient days. Many of those memorials of Paganism were no doubt destroyed through the religious zeal of the early Christians, and hundreds of them have been broken up in modern times to clear out fields, and build houses and ditches out of the materials; the moss-covered Cromleac though defying the course of time, thus falling by human violence. The destruction of these interesting Pagan antiquities, as well as of the venerable ruins and remains of abbeys, churches, stone-crosses, and other Christian monuments, by modern Vandals, evinces utter barbarism and disgraceful ignorance: for such memorials of the arts of distant ages should be inviolably preserved to after times. When we find so many of these Cromleacs still remaining, it is evident they must have existed in vast number in remote times—and seem to demonstrate that there was a great population in Ireland in the Pagan ages. They are generally composed of three, four, six, or eight pillar stones, standing upright, and fixed deep in the earth on their smaller ends, and varying from four to six, to eight or ten feet in height; on the top of these is placed a flag or table-stone of prodigious size, in a sloping position, one end being much higher than the other; these table stones are of enormous dimensions, from twelve to twenty feet in length, six or eight feet in breadth, and three or four feet in thickness, and some of them estimated to weigh from twelve to twenty or even thirty or forty tons. Many of the Cromleacs are situated on high hills and mountains, others in deep valleys, glens, and sequestered places of difficult access; some are composed of limestone, others of granite, greenstone, sandstone, &c., and these huge fragments of rocks have in many instances been conveyed several miles, as no such stones can be now found in the neighbourhood; hence these circumstances have naturally given rise to the popular opinion that the Cromleacs were constructed by giants, as it would appear that a race of men of gigantic strength were alone capable of placing those prodigious stones in their present position; and it would be found extremely difficult, perhaps in some instances impossible, to convey these immense fragments of rocks any considerable distance, and place them in such positions even by the power of modern mechanism and machinery. As specimens of the Cromleac, it may be mentioned, that there are two magnificent ones to be seen within a few miles of Dublin, one at Mount Venus, near Tallaght, and another at Glen Druid near Cabinteely, but there are larger ones than these in many remote parts of Ireland.

The *Druidical Temples* were likewise numerous in Ireland, and there are remains of many of them, and of the great pillar stones of which they were composed to

the present day. They were constructed of huge stones standing upright, in a circular form, with great top stones placed on them in many instances; but others consisted merely of circles of large upright stones. Giraldus Cambrensis, or Gerald the Cambrian, whose name was Sylvester Giraldus de Barri, a celebrated ecclesiastic and native of Wales, came to Ireland in the reign of King John in the 12th century, and wrote a work on the antiquities and topography of the country. He states that there was in ancient times a prodigious monument of stones on the plains of Kildare, near the fortress of Naas, erected with wonderful skill by the strength of men, and called *Chorea gigantum* (the circle of the giants); as the giants in the days of old were said to have brought the huge stones of which it was composed from Africa to Ireland. He says that immense stones resembling each other were standing there to that day, and that it was astonishing how so many and such large stones could have been collected, raised in one place, and fixed by art on top of each other. He further adds, that, according to British History, the huge stones of the ancient monument on the plains of Kildare, were carried over to Britain, by order of Aurelius Ambrosius, king of the Britons, assisted by the supernatural art of Merlin, the famous Welsh magician; and that to leave some memorial of such a mighty deed, they were arranged in the same order, and according to the same art as they had originally been in Ireland, in the place where the flower of the British chiefs fell by the swords of the Saxons. This last passage alludes to the massacre of four hundred and sixty of the British chiefs, in the fifth century, on Salisbury plain, where along with their king, Vortigern, they held a conference with the Saxons under Hengist, and were all treacherously slain, at the place where Stone-Henge stands; therefore this account from Cambrensis signifies that according to some fabulous traditions, the huge stones of the Druidical temple on the plains of Kildare were removed to Britain in remote ages. This account of the removal of the monument in Kildare to Salisbury plain is also given by Geoffrey of Monmouth, a chronicler of the 12th century, and by others who say it was done by the magic arts of Merlin, either in the time of Aurelius Ambrosius or Uther Pendragon.

An ancient poem by Alexander Necham, a monk of St. Albans, in the twelfth century, in which is the following passage, ascribing the conveyance of the monument from Ireland to Ambri (the place called Ambresbury, on Salisbury plain, near Stone-Henge), may be regarded as a quaint summary of these fabulous tales:

"Nobilis est lapidum structura Chorea gigantum,
Ars experta suum posse peregit opus,
Quod ne prodiret in lucem segnius artem
Se viresque suas consulisse reor.
Hoc opus adscribit Merlino garrula fama,
Filia figmenti fabula vana refert,
Illa congerie fertur decorata fuisse,
Tellus quæ mittit tot Palamedis aves,
Hinc tantum munus suscepit Hibernia gaudens,
Uther Pendragon molem transvexit ad Ambri."

These curious legends may probably signify that the model of Stone-Henge might have been originally copied from the great Druidical temple on the plains of Kildare, in very remote ages; but Stone-Henge was constructed many centuries before the time alleged in the reign of Aurelius Ambrosius, and was raised, no doubt, before the Christian era, or the arrival of

Julius Cæsar in Britain. The tradition amongst the Irish in the time of Cambrensis, that the stones of the monument in Kildare were brought from Africa by giants, had its origin perhaps from this great structure having been raised for the worship of their gods, or as a temple of the sun, by the Phœnicians, Tyrians, or Carthaginians, colonies of whom are considered to have come to Ireland in very remote ages. Naas, near which this monument is said to have been situated was, in ancient times, a celebrated seat of the kings of Leinster, and there are remains of great mounds and raths there to the present day. The stupendous monument of Stone-Henge is the most magnificent Druidical temple now existing in the world; and there are remains of another of immense extent at Avebury in Wiltshire. In ancient Gaul there were many great temples of the Druids, and extensive remains of some of them still exist; the most remarkable now found in France, are those of Carnac in Bretagne and at Poitiers; that at Carnac consists of huge stones standing upright, some of them from twelve to fifteen feet in height, and of those immense stones no less than four thousand still remain, formed into numerous concentric circles, and covering an area of about half a mile in diameter. There are still remains of many Druidical temples in Ireland; there was a great temple of the Druids at Moy-Sleacht, or Fenagh in Brefney, of which there are yet some remains, and it is said to have been destroyed by St. Patrick. Between Glanworth and Fermoy, in the county of Cork, there is a Druidical monument of prodigious size, which shows this place to have been a celebrated seat of Druidism. In the county of Down, near the church of Drumbo, between Belfast and Lisburn, there are remains of a great temple of the Druids, described by Vallancey and in Dubordieu's Survey of Down. It is called the *Giant's Ring*, and consists of an immense circular entrenchment of earthwork, about one third of a mile in circumference, 579 feet in diameter, and contains an area of about eight acres. The ramparts are forty-five feet high and twelve feet broad at top. This magnificent temple was calculated from its dimensions to contain six or seven thousand people; in the centre stands a great Cromleac, and at a short distance, near the church of Drumbo, is an ancient round tower.

The *Cairns* and *Sepulchral Mounds* are connected with the days of Druidism. The cairn is so called from the Irish *Carn*, which signifies a heap of stones. These cairns are huge heaps, many of them containing several thousand cart-loads of stones, and are still numerous throughout Ireland; mostly situated on high hills, and mountains. They were raised as sepulchral monuments over the remains of warriors and kings, and according to Toland and others, Druidical rites were performed there, and the officiating Druid was designated *Carneach*, or the priest of the cairn; human victims were sometimes sacrificed at the tombs, to the manes of the departed heroes, as amongst the Greeks and Romans. Some of these heaps of stones, raised as tombs, were termed by the Irish, *Leacht*, and *Taimleacht*, which signify sepulchral monuments. The *Sepulchral Mounds*, commonly called moats, and by the Irish writers *Dumha*, are to be found in all parts of Ireland, but are particularly numerous in the counties of Meath, Louth, Dublin and Kildare. The great *Cemeteries* of the Pagan kings were at Tara, Tailtean, and Brugh of the Boyne, in Meath, at Emania near Armagh, and at Cruachan near Elphin in Connaught, at a place

called *Reilig-na-Riogh*, that is the cemetery of the kings. At each of the royal cemeteries of Tailtean, Brugh, and Cruachan, there were according to ancient writers, no less than fifty mounds, the sepulchres of kings, queens, and chiefs, and many likewise at Tara; but few of those mounds now remain, having been levelled and the materials removed at different times. The mounds are of various sizes, of a circular or conical form, resembling hillocks, hence those artificial elevations have been sometimes mistaken for little hills formed by the hand of nature. The interior is often composed of a heap of small stones, resembling a cairn, but covered with earth, and others are almost entirely formed of earth. When opened, they have been found to contain kistvaens or stone coffins, funeral urns, remains of human bones, military weapons, &c., which prove them to have been sepulchres constructed occasionally on battle-fields, or as regular cemeteries for the remains of kings, chiefs, and warriors, in the Pagan times; for after the introduction of Christianity, the erection of these mounds was discontinued, and churchyards were used as cemeteries. In England these sepulchral mounds are called *Barrows*, and are numerous on Salisbury plain and other places. Sepulchral mounds were raised as monuments to their kings and warriors by various ancient nations, as the Greeks, Gauls, Scythians, Scandinavians, &c., and some of the great mounds erected to Homer's heroes, Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus, Hector, &c. remain on the shores of the Hellespont to this day. These places are well described by our talented countryman, Dr. Madden, in his "Travels in the East."

The stupendous mound, resembling a large hill, raised as a sepulchre for Alyattes, king of Lydia about six centuries before the Christian era, is still to be seen: that of Agamemnon, at Mycenæ, was the greatest in Greece. In Italy are still to be seen the mounds of the ancient kings of Etruria; and in the Crimea remain some of the mounds of the old Scythian kings, mentioned by Herodotus, as those of the German, Slavonian, and Scandinavian warriors, are found scattered over Germany, Poland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

The mound at New Grange, in Meath, near the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, is the greatest in Ireland, and has been described by Molyneux, Ware, Harris, Ledwich, and Vallancey. This Irish pyramid covers an area of nearly two acres, and is about seventy feet in height, having the appearance of a natural hill of considerable size, and has been planted with trees in modern times. The interior is composed of a huge heap of stones, but it is covered with earth some feet in depth. It was much higher than at present, for about a century ago it was broken into, and many hundred cart-loads of stones carried off by some barbarian road-makers. But these excavations, however, led to an interesting discovery, for a long gallery or narrow passage was found leading to the interior; and in the centre of the mound was discovered a large circular chamber, constructed of huge stones standing upright; it is about twenty feet in height, and twenty-two feet in diameter, and covered with a dome made of massive flag stones; three quadrangular recesses, forming a cross, branch off from the chamber. The entire length of the passage, from the outer entrance to the end of the recess off the interior chamber, is about eighty-two feet; this passage is covered with immense flag-stones, from twelve to eighteen feet in length, and about six feet in breadth; at the entrance the passage is about three feet broad, but scarcely two

feet in height, so that it cannot be entered except by creeping on the hands and feet, but after a progress of about twenty or thirty feet, it expands to a height of from six to ten feet. Many persons have at various times entered this cavern with lights, and in the three recesses of the interior chamber were discovered three great vases or urns of granite, of a circular form, well sculptured, and each nearly four feet in diameter; they stood on supporters of stone, but only two of these urns now remain. There was also found a pyramidal stone, six or seven feet in height, standing in the centre of the chamber, and near it some remains of human bones. About a century ago, there stood on the summit of the mound a great pillar stone, which has been destroyed; and the base of the mound was encircled with a ring of stones of enormous size, standing upright, varying in height from five to ten feet above ground, and each estimated to be about ten or twelve tons weight, but of these huge stones only nine now remain. There were discovered on the top of the mound, about a century ago, two coins of the Roman emperors, Valentinian and Theodosius. This mound, like the Egyptian pyramids, was the sepulchre of some of the Irish kings or great warriors, in the Pagan times; and though the erection of these sepulchral mounds, has, by some antiquarians, been attributed to the Danes, no doubt they were constructed many centuries before the Northmen set foot in Ireland. Many of the champions buried in these mounds, were men of gigantic stature; and it appears that some persons while rummaging "burglariously, broke the coffin-lid" of one of them, and rudely disturbed the repose of the warrior who had slept there for a thousand years. Ware mentions, that in a sepulchral mound near Forrest, in the barony of Coolock, (at Knocksedan, near Swords,) opened in his time, there were found the remains of a man of gigantic stature, the skeleton measuring from the ankle bone to the top of the cranium, eight feet four inches; the bones of the skull were very thick, and the teeth of enormous size; the limbs were all very large in proportion, and it appears that this giant, when living, must have been nearly nine feet high, or about the size of Goliath of Gath. All the bones except the teeth, were in a crumbling condition. There were many other remains of human bones found in the same place; so this mound appears to have been raised over the warriors slain on some battle-field. Amongst the historical associations connected with these mounds, it may be mentioned, that in ancient times, they were used as places for holding great *national conventions*, and assemblies of the kings, chiefs, and people, Bards, Brehons, and Druids, for legislation, inauguration of princes, and other public purposes. The tombs of the olden time, were far better constructed for durability than those of our days; for wooden coffins soon fall to fragments, and graves of a few feet in dimensions, become a blank in the course of a hundred years; and even monuments of more lasting materials, as tomb-stones and columns, are liable to fall to decay in a few centuries; while the Pyramid and Sarcophagus, the Cromlech and Cairn, the earthen mound and Kistvaen, will withstand the changes of three thousand years. Time is the architect of ruins, but he destroys his own works, for even the very ruins disappear, and his iron hand crumbles the marble statue, the granite column, and the cyclopean wall, in the course of ages.

Poetæ Catholici.

No. IV.

THE PURGATORY OF ST. PATRICK.

[Translated from the Spanish of Calderon.]

——— *Andò verso l' Irlanda,
E vide Ibernìa fabulosa, dove
Il santo vecchieirol fece la cava
In che tanta merce par che si trone,
Che l'uom vi purga ogni sua colpa prava.*

ARISTO. *Orl. Fur.* canto x., sts. 91, 92.

“——— He next for Ireland shaped his course,
And saw the fabulous Hibernia, where
The goodly, sainted elder made the cave
In which men cleansed from all offences are,
Such mercy there, it seems, is found to save :—”

ROSE.

ACT II.*

SCENE—*A Room in the Palace of Egerio.**Enter LUDOVICO and POLONIA.*

Lud. Polonia, whoso'er has brought
His heart to trifle with Love's chain,
Has no reason to complain
If another heart be thought
Worthier of the bliss he sought—
For it is his fitting fate;
(Who has ever soared above,
That fell not also?) Thus, my love
Dareth to anticipate
That of Philip, though his state
Far exceeds what mine can be,
He on Nature's bounty liveth,
But in what exertion giveth—
I am greater far than he:
I, Polonia, by this hand
Have obtained far higher merit
Even than Philip doth inherit:
If thou dost a proof demand,
Look around this grateful land,
Which hath almost frantic grown
At the victories I have won:
Round about the pleasant sun,
Now three rapid years have flown,
Since upon these islands thrown,
I thy happy slave became,
Quicker than the thoughts that fly
Has the fleeting time gone by.
Need I call to mind, or name
Those great trophies of my fame
Won in many a fight by me,
But to offer them to thee—
Which within this palace stand—
Being the amazement of the land
And the wonder of the sea?
Polon. Ludovico, by thy valour,
Whether by your own worth merited,
Or with Nature's gifts inherited,
Thou hast stamp'd a glow—a pallor
On my cheek, and thou hast lit
Something blent of heat and coldness—
Something blent of fear and boldness,
In my breast: 'tis scarcely fit
That I call it love—for it
Doth awake my grief and shame,
When I feel the Archer's aim
Shoots the poison'd arrow through me,
And the Deity subdue me
In his wild resistless flame.
But I make this one confession,
Long thy hopes had been possession,
Did I not so deeply fear
My father's wrath; but persevere,
And thou need'st not feel depression.

Enter PHILLIP.

Phil. Here, perchance, my death I find.
Why then come distracted, blind,

[*Aside.*]

To seek it? But what man is he
Who would have patience not to see
The cause whereby his bosom pined?
What dost thou pledge that thou'lt be mine?
This hand.

Lud.
Polon.
Phil.

Not that, my will is stronger,
Which can endure this sight no longer.
Ah, me!

Polon.
Phil.

Wilt thou thy hand resign
Unto a stranger? (How confine
The grief I feel for such a crime!)
And thou who in thy daring flight
Dost seek the sun, that in his light
You may obtain a death sublime,
Why wilt thou not recall the time
When thou my fetter'd slave wert seen?
Why dost thou dare to cross my way?
Because I dare to be to day
What now I am, not what I've been.
'Tis true I was your slave—for none
Are safe from Fortune's fickle wheel—
But in my very heart I feel
That in the fame that I have won,
And in the deeds that I have done,
(Why should I now the truth conceal?)
My honour equals yours; indeed
Some might surmise it doth exceed.
Phil. Exceed me! vilest among men!
Lud. Philip in these words I've heard,
You have err'd.

Phil.
Lud.

I have not err'd,
If you have not err'd— What then?

Phil.
Lud.

You have lied! Thou'rt vile again. [*Gives him a blow.*]

Phil.
Polon.

O Heavens!
Why do I not take
Instant vengeance? When my ire
Burns within me, like the fire
That from Etna's top doth break,
Which not seas of blood can slake.

Polon.
Lud.

[*They draw their swords, KING EGERIO and soldiers enter, and all place themselves on the side of Phillip.*]

King.
Lud.

What is this?
A lasting wo—
A misfortune—an abuse—
A wild, angry fiend let loose
From the infernal gulf below.
Let no one presume to go
Between me and revenge. Reflect,
Fury heedeth nought beneath;
Neither has it fear of death,
Nor for any man respect—
My honour must I re-erect.
King. Seize him.

King.
Lud.

Let the man who sighs
For his death obey! you'll see
What his valour gains—for he
Shall be slain before your eyes;
On this very spot he dies.

King.
Lud.

Quick pursue the daring slave—
Who'd have thought of this?

Lud.

I lave
In a blood-red stream each limb,
On whose breast I seem to swim,
Seeking Phillip o'er the wave.

[*There is a clash of weapons, and they all go out but EGERIO, who remains alone.*]

King.

This new blow alone was wanted;
For a rumour has arisen,
That the slave who fled from prison,
He by whom my dreams are haunted,
Has to Ireland, nothing daunted,
Come from Rome, and hither guided,
Has the world in bands divided,
For the multitude enticed
To believe the faith of Christ,
Have along with Patrick sided.
People say that he must be
A magician—rumour saith
That being sentenced unto death,
By some other monarchs, he
From their fetters set him free,

* The account of the early legends connected with St. Patrick's Purgatory, &c., promised in a former note, is postponed for the present. I hope to be able to give it as a supplemental paper after the termination of the translation.

And with such prodigious wonder
 Did he burst the cords asunder
 That did bind him to the stake,
 That the earth began to quake
 From its darksome caverns under,
 Where the dead lie hid; the air
 Groan'd aloud—the sun grew dark—
 And the moon lay cold and stark,
 Missing the long golden hair
 Which the sun's bright brow doth wear.
 It is plain, from all one sees,
 Patrick holdeth Fortune's ball,
 For the people, one and all,
 Who beheld such prodigies,
 And with what miraculous ease
 He regained his liberty,
 Follow him from far and near
 In astonishment and fear.
 Here to day approacheth he
 To try his magic spells on me,
 Well, let him come, before my rod
 Shall his magic spells be fleeing;
 We shall learn who is that being
 Whom they call the Christian's God.
 At my hands must Patrick die,
 If 'twere only but to try
 Whether he, by art or vigour,
 From the circle of my rigour,
 Can with life escape and fly.
 We shall see what countless sums
 Of magic wealth he now can master,
 He this Bishop—he this Pastor—
 He who in the Pope's name comes.

Enter the CAPTAIN and soldiers, with LUDOVICO as a prisoner.

Capt. Ludovico cometh taken,
 After leaving in their gore
 Three of thy guard, and wounding more.

King. Christian, is thy breast not shaken,
 Seeing my wrath at length awaken—
 Seeing my hand upraised for blood?
 But vainly now, in frantic mood,
 Doth suffering tear my tenderest nerves—
 This, and more, that man deserves
 Who e'er has done a Christian good:
 Reward, not punishment, should be
 Your gift to-day; for it is plain,
 That I alone should feel the pain
 Of having done aught good to thee.
 Here, guard him close, till our decree
 Pronounce his death; my will is known— [To soldiers.
 All hope of mercy now hath flown—
 So you may spare your tears and sighs—
 Not for his crimes, this Christian dies,
 But for his Christian creed alone.

[*They all go out but LUDOVICO, who remains alone.*]

Lud. If for this I die, thou makest
 My unhappy death most happy—
 Since he dieth for his Maker,
 He who dieth for His honour:
 And a man whom fortune doometh
 Here to live in pain and trouble,
 Ought to bless the falling death-stroke
 As the happy end of all things;
 Since its greatness comes to shorten
 Life's poor thread—so wildly tangled!
 Mine to-day becometh evil—
 Like a phoenix it arises
 From the ashes of dishonour.
 Here my life were deadly poison—
 Here my breath were serpent venom—
 Till I could, throughout all Ireland,
 Shed of blood, such sweet abundance
 That would wash away the insult
 And the memory of my wrong:
 Ah! honour, honour, low thou liest,
 Struck down by a rigorous hand!—
 I shall die with you. Together
 We shall conquer these barbarians—
 For my death will, in a moment,
 Give us sweet and certain triumph.
 In this sharp and pointed dagger
 Lieth honourable vengeance!—
 But, God bless me! what fell demon

Prompts my hand? I am a Christian—
 I have got an immortal soul,
 And the pious light of faith:
 Is it right that I, a Christian,
 Should commit, among these Gentiles,
 Any act that would bring insult
 On the religion I profess?
 What example shall I give them
 By this dark crime of self-murder,
 But that my actions give the lie to
 All the virtuous works of Patrick?—
 Since the people here, who only
 Worship their degrading vices—
 Who deny the soul's existence,
 And its future pain or glory:
 They would surely say—what boots it
 Patrick's preaching that man's spirit
 Is immortal? What imports it?
 If the Christian Ludovico
 Kills himself: thereby proclaiming
 His own ignorance of its nature—
 Thus would we with doubtful actions
 Keep the beams of faith from falling:—
 He the light, and I the darkness.
 Well, there is such evil in it
 That it must not be attempted:
 Not that I at all repent me
 Of the crimes that I've committed—
 Nay, I rather sigh for new ones:
 Oh! if I could now but free me
 With my life, from out this prison,
 I would soon become the terror
 Of the world, in all its quarters,
 Europe, Africa, and Asia:
 I would make a dread beginning
 In these islands of Egerio;
 So that there would live no person
 Who would satisfy the anguish
 And the blood-thirst of my vengeance.
 The angry bolt, the sky that cleaveth,
 Warns us with its voice of thunder;
 And, in mingled smoke and shadows,
 Imitating fiery serpents,
 Darteth through the tremulous air.
 Thus have I in thunder threatened,
 So that every man could hear it;
 But the fiery bolt is wanting;
 Ah! alas! it hath miscarried,
 And before it reach'd its object
 Was but the sport of every wind;
 Death itself has got no terrors,
 No, not even a death so shameful,
 But what grieves me is to perish
 In my strong and early manhood,
 Ere my heart with crime is sated—
 Life alone, for this I covet;
 That I yet may act far greater,
 Heaven doth know for nought beside.

Enter POLONIA.

Polon. Hesitation now is over—
 Ludovico, there are moments
 When love must no more be silent,
 But give proof how strong it is:
 Now your life is in great danger
 From the angry king, my father:
 And it doth behove your safety
 To escape his wrath and fury:
 By my liberal hand, the guardsmen
 Round your prison are suborned,
 And their watchful ears are deafened
 By the wondrous sound of gold;
 Fly: and that you may hereafter
 Know, how much a woman hazards,
 When she yields to love's delirium:
 How she tramples upon honour—
 How upon respect she trampleth—
 I with you will go: 'tis needful.
 Henceforth, for my whole existence,
 I must live or die beside you:
 Without you my life were nothing—
 You who in my fond breast liveth.
 I bring gold and costly jewels
 More than we require, to place us

[*Aside.*

In the farthest land of India;
Where the sun burns up and freezes—
Now with beams, and now with shadows.
At the door there stand two horses;
I will call them swiftest panthers—
Daughters of the wind—or rather,
Thought itself would best describe them.

They are safe as they are rapid—
For, although upon them flying,
Swifter than the sudden lightning,
Scarcely shall we feel their motion.

Oh! be resolute—why dally?—
What delays you?—time is pressing—
And that fortune which doth ever
Interrupt love's course, at present
May not mar a deed so noble!

I shall show the way before you.
With ingenious speech and action
I shall gain the guard's attention,
Giving you a chance of flying—
See the sun our project favours,
For he sinketh in the ocean—
There to rest him from his labours,
And to cool his burning tresses.

Lud. To my very hands hath fortune
Sent the chance I so much wished for—
For, Heaven knows, the proofs of liking
Which I gave unto Polonia,
Were but feigned—assumed in order
That I might thereby avail me
Of the jewels which she carries,
Soon or late, to fly with gladness
From this Babylonian bondage;
For although in her my person
Lived esteemed, yet it was only
Servitude disguised—my roving
And unfettered life was pining
For the pleasant breath of freedom,
Which the heavens this day have granted.
But for the future which I painted,
A woman is a weight and hindrance;
Love with me is but a fancy,
Quickly gone as quickly born,
Which when satisfied, the fairest
Woman bringeth nought but tedium:
Being so—of what importance
Is another murder, added
To the many gone before it?—
By my hands must die Polonia,
She has chosen for her loving
A most unpropitious epoch,
When there's nothing loved or worshipped:
Had she loved like other mortals,
She would have lived as others live.

[Exit.]

Enter the CAPTAIN.

Capt. From the King I come, with orders
Here to read to Ludovico
The fixed sentence of his death;
But the prison-door is open!
And the tower is bare and empty!
Something must have happened—soldiers!
No one answers to my calling!
Help! assistance! treason! treason!

Enter the KING, PHILIP, and LAOGHAIRE.

King. Who is calling? Who's proclaiming?
What is this?

Capt. That Ludovico
Has escaped; and with him also
Have the guards departed.

Laogh. Monarch!

Here I saw Polonia enter.
Heavens! it is now too certain
That 'twas she who gave him freedom;
You must know he was her suitor—
Jealousy doth now incite me,
And provoke me to pursue them—
From this very day, Hibernia
Will be called a second Troy.

King. Let me have a horse; in person
I those fugitives must follow.
Who are those two daring Christians,
Who combine, with doubtful actions,

[Exit.]

One to shake my bosom's quiet,
One to steal my dearest honour?
But the two shall be the trophies
Of my hand's far-reaching vengeance—
From whose aim no man can hide him,
Not even the mighty Roman Pontiff.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE. *A Forest.*

*POLONIA enters wounded and flying from LUDOVICO, who pursues
her with a naked dagger in his hand.*

Polon. Oh! for Christ's sake, thy God, who reigns above,
Restrain thy bloody hand—if not for love;
Take all I have, my gold, my honour take;
But leave me my poor life, for pity's sake!

Lud. Luckless Polonia, since creation's hour,
Misfortune ever hath been beauty's dower—
Where beauty dwelleth happiness must fly,
As moonbeams fade when sunshine lights the sky—
In me you see the most un pitying wretch
That ever yet his murderous hands did stretch
'Gainst human life—and so this stroke I give,
For you must die that I may safely live;
If you came with me, I would bear along,
In you, the witness of my crime and wrong;
By means of which I might, the whole earth round,
Be tracked and followed—sought and surely found:
If, with your life, I leave you here, 'tis plain
I leave you wild with anger, rack'd with pain;
And thus, I leave behind me, for my woe,
One foe the more, and Heavens! how great a foe!
Alas! there seems no method to relieve you—
I would do wrong to take you, or to leave you—
And so it is much better, hapless woman!
That I, with rage as cruel as unhuman,
Heedless of God, or law, or pity, slay thee,
And in the depths of this wild forest lay thee.
Thus shall I hide my wretchedness from view,
And gain a novel mode of vengeance too;
If Philip lives within your heart, the blow
That takes thy life will rid me of my foe—
And thus but one shall live—your sire to save,
Some future time, my vengeance and my hate:
As first from thee the storm of insult burst,
So must thou feel the strokes of vengeance first.

Polon. Ah me! I've but contrived my own undoing,
Like the poor worm, its fatal task pursuing,
Weaving the silken coil of its own death!
Art thou a Christian? Breathest thou human breath?

Lud. I am a demon—by this proof believe me.

Polon. Oh! may the God of Patrick then receive me!

[*He stabs her, and she falls within.*]

Lud. On a bank of flowers extended,
Sad Polonia's woes are ended;
Now I feel no weight detain me,
Free I move, and nought shall chain me—
I bear with me all the treasures
Life doth need, and all life's pleasures;
With them I to Spain shall take me,
There to live till time doth make me
Somewhat changed in outward feature;
Then as 'twere a new-born creature,
Thither shall I come, with greater
Hope to avenge me on a traitor.
Till that hour my bosom weepeth
(Injured honour never sleepeth!)
But why now am I delaying,
Here amidst death's shadows straying?
'Mid the gloom of daylight dying,
I have lost my way; and flying
From the tyrants, may be going
Into their very hands. The glowing
Of the unrisen moon is showing
Where a peasant's hut is standing,
Here it may be, by demanding,
I may have my path-way righted.

[He calls.]

PAUL and LUCY answer from within.

Lucy. Who is there?

Lud. A man benighted—

By the darkness overtaken—

Interrupts thy rest.

Lucy. Awaken,

Juan Paul, for some one's calling
At the door.

Paul. He must be bawling
For you; so answer him instead—
For me, I'm well enough in bed.

Lucy. Who is there?

Lud. A traveller.

Paul. Eh,

A traveller?

Lud. Yes.

Paul. Travel on I pray,

This is not an inn.

Lud. The clown

Vexeth me. I must tear down

This door—it falls upon the ground.

[*He strikes down the door.*]

Lucy. Ha! Juan Paul, will not the sound
Awake you? They have burst the door.

Paul. Why I'm half awake and more,
I have one eye open, but
Still the other eye is shut;
Well, come down with me—for fear
Somewhat troubleth me. Who's here?

[*They enter half naked.*]

Lud. Silence, peasant, or you die.

Lost amid these hills, have I

Hither come: without delay

You must put me on my way,

How the nearest port to gain,

Thence to fly across the main.

Paul. Oh! the road's as clear as light;
Take this pathway to the right,
When you pass a mountain cleft,
Turn a little to the left,
Then you'll go along a plain—
To the right then turn again,
Where a beaten path doth wind,
And the port you can't but find.
And of this be sure, in short,
When you're there, that 'tis the port.

Lud. Come and guide me hence, if not
You must die upon the spot.

Lucy. It were better, cavalier,
That till dawn you rested here.

Paul. Ah! you're very kind, my lady;
Have you fallen in love already?

Lud. Peasant quick, for time doth fly;
Do you choose to guide or die?

Paul. Do not vex yourself. If I,
Without question or reply,
Rather choose to guide than die,
I am ready now to go;
Not through fear of death—oh, no!
But lest Lucy should rejoice.

Lud. I must stop this babbler's voice.

Lest he tell where I have flown—

In the sea he must be thrown,

When he puts me on my track.

As for you, retire alone,

Soon your husband will be back.

[*LUDOVICO and PAUL go out at one side; LUCY at another.*]

SCENE. Another open in the Forest.

Enter the KING, LESBIA, LAOGHAIRE, and the Captain.

Lesb. Not a trace can be discovered
Whither they have fled. The mountain
Has been search'd from top to bottom,
And throughout the wood and valley,
Every rock and leafy arbour
Have been visited; but nothing
Gives the slightest indication
Whither they have gone.

King. 'Tis likely
That the Earth the two has swallow'd,
To preserve them from my fury—
For the Heavens could scarcely guard them
From my anger and my vengeance.

Lesb. See the sun his golden tresses
In the orient disentangling,
Spreads them o'er the woods and mountains—
Timely comes his light to aid us.

Enter PHILLIP.

Phil. If your Majesty will hearken,
You will learn a great affliction—
More prodigious and more novel,
Than e'er time or fortune fashion'd,
Or imagination fancied:
Seeking through these woods Polonia,
And the whole night having wander'd
Through their wild and dark recesses—
When the dawn began to glimmer,
Clothed in ashen robes of mourning,
And by thick black clouds surrounded—
When the pleasant stars were absent
Not to see a sight so dreadful—
Running hither—running thither—
Soon I came where tender blossoms
Were with crimson blood-spots sprinkled,
And upon the earth were scatter'd
Fragments of a woman's trinkets.
By these mournful signs directed,
Soon I came where I discover'd,
'Neath a grey rock, frowning over,
In a fragrant tomb of roses,
Dead and cold, Polonia lying!

[*The scene opens and discovers Polonia lying dead beside a rock.*]

Thither turn your eyes in anguish—
There the young tree lies extended—
There the flower lies pale and wither'd—
There the bright flame is extinguished—
There is Beauty's form laid prostrate,
And its sinuous outline rigid—
There the dead Polonia lieth!

King. Ah! my heart is overwhelmed!
I have not the power within me
To endure such dire afflictions—
Such innumerable sorrows,
And such varying forms of anguish.
Ah! my poor unhappy daughter—
Ah! my darling, wildly sought for!
Evil is the hour I've found thee!

Lesb. I have been so stunn'd and startled,
Breath is wanting for my wailing!
O Polonia! let thy sister
Share thy fate and thy misfortunes.
King. What wild hand could e'er have lifted
Muderous steel against such beauty?
Oh! my life doth set in sorrow,
This disastrous day doth end it!

PATRICK within.

Patr. Wo to thee! forlorn Hibernia!
Wo to thee! unhappy people,
If with tears you do not water,
Day and night, the land in weeping:
Opening thus the gate of Heaven,
Which you closed by disobedience.
Wo to thee! unhappy people;
Wo to thee! forlorn Hibernia!

King. Heavens! what voice so sad and mournful
Falls upon my ear? it pierceth
Like an arrow through my bosom,
To my heart's core penetrating.
Learn who thus doth interrupt me
In the moment of my sorrow.

Who but I has need for wailing?
Who but I has cause for sorrow?
Laog. This, my gracious lord, is Patrick,
Who since he has come to Ireland,
Back from Rome, and since the Pontiff
Unto him has given the title
And the preeminence of Bishop,
Wanders thus about the island.
Patr. Wo to thee! forlorn Hibernia!
Wo to thee! unhappy people!

Enter PATRICK.

King. Patrick, who my bitter anguish
Interruptest, and my suffering
Doublest, with your golden accents,
Their deceitful poison hiding,
Why thus persecute me? Wherefore
Wander thus about my kingdom,
Preaching novel modes of worship,
And by frauds our peace disturbing?
Here the scope of all our knowledge

Is that we are born and perish;
'Tis the doctrine we inherit
In the natural school our fathers
Have bequeathed us. But O Patrick!
Who is this new God thou preachest,
Who doth give us life eternal,
When this mortal life is over.
When the soul forsakes the body
How can it a new life enter,
Whether of reward or suffering?
Patr. By its being fully loosened
From the body, which to nature
Giveth back the human portion,
Which is only dust and ashes—
And the spiritual essence,
To the upper sphere arising,
Finds the goal of all its labours—
If in grace it haply dieth,
Which is first conferred by baptism—
Ever after by repentance.

King. See this form of matchless beauty,
In her own blood coldly lying,
Is she living at this moment?

Patr. Yes.

King. If so, the truth establish
By some proof.

Patr. O Lord of Heaven!
Turn thine ear unto thy servant—
Here 'tis needful to exhibit
Your almighty power and greatness.
King. You do not answer me.

Patr. The Heavens
Wish themselves to give you answer:
In the name of God, I bid thee,
Prostrate corse, thy soul resuming,
Rise and live—in this way giving
Proof of all the words I've spoken;
Preaching thus the Christian doctrine.
Polon. Alas! alas!—Oh! Heaven preserve me!
Oh! how many things are open'd
To the soul!—Oh! Lord Almighty
Stay the red hand of thy justice,
Do not hurl against a woman
All the rigour of thy anger,
All the lightnings of thy power.
Where, oh! where shall I conceal me
If thy countenance be wrathful?
Fall upon me rocks and mountains!
Mine own enemy this moment
I would think it joy to hide me
From thy sight in earth's dark centre.
But of what advantage were it,
If to every place I fly to,
I should bring with me the memory
Of my crime with my affliction?
See this mountain range recedeth!
See this hill hangs threatening over!
See even Heaven itself doth tremble,
Shaken on its poles. The tempest
Throws its blackened shades around me.
Now my trembling footsteps falter—
Now the waves recede before me,
Everything but wild beasts fly me,
Which approach as if to seize me.
Pity—mighty Lord! have pity!
Mercy! mercy! Lord Almighty—
Humbly do I ask for baptism,
And to die in grace and favour.
Mortals! mortals! listen! listen!
Christ is living! Christ is reigning!
Christ is the true God—the only.
Of your crimes repent! repent ye!
What a prodigy!

Phil. A wonder!
Capt. What a miracle!

Lesb. How glorious!
Laogh. What enchantment! what bewitchment!
King. Which of you this sight believeth?
All. Christ is the true God Almighty!
King. Can you not perceive, blind people,
How appearances deceive you?
But to make this matter certain,
I will own myself in error,
If a little while disputing,

Patrick doth convince my reason;
To the argument then listen—
If man's spirit were immortal,
It could never rest a moment
From some active operation.
Patr. Yes, and this is proved in slumber;
For the shapes that dreams engender
Are the workings of the spirit,
Which doth never sleep; but even
When half loosened from the senses
Forms imperfect words and actions:
This is why man often dreameth
Things he waking never thought of.
King. This being so—Polonia lately
Was alive or dead: if only
In a swoon, you wrought no wonder;
But on this I do not rest me—
But if dead, her soul had enter'd
One or other of the places—
Heaven or Hell, as you have taught us:
If 'twere Heaven, it shocks God's mercy,
That for any cause, a spirit
Which had been allowed to enter
Heaven, and taste his grace and favour,
Should be sent back to the world:
This appears to me quite certain;
If in Hell, 'twould shock his justice,
For it were not just that any
Soul, which punishment did merit,
Should obtain so great a favour
As to have the chance of gaining
Grace a second time: it follows,
Either that your words were idle,
Or that, in God's nature, justice
Is another name for mercy:
Where then was Polonia's spirit?

Patr. Hear, Egerio, how I answer:
I concede that Hell or Glory
Must be the great goal and centre
Of the soul baptized, whence no one
Can depart: for so 'tis written
In the laws of the Eternal—
Speaking of God's usual ways—
But if God so willed it, using
His omnipotence, the pit-fall
Of the deepest hell should yield up
Any soul that He demanded:
But this now is not the question.
When a soul is doomed to enter
One or other of the places,
Well it knows its fate the moment
That it leaves the mortal body,
Never to return thereafter:
But when it is doomed to visit,
Once again, the earth, it wanders
Like a traveller through creation,
And, in this way, hangs suspended
In the universe—a portion
Of itself—without obtaining
Any local habitation:
For the Omnipotent—the Highest—
Knowing all things by his prescience,
Since the instant that his essence
Drew the world and all its wonders
Into light—a glorious copy
Of his own divine idea—
Seeing that this thing would happen,
That this soul would come back hither
Held it for a time suspended,
Without giving or denying
It a final place to dwell in.
So far, as a theologian,
Have I answered your objection;
But another truth remaineth
To be told: there are more places
In the other world, than those of
Everlasting pain and glory:
Learn, O King, that there's another,
Which is Purgatory; whither
Flies the soul that has departed
In a state of grace; but bearing
Still some stains of sins upon it:
For with these no soul can enter
God's pure kingdom—there it dwelleth

[She arises.]

[Exit.]

Till it purifies and burneth
All the dross from out its nature,
Then it flieth, pure and limpid,
Into God's divinest presence.

King. So you say, but I have nothing,
Save your own words, to convince me;
Give me of the soul's existence
Some strong proof—some indication—
Something tangible and certain—
Which my hands may feel and grasp at;
And since you appear so powerful
With your God, you can implore him,
That to finish my conversion,
He may show some real being,
Not a mere ideal essence
Which all men can touch: remember,
But one single hour remaineth
For this task: this day you give us
Certain proofs of pain or glory,
Or you die: where we are standing
Let your God display his wonders—
And since we, perhaps, may merit
Neither punishment nor glory,
Let the other place be shown us,
Which you say is Purgatory;
That we all may know and worship
God's almighty power and greatness:
The honour of thy God is resting
On thee—tell him to defend it!

[*They all go out but PATRICK.*]

Patr. Here, Mighty Lord, dart down thy searching glance,
Arm'd with the dreadful lightnings of thine ire,
Wing'd with thy vengeance as the bolt with fire,
And rout the squadrons of fell ignorance:
Come not in pity to the hostile band,
Treat not as friends thy enemies abhorr'd—
But since they ask for portents, Mighty Lord,
Come with the blood-red lightnings in thy hand.
Of old, Elias ask'd with burning sighs
For chastisement, and Moses did display
Wonders and portents: in the self same way
Listen, O Lord, to my beseeching cries,
And though I be not great or good as they,
Still let my accents pierce the listening skies!
Portents and chastisement, both day and night,
I ask, O Lord, may from thy hand be given;
That Purgatory, Hell, and Heaven
May be revealed unto these mortals' sight.

A good ANGEL descends on one side and a bad ANGEL on the other.

B. Angel. Fearful that the favouring skies
May accede to Patrick's prayer,
And discover to him where
Earth's most wondrous treasure lies;
Like a minister of light
Hither have I dared to range,
That I may disturb and change
That same prayer with demon might.

G. Angel. Back again, then, thou may'st soar,
Cruel monster; to defend
Patrick do I here attend:
But be silent, speak no more:—
Patrick, God has heard thy prayer,
He has listen'd to thy vows;
And as thou hast ask'd, allows
Earth's great secrets to lie bare.
Seek along this island ground
For a vast and darksome cave,
Which restrains the lake's dark wave,
And supports the mountains round;
He who dares to go therein,
Having first contritely told
All his faults, shall there behold
Where the soul is purg'd from sin:
He shall see with mortal eyes
Hell itself—where those who die
In their sins for ever lie,
In the fire that never dies.
He shall see, in blest fruition,
Where the happy souls do dwell.
But of this be sure as well—
He who without true contrition
Enters there to idly try
What the cave may be, doth go
To his death—he'll suffer wo

While the Lord doth reign on high—
Who this day shall set you free
From this poor world's weariness;
It is thus that God doth bless
Those who love his name like thee.
He shall grant to you, in pity,
Bliss undream'd by mortal men—
Making thee a denizen
Of his own celestial city.
He shall to the world proclaim
His omnipotence and glory,
By the wondrous Purgatory,
Which shall bear thy sainted name.
Lest thou think the promise vain
Of this miracle divine,
I shall take this shape malign,
Which came hither to profane
Your devotion, and within
This dark cavern's dread abyss
Fling it; there to howl and hiss
In the everlasting din.

[*The Angels disappear.*]

Patr. May the Heavens proclaim thy praise!
For thou lovest to impart,
Mighty Lord! how great thou art,
By thy wonder-working ways!
Come, Egerio!

[*All enter.*]

King.

Well!

Patr.

With me
Come along this mountain's base,
Thou shalt see the destined place—
Thou and all who come with thee—
Where the severed souls remain;
Some in bliss and some in pain—
Of a never-ending sorrow,
Of a night that knows no morrow,
Thou a rapid glance shalt gain:
Thou shalt see where angels dwell
In a bright and happy sphere.
In the wonders buried here
Thou shalt see both Heaven and Hell!
Pause, O Patrick! thou are going
To a dark and dismal spot—
Where the mid-day sun hath not
Ever entered bright and glowing—
Where no living thing is growing;
Shunn'd at once by man and brute.
Cease then from thy vain endeavour,
For that rugged path was never
Trodden by a human foot!

Phil.

We for many a lengthen'd year,
Who have lived here from our youth,
Never dared to learn the truth
Of the secrets hidden here:
For the entrance did appear
Terror guarded, as to make
Even the bravest bosom chill!
None have ever cross'd this hill,
Or this dark mysterious lake.

King.

And the only sound we heard,
Borne the troubled wind along,
Was the sad funereal song
Of some lone nocturnal bird.

Phil.

Do not persist to enter here.

Patr.

Let not fear disturb your breasts—
'Tis a heavenly treasure rests
In this cavern.

King.

What is fear?

Could the wild volcano wake
Any feeling of the name?
No; although the central flame
Rush'd thereout, and lightnings brake
From the Heaven's disjointed sphere—
Though the cover'd earth were brown
With the smoke and fire rained down,
Yet my soul were proof to fear.

Enter POLONIA.

Polon.

Stay! unhappy people, stay!
Daring, wild, and indiscreet,
Pass not in with erring feet—
Ruin lieth in the way!

From myself, with hurried footsteps, flying,

I have sought this wilderness profound:
 Where the pure bright summer beam is dying
 In the shadows of this hill oak-crown'd—
 That at length as in its dark grave lying,
 Never more could my offence be found:
 Here I seek a brief repose from strife,
 Shutting out the angry waves of life—
 Not a guide had hostile fate decreed me,
 As I dared upon my path to stray,
 Vain the hand that would attempt to lead me,
 Through the tangled wildness of the way,
 From the terror; yet I have not freed me
 From the admiration and dismay,
 Which were waken'd by this mountain's gloom,
 And the hidden wonders of its womb;
 See this rock (that it has not descended
 O'er the vale a miracle appears!)
 Still it hangs as it has hung suspended,
 Threat'ning ruin for unnumber'd years;
 In the mountain's cavern'd jaws extended
 Still it lieth—checks and interferes
 With the breath that from this cave escapes,
 Wherewith the melancholy mountain gapes:
 By these cypress trees, in terror speeding
 Through the lips of sever'd rocks, I stray'd,
 There I saw a monstrous neck receding,
 Deep and dark and noisome in the shade,
 Though little life the sunless air was breeding—
 Some useless plants about the entrance played
 Of that vast space—the horror and affright
 Of day, and dwelling of the frozen night:
 I enter'd there to try and make my dwelling
 Within the cave: but here my accents fail,
 My troubled voice, against my will rebelling,
 Doth interrupt so terrible a tale:
 What novel horror, all the past excelling,
 Must I relate to you, with cheeks all pale,
 Without cold terror on my bosom seizing,
 And even my voice, my breath, my action freezing?
 But scarce had I o'ercome my hesitation,
 And gone within the cavern's vaults profound,
 When I heard such shrieks of lamentation,
 Screams of grief that shook the walls around—
 Curses, blasphemy, and desperation;
 Crimes avow'd that would even Hell astound—
 Which the Heavens, determin'd not to hear,
 Had placed within this prison dark and drear.
 Let him come who doubts what I am telling—
 Let him bravely enter who denies—
 Soon his ears shall hear the dreadful yelling—
 Soon the horrors gleam before his eyes—
 But for me I feel my bosom swelling,
 And my tongue grow silent with surprise,
 I must cease—for it is wrong, I feel,
 Heaven's most wondrous secrets to reveal.

Patr. This cave, Egerio, which you see, concealeth
 Many mysteries of life and death,
 Not for him whose hardened bosom feeleth
 Nought of true repentance or true faith,
 But he who freely enters, who revealeth
 All his sins with penitential breath,
 Shall endure his purgatory then,
 And return forgiven back again.

King. Dost thou think, O Patrick, that my spirit
 Is so despicable poor and weak,
 That a woman's nature I inherit?
 But which of you shall enter? Phillip speak.

Phil. My Lord, I dare not.

King. Captain, then the merit
 Is for thee.

Capt. My Lord, some other seek.

King. Laoghaire, thou wilt not act the part of those?

Laog. My gracious Lord, the Heavens interpose!

King. O cowards! lost to every sense of shame!
 Unfit to gird the warrior's sword around
 Your shrinking loins—Men are ye but in name!
 Well, I myself shall be the first to sound
 The depths of this enchantment and proclaim
 Unto this Christian, that my heart unawed,
 Nor dreads his incantations, nor his God!

[Here the mouth of the cave is discovered, the most horrible that can be imagined; within it is a pit, into which EGERIO rushes; he sinks in it with much noise—flames rise from below, and many voices are heard.]

Polon. How terrible!

Laogh.

How awful!

Phil.

What a wonder!

Capt.

The earth is breathing out its central fire.

[Exit.

Laog.

The axis of the sky are burst asunder.

[Exit.

Polon.

The Heavens are loos'ning their collected ire.

[Exit.

Lesb.

The earth doth shake, and peals the sullen thunder.

[Ex.

Patr.

O Mighty Lord, who will not now admire

Thy wondrous works?

[Exit.

Phil.

Who that is not insane

Will enter Patrick's Purgatory again?

[Exit.

END OF ACT II.

A SHORT

History of the Irish Franciscans.

By FATHER HUGH WARD, originator of the ANNALS of the FOUR MASTERS.—(From an original MS.)

[Continued from page 72.]

XIV. WEXFORD.—The convent of Wexford, in the maritime town of that name, in the diocese of Ferns, in Leinster, is considered to have been founded about the year 1260, since it was placed under the Custody of Dublin by the general chapter of Narbonne, held in that year. It was reformed in the second year of the reign of Henry VIII., King of England, the year of our Lord 1486. In the third year of the reign of the Queen of England, the year of Christ 1560, it was devastated and ruined by the heretics, and remained in this condition till the year 1615, when Father Daniel Mooney, being provincial, a residence was erected in the town, and Father John Synnott, a man of respectability, and a preacher, was appointed superior, who, along with his brethren, sowed the word of God and the truth of the faith, in the neighbouring country. The first founders of this convent are supposed to have been the Chiefs of the Fitzgerald family; and, in the English Annals of Ireland, it is related that Maurice, the first of the Geraldine family who came to Ireland, died in Wexford, in 1177, and was buried in the monastery of the Grey Friars, a name which was applied to the Franciscans on account of the grey colour of their habits; but this cannot be the case, since St. Francis himself was not born at that time, unless, as some would have it, that the convent was previously in the possession of other religious, and was transferred by the Geraldines to the Franciscans.

"On the 11th October, 1649,* the octave day of

* It was on this day, as we learn from Cromwell's Letters, that Wexford was taken, [See O. Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. By Carlyle. Vol. II, p. 78.] by the captain yielding up the castle, which commanded the town. We learn, from the conditions proposed to Cromwell by Colonel David Sinnott the governor, and rejected, that the secular and regular clergy were, at that time, in possession of their churches and convents. No notice was taken, in Cromwell's dispatches, of the massacre of the friars, here related, unless the following may refer to it. He speaks of the slaughter of the inhabitants:—"Of those, scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses.—Most of them are run away, and many of them were killed in this service. God," he says, "by an unexpected providence in his righteous justice, brought a just judgment on them, causing them to become a prey to the soldiers, who, in their piracies, had made preys of so many poor families, and now with their blood to answer the cruelties exercised upon the lives of so many divers poor Protestants." He gives two "instances;" one was—"They put divers poor Protestants into a chapel (which since they have used for a mass-house, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death." This "instance," then, I imagine, refers to the massacre of the Franciscans. As for the cruelty to the poor Protestants, we would wish to have some better authority for it than that of the ruthless fanatic, justifying his murder by blasphemously appealing to the providence of God.

the feast of St. Francis, in Wexford in Ireland, seven friars of the Order of Minors, all men of extraordinary merit, and natives of the town itself, perished by the swords of the heretics. They were, 1st.—Father Richard Sinnot, a lector of theology, formerly first diffinitor and custos, and frequently guardian. 2nd.—John Esmond, a preacher and confessor, formerly guardian and many times confessor of nuns. 3rd.—Father Paulinus Synnot, a preacher and confessor, and formerly confessor of nuns;—he suffered a great deal for the faith among the Turks, for he exercised at one time, a plenary commission from his Holiness, Urban VIII., over all Catholics detained in captivity. 4th.—Father Raymond Stafford, a most eloquent man, and formerly guardian; he was heir to his father's estate, but despising all things for Christ he determined to follow his Saviour, under the banner of St. Francis; and, for fifteen months before his death, led an austere and mortified life in a certain island, taking food but once in the day, and that only such as is used in lent. 5th.—Father Peter Stafford, a man entirely given up to prayer; he acted as parish priest for fifteen years, with the greatest praise, in the time of persecution, as there was then no secular priest to fill the office. 6th.—Brother Didacus Chouers, a lay-brother, over seventy years of age, and blind. 7th.—Brother James Rochford, a lay-brother likewise, these were both men of innocent and exemplary lives, and laborious in their vocation. Some of them were killed kneeling before the altar, and others while they were hearing confessions. Father Raymond Stafford, holding the crucifix in his hand, came out of the church to encourage the citizens, and, preaching with great zeal to the infuriated enemies themselves, was killed by them in the public market-place. As those religious were all of exemplary life and abounding in virtue, and as their death was precious in the sight of the Lord, he did not long delay to manifest his judgments in their regard. 1st.—When they were fired at the musket balls fell near some of them without doing them any injury. This I heard from Mrs. Margaret Keating, of the county Wexford, to whom it was told by the enemy themselves in the presence of her children and family. 2nd.—When they were cut down by the sword, it happened that a portion of their blood stained the hand of one of their executioners, and, though he tried every means to remove it, he never could do so—all the water in the world would have no effect on it. I heard this from Mr. John French, of Ballolone, in the county of Wexford, who saw the blood with his own eyes, and heard all the circumstances from the malefactor himself after the city was taken; for he settled there, and told the story with the most profound sorrow, saying: I will carry to my grave the mark which you see of the blood of the religious man I killed. 3rd.—Mrs. Margaret Keating, the wife of Captain Doran, and the daughter of Mr. Wm. Keating, states, that she heard, in the presence of many persons, from a certain soldier in the English army, of the name of Weaver, that while the friars, mortally wounded, were breathing their last in the street, he, out of compassion, to put an end to their agony, fired two balls at one of them, and though they struck his capuce, they did not penetrate it, but fell on one side: Weaver was told to fire at him once more, but he said: I have done quite enough; up to this I have never killed any of the Irish, neither will I do so. He forsook the army and became a Catho-

lic: I was sent for myself to reconcile him to the church, but could not be found at the time, so that I never saw him, but nothing can be more certain than the fact that he was received into the church by the Rev. Patrick Hampton, of pious memory, the Chancellor of Ferns. 4th.—Several of the soldiers, who dared to wear their habits, perished miserably. Mr. William Hore, of Harperstown, in the county of Wexford, told me, that a certain English soldier wore one of their habits in his house, and he, in a friendly way, admonished him to leave it off as it was not safe to scoff at St. Francis or the other saints, but the soldier said that was all childish superstition. 5th. Francis Whitty, a gentleman of the county Wexford, told me, that he saw one of the English soldiers, after putting on the habit of one of the massacred friars, die a horrible death blaspheming. 6th.—It is currently reported, that when one of the soldiers fired at the crucifix which Father Raymond held in his hand, that the bullet rebounded and killed their captain. This I heard from Sir Thomas Edmond, (Esmond?) knight, and several others. 7th.—Father John Turner, the parish priest of Maglare, told me, that he saw, on the very day in which the friars and others were killed, a glorious and splendid flame of fire, ascending to heaven, over the town of Wexford. When this happened he was five miles from the town, and knew nothing of it having been taken on that day, or of the religious being put to death there. 8th. Strange things happened also to some of the enemy who took possession of the convent previously inhabited by the friars, for many of them died soon after and were buried in the garden of the convent; and those who remained were constantly troubled, so that they told their neighbours that they knew now they had done very wrong in killing the friars, and that they would live no longer in their house, though there was not another residence in all Wexford. I learned this from some of the neighbours, who were perfectly acquainted with the fact. I, the undersigned, protest, on the word of a priest, that all the foregoing facts were related to me by the secular persons mentioned, and that I have faithfully written them as they were told to me." "B. FRANCIS STAFFORD, of the Conception, Preacher and Confessor, and formerly Guardian, of the Convent of Wexford."—*Addit aliena manu*.*

XV. KILDARE.—The convent of Kildare was founded in the episcopal see of Kildare, in Leinster, about the year 1254, and was formerly placed under the Custody of Dublin. It was reformed in the year 1450, and destroyed by the heretics in the year 1547. It remained desolate till the year 1621, when, under the provincialate of Father Nicholas Shea, it was again occupied by the friars, and repaired, Peter M'Gheghogan being appointed superior. The first founder of this convent was the Chief of the Earls of Kildare, and a magnificent tomb was built for him in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Others of the same family were also buried there, as well as many nobles of the neighbouring territory. There was a chapter held here in 1320.†

* We give this curious document in the words of the author, without, however, pledging ourselves to the supernatural facts recorded. It is natural to suppose that the pious Catholic witnesses of the horrible massacre of their venerated clergy, would look for some Divine interposition in the punishment of their murderers, and in perfect good faith confound natural causes with supernatural manifestations.

† A Franciscan convent flourishes still in Wexford. It is en-

XVI. ARMAGH.—The convent of Armagh was built in the metropolitan city of all Ireland, Armagh in Ulster. It was founded before the year 1260, but the friars were solemnly inducted into it, long after, by the Most Rev. Patrick O'Scanlan, the primate, and hence it was that the opinion spread abroad that he was the founder of the convent. It was placed under the Custody of Nenagh by the general chapter of Narbonne. It began to be reformed about the year 1518, but the reformation was not complete until the time of the prince, John O'Neill, called O'Neill the Great, and, at his instance, the convent was given up to the Observantines, under the provincialate of Father Walter M'Wade. When the English wars and persecutions began, the heretics, in the year 1587, under the leadership of one Donald, spoiled the convent, and flogged some of the friars whom they caught, the rest having escaped. The friars, for all that, continued to live in community in the neighbourhood, under the protection of the unconquerable prince, Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, who had a most special affection for the brethren of the Seraphic institute. For many years he was engaged in constant war against Queen Elizabeth, draining the treasury of the English crown, and exhausting its forces, while he preserved the Catholic faith in his own territory and that of others; at length, obliged to yield to the tyranny of England, in the year 1607, he fled to Rome, together with the Prince O'Donnell, his children, and many other nobles, exiles for their faith; having lost his two sons, Hugh and Henry, who died young, he rested in the Lord, by a holy death, in the year 1615. He left after him one son, his heir, who was colonel of the Irish brigade in the Netherlands, and who was destined for great things. He had the same love for the Seraphic order as his ancestors and father; and, in the year 1616 he became a member of the third order of St. Francis. Some think that the first founder of this convent was M'Domhnall Galloglach; others, the Primate of Armagh, already mentioned; but the most probable opinion is, that it was Prince O'Neill.*

XVII. GALWAY.—The convent of Galway, in the maritime city of that name, in the diocese of Enagh-down, now united to the archiepiscopal see of Tuam, in the province of Connaught, was placed under the Custody of Nenagh, in the general chapter of Narbonne in 1260. It was founded about the year 1247, and was reformed in the first year of the Reformation, that is, 1460. When heresy sprung up, it was suppressed in the fourth year of Edward VI., King of England; the dwelling-house was thrown down, and the church alone was preserved entire on account of the tombs of the nobility who were buried there. It was afterwards converted into a court-house for the judges of assize. It remained in that state till the year 1612, when, Father Maurice Ultan being pro-

vincial, a residence was built in the city, and the friars, by frequent preaching, laboured strenuously for the salvation of souls. The church, which was burned down, was restored in 1616, by Father Henry Brennach, a most learned theologian. The first founder of this convent was William De Burgo, Baron of Clanrickard, and his posterity are now earls of the same territory, and are branched out into other noble families. They changed their burial place, some years ago, from this convent to another place, but still the first noblemen of that country, and the first citizens of Galway erected and maintain sumptuous burial places for themselves there. Provincial chapters were held here in 1319 and 1494.†

[To be continued.]

† The present Franciscan convent in Galway, is called the Abbey. The church, a modern erection, in the Doric style, is well worthy of a visit from the admirers of ecclesiastical architecture. In the Nun's Island there is a large convent of Clare nuns, under the government of the Franciscans, and a curious document is in their possession relative to the establishment of the nuns of St. Clare in this kingdom. "In the year 1625, six nuns, of the first Order of St. Clare, and of the Collet Reformation, came from Gravelin to Dublin to found, where they lived in Cloister (their names were Mary Joseph, and Cisley Foran, both daughters to Sir Viscount O'Dillon, &c.) for two years, and during that time they received twelve more, and were then by the Lord Lieutenant banished out of the city. They then went to the Bethlen, where they increased to sixty. Some time after provincial, Barnwall, sent seven of them to found a convent in Drogheda, not inferior in virtue and austerity to Bethlen, where there was also an exemplary convent of the third order in Cloyster, that founded many others of the same order. They led a most perfect life in Bethlen, till the approach of the troubles, when their provincial, Anthony Mac Geoghegan, afterwards bishop of Meath, was requested by the inhabitants of Galway to send some of them, and in particular those of their own town, that were there to found a convent of the same rule and constitution in Galway. Said provincial, with the diffinitory and other grave fathers sent, fourteen nuns to Galway. About 1642, they founded in Galway. Of the thirty that remained in Bethlen, after the convent was burned, the Vicaress Martha, with some others, went to Wexford, where they founded a convent of the same constitution, &c. In 1642 the remainder of the nuns of Bethlen settled in Athlone; and those of Drogheda, by Cromwell taking it, were forced to go to Wexford. Some of the nuns of Galway founded in Loughrea some time about those years. In 1652, when Cromwell subdued the kingdom, all those convents were dissolved. The visible punishments that fell on those who burned Bethlen, occasioned their enemies to be more moderate to the nuns, although not content to be permitted to live, when they could not live together, and in Cloyster, they chose to go abroad; I mean as many of them as could procure means to do so. Sister Catherine Bernard, alias Brown, abbess of Galway, died in odour of sanctity in Madrid, in 1654, much venerated both before and after her death. Subsequently Margaret Clare, alias Tommines, died in 1659, in the odour of sanctity. In 1641, Sister Mary Gabriel, alias Martin, was elected abbess, to be foundress and abbess in Galway, with twelve other sisters, and in Bethlen, Drogheda, and Waterford, they observed the first rule, with the Collet constitutions, in the greatest purity and austerity. In the first year they received in Galway eighteen novices; in 1644 they received five more; in 1648 the corporation of Galway granted them the Nuns' Island, where they built a commodious house, with 200 and odd pounds of the sisters portions, from whence in Cromwell's time they were banished and went to Spain. The troubles being over in Charles II. reign, Alicia and Elizabeth Barrett, with some other sisters, divinely inspired, returned to Galway and settled in the said island. N.B.—Mary Gabriel, first abbess of Galway, before going to Spain, had for her portion £200; sister Catherine Blake's portion, in 1641, was £165; sister Elizabeth Blake's portion was £150; sisters Mary Anne and Sabina Kelly, their portion was a maintenance through life; Mary Augustin Skerret's portion was £100; Mary Patrick, alias Deans, had £100; Mary Jommines and Bridget Bodkin, £100 each; same time, sisters Catherine Patrick and Anne Darcy's, both sisters, had £500; sister Elizabeth Bab. Lynch, £100; sister Cisley Francis, alias Lynch, £140."

riched with a valuable library, and the archives contain many interesting manuscripts relative to Irish ecclesiastical affairs; among the rest, several of Peter Walsh's papers are there preserved.

* Other accounts say that this convent was founded by William De Vesey, and completed by Gerald Fitzmaurice, Lord Offaly. Hugh O'Neill sleeps among the Franciscans, whom he loved so well. On the summit of the Janiculum in Rome, stand the church and convent of St. Peter, in Montorio. There it was that the illustrious Luke Wadding lived before he established his own convent of St. Isidore. On the floor of the church are two marble slabs, commemorating the virtues and sufferings of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who rest beneath. Among the manuscripts in the archives of St. Isidore is one, in the Irish language, marked "The flight of O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, after the rebellion of Sir Cahir O'Doherty, in 1607."

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

"Adeste, Fideles."

I.

Ye Faithful, now rejoice
With one exulting voice!
The Babe appears in Bethlehem
Who weareth Judah's diadem.

Him, then, let all adore.

II.

Behold! on this bright morn
The King of Kings is born,
The holy Angels' King and ours,
The Lord of Seraphs, Thrones and Powers!

Him, then, let all adore!

III.

The God of God in might,
The living Light of Light,
He cometh from the Virgin's womb
To save the world from death and doom.

Him, then, let all adore!

IV.

Yes! Him let all adore,
True God for evermore,
Not formed or made, but as was meet,
Begotten of the Paraclete.

Him, Him, let all adore!

V.

Let men and angels raise
To him the song of praise!
Let Heaven and Earth combine to sing
In choral unison their king.

Him, Him, let all adore!

VI.

To Him who comes this day
With power to take away
Man's misery, and retrieve his fall,
Be glory given by each and all!

Him, Him, let all adore!

VII.

Be glory given to Him
Who o'er the Cherubim
Reigns unbeginning God and Lord,
Be glory to the Flesh-made Word!

Him, Him, let all adore!

Ecclesiastical Architecture.

PART III.

In the examination of the details of decoration in ancient ecclesiastical structures, we perceive the spirit of symbolical teaching* still predominant and united

* The spiritual significance which many of the writers of the middle ages attributed to every portion of a church, is worthy of observation. Durandus says—"The roof signifies charity, which covereth a multitude of sins; the floor signifies humility, of which

with the greatest artistic beauties. The floor glows with encaustic tiles of various beautiful and mystic devices, and with monumental brasses,† containing pious aspirations for the eternal happiness of those whom they commemorate. Looking forward to the chancel, you will find it divided from the main portion of the church by a screen of exquisite design and workmanship, bearing aloft the *holy rood*, or representation of our Lord on the cross, with figures of his blessed Mother, and the beloved disciple. Often was the screen decorated with groups of sculpture, brilliant colours, and gilding, and not unfrequently, with precious stones. The chancel was the great object of attention, and on it was lavished the highest efforts of artistic genius. This was the seat of the adorable mysteries, and the glories that radiated from its sanctuary were suggestive of the heavenly Jerusalem of which it was the faint and imperfect type. The chapels dedicated to our blessed Lady, the patron, and other saints, were kept in due subordination to the chancel, which was the "Holy of Holies;" but often the pious zeal and liberality of the founders made them appropriate adjuncts of the sacred locality. The windows were too convenient opportunities for the display of varied beauties to be neglected; and hence we find them not only filled with delicate and intricate tracery in stone, but bright with "celestial radiance." A pious poet,‡ whom we can now number amongst the reconciled and faithful children of the *one* Catholic Church, says,

"I saw the sunbeams steal
Through painted glass at even song, and weave
Their three-fold tints upon the marble near
Faith, Prayer, and Love."

Here were united all glowing and contrasted tints, yet producing one harmonious effect; nor were these colours arranged in meaningless display, from them shone forth subjects from Scripture and Church history, and edifying representations of fathers and martyrs of the church, or they served as beautiful memorials of the departed faithful. Unity of design pervaded all. It was not sufficient that windows, and floor, and chancel, and screen were so decorated, but the walls and roofs had also their appropriate adornments. Pious texts, or suitable frescoes, covered the former, while the roofs glowed again with colours, and gilding. In open wooden roofs, the spaces between the rafters were covered with azure and spangled with stars. But, in fact, to examine and enumerate the various beauties of details, the canopied niches, the

David saith: '*adhaesit pavimento anima mea*,' 'my soul hath cleaved unto the pavement.' The language of St. Paul has consecrated the *pillars* as an allusion to the apostles and great doctors of the church; James, Cephas, and John, saith he, *seemed to be pillars*. The glass windows in a church are the Holy Scriptures, which repel the wind and rain, *i.e.* all hurtful things, but transmit the light of the true sun, *i.e.* God, unto the hearts of the faithful. They are wider within than without, because the mystical sense is the more ample, and precedeth the literal meaning. Also, by the windows the senses of the body are signified, which ought to be closed to the vanities of this world, and open to receive with all freedom spiritual gifts."

† Mr. Pugin has revived those beautiful memorials of the departed, and has shown in his "True Principles" that they are perfectly suited to our times, and that many parts of modern costume well accord with the style of the ancient delineations on brasses. He has also proved that they are not only much more appropriate and beautiful, but cheaper than those cold quakerly tablets of black and white marble, with which it has been the fashion to disfigure churches in latter times. We intend, in a future number, to speak more particularly on the abuses—not to say irreverence—of modern sepulchral monuments and memorials.

‡ Rev. F. W. Faber.

splendid altar tombs "where mitred prelates and grave doctors sleep," of

"Those rich cathedral fanes
(Gothic ill-named) where harmony results
From disunited parts, and shapes minute,
At once distinct and blended, boldly form
One vast majestic whole,"

would, although a "labour of love," be beyond our power in this place.

What must have been the emotions produced in the minds of men by these glorious structures, can be in some sort conceived; for in our times, notwithstanding the desecrations of Protestantism in these countries, and the degeneracy of taste, and vitiating influence of Pagan art on the Continent since the sixteenth century, they affect the imagination in such a way as no works of ancient or revived Pagan art ever can. "Let one only represent to himself," says a modern French writer, "the effect of the lights on those prodigious monuments, when the clergy moved in procession through those forests of columns, animating the dark masses, passing and repassing through the long aisles, under those complicated arches, with its rich vestments, its tapers, and its chants, when light and sound of unearthly harmony issued from the choir, while the ocean of people responded from the shade below; there was the true drama, the true mystery, the representation of the journey of humanity through the three worlds, that sublime vision which Dante has immortalized in the "Divina Commedia."

Turning from the contemplation of the works of our Catholic ancestors, to those of our own day, the contrast presented is extremely painful. To point out errors, is not a grateful task, though a necessary duty; for unless the faults are clearly shown, it will be impossible to expect improvement. Nor does it suffice to point out the errors, unless the way of avoiding them is also made clear. If we be severe in our censures, we beg to assure our readers that our reproaches are not intended for individuals.—"*Nos omnes peccavimus.*" We cannot blame those who have erred in ignorance, but the time has come to mend our ways.

During the last thirty years, as much money has been raised within the city of Dublin, and expended on the edifices erected therein for Catholic worship, as would have built *two* appropriate churches in every parish of the metropolis. We select Dublin as our example, for what has been done there, is of a piece with what has occurred over the entire kingdom. We are sorry to say that *not one* of those edifices approaches the idea of an ancient Catholic church. They all seem to have been designed and carried forward in utter ignorance of every principle and rule of ecclesiastical art, and with a total disregard of all ancient precedent, the only safe and legitimate guide in those cases. Individual taste seems to have been the sole director in those structures, or more properly speaking, *caprice*, for we can really see no marks of genuine taste about them. This we conceive to have been one of the most fruitful sources of error. Ecclesiastical, as well as other arts, has its fixed principles, beyond which the greatest genius cannot travel far without perpetrating the most grievous improprieties. We have seen that Catholic symbolism is the true source of Christian art; and we cannot therefore be surprised, that those who either were ignorant of, or despised the source, should greatly err concerning its material development. We do not mean that it is im-

possible to arrive at future developments of Christian art. That, indeed, would be limiting the powers of the human mind to a very narrow sphere. But we contend, that a new development of art never has been, or never can be the production of an individual mind, but the growth of times and circumstances. In existing art there may be one example better than another, according to the ability and character of the mind, which conceived and matured the design, yet all will bear evident marks of a common origin and tolerably fixed principle. The middle ages produced a species of art, which, as we have seen, was the offspring of the church, most suitable in all its arrangements for the purposes of religion, and illustrative of its doctrines. Its beauty and majesty are undeniable. It affects with religious emotions the hardest hearts and the most sceptical minds. Why not return to that style in our new churches, and give up the vain, selfish, and unattainable notion of "*originality*," or rather, our false ideas of originality; for surely there is such a thing as "the union of genius and imitation." We hold that the canon of Hugo de St. Victor, concerning ecclesiastical music, is equally applicable to ecclesiastical architecture—"Non enim decet, ut *cantus et usus ecclesiasticus fieri debet secundum arbitrium diversorum, sed firmiter servandus est secundum scripta et instituta majorum.*"

A contemporary periodical* contains the following apposite passage respecting future developments, which we cannot help giving in full: "One caution, and then we conclude. Because Christian architecture may be developed, it does not follow that we are the generation that shall develop it. Far otherwise; we are children, and disobedient ones moreover, and very ignorant, and hitherto extremely idle and truant. We have numberless faults to atone for, and an incalculable amount of ignorance to overcome, before we can hope to do anything towards developing any future degree of excellence in Christian art. We have not yet learned our alphabet, and it is absurd to attempt to compose; we do not know the names of our tools, and it is insane to attempt to model. All that we can expect to do is, to copy carefully in hopes of realizing at the last, through numberless copyings, some first principles which we may store up for our children to make use of. Our task is humble, but it is useful; and the more humble the spirit in which we undertake it, the more surely it will be blessed from above. We do not work for ourselves, we work for other days; and if we undertake our task unselfishly, its results will continue for endless ages, even for evermore."

Another primary cause of the inferiority of modern churches, is a mistaken notion of economy, which we shall see is false in principle, and consequently injurious in its effects, at the same time that it entirely fails in its object.

"Give all thou can'st, high heaven distains the lore
Of nicely calculated, less or more."

That is the true principle of economy. No one should counsel expenditure beyond available means; but it does not follow that because an humble and plain church only can be afforded, a staring and hideous barn must be built. In fact, we are aware of several instances where those barns have been erected, with high staring walls, low roof and gaping windows, at a much greater expenditure than a true but plain church, with characteristic low massive walls, high and bold roof (the strongest and best, and most suited to our

* Ecclesiologist. February, 1846.

climate), could have been built for. Afterwards, in very many of those cases, the clergy and people get ashamed of their church. They see it is not church-like, and they wish to give it some ornament to help out the appearance, which, of course, cannot be done without the once much dreaded expense; but now they are so horrified at their own handy work, that they must need mend it some way or other. Then comes in the play of the "men of taste," such as they are. One suggests "pillars," that is, a revived Pagan portico in front; another prefers a tower behind the altar (the only place we may remark that a tower should not be placed), the lower part of which would serve as a vestry; a third person suggests buttresses to prop up nothing, but just for effect, surmounted by "nice pinnacles" to "set them off." 'Tis well if a fourth does not suggest, in addition to all, to have Roman cement architraves and entablatures to the doors and windows, the outside "coated with compo," and secured by a surcoat of puritanical whitewash. It is no wonder this class of buildings should turn out abominations.

When anything like a church of some architectural pretensions is contemplated (and here the saving clause of "economy" cannot be pleaded in defence of barbarity), a professional architect is sent for, perhaps some enlightened worthy who entertains a profound contempt for the "dark ages," and everything appertaining thereto, and whose ideas of ecclesiastical art are limited to the magical "five orders," and their application to assembly rooms and "T houses" for Catholic worship. He, of course, has no certain opinions on the subject, but is willing "to draw" anything his employers desire, be they ever so ignorant, and their demands ever so absurd and ridiculous; and all styles are the same to him. The "Grecian fret," "Italian guillochi," "urns and vases," which he perpetrated in his last coffee-room or cigar-divan, he is willing to repeat even "*ad nauseam*" in his new church. From this source emanates either of two descriptions of modern church—the pseudo classic style, or mock pointed architecture. The Pagan temples of old were doubtlessly beautiful objects, perfectly adapted to their purposes, and characteristic of their use; but we are not Pagans in religion, nor is the climate of our country like that of Greece or of Italy; therefore, Pagan temples cannot be revived here without certain alterations and adaptations to suit them to our clime and religion. Those being made, the temple is destroyed. Either the idea of a Pagan temple or a Christian church must be abandoned. Hence we find, that modern churches which have attempted to combine both, are utter abortions.

When the classic styles do not chance to find favour, the only alternative appears to be the *gothic*. We have not had anything Egyptian or Moresque, although we have had an overflow of the nondescript styles, probably called "*originals*;" but we may truly call modern attempts at pointed architecture *gothic*, in the real sense of the term. In those "*gothic*" edifices the faults are as manifold and as greivous as in the pseudo classic styles; for in them we find no aim at ecclesiastical propriety. Architects appear to think it quite sufficient to put pointed arches to doors and windows,* and to stick a hideous sentry-box, by way of a tower, at

one end of the church. The due orientation is vainly looked for—a vestige of a chancel turned eastwards. "Whence the tall window drinks the morning rays" is nowhere discernible, nor indeed any of the features of an ancient church, but a profusion of meaningless and expensive decorations. How often do we see a "*street front*" of neatly hewn stone, consisting of useless buttresses and pinnacles, blanks and recesses, ins and outs, mock doors and windows, all "*got up*" merely to "look well," which they never can, as they do not unite utility with decoration, and all this at an expense which might have supplied the essentials of a true ecclesiastical edifice. We know of structures at present being erected at an expense which, if properly applied, would produce really beautiful and true churches, yet the old method of mere showiness against truth and reality is pursued; and this is all the more reprehensible at the present, than at any former time, so much ecclesiological information having been of late set forth by Mr. Pugin and others, that ignorance can no longer be pleaded as an excuse.

As we have been criticising, and we hope not over severely, the general character of modern ecclesiastical architecture, we are, before concluding our present article, bound in justice to take some particular notice of a few churches, which are designed or in progress, and which give satisfactory indications of a better state of things than has hitherto prevailed. The churches being erected in Ireland from the designs of Mr. Pugin, are, it is almost needless to say, in the true style. Killarney cathedral will be a glorious structure, and in every respect most consoling to those who ardently desire a return to the glories of the olden times. It will be a cruciform church, complete in all its arrangements; it will consist of a nave and aisles, well proportioned transepts, and spacious choir or chancel, with side chapels. There will be no false ornament about it, but everything will be real and consistent. The church of St. Kevin, at Glendalough,† by Mr. McCarthy, is the first uncompromisingly true church of the old type erected within the archdiocese of Dublin. It is a small structure, and extremely plain and simple, suited to the romantic locality in which it is situated, consisting of the two essential parts of a church, a nave, and fairly proportioned chancel. It will have a south porch in the second bay of the nave from the west end, and a sacristy on the north side of the chancel. Internally all the arrangements and furniture will be complete, including baptismal font, chancel screen, stone altar, &c., &c. The new churches of Ballinasloe, and of Kilskyre, in the county of Meath, by the same architect, will be also in the true style. We have seen some designs for churches by Mr. Atkins of Cork, which show that that gentleman is well skilled in ecclesiastical art, and induce us to hope that he is one of those whose mission is to contribute, both by precept and example, to the dissemination of sound principles and practice. The churches erected in Dundalk and Newry, and the Cathedral in progress in Armagh, by Mr. Duff, are works of considerable architectural merit; but unfortunately Catholicity of arrangement has been too much neglected in those productions. We entertain hope, however, that the artist will make amends for former defects, and that in future he will give his valuable aid to the cause of Catholic art.

Indeed we can never hope for extensive and permanent improvement, till we possess a class of architects

† Vide Battersby's Directory for the present year.

* "The pointed arch is only one element of the pointed style, though it is the chief one. Verticality, as opposed to horizontality, was the real principle, and this seems to have been suggested by the pointed arch. But the mere use of the pointed arch alone would not make a gothic building."—Paley's *Manual*, p. 65.

who will be devoted to their profession from the highest and purest motives; men who will cheerfully sacrifice emolument for the maintenance of their principles. On this subject, the recent translators* of the first book of "Durandus' Rationale," make some admirable observations; the truthfulness and beauty of which, induce us to give them at full length in this place: "A Catholic architect must be a Catholic in heart. Simple knowledge will no more enable a man to build up God's material than His spiritual temples. In ancient times, the finest buildings were designed by the holiest bishops. Wykeham and Poore will occur to every churchman. And we have reason to believe, from God's word, from Catholic consent, and even from philosophical principles, that such must always be the case.

"Holy Scripture, in mentioning the selection of Bezaleab and Aholiab as architects of the tabernacle, expressly asserts them to have been filled with the SPIRIT OF GOD in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of timber to work in all manner of workmanship. And this indeed is only a part of the blessing of the pure of heart, they see God the fountain of beauty, even in this life, as they shall see him the fountain of holiness in the next. From Catholic consent we may learn the same truth. Why else was ecclesiastical architecture made a part of the profession of clerks, than because it was considered that the purity and holiness of that profession fitted them best for so great a work?

"Nay, we have remarkable proofs that *feeling* without knowledge will do more than *knowledge* without feeling. Now, allowing the respectability which attaches itself to the profession of a modern architect, and the high character of many in that profession, none would assert that they, as a body, make it a matter of devotion and prayer—that they work for the church alone, regardless of themselves—that they build in faith and to the glory of God.

"In truth, architecture has become too much a profession; it is made the means of gaining a livelihood, and is viewed as a path of honourable distinction, instead of the study of the devout ecclesiastic, who matures his noble conceptions with the advantage of that profound meditation, only attainable in the contemplative life, who, without thought of recompense or fame, has no end in view but the raising a temple worthy of its high end, and emblematical of the faith which is to be maintained within its walls. It is clear that modern architects are in a very different position from their predecessors, with respect to those advantages. We are not prepared to say that none but monks ought to design churches, or that it is impossible for a professional architect to build with the devotion and faith of an earlier time; but we do protest against the merely business-like spirit of the modern profession, and demand from them a more elevated and directly religious habit of mind. We surely ought, at least, to look for church membership from one who ventures to design a church. There cannot be a more painful idea than that a separatist should be allowed to build a house of God, when he himself knows nothing of the ritual and the worship of the church from which he has strayed; to prepare both font and altar, when

perchance he knows nothing of either sacrament, but that he has always despised them. Or, again, to think that any churchman should allow himself to build a conventicle, and even sometimes to prostitute the speaking architecture of the church to the service of her bitterest enemies! What idea can such a person have formed of the reality of church architecture? Conceive a churchman designing a triple window, admitted emblem of the MOST HOLY TRINITY, for a congregation of Socinians! We wish to vindicate the dignity of this noble science against the treason of its own professors. If architecture is anything more than a mere trade; if it is indeed a liberal, intellectual art, a true branch of poesy, let us prize its reality and meaning, and truthfulness, and let us not expose ourselves by giving two contraries one and the same material expression.

"The church architect must, we are persuaded, make many sacrifices; he must forego all lucrative undertakings, if they may not be carried through upon those principles which he believes necessary for every good building, and particularly if the end to be answered, or the wants to be provided for, are in themselves unjustifiable or mischievous. Even in church-building itself, he must see many an unworthy rival preferred to him, who will condescend to pander to the whims and comfort of a church committee, will suit his design to any standard of ritualism which may be suggested by *his own ignorance, or other's private judgment*, who will consent to defile a building meant for God's worship, with pews and galleries, &c. But hard as the trial may be, a church architect must submit to it, rather than recede from the principles which he knows to be the very foundation of his art."

The examples of improved taste and feeling we have mentioned, though few, are nevertheless most encouraging, and give us an assurance, that by perseverance and zeal, truth, reality and Catholicity will again, as in the ages of faith, characterise our ecclesiastical architecture. In conclusion, we must confess, in the language of the good bishop who has been our guide, that "that which is worthy hath been taken from the sayings of others, whose words we have introduced," and beg the reader's indulgence for the imperfections of our own part of the task. For the present we have done, but we shall not be unmindful of the subject, and every help to the good work which we can afford, will be freely given in the pages of the IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

Scenes and Legends of Clare.

ROUND Callan's wild mountain so bleak and romantic,*
Fierce howls the rude blast of the stormy Atlantic,
The cloud of the night o'er its summit is stealing,
The mists roll above it—the thunder is pealing!
Old legends are found in the lore of our island,
And some have been told of this desolate highland,
There Conan the swift, of the battle-chase weary,†
Long rests in his mountain-grave lonely and dreary.
Beneath yon grey stone where the brown fern is sweeping,
All silent and lone the dread warrior lies sleeping—

* Mount-Callan, near Miltown Malbay.

† On the top of the mountain is a tombstone, with the following inscription in the ancient Gaelic: "Here lies Conan, the intrepid, and swift-footed." Irish historians state, that Conan was of the line of Brian Boru.

* Rev. John Mason Neale, B.A., and Rev. Benjamin Webb, B.A.

His rust-cover'd sword, which was crimson'd with slaughter,
The peasant hath found by Lough-Callan's blue water,*
And down in that lake, in its clear depths so lowly,
A serpent is laid by a spell that is holy!

The name of the brave that old tomb-stone discloses,
And blest be the spot where the hero reposes—
How hallow'd the scene of his last honour'd pillow,
Be it on the hill side, or beneath the green billow!
Oh bright be their mem'ry so sacred in story,
The chiefs of our Isle in the days of her glory,
Whose battle-axe hew'd through the ranks of the foeman,
Who drove to their galleys, the Dane and the Roman!
In the fanes of our country their ashes lie blended,
Sage, monarch, and chief to the grave have descended,
The saint and the hermit are sharing their slumbers,
The bard, who has silenc'd his war-breathing numbers,
No more to the red field of battle shall guide them—
He hung up his harp, and he's sleeping beside them!

If Nature's stern grandeur can wake thy emotion,
From Callan gaze down on the cliffs and the ocean,
Where rocky Malbay the rough surges is braving,†
And loud on its shore the hoarse billows are raving!
Behold—they rush on with their white crests uprearing,
Like the foaming of war-steeds to battle careering,
They crash on the cliffs—and in air dash'd asunder,
Like giants they fall with a death-note of thunder!
Beneath that dark wave that so fearfully rages,
The bones of the Spaniard lie bleaching for ages,‡
And oft' o'er the strife of the waters prevailing
A dirge for the brave through the night-cloud is wailing—
And a warrior form with bright armour clashing,
On the path of the storm when lightning is flashing,
While strange and dread notes on the air are resounding,
Is seen on his steed o'er the surf wildly bounding!

On Freagh's stormy cliffs, and no vision is grander,§
In morning's young dawn it is glorious to wander,
To see the bold fisher so dauntless and daring,
His nets and canoe for the ocean preparing,
He looses his skiff from the beach by his dwelling,
But ere he moves off 'midst the breakers rough swelling,
He turns up his eye with a saint's veneration—
And marks on his brow the bless'd sign of salvation!
Oh that is the sign whose bright promise was given
To the victor of old as it blaz'd in the heaven—
On his valorous breast the Crusader hath worn it,
The Saracen fled from the chiefs who have borne it,
And now the poor fisher, to perils no stranger,

* A sword, said to have been far heavier than our modern weapons of war, was dug up near the lake, on Mount-Callan, about half a century back, and transformed into farming implements by some vandal of a blacksmith.

† The beach of Miltown Malbay.

‡ A portion of the Spanish Armada had been cast in near this coast, at a place hence called "Spanish Point." The legend, though not unlike that of O'Donoghue's White Horse, appertaining to Killybeg, is much more appropriate to this wild shore.

§ Freagh is a long line of rocky coast between Miltown and Leihinch.

Still trusts it will guard him in tempest and danger!
Ah! should the night's darkness o'ertake him returning,
His wife, and his fond ones the beacon are burning,
That light o'er the deep is affection's bright warning,
To mark the lov'd shore which he left in the morning;
Yet often in vain the fond signal is gleaming,
And burns from the cliff 'till the day-light is beaming,
He comes not alas—for the wave hath roll'd o'er him—
The deep is his grave—and they're left to deplore him!

The spirit of air, and the ocean rough raging,
In yonder dark cavern wild warfare are waging,*
The wave rushes in, like a cataract roaring,
Its gloomy recesses and fissures exploring,
But meets a dread shock, as a thunder-cloud riven,
And high o'er the rock in the air it is driven,
While the beautiful hues of an iris are blending
With its crystalline spray like a snow-show'r descending.
High, frowning, and dark o'er the waves of the ocean,
Old Moher, thy cliffs mock the tempest's commotion;
Let monuments crumble—time's ravage sustaining,
The bulwarks of nature are proudly remaining!
They say, that at night, from the rocks of Liscannor,†
Is seen on the billow a white waving banner,
Then woe to the mortal whose vision is haunted
By mystical walls that are rising enchanted;
Soon, soon, from his kindred and life he shall sever—
The snare of the storm-fiend shall bind him for ever!

Wild haunts of my boyhood, where oft' I've been roaming
When bleak was the blast, and the winter-wave foaming,
When o'er the dark rocks the rough surges were breaking,
And high in the cloud the shrill seagull was shrieking,
Your legends of yore in the fairy-spells bound me;
And twin'd the sweet wreath of their magic around me!
He is gone to the grave—his life's journey is over,‡
Who told these wild tales to the minstrel and rover,
A saint and a sage—yet he lov'd to unfold them,
He deem'd them not true, for he smil'd as he told them;
The spirit of him, who was sinless and hoary,
Hath pass'd from this earth to a circlet of glory!

Oh Clare, thy rude shores so sublime and so dreary,
Well suit the strange lore of the legend or fairy;
Thou art dear to my soul, and the sky that's above thee,
Through sunshine and tempest 'tis bliss but to love thee!
Unskill'd, the bold harp in thy praise to awaken,
Yet deem not my muse hath thy beauties forsaken,
Lov'd home of my childhood, 'tis sweet to explore thee—
This heart shall be cold ere it cease to adore thee!

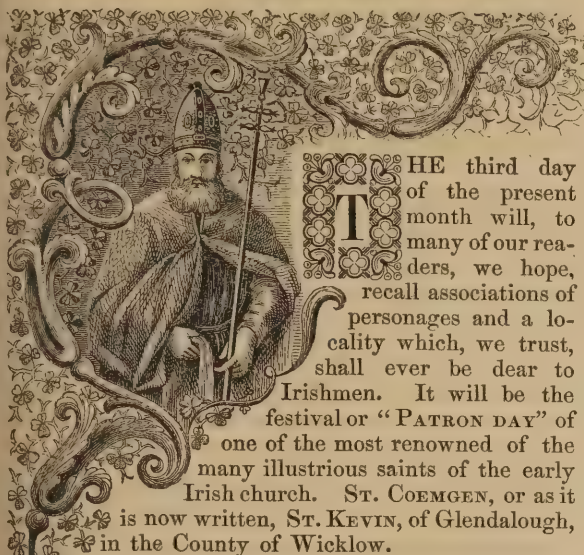
* The celebrated puffing cavern of Freagh, which produces, at noon-tide, the most resplendent hues, caused by refraction.

† A popular legend that a city rises betimes from the sea, which it is deemed a sign of death to behold. A French History of Ireland, in the library of the Irish College at Paris, throws a curious light upon this tradition. It states, that an earthquake swallowed part of the Clare coast into the sea.

‡ The late venerable Father Patrick McGuanne, P. P. of Miltown Malbay. This exemplary clergyman was the tutor of the late Sir Michael O'Loughlin.

Local Memoirs of Ireland.

GLENDALOUGH.



THE third day of the present month will, to many of our readers, we hope, recall associations of personages and a locality which, we trust, shall ever be dear to Irishmen. It will be the festival or "PATRON DAY" of one of the most renowned of the many illustrious saints of the early Irish church. ST. COEMGEN, or as it is now written, SR. KEVIN, of Glendalough, in the County of Wicklow.

Equal to any other country in Europe's wide extent, as Ireland unquestionably is, in the great men who have adorned her, and in the mighty events which have been enacted on her soil, they have still no bidding place in the memory of her people. We lament the fact, that many localities which have been rendered sacred by the lives of distinguished or holy personages, religious institutions, and remarkable events which should hold prominent places in the memories of Irishmen, are utterly neglected, perhaps despised or desecrated. How great a loss religious sentiment and action, national honour, and we may add, the purest gratification an intelligent being can enjoy, have sustained herein can scarcely be fairly estimated. The desire of visiting places which have been the scenes of memorable events, the birth places, or dwellings of remarkable men, where kingdoms have been raised or annihilated, where human freedom has been achieved or trampled down, where philosophers have taught, sages and saints meditated and prayed, or poets sung, is one of the most general and invariable of human feelings, and is interwoven with the best sympathies of our nature. It has been recognized in all ages and climes. No man ever yet stood and meditated upon a spot sacred in his memory and his feelings, without appreciating more fully than before the events of which it had been the scene, without feeling, although it might be only momentarily, his love and respect for truth and virtue increase, his patriotism grow warmer, and his hatred of oppression wax stronger. "I have always loved to wander," says Lamartine, "over the physical scenes inhabited by men I have known, admired, loved, or revered, as well among the living as the dead. The country which a great man has inhabited and preferred, during his passage on this earth, has always appeared to me the surest and most speaking relic of himself; a kind of material manifestation of his genius, a mute revelation of a portion of his soul, a living and sensible commentary on his life, actions, and thoughts. And I have been thus attracted by several authors and great men, whose names and writings were deeply engraven on

my memory. I wished to study them, and to become acquainted with them on the spot which has given them birth, or that had inspired them; and almost always a scrutinizing glance might discover a secret and profound analogy between the scene and the actor, between the country and the individual who graced it, between nature and the genius which derived its inspirations therefrom." To assist in awakening such feelings and associations in the hearts and minds of our countrymen, is a task peculiarly the province of our MAGAZINE. Most of our interesting localities convey few other or higher sentiments, to the greater number of visitors, than those produced by the natural and characteristic beauties of the scenery. The only *pabulum* the mind too frequently has, are some idle stories or ill conceived legends, which reflect no credit on the venerable religion, history, or civilization of our land, and are only calculated to bring them into disrepute both at home and abroad. The guide books to our remarkable places are meagre enough. Deficient in elevation of spirit and feeling, they are generally composed of worthless descriptions of what every eye can see, with a few foolish and hacknied legends to make the visitors laugh at the absurdities of the "queer old fellows" who formerly "dwelt thereabouts," or sympathize at the hard fate of the beautiful and young nun who was confined in yonder cell, because she would not go out to her moon-struck lover; or feel piously indignant at the voluntary mortifications endured by the cowed monks for the good of their souls, and that they might the more hospitably entertain strangers, instruct the poor, and feed them on something more solid than soup; with some well-seasoned philosophic observations on the dullness of mind which could have substituted such mere practical observances for the "*spirituality*" of the newly "enlightened," unpractical though it be. These, with an illustration or two, explanatory of some "popular superstition," a vignette of a scene that never occurred, and the portrait of an artful knave of a guide, who can "coin more legends at night than will divert the quality by day," by way of a tail piece, form the staple of Irish guide books.

Our object in the present article is neither to supply a suitable guide book to Glendalough, nor to furnish a manual of legends. If we can enable our readers to trace the interesting remains of antique art that abound in that sequestered vale, and call up to their memories some of the men who have graced the scene, or make them appreciate more fully than hitherto the worth of former days, our task will have been accomplished.

Without further preface we enter on *our* office of guide, first begging our reader, or supposed visitor, to banish from his or her memory the *ideal* "young St. Kevin" of whom he or she may have heard as a "cruel-hearted saint."

Glendalough is situated in the barony of Ballynacor, in the county of Wicklow, and is about twenty-two miles distant from Dublin. It derives its name from Irish words expressive of one of the chief natural characteristics of the place, "Glean-da-loch," or the "Glen of the two lakes." It is surrounded by lofty and precipitous mountains on all sides, except the east. These mountains are now quite barren and bare of wood, although some centuries ago they were covered with trees to the very tops. Within less than a century since, the lower parts of the mountains were thickly wooded, but now nearly every trace of foliage has disappeared, except in the narrow ravine called

Pollanass, between Derrybawn and Lugduff mountains on the south side of the valley. There a mountain torrent tumbles from a considerable height through a series of beautiful cascades and natural basins, till it reaches the bottom of the vale, where its waters unite with those of the river Avonmore, which winds its tortuous course through the scene, and thence on by Rathdrum (a few miles beyond which it joins the Avonbeg, at the famed "Meeting of the Waters"), till it falls in with the Avoca. It was a portion of the territory of the O'Tirthuathal, the country of the ancient sept of the O'Tooles, who once owned sovereign sway here. St. Coemgen,* or, as it is now written, St. Kevin, the pronunciation being the same, was of this illustrious race. With him begins such authentic history of Glendalough as we possess. He is said to have been born in the year 498, and to have lived to the extraordinary and venerable age of 120 years. Be this as it may, it is certain that his death took place on the 3rd June, 618. His father's name was Coemlog, and his mother was a princess of the house of Dal Mas-sincorb, and was called Coemella. He was baptized by St. Cronan, and when he had attained his seventh year, he was placed under the tutorage of St. Petrocus, a Briton, who had spent twenty years in Ireland, engaged in the acquisition of knowledge. Having spent five years with St. Petrocus, he was transferred to the care of three holy anchorets, named Dogain, Lochan, and Enna, or Æneas, with whom he studied, and became well versed in the holy Scriptures. Leaving his three tutors, he became a disciple of the hermit Beonanus, and afterwards of a bishop named Lugid, who ordained him a priest, and directed him to build a cell for himself at a place called Cluanduach. Obtaining many disciples in this place, who, we have good reason to believe, led rather an anchoretical than a conventual life, somewhat like the solitarii of the primitive Christians in the east, and the Carthusians of a later period, he left the care and government of the establishment to some of his monks, and, taking the remainder of his disciples with him, returned to his own country. He founded an abbey at Glendalough, as is generally supposed about the year 549, and dedicated it under the invocation of St. Peter and St. Paul. In the same year he went to Clonmacnoise, to see its founder, the celebrated St. Kieran, but did not arrive till three days after the saint's death. He, however, assisted at his funeral obsequies. Returning to Glendalough, he visited a holy hermit who lived near Dublin, named Garbhan, who dissuaded him from a long journey which he meditated, telling him "that he ought rather to fix himself in one place than to ramble up and down in his old age, for that he could not but know that no bird could hatch her eggs while flying." It would appear that the saint took the anchorite's advice, for we are told that he retired from his monastery and disciples, and built himself a cell in a deeply wooded recess of the mountains, near the upper lake. Here he lived an ascetic life for four years, till his monks prevailed upon him to return to his abbey, where he dwelt till his death, which took place on the 3rd of June, 618, after he had received the holy viaticum from the hands of Mochurog, a Briton, who dwelt in a cell on the east side of Glendalough.

Hanmer says St. Kevin was the author of two books, one "*De Britáinorum Origine*," and the other "*De Híbero et Heremone*," but Harris thinks it more

probable that he merely wrote a "rule for monks."** Some writers suppose him to have been a bishop, but this is not certain. It is most probable that he was only an abbot, and that Glendalough did not become a bishopric during his life time.

The fame of the sanctity of St. Kevin's life soon attracted crowds of pilgrims and others to Glendalough, which rapidly rose to the distinction of a great city and bishopric, and became "the luminary of the western world, whence savage septs and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." Harris, who is of opinion that St. Kevin was a bishop, says he resigned the see in 612, six years before his death, and that he was succeeded by his nephew, St. Molibba or Libba. It is certain, however, that St. Libba was bishop of Glendalough in the seventh century. He died on the eighth of January, which day is marked in some calendars as his festival, but the exact year is not recorded. Aidan is also mentioned as bishop in the seventh century. There is a large chasm in the history of the see from the latter end of the seventh to that of the ninth century, but the names and succession of many bishops from that period, till the reputed union of the see with that of Dublin, in the thirteenth century, are recorded. Of the lives and public actions of these ecclesiastics, however, unfortunately few records are known to exist. Gilda Na Naomb, bishop of Glendalough, assisted at the synod of Kells in 1152, where Cardinal Paparo distributed the palls to the Archbishops of Ireland. Cineath O'Ronan, bishop, and Benignus, abbot of Glendalough, with St. Laurence O'Toole, were witnesses to the charter for the foundation of the Priory of All-Saints Dublin, granted by Dermot, king of Leinster, to his confessor Edan O'Kelly, bishop of Clogher, in trust for the priory. Cineath O'Ronan died in 1173. Pope Alexander III., by a bull dated 13th May, 1179, in the twentieth year of his pontificate, granted to Malchus, sometimes called Macrobius and Matthew, and to his successors, "the city of Glendalough, in which the cathedral is, with the churches and other the possessions and appurtenances of it," saving the rights of the abbot of Glendalough.

But the most distinguishing individual whose name and memory are associated with Glendalough, is St. Lorcan O'Tuathal, or as it is now written, St. Laurence O'Toole, the glory of his age and country, equally renowned for his sanctity and his patriotism whose counsel and example, had they been acted upon by the chieftains of the land, would have saved Ireland from ages of bondage and suffering such as no people else have ever endured. He was of right royal blood, his father being sovereign prince of Imaile, and his mother a child of the equally noble family of the O'Byrnes. He received the rudiments of secular and religious knowledge in the vale of Glendalough, and at the early age of ten years became remarkable for the earnestness of his youthful piety, as well as for the ardour of his patriotism and the promise of future greatness. At this period the infamous Dermot Mac Murrough was perpetrating acts of the most detestable tyranny, not only upon his own immediate subjects, but also upon neighbouring princes. Without cause he ravaged Imaile, and could only be persuaded from committing the greatest excesses by the surrender of the young Lorcan as an hostage, upon whom he inflicted the most dreadful sufferings his tender frame was able

* "Pulcher Genitus," i.e. "Fair-begotten."

* A "Life of St. Patrick" has been also attributed to him.

to endure, allowing him but as much food as was barely necessary to support life. The Prince of Imaile having heard of the savage treatment inflicted upon his beloved child, determined to avenge him, and, descending from his mountain fastnesses, made an incursion into Mac Murrough's territory; and having captured twelve of his soldiers, threatened them with immediate death unless his son was restored to him. This threat had the desired effect, and Laurence was again received in Glendalough, where he resumed his studies; and, resolving to abandon worldly honours and distinction, devoted himself to the service of religion. His virtue and abilities became so distinguished, that at the age of twenty-five years he was chosen by the clergy and people to preside over the abbey. The repeated invasions of the Danes, previous to this time, had introduced several relaxations of discipline and many vices hitherto unknown amongst the Irish people. These, the abbot laboured to root out from amongst those committed to his care, and we are told that he was eminently successful. About this time a famine had fallen on the land, and Laurence's liberality and kindness in relieving the distresses of the poor, so endeared him to all classes of people, that at the death of Gilda na Naomb, they sought to raise him to the episcopal dignity; but he declined, alleging that he had not yet attained the canonical age required in a bishop. The death of Gregory, Archbishop of Dublin, occurring in some time after, he was elected to the see of Dublin, which he likewise declined, but afterwards consented, on representations being made to him of the good he would be enabled to effect in so extensive a sphere of action. He was consecrated in Christ's Church Cathedral, in 1162, by Gelasius, the Archbishop of Armagh, assisted by many Irish bishops, to the great joy and satisfaction of the people. By his advice the clergy of his cathedral became regular canons of the order of Aroasia, and he himself also conformed to the strict discipline, and constantly wore the habit of the order under his pontifical robes. King Roderic O'Connor having convened a national council of various classes of his subjects, to meet him at Athboy, in Meath, in order to take counsel together for the preservation of their independence, then menaced by the treason of Mac Murrough and the anticipated invasion of the English, Archbishop Laurence repaired thither and assisted at their deliberations. This council passed many regulations affecting church government and religious discipline. When the English adventurers first arrived before the City of Dublin, Laurence laboured strenuously to stimulate the citizens to boldly oppose their invaders, and to aid in the preservation of the liberties of their country. His efforts, however, were fruitless; the citizens terrified at the martial display of the invading forces, begged their archbishop to become the negotiator of a peace with the strangers. He accordingly advanced into the lines of the enemy, and while discussing the terms of the surrender, Raymond Le Gros, and Milo de Cogan, with a party of their adherents impatient of the prey which they sought, scaled the walls of the city, and commenced a scene of frightful slaughter and pillage within. The archbishop returned, and exercised the peculiar province of his mission in a manner worthy of his character. He walked through the streets at the imminent peril of his own life, everywhere protesting against the atrocities of the invader, but in vain; administering the consolations of religion to the dying, and performing the last sad offices for the dead. Thus

fared the first whining petition ever presented by Irishmen to the representatives of English power. If the early Saxon church added to her litany, as we believe she did, the prayer "*a furore Normanorum, libera nos Domine*," how much greater reason had the Irish church to add the same request. He afterwards endeavoured to unite the Irish princes with the Danes of Dublin, for a combined effort against the English invader, then confined to the narrow limits of Dublin and a few towns on the east coast. The harangue which we may suppose him to have delivered, in one of his exhortations to union, has been rendered into verse of great power and beauty by one of our living poets. It would seem, however, that some fearful judgment hung over the Irish nation; for notwithstanding those vigorous exertions on the part of Archbishop Laurence, and the presence round the entire of Dublin, north, south, and west, of many of the Irish princes with vast forces, while their Danish allies guarded the seas on the east, the English, after having endured a close blockade for two months, being rendered desperate by hunger and other sufferings, sent out a detachment of six hundred knights, who attacked in the first place King Roderic's forces, and, having signally defeated them, put the remainder of the Irish chieftains, with their followers, to flight. Returning to the city victorious, enriched with the spoils of the enemy, and laden with provisions, in the insolence of their triumph, they put to death Hasculph, the Danish chief, whom they had captured; his offence being that of having used language not sufficiently respectful to his vanquishers. The ardour of Archbishop Laurence's patriotism was not extinguished by this unfortunate turn of affairs. He still laboured to unite the Irish princes in a powerful league for the protection of their liberties, but his efforts were ineffective. On the arrival of Henry II. at Waterford, in October, 1172, McCarthy of Desmond and O'Brien of Thomond, with other Irish princes, having submitted and done homage to that monarch, Laurence, with other ecclesiastics of the country, likewise acknowledged the temporal supremacy of the English king. It was on this occasion that the bull of Pope Adrian IV., for the invasion of Ireland, was first exhibited. Its genuineness has been doubted, but we fear with very little reason.

Laurence assisted at the synod held in Cashel about Christmas, 1173, in which it was decreed that the rituals of public worship in Ireland, which hitherto had been many and various, should henceforth be rendered conformable to that of England. This was the principal reform in the Irish church then deemed necessary. Shortly after this, the archbishop, with the assistance of Strongbow and others of the English settlers in Dublin, re-erected the choir of Christ's Church Cathedral, and built two chapels adjoining it, one dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Edmund, the Saxon king and martyr, and the other to St. Laud. Having gone on a mission, in 1175, from King Roderic to Henry II., he repaired to the shrine of St. Thomas a Beckett, at Canterbury, to make his devotions; where, while saying mass, he narrowly escaped being murdered, by an insane fanatic, it has been charitably said, who thought he would have done a meritorious action by making the archbishop's fate similar to that of the saint.

The second general council of Latern being summoned in 1179, he went to Rome to assist at it. While passing through England he was arrested by order of Henry II., and bound by solemn oath not to

prejudice him or his government at the Roman court. A proof that the king was conscious of guilt; for of course there were English bishops at Rome then also, who might have answered any complaints against their sovereign, made by Laurence, if they were unfounded. During our archbishop's stay at Rome, the Pope granted a bull by which the diocesses of Glendalough, Kildare, Ferns, Leighlin, and Ossory, were assigned to the metropolitan jurisdiction of Dublin, but we find no mention made of the "union" of the sees of Glendalough and Dublin, which in some years afterwards caused considerable confusion. Laurence returned to his country with legatine authority, and in the following year, 1180, he went to England to endeavour to effect an amicable settlement of a dispute between King Roderic and Henry II. He took with him a son of Roderic's, who was destined as an hostage for the English king. Henry would not listen to the archbishop's terms, and having given orders that he should not be permitted to return to Ireland, passed out of England into Normandy. Laurence retired to a monastery at Abingdon, where he remained three weeks, and then passed over to Normandy, hoping that by another interview with the English monarch, he might be able to accommodate matters between him and the King of Connaught—for such was Roderic's title, as recognized in a former treaty with Henry. Having reached the frontiers of Normandy, he was suddenly seized with a fever, and feeling that his mortal career was nigh finished, he went to the establishment of Canons Regular of St. Victor, at Augum, now Eu, where, having prayed for some time in the church, he was received into the hospice. He there prepared for his final dissolution, by making his confession to the holy abbot Osbert, and receiving the viaticum from his hands. Being admonished to make his will, he replied: "God knows that I have not at present as much as one penny under the sun." In his last moments his thoughts were with and for the "dear old land," whose fallen state he lamented in her own sweet tongue, saying, "Ah, foolish and senseless people, what are you now to do? who will cure your misfortunes? Who will heal you?" He passed from this life to a better, late on the evening of Friday, 14th November, 1180, and was buried with great solemnity in the church at Eu.

Thus, far away from the land he loved and served so long, died one of Ireland's most faithful sons, whose virtues have scarcely been sufficiently appreciated by his countrymen, and to whose honour no marble has been sculptured, or bronze cast, or fresco or canvass made to glow. But though the present seems to be the darkest hour of Ireland's destiny, surrounded by such memories, we must entertain hope of a bright future for our country, and when Ireland, truly emancipated, builds her Valhalla to commemorate the sons who have served and adorned her, and the events which have consecrated her soil, the life and actions of Lorcan O'Tuathal will afford ennobling subjects for future generations of artists. The reader who has accompanied us through this brief and imperfect sketch of the life of our illustrious archbishop, may, perhaps, feel that there exists some apparent contradiction between his devoted patriotism, and the fact of his submission to the English monarch at Waterford. But if at this distance of time from the events we allude to, we may attempt to weigh and examine the motives of such a man as Archbishop Laurence, we must allow that his province as a minister of the Gospel of Christ was to preach

"peace on earth to men of good will," and that having done his duty to his country as long as there remained a hope of the preservation of her ancient nationhood, and finding that her only strength for this purpose—union amongst her sons—was wanting, his labour for a union of the invaders and invaded, from which a new, but no less Irish nation than that which had declined, would certainly have arisen, was dictated by the purest and the wisest motives. We have of late heard a good deal about "antipathies of race." No such stupid enmities were or are genial amongst Irishmen; but they have, and we hope ever shall cherish an undying hatred of foreign rule. The various races, Danes and others, which had, for centuries previous to the advent of the English, settled in Ireland, became incorporated with the more ancient inhabitants of the island, were known as Irishmen, and were identified in their common interests. So would the Norman adventurers have done, if the spirit of English imperialism had not been working from the beginning. It was therefore a holy labour for Laurence, and one especially becoming his character, to strive to render the new elements infused into Irish society, subservient to what he doubtlessly believed would be, in future times, advantageous to his country.

It is related of him, that during his government of the see of Dublin, a severe famine afflicted the country for three years, all which time he daily gave alms to five hundred poor persons, besides supplying three hundred more throughout the diocese with clothes, provisions, and other necessities. He was munificent in his hospitality to strangers, entertaining them in the most sumptuous manner, yet never tasting any of the luxuries of the table himself, but living in the simplest and most mortifying way. He frequently retired to Glendalough, there, amongst the scenes of his youth, for a time to forget the cares consequent on his dignity, and to meditate on holy things.

The canonization of St. Laurence, by Pope Honorius III., took place in 1226, after which his relics, which had before remained in a shrine before the altar of the martyr Leodegarius, were, with great solemnity, placed over the high altar of the church at Eu. The church was dedicated anew to him, and ever since has borne his name. During the visit of Queen Victoria to Eu in 1843, she visited this ancient church, and a French writer describes her standing before the shrine of St. Laurence as a touching scene, and apostrophizes the memory of the saint in terms which it would not be prudent to repeat. It is scarcely necessary to say that St. Laurence O'Toole is the patron of the archdiocese of Dublin, and that his festival is observed on the anniversary of his death.

No sooner had the early English adventurers gained standing room in Ireland, whither they had come with the pious intention of bringing the inhabitants of this ancient island "to obedience to law"—that is, the law of the wolf and the lamb—and "to root out from among them their foul sins and wickedness," as well as "to recover them from their filthy life and abominable conversation," than they commenced the fulfilment of their mission, after such fashion as has been faithfully persevered in by their successors and representatives till this hour. Immediately after the death of St. Laurence O'Toole, Henry, the English King, sent his faithful chaplain, Jeffery de la Hay, into Ireland to seize and hold the temporalities of the see of Dublin for his conscientious lord and master. By this means the king contrived to absorb the revenues of the diocese

for nearly an entire year. Being unable to hold the see vacant any longer, he determined on the appointment of an English ecclesiastic to so important an office. Accordingly, on the 6th September, 1181, he caused a few of the clergy of Dublin to meet at *Even-sham*, and elect as bishop, John Comyn, a benedictine monk, who was not then in priest's orders. Archbishop Comyn appeared not to admit the truth of the adage, "*Ecclesiam auro non strui sed potius destrui*," in which the primitive Irish church seems to have implicitly believed, for in 1184 he received from his royal master the lands of Coillagh,* with its appurtenances, in "barony tenure," in right of which he became a lord of Parliament, and was the first bishop of an Irish see who arrived at such distinction. But it would seem that the possession of the broad lands of Coillagh, and the dignity of a baron of Parliament, were not sufficient for the necessities of the English archbishop. The diocese of Glendalough extended not only through the entire of the now County of Wicklow, but also over the country south of Dublin, even to the very walls of the City. The diocese of Dublin was sufficiently extensive, both in jurisdiction and temporal possessions, for such an archbishop as Lorcan O'Tuathal, of whose liberality we have seen something which we do not find recorded of his successor, but for the requirements of Archbishop Comyn it was too limited. Moreover, Glendalough was in the possession of the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, rather troublesome neighbours, it must be granted, to the new settlers; and to bring them ecclesiastically under the jurisdiction of Dublin, was doubtlessly considered an easy way to introduce them to the "politeness and civilization" which the English wished to establish. Accordingly, on the arrival of Prince John at Waterford, in 1185, Archbishop Comyn and several English nobles received and did homage to the royal youth, then a mere boy; and in the course of the same year, "the thinness of the population of Dublin, and the poverty of the church," having been represented to the prince, he, "moved by divine love, and for the safety of his soul and that of his father, and all his ancestors and successors," granted to the archdiocese of Dublin "the bishopric of Glendalough, with all its appurtenances in lands, manors, churches, tithes, fisheries, liberties, &c.," for ever. A provision, however, was made, that the union should not take place till after the death of the then bishop of Glendalough, William Piro or Peryn, which not occurring till 1214, Archbishop Comyn was never enabled to enjoy the benefits of the grant. On the death of William Piro, Henry de Londres, then archbishop of Dublin, turned his attention to the union of the sees, which was effected upon terms not unlike those of other "unions" which have occurred since. It was conceded that the Irish see of Glendalough should remain a bishopric, with a distinct cathedral and archdeacon within its limits, though united to the English see of Dublin by the "golden link" of the mitre. The collegiate church of St. Patrick, which actually stood within, though on the very verge of the diocese of Glendalough, and sufficiently near Dublin to be quickly absorbed in it, was accordingly erected into a cathedral church.† The Irish, however, appear not to have been

completely satisfied with this sort of "union," and it would be hard to expect they should. The learned and impartial Dr. Lanigan says, "that even from that period till 1497, the union was little more than nominal, for the Irish septs of that territory would not submit to the see of Dublin, but we find a continuation of bishops of Glendalough, some of whom were confirmed by the Pope." Denis White, who held the see of Glendalough in 1497, formally resigned in the chapter-house of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the 30th of May in that year. But it appears that this surrender did not finally extinguish the claims of Glendalough to independence as a bishopric; for we find that the see was held afterwards by Ivo Russi, a Franciscan friar, and that John, a member of the same order, was consecrated bishop of Glendalough in August, 1495. And in 1500, Francis de Cordova was appointed by Pope Alexander VI. In 1535, Henry VIII. nominated Christopher St. Laurence, or Howth, to the bishopric, which he held till the final suppression of religious establishments. We thus perceive, that, notwithstanding its many vicissitudes of fortune, Glendalough continued a bishopric either *de jure* or *de facto* from the seventh to the sixteenth century.

Glendalough was several times ravaged by the Danes during the ninth century, also in the latter part of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century. The Annals of the Four Masters record that the Ostmen reduced the City of Glendalough to a heap of ruins by fire, in the year 1020.

The courtiers of the English king having procured the banishment of the royal favourite, Pierce de Gaveston, he was sent into Ireland as lord lieutenant; and in 1309, "in order to conciliate the affections of the English, he attacked the O'Byrnes and gave them a total defeat, and having rebuilt the castles of Mac Adam and Kevin, cut down and scoured the pass between Castle Kevin and Glendalough, in despite of the Irish, and then made his offering at the shrine of St. Kevin."

We have thus, as far as is in our power, collected and laid before our readers such of the historic memoirs of Glendalough as we at present possess. They bring us down to the memorable change in religion called the "reformation," and from that period there is little history of the locality of any interest to us. There are some few records of gallant struggles for nationhood by individual chiefs, but so fitful in themselves, and so unsupported by the neighbouring dynasts, that their issues were ever unsuccessful. One memorable event has been recorded by a recent writer:* "At last all the Munster and Leinster Irish were broken and reduced, except the redoubtable Fiach Mac Hugh of Wicklow; and during all this long and inglorious war, the only day of which we can speak with pleasure, is the day of *Glendalough*. Immediately on Lord Grey's arrival in Dublin—it was the summer of 1580—he led a large force of horse and foot into the mountains, fully resolved to grapple with the fierce O'Byrne in his own strongholds, and crush that gallant sept for ever. When the army arrived at the entrance of the

passage from the grant ascribed to John, given by Harris from the book called "*Crede Mihi*," which says that the Archbishop of Dublin should take possession of the bishopric of Glendalough on its becoming vacant, and that the Bishop of Glendalough for the future should be "*chaplain or vicar of the Archbishop of Dublin*," that, "according to this strange sort of deed, there was still to be a Bishop of Glendalough (for the *spiritualities* of course) while the *revenues* were to belong to the Archbishop of Dublin."

* Mr. Mitchel's "Life and times of Hugh O'Neill"

* Now Coolock, County of Dublin.

† It has been said, that at a synod held in Dublin, in 1192, Matthew O'Heney, archbishop of Cashel, presiding as apostolic legate, the annexation of the see of Glendalough to that of Dublin was confirmed; but the candid historian, Dr. Lanigan, entertains great doubt of the truth of this statement, and remarks, on the

valley, the cavalry, under command of Grey himself, scoured the open ground, while the foot were ordered to advance into the glen. The O'Byrnes allowed them to proceed into the silent recesses of the mountain, wondering that they found no enemy, and then suddenly shouting their battle-cry, rushed from all sides upon the *sagums dearg*, and hewed them to pieces till their arms were weary with slaying. Grey and his horsemen could give no assistance, and had to retreat much more rapidly than they advanced, leaving in that fatal glen eight hundred slain, and amongst them Sir Peter Carew, Colonel Moore, and Captains Audly and Cosby. Never, since black Monday at Cullenswood, had the sword of the Cullane mountaineer drank so deep of the stranger's blood." The stranger, however, became master in the end, and how he sped "in the punishment of sin, the reformation of manners, and the planting of virtue," is told in the ruins of Glendalough.

There is no locality in Ireland which presents so many interesting relics of the ancient national church as Glendalough; yet, till a very recent period, it has been singularly unfortunate in its illustrators. And this is to be the more regretted, because every successive year has witnessed, and still witnesses, some decay or destruction either from the slow but certain operations of time, the influence of the elements, or the mischievousness of ignorant or irreverent visitors. It ought to be almost unnecessary to mention that Dr. Petrie is the recent illustrator who has done so much for the preservation of the history of those relics, as well as for the illustration of their state some time since. From drawings made for Colonel Burton Conyngham, by foreign artists, between sixty and seventy years ago, Dr. Petrie was enabled to present illustrations of interesting objects which have long ceased to exist, and his own faithful pencil has preserved memorials of relics which have disappeared since the publication of his book. At present there is in almost every country in Europe a "movement" for the preservation of historic monuments. Ireland is the only exception, notwithstanding that she possesses remains which are of the utmost importance in tracing the history of Christian art. In all other European states this "movement" is protected and guided by the national government, or by voluntary associations of respectable and educated men. Here we have no national government, strictly speaking; and it would be the extreme of folly to hope for any assistance towards the preservation of national memorials from a foreign government, which has laboured to destroy the nationality itself. There certainly exists a government commission which is charged, amongst its other duties, with the rebuilding and conservation of churches belonging to the Protestant Church of England in Ireland, but its genius, as far as regards antiquities, seems to be destructive not conservative. Instance Lusk church. The only organization of private individuals we have is the *Celtic Athenæum*, but the sole proof lately given of its existence, is its ineffective remonstrance with the ecclesiastical commissioners aforesaid, relative to Lusk church. Let another half century pass without some organization for the preservation of our historic monuments, and, from the combined influence of time and railways, ecclesiastical commissioners and holiday tourists, we shall be as destitute of such memorials as if our ancestors never "made history," or were never converted to Christianity. But to return to Glendalough.

The general characteristics of its ruins may be well described in the words of Dr. Petrie, in reference to the relics of early Christian architecture in Ireland: "It is true that these remains will be found to be of a very simple and inartificial character, and to exhibit nothing of that architectural splendour, so gratifying to the taste, which characterizes the Christian edifices of Europe erected in the later day of ecclesiastical power; but if as the great sceptical poet, Byron, so truly says,

"Even the faintest relic of a shrine
Of any worship wakes, some thoughts divine."

These simple memorials of a Christian antiquity rarely to be found outside our own *insula sacra*, and which in their grave simplicity, exhibit a characteristic absence of meretricious grandeur, typical of the primitive ages of the Christian church, can scarcely fail to excite a deep and reverential interest in the minds of Christians generally, and still more of those who may justly take a pride in such venerable remains of their past history." It may be also necessary to premise, with respect to some few of the distinguished peculiarities of the architectural remains at Glendalough, that they are all ante-Norman, both in date and style, and that they possess no traces of the pointed or gothic architecture of a subsequent period. They may be considered purely Irish developments of Romanesque or Byzantine Christian architecture. They possess characteristics which have not been found in any other country in Christendom; and, it must be confessed, bear a nearer resemblance to the architecture of Greece and the east, than to that of Rome and the west. A few of these peculiarities are the absence of the semicircular apsis or termination of the chancel or choir, so general, almost universal, in the contemporaneous churches or basilicæ of the Continent, and so often found in the most ancient Saxon churches in England; the inclining sides of the doorways, and their flat lintels, with the generally massive and cyclopean character of some parts of the masonry, especially of the stones of which the doors are composed; the fewness of windows, and the smallness of their external openings, while their inward splay for the admission of light is of considerable amplitude; the semicircular heads of the windows and chancel arch.

The first church which the visitor meets as he enters the vale by the narrow road which winds along its north side, is nearly as perfect a specimen of this primitive architecture as is anywhere to be found. It is traditionally known as the "CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY," and doubtlessly the tradition is correct. The structure is composed of the two essential parts of a church destined for public worship, a nave and chancel. The internal dimensions of the former are twenty-nine and a-half feet long, by seventeen and a-half feet wide, and of the latter, thirteen and a-quarter by nine feet. The chancel is divided from the nave by a semicircular triumphal arch, composed of large blocks of hewn granite. This church (like all the others in the valley) is duly orientated, and in the east end of the chancel there is a small semicircular-headed window, eleven inches wide. On the south side there is a small triangular-headed window, and on the same side of the nave there is a semicircular-headed window of dimensions similar to those of the chancel window. These were the only apertures for the admission of light. In the west end there is a low door, with the characteristic flat lintel and sloping sides, which communicates

with the remains of a tower now nearly entirely destroyed. This tower, Dr. Petrie supposes to have been of no older date than the thirteenth century. In Archdall's time it must have been considerably higher than at present, as he describes it as a circular structure standing on a square basement, and retaining marks of having been used as a belfry. An interior view of this very interesting little church is given in Dr. Petrie's book in "the Round Towers and Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland."

The visitor leaving the church of the Holy Trinity, is introduced to an assemblage of ruins at some distance westwards. They are the remains of the ancient city of Glendalough. They are entered by a semicircular-arched gateway, which was once the entrance of the cashel or wall which surrounded the cathedral with its appendages. When Dr. Petrie sketched this portal the north and south arches were entire, but in an impending state. The former fell about sixteen months ago; so that this relic, as it existed two summers since, can now be seen only in Dr. Petrie's work. The stones of which the arch was composed, are yet lying where they fell, the Parish Priest having interfered so far as to prevent their removal. Their restoration would at present be a task of no great difficulty or expense, and would preserve an unique relic of Irish antiquity, which otherwise must soon entirely disappear. We wish that the *Celtic Athenæum* would look to it. Having passed this ruined gateway, the visitor finds himself in "the inestimably singular scene of Irish antiquities." On every side he turns, something there is to interest him. His attention will probably be attracted first by the ROUND TOWER, "a gnomon raised by time to count his centuries." We assure our readers that we are not about introducing them to that very "*crux*" of antiquaries, the "origin and use" of those towers. We leave the question to their own patience and ingenuity: and if they should be so minded as to prosecute the puzzling inquiry, we recommend them to hear Dr. Petrie's opinions, as expressed in his own words, and not through the medium of plagiarisms, anticipatory or otherwise. We shall merely note at present, that this tower wants only its conical cap to be perfect, the projecting eave course upon which the cap rested, yet remaining. The next object of interest is the "CATHEDRAL," which is the largest of any of the remains. Like Trinity Church, it consists of a nave and chancel, or choir, the dimensions of which respectively are—the nave, forty-eight feet long by thirty feet wide, and the chancel, thirty-seven and a-half feet by twenty-three feet wide. On the south side of the choir there are vestiges of a sacristy which was about sixteen feet long by ten wide, internally. The nave is entered by a door at the west end, formed of characteristic masonry, and with the usual sloping sides and flat lintel. The weight of the superincumbent masonry is, however, removed from the lintel by a semicircular discharging arch, the tympanum, or space between which and the flat lintel, is filled up with solid masonry. The lower parts of the walls of the nave are formed of courses of large blocks of squared granite and mica, which are considered indications of great antiquity. The nave of the Cathedral was lighted by two windows on the south side. The head of one of them is wrought in a single stone; that of the other is composed of a number of small stones forming an arch. The chancel arch is entirely ruined, as is also the east window. The only fragment of the latter remaining is a portion of the moulding which formed

part of the internal architrave. Dr. Petrie has preserved a delineation of this beautiful window from the drawings made by Colonel Conyngham's artists. In the south wall of the chancel there yet remain the ancient piscina and aumbrey. From the style of the masonry of the chancel, it would appear that that portion of the building is much later in date of erection than the nave. This is tolerably evident too, from the style of the east window, unless we admit that feature to have been an insertion subsequent to the erection of the general mass of the structure. There are further evidences, likewise, of the comparative lateness of the chancel in the imperfect bonding of its walls into those of the nave, and in the absence of those projecting stripes of masonry which are found on the angles of the east and west ends of the nave, and which were continued along the gables. A few feet south west of the cathedral, stands a large cross, ten and a-half feet in height, formed of a single block of granite. It is perfectly plain, but has the usual circle at the intersertion of the arms with the head and shaft. The uses of those crosses were various, some were sepulchral, others were used to define the limits of church lands, others were set up to commemorate the building or re-edification of a church. It was probably for this latter purpose that the cathedral cross of Glendalough was erected.

Distant a few yards south west of the cathedral, are traces of a building which must in times past have been an interesting object. The walls at present are little more than a foot high over the surrounding surface, and all relics of its once ornamental character have disappeared. To Dr. Petrie we are again indebted for the only available memorials of the "PRIESTS' HOUSE"* which we now possess. The form of this building was a simple oblong, measuring externally twelve and a-quarter by nine and a-half feet. On the east end there was an external arched recess of extremely ornamental character, with a window in the centre. Towards the south-west angle, there was a door, the curiously sculptured tympanum of which, representing a bishop or abbot and two other ecclesiastics, afforded Ledwich room for some stupid bigotry. It was preserved in the neighbourhood till a short time ago, but cannot now be found.

Passing from the "Priests' House," southwards, we approach that singularly interesting ruin, "ST. KEVIN'S HOUSE." This building, till a recent period, presented all the features of a church for public worship, a nave, chancel, sacristy, and west bell turret. With good reason Dr. Petrie believes the tradition which recognizes this building as the dwelling of the saint whose name it bears. The nave consists of two chambers, a lower vaulted apartment and an upper croft. The former, in all probability, served as the *dwirtheach*, or oratory of the ascetic who dwelt in the croft. The high pitched stone roof is yet in a good state of preservation, as also the arched ceiling of the lower chamber. This was entered as usual by a door, at the west end, of characteristics similar to those of the cathedral door. The internal evidences of the subsequent erection of the chancel, sacristy, and bell-turret, to convert the oratory into a church for public worship, are quite apparent, both in the difference of the style of masonry, and in the head of the old east window of the nave, which yet remains, while the lower

* So called, according to Dr. Petrie, from the circumstance of the Catholic Clergy of the district having been interred there in latter times.

part was long since cut away to form the chancel arch. These additions are supposed to have been made not long after the death of St. Kevin. There formerly existed a semicircular-headed window in the south side of the nave towards the east end. It has been described as "ornamented with an architrave elegantly wrought;" but "being of freestone, it was conveyed away by the neighbouring inhabitants, and brayed to powder for domestic use." The west gable is surmounted by a belfry, similar in shape to the isolated round towers, "as if," says Sir Walter Scott, "some architect of genius had discovered the means of uniting the steeple and the church." The chancel is now completely ruined. The outlines of its highly pitched roof are traceable on the east gable of the nave. The sacristy, situated on the north side of the chancel, is, in a tolerable state of preservation. The nave of the church measures externally thirty feet, by twenty-two and a quarter. The walls are little better than two and a-half feet thick. The chancel measured internally eleven and a quarter feet, by nine and a quarter. The sacristy ten feet, by seven and three quarter feet. The height of the belfry to the top of the conical roof is forty-six feet. The recent history of "St. Kevin's house" is truly painful. Between twenty and thirty years ago, the then Parish Priest took possession of the building, and used it as a chapel, till he was prohibited by the authorities of the "established" church, who claim ownership to those relics of former times. The priest submitted; and the people had no longer the consolations of the old religion amidst the scenes of their fathers' piety. Those conscientious persons who would not allow the building to be used as a house of Divine Worship, have since permitted it to become a shelter for the beasts of the field! A little to the north side of this church, a broken vault and a granite slab, incised with a cross, are pointed out as the tomb of Bishop Denis White, who resigned the see in 1497.

The ruin of the ancient city which lies most to the west, is that of the church of "OUR LADY," frequently called "the Ivy church." The chancel of this church is nearly entirely dilapidated. Its dimensions internally were twenty feet by eighteen. The nave is thirty-two feet by nineteen and a-half, and its walls are more perfect than those of the chancel. The most interesting feature it possesses is the west doorway, which is of the usual form, but has the peculiarity of a flat band or architrave round the external face of the jambs and lintel; and the soffit of the latter is inscribed with a cross placed saltier-wise. 'Tis said that Sir Walter Scott, during his visit to Glendalough in 1825, remained for a considerable time contemplating this doorway, and spoke in enthusiastic terms of its remote antiquity. The tomb of St. Kevin was shown in this church till the last century.

Besides the churches and other ruins we have mentioned, there are various other remains scattered within the precincts of the ancient city. Within the chancel or choir of the Cathedral, are two ancient sepulchral slabs, with incised crosses, and in the adjoining burial ground there are several of the same character. There were formerly three other churches in the immediate vicinity of St. Kevin's house, but now every vestige of them has disappeared. They are not even traditionally remembered by the peasantry of the locality. Dr. Petrie has determined their exact positions from a ground plan of the various buildings made by Colonel Conyngham's artists. The first stood to the

north of St. Kevin's house, two perches, ten links; the second, south, the same distance; and the third, which was called St. Kieran's church, to the south-east, distant about eight perches. Dr. Petrie thinks the south church was that of the "Two Sinchells," who, with St. Kieran, it appears died of the plague which raged in 549. Dr. Petrie attributes the building of the cathedral and Round Tower to the "Goban Saer," a famous "cementarius" or artificer in stone in the sixth or seventh century, whose skill in the art of masonry remains proverbial in Ireland to this day. The "Lady Church" is supposed by the Dr. Petrie to have been the first erected by St. Kevin within the city, but not to be so old as that which we are now about to introduce the reader.

The "REEFERT CHURCH" is situated at the distance of about a mile to the west of the Cathedral and Round Tower, and is unquestionably the locality pointed out in the Bollandist's life of St. Kevin, in the following passage: "*Et exivit ab eis solus ad superiorem ipsius val- lis partem, quasi per unum miliarum a monasterio; et constituit mansiunculam ibi in loco angusto, inter montem et stagnum sibi, ubi erant densi arbores et clari rivuli, et praecepit monachis suis, ut nullum ciborum sibi, genus darent, et nemo ad eum veniret, nisi pro maxima causa.*" This church is now as ruinous as that of Our Lady, and presents few objects of interest to the mere architectural antiquary. The west door is similar in character to that of Our Lady's church, but it wants the flat architrave and the cross inscribed on the lintel. On the north side of the door there is some chiseling, as if an architrave was commenced and never completed. The name of this church signifies the "burial place of the kings," and it is said that seven scions of a royal race were interred here. Till a very recent period the tomb of one of the kingly house of O'Tuathal was shown on the south side of the chancel. It consisted of a slab, sculptured in bas-relief, and bore the following inscription:

"Jesus Christ. Mile deach feuch corp re Mac Mthuill."

"See here the resting place of the body of King M'Toole who died in Christ, 1010."

This interesting remain has been removed in the most disgraceful manner. Year after year it had been disappearing piecemeal, fragments being distributed by the guides to visitors as "curiosities," till now not a vestige of it remains.

The ruins of a causeway lead from this church westward to the summit of a bold cliff, upon which is situated the remains of "ST. KEVIN'S CELL," and which commands an extensive view of the valley eastwards, including the Cathedral and Round Tower. This is undoubtedly the "*mansiunculam*" referred to by the Bollandists. The walls are now not more than three feet high. The cell was circular, and was doubtlessly one of those dome roofed *tuguria* or huts which there is good reason to believe formed the cells of the primitive Irish monks. In the centre stands a low cross, formed of the mica slate of the district; and it would seem that the entrance was from the east. We have no doubt of this being the cell occupied by St. Kevin during the four years he dwelt apart from his monks, and not the "bed" as some legend-mongers would have us believe. The "bed" is an excavation, partly natural, partly artificial, in the north side of Lugduff mountain, and is about thirty feet above the surface of the lake. The legends connected with it, have been mellifluously sung by Moore and Gerald Griffin. And Archdall, in plain prose, has described it as

"terrible of aspect and difficult of access." The lovers of the romantic, if they wish to enter, will find Archdall's description not quite correct; but they will find the interior daubed with names for the most part "unknown to fame." Beyond the "bed" a few perches, there are fragments of another church called "TEAMPULL NA SKELLIG," or "the Church of the Wilderness," of which but very few vestiges now remain. "Teampull na Skellig" is the most westward of the "seven churches," six of which we have now examined. One more remains to be explored, and that is the most eastward, as well as the most interesting as a work of architectural art. We therefore return eastwards by the road which winds along the south side of the valley, at the base of Derrybawn and Lugduff mountains.

"THE MONASTERY" is the name given by the peasantry to the ruin situated most eastward in the vale. Archdall and other more recent writers have called it the Priory of St. Saviour. This name has been adopted in the map of the Ordnance Survey, but Dr. Petrie thinks there is no warrant for it. It had lain concealed for many years, in consequence of the falling in of the stone roof of the chancel. The rubbish that had accumulated around it for so long a time, was removed by Samuel Hayes, Esq., of Avondale, about the year 1770, when its curiously ornamental character was brought to light. There are few vestiges of this structure now remaining except the chancel, which measures internally fifteen feet six inches, by eleven feet five inches. The east end appears to have had an ornamental recess similar to that of the "Priests' house," with a semicircular headed window. An insulated stone altar also stood in the chancel, about two feet distant from the east end: its size was five feet long, two feet eleven inches wide, and four feet high. No traces of these ornamental features, nor of the altar, can now be found. There are three niches in the south wall internally, one of which served as a piscina, and the others were probably used as aumbreys or safes for the reservation of the sacred vessels; one of them may have been used as the credence or table of prothesis. There is also a niche in the north wall, which may have been used for any one of these purposes. There appears to have been no windows in the chancel, except that in the east end. According to Dr. Petrie, the nave measured internally forty-two feet long, by twenty-six feet wide, and was entered by a door in the south, situated near to the chancel. The same author says, "on the north side there appears to have been a range of apartments for the use of the officiating clergy of the place, but their divisional walls cannot now be traced." The most interesting remains at the Monastery now are those of the chancel arch, which in the day of its perfection must have been a beautiful work of art; and, if Dr. Petrie's conjectures as to its age, which makes it not later than the tenth century, be correct, affords a proof of the taste and skill in ecclesiastical art which must have existed amongst our ancestors at an early period. The general description of this arch is given by Dr. Petrie in the following words: "This archway is a compound one, consisting of three receding piers with semi-columns. * * * Its breadth at its innermost arch is ten feet, and its height to the vertex was eleven feet; the height of the semi-columns is six feet, one inch and a-half, of which the capitals measure nine inches and a-half, the shafts four feet, the bases eight inches, and the plinths eight inches." The capitals of the piers on the north side have been removed, as has

that of the centre pier on the south side. A correct delineation of the latter, however, is preserved in Dr. Petrie's invaluable work. The capital of the innermost pier on the south side, is composed of a square abacus, with representations of human heads under its external angles. The spaces between these heads are filled up with a curiously interlacing ornament, which unites itself with the hair of the heads; a bead or torus moulding, conformable to the horizontal section of the pier, completes this capital. The capital of the external pier south side, is composed of an abacus and torus moulding, like those of the foregoing, but the *cushion*, or space between these members, is of different character; at the angles it is rounded off from the point of the abacus, to conform with the contour of the shaft: the under part of the cushion is ornamented with a sculptured leaf, and the space above it bears an ornament, which Dr. Petrie says is not to be found on any other capital in the kingdom, but which is frequently to be met with on tomb stones. The bases of the piers stand upon square plinths, and are likewise rounded off at the angles, to correspond with the shafts. They are decorated with bead mouldings, pellets, ornamental scrolls, and triangular shaped tracery, which Dr. Ledwich called "Runic knots," but which are now known to have been ecclesiastical symbols. Many of the stones of the semicircular arch are to be found on the south side of the chancel, where they have been piled clumsily together so as to form a sort of rustic seat. They present several objects of beautiful design and execution, amongst which may be found crosses of various devices, the mystic *Vesica Piscis*, chevron or zig-zag mouldings, &c., all of which are well known Christian symbols or ornaments, although Dr. Ledwich—in his ardour to prove all the ancient saints of our country mere imaginary beings, and the records of our civilization so many idle fictions—has endeavoured to show that they belonged to his favourite "Runic ornaments."

It remains for us to say a few words in reference to the recent mode of observing the Patron's festival, which was of such a character as often to have caused us to desire a discontinuance of such observances. The origin of pilgrimages and visits to the scene of the Patron Saint's life and death was, no doubt, most commendable, and their observance during the ages of faith, constituted some of those customs which, as has been well said, "brought religion home to men, backed such as were religiously disposed by public opinion, served as visible acknowledgments of an invisible world, the substantial confessions of a nation's faith in things unseen." But that fanaticism, "which swept away many sensible, yet innocent incentives to devotion, as abominations, and guarded effectually against religious excess, by substituting for it religious indifference," having completely prevailed, the people, who still congregated on the wonted day to the scene of their former devotions, finding neither Priest nor Sacrifice, fell into those excesses, which, with their termination, have been thus described by Mrs. Hall: "The peasantry, until very recently, honoured the memory of the Patron Saint by assembling in the church-yard to drink and fight; a custom put an end to by the Parish Priest, who, a few days before one of our visits, had actually turned the whiskey into the stream, gathered the shillelahs into a huge bonfire, and made wrathful and brutal men, who had been enemies for centuries, embrace each other in peace and good will over St. Kevin's grave."

A little to the right of the road by which the vale is entered on the north side, the visitor will observe a large wooden cross. It marks the site of THE CHURCH OF ST. KEVIN, now in progress of erection, in which, we hope, the same sacrifice, which was offered up in this holy vale twelve hundred years ago, will be again celebrated for ages to come. The lovers of ecclesiastical art will be glad to find, that this simple structure—some short account of which was given in our last number—will be a revival of the venerable architecture of our Catholic forefathers. Too much praise cannot be given to the worthy parish priest, the REV. EUGENE CLARKE, with whom the design originated of thus reviving religion and its appropriate externals, in this most interesting locality, nor to those who seconded so pious and truly patriotic an undertaking. And we sincerely hope that the good Priest will be enabled to realize all his intentions and desires, in thus raising a temple to the honour and for the worship of the living God, suitable to its purpose, harmonizing with the scene and its associations, and symbolical of the Ancient Faith to be maintained within its walls.

Death of O'Connell.

BEFORE these pages meet the eyes of our readers, the tidings of our loss will not need to be told. All Europe is pouring out its tribute of admiration and sorrow. To other lands his death is as the extinction of a star, the brightest in their firmament; but Ireland—where so long he was as the sun himself, sole and unapproachable, the living centre of vitality and heat, what words shall she find to utter? If love to the living be the measure of sorrow for the dead, her grief will surpass any ever bestowed by nation on its departed hero.

The verdict of the world has marked him the greatest man of his time, yet it is most wonderful under what manifold aspects he has earned his fame. To the patriot everywhere he was the impersonation of patriotism—the restorer of one down-trodden nationality. By the democrat he was honoured as the mightiest tribune and marshaller of the people against their oppressors known among men. The English radicals lauded him because when circumstances linked him to their mean party his eloquence breathed heat and life into their barren doctrines. The haters of England cherished him as her most powerful foe; the Protestant nationalists of Ireland, in spite of all their prejudices, yet, for Ireland's sake, had a throb for him; by the Catholics all over the world, legitimist or republican, he was revered as the foremost lay Catholic, the obedient son of the Church, and her zealous champion against regal or popular tyranny. But in the breast of the Irish Catholic people, the rays from all these aspects of his greatness converged and found their focus; between him and them was entire sympathy, and in all his opinions, and in all his changeful moods their hearts were wholly his.

O'CONNELL's popularity in Ireland is a thing absolutely without parallel in history. Familiarity has blinded us to the wonder, but as we recede from it, our astonishment will grow in proportion. For what are all other recorded popularities in comparison? Many demagogues there have been, lords of a transient outburst, rising on the wave of excitement and sinking as it sank. Many founders of sects and systems there have been, who lived and died amid the devotion of their partisans; many kings and rulers whose personal qualities made them familiarly endeared to their people. The combination of all these may convey the relation in which O'CONNELL stood to the Irish people. For more than thirty years he was the chosen king of seven millions of people, wielding that gigantic

force as a general does his trained soldiers. Yet this visible ascendancy and its manifestations—the sway he held over constituencies and municipalities—his monster meetings, assemblages of myriads whom he gathered together with the crooking of his finger and dispersed with the waving of his hand, furnish a gauge of but one aspect of his position. Far deeper, far below the surface of the multitude's applause, in the recesses of almost every Catholic household in Ireland he was the object of unbounded admiration and affection, and of an almost religious reverence. And this personal worship was perhaps greatest with those who cared least for politics. Homely mothers of families, pious nuns in their convents, simple mountaineers and fishermen in remote villages, who spoke no English, and to whom the sound of political tempests came faint and incomprehensible in the distance—all of those had one deep, definite, public interest, which began and ended in O'CONNELL. Any one who has travelled through the south of Ireland, must be familiar with instances of the almost preternatural devotion and confidence which he inspired.

To produce a phenomenon like this we may well imagine an extraordinary confluence of internal and external causes. Mighty and various capacities in the man himself—and, in his times, the utmost need of such a man. He came among an enthusiastic, loyal-hearted people, weary of their long bondage, yet too destitute of self-dependance to know their own strength to set themselves free—yearning for deliverance but ever linking their hopes with the idea of some one deliverer. And they at last recognized that deliverer in one of themselves—an Irishman to the core; Irish even in his faults—a Catholic too, that no point of sympathy might be wanting—a lawyer, to whose skill opponents bore reluctant testimony, endowed with eloquence, daring, versatility, indefatigable energy—a brain teeming with expedients, and that sagacious eye which saw how difficulties were to be met and ends accomplished—now with the forehead of the buffalo, now with the windings of the serpent—and, added to all this, a nature full of genial humour, and a lofty presence.

This is not the place, or at least now is not the time, in the freshness of Ireland's sorrow for his loss, to begin historically to sketch his career. Yet a few words may be written, to remind us of things which later events have effaced, for it seems the special lot of great political actions to be lost in the shadow of their successors. In the year 1793, the Catholic Committee lost entire Emancipation through their own timidity. Not that good men and brave men were wanting on that committee; individually they were both, and superior in most respects to the same class at this day. Yet such was their hereditary awe of power, that, though they had the government at their mercy, they were frightened by some bluster on the part of the minister, and cowed into a shameful compromise. To that compromise may be traced the subsequent vindictive tyranny of the government, the united Irish system, the insurrection, and the Union.

In that disastrous time, O'CONNELL, at the age of five and twenty, began his career. A more desolate prospect never was opened to a patriot. We say not that O'CONNELL then made a vow to accomplish the regeneration of his country; neither did he set himself to beat the air and battle with necessity, on the contrary, he so far yielded to the tyrannous expedencies of his time as to become ultra-loyalist, and take up arms against Emmet. He followed the instincts of a mind in which strong purpose was tempered with practical sense. He worked wherever he found an opening and opportunity, attended Catholic boards and councils, made loyal speeches, ingratiated himself with his class. But all the while he persevered with zealous industry at his profession, earning for himself a position and character as a lawyer, the indispensable standing place of Archimedes. The day of his triumph came. In the year 1812, William Saurin was Attorney-General for Ireland—a man possessed, in those miserable times, of almost despotic power—a fanatical partisan of the Orange faction, and

a very fountain of virulence against the Catholics—altogether, a man of whom attorney-generals such as live in these degenerate days give no conception. This man prosecuted Magee, the editor of the *Evening Post*, for a seditious libel. O'CONNELL defended him in a speech, the greatest of his kind ever spoken in a Court of Justice. He did not condescend to palliate the offence of his client, but with words of deadly bitterness he covered the whole Irish government, and Saurin himself beyond all others, with ridicule and contumely. There, in the Court of King's Bench, in the face of partisan judges and a packed jury, he defied, reviled, and spat upon the omnipotent Attorney-General. It was a feat, the audacity of which we have lost the power of measuring. To enable us to comprehend it, we must transport ourselves back to those times, when the Orange party rioted in the fulness of an insolent ascendancy. Then let us fancy the potent head and concentrated type of that ascendancy, bearded and cowed on his own battle-field by a young Popish lawyer of seven-and-thirty. It was the knell of the *prestige* of Orangism. We can well imagine how the crouching gait of the slave became erect, and the submissive eye grew bold, with the daring *that* one speech inspired. From that hour forth, DANIEL O'CONNELL was marked as the leader and future emancipator of the Catholics of Ireland. Yet, for seventeen other years the result was delayed. How his buoyant, sanguine heart bore him undepending through that weary time—how his subtle intellect devised, and his unwearied perseverance carried out the organization which wrung liberty from a loathing Cabinet and people, is a history with which all the world is now familiar. And when it was wrong, he began, at the age of fifty-four, a new career—in the face of Europe a new and more gigantic path of labours for his country. His labours were among three generations of men—for, to his last illness, he knew no repose. Of his earlier struggles, a few old men are the contemporaries. The victory of '29 was the time of our fathers, but the youngest amongst us have seen, and will transmit to the children of the twentieth century, the scenes of '43. On the verge of three score and ten, when the light of other men flickers faint, his burst forth once more into its fiercest blaze. The nation caught that fire and arose in fever and delirium, breathing the wildest thoughts, ready for the wildest deeds, yet obedient as children—lifting no hand without his signal. On Tara hill—the greatest of the electric chain of demonstrations—on that historic hill, and around it, seven hundred thousand men and women were gathered, dense as sand—one expectation beaming in their eyes. It seemed as if a whole people, flying from their task-masters, had assembled there to await the guidance of Heaven upon their course. Suddenly the dense mass opened, like the Red Sea to Moses, and between the living walls his chariot came, drawn by a thousand hands; he stood in the front, erect, his right arm outspread, looking round him with a royal glance and smile, greeted by one long, transcendent shout of welcome: it was a sight to be seen, a sensation to be felt, once in a lifetime and no more. That day he was absolute lord of the hearts and limbs of those men, to lead them freely to the cannon's mouth, or to the gallows foot. In a few hours there was not a trace of that assemblage, and the hill lay quiet in the summer evening, with nothing but its trodden grass to distinguish it from yesterday. Call not that year fruitless. The fact that such things have been, the possibility that they may be again, is in itself fruit that will not die.

Of O'CONNELL'S eloquence, so familiar to us all, little need be said; like his whole mind it was essentially practical. By far the first orator of his day, and having spoken more than any man who ever lived, he never made one speech for the sake of speech-making; the business of the hour was all in all to him; for that alone he put in play his infinite variety of power, plain, prosaic sense, argument, statistics, and again floods of humour, invective, anger, and the deepest pathos and tenderness—there was nothing too high or too low for him, so that he produced the effect he sought. It was his peculiar art never to cease repeating the same truths till he had burned them into the hearts of his hearers. When he had a theme of real sorrow to deal with, he was as great a master of the pathetic as ever spoke—some of his sentences about Rathormac and the widow Ryan's son no one can read to this day without tears.

The advanced period of the past month at which the lamented intelligence reached us, limits the space which we would desire to apply to a sketch of O'CONNELL. But in all our desolation—mid the tears and prayers of a sore-afflicted people—our remembrance of him shall not be unworthy of his greatness and our love. His obsequies shall be such as never monarch received from people: we will build him a mighty mausoleum beside his own Atlantic. Though the ripple of a foreign sea now accompanies his dirge,

yet around his grave shall beat the familiar wave rolling from Labrador—from whose music he so often caught the inspirations of freedom. Among all coming generations of Irishmen his name shall be a watchword and spell of power, and, far above these human memorials, Catholic Ireland, in communion with all Christendom, will cease not her fervent tribute of prayers and aspirations for his soul.

PASSAGES IN THE

Life of Pope Julius Secundus.

ALEXANDER VI. died in the middle of August, 1503. It has been said that he was poisoned, but it is needless to inquire what agency bowed his hoary head. Seventy years were given him in this world, and a great Catholic authority asserts that he was unmindful of his position as the vicar of Christ and a Christian prince.* None mourned him, save his idol, Duke Valentino; and yet it were hard to think that such a monster could have shed one generous tear—if he wept, it was because Alexander's death thwarted his designs, and marred his hopes of aggrandizement. Be that as it may, when the news of the Pope's demise reached him, he sprang from the bed where he had lain for several weeks, agonized by a poisoned wine cup which he had unconsciously quaffed, and calling to his aid a gang of desperadoes, took forcible possession of the Vatican. Stained by every excess which renders man odious in the sight of heaven, and lost to all feelings of humanity, it were hard to find the parallel of this remorseless coroneted freebooter. Judas, in Da Vinci's picture of the last supper, may give you a faint notion of this stern, muscular villain, but you will vainly seek in the pages of history, or fiction, for any one so revoltingly steeped in blood, lust, and rapine, as was Cæsar Borgia, surnamed "Duke Valentino."

Down from the Sabine mountains, and the wild passes of the Abruzzi, came armed brigands, headed by the princes of the Colonna, to aid and assist their chieftain who had resolved to intimidate the cardinals in the election of Alexander's successor. Trembling as for their existence, a deputation from the Sacred College waited on Valentino, who held his revels in the Vatican, and implored him to retire from Rome pending the interregnum. It pleased him to do so, and he pitched his camp eight miles from the city. Protected by Spain, loved by the French, and girt by those black bands who inscribed on their banners that they were "quellers of princes, lovers of justice, and champions of holy Church!" what had he to fear? Ah! holy and everlasting church, if thy perpetuity depended on those wild marauders, and not on the infallible promises of thy founder, where wouldst thou be to-day? But Duke Valentino is gone—the city breathes freely, as though it had been relieved from a hideous incubus. Thirty-seven cardinals hold conclave in the church of the Minerva, and on the 22nd of September, Francis Piccolomini is proclaimed Pope, with the title of Pius III.

Alas! holy father, the days of thy vicegerency are few—the torch which blazed a moment, and was quenched by the breath of thy servitor, was a fitting emblem of thy short-lived, flickering existence; and yet ere thou goest to the tomb, sorrow and furrowing grief will leave deeper traces on thy brow than the tiara's weight. Cæsar Borgia is at the gates of thy capital—the horsemen of the Orsini could not check his march—the Bourbon of Spain wars with the Bour-

* Raf. Volterrano, apd. Muratori.

bon of France—the Adriatic queen, collecting her mercenaries from the islands of Greece, is preparing to resist the Emperor Maximilian, and is seizing on thy states—all Lombardy is in the grasp of King Louis XII., and thy aged heart is breaking at the contemplation of the wo which lours over the fair land of Italy.

Fold thy cope around thee, man of sorrows, twenty-six days of pontificate are all that are decreed thee. St. Peter's keys, and St. Paul's sword, are too massive for thy nerveless hands. Italy needs a man of sterner stuff, and ere the charnel worm has become familiar with the aroma of thy shroud, that man, thy successor, shall appear.

But who is he? Julian della Rovere, born in Savona, the son of poor parents, who had won his way to eminence by a life of holiness and energy. The court of Rome accorded not with his taste, during Alexander's pontificate, and he bent his course to Avignon, where he became intimate with Charles IX. and Louis XII. Avignon was then the theatre of jousts and tourneys, and the usages of society did not preclude even the purple from a participation of the pleasures which a passage of arms was sure to afford. Cardinal Julian della Rovere was often present at the lists, and if one could have looked into his soul, it would be seen that he burned for an opportunity of girding on the sword, and tilting in no mimic field with the oppressors of that beautiful land, which licentious Frenchmen and semi-savage Teutons were tearing to pieces. Had Julian della Rovere lived in the days when Bernard swayed the chivalry of Europe, he would have taken the cross, like the metropolitan of Pisa, who smote the Saracen in the Balearic Isles; but he was destined for a period not less spirit-stirring, when he succeeded the short-lived Pius, with the title of Julius the Second.

Coming to the pontifical throne, he found himself stripped of the most important towns and sea-ports in his states. The Venetians, not content with their possessions in Cyprus—Candia, Dalmatia, and Istria—had occupied that portion of the Papal territory which is washed by the Adriatic, while Cesena, Forlì, Imola, and Forlimpopoli, were garrisoned by Cæsar Borgia's free lances, and refused submission to their rightful prince. One all-absorbing passion had taken possession of the Pontiff's soul, and he vowed to cherish it; Germans and Frenchmen he regarded as barbarians, and he prayed that "he might live to see them driven beyond the Alps." Cæsar Borgia, with his brigands, was accused of God and man, and Julius determined to crush him. Vast and momentous projects these, but he who entertained them loved Italy with an intense love, and sighed and prayed for the advent of that day which would see the foreigner driven from the soil, and the native population banded together in defence of their down-trodden nationality.

And then, as well as now, there were bitter hates and proud rivalries. Verbose Hidalgos, with high-sounding pedigrees, affected to despise artistic Italians, whose hands they said were fitter for the lyre, pencil, and easel, than the sword, lance, and buckler. The volatile Frenchman sneered at the arrogance of the Spaniard, and stigmatized the Italians as a race of imbeciles, while the uncouth Teuton, in his rough, harsh-sounding guttural (for the apostate monk had not yet softened its asperities), muttered deep curses upon Iberian, Gaul, and degenerate Roman. The duello was then regarded as a highly honourable

practice, for then, as well as now, there was abundance of cant and misnomers in the world. If a Colonna unhorsed a Consalvo in the lists, a thousand voices made loud acclaim, and pronounced Italian chivalry indomitable. Jabbering Frenchmen, swathed in burnished steel, were ever ready to defend the title which they claimed for superlative bravery, as though the tilting ground epitomized the history of their nation's prowess, and a petty victory was hailed by the companions in arms of the successful competitor, as the prestige of superiority which was sure to distinguish the combatants whenever circumstances might marshal them on a larger field, and face to face, in compact masses. The brawney ruffian, skilled in fence, who could disarm his antagonist gladiator, was deemed a champion; the courage and capabilities of a people were estimated according to an individual standard, and the mettle of antagonistic nations rose and fell with the sunshine and the shade of their delegated representatives. Thus, in the days of Queen Johanna, thirteen Frenchmen challenged thirteen Italians, to meet them in sanguinary combat; the defeated (so ran the programme) were to forfeit their horses and warlike harness. Nothing loath, the parties met—eager eyes watched the result, as though it was fraught with a world-victory; dust clouds hid the combatants for a moment, and when they disappeared, a triumphal shout rang out from a thousand Italian throats, as though their land was saved by the victory of a few hot heads. Oh, reader, when will men learn to judge correctly, and cease to deduce general conclusions from particular data?

One man mourned in bitter grief over the calamities which had come upon Italy, and watched with eager glance the progress of events. Division and dissensions distracted the popular mind, and the Italians lacked every trait of nationality. Pope Julius prayed that a spirit of concord might descend upon those who seem born to an inheritance of slavery, no matter whether conquerors or vanquished, and his heart beat responsive to one grand aspiration, that Italy might be for the Italians, and the Italians for Italy.

Dolorously enough three years went by, nor could Pope Julius make a step in advance till the year 1506. In the interval, earth had been rid of one miscreant—Cæsar Borgia was slain, and his body flung into a dyke somewhere in Navarre. The Papal coffers were empty, else the Pontiff had not been inactive; but it was now high time to strike a blow. The Princes Bentivogli had taken possession of Bologna, determined to occupy it as an independent principality, but Julius summoning the cardinals, acquainted them with his intention of marching against the usurpers. At the head of four hundred men he proceeded to the rebel city, reduced the various towns that had been held by the adherents of Borgia, and finally expelled the Bentivogli, having severely chastised their licentious adherents.

Ill fared it then with the French, who were driven from Naples and Gaeta by the Spaniards. Pisa, too, warred with the Florentines, and all Italy was in flame. The Emperor Maximilian having espoused the quarrel of the Pisans, solicited the Venetians to grant him a passage through their states, and was refused; the refusal was tantamount to a declaration of war; and the Doge despatched troops to obstruct Maximilian's march. The result was favourable, for the republic clipped the wings of the two-headed eagle in the passes of the Friuli, and before the battlements of Cremona.

Emboldened by their success, the Venetians resolved to retain Ravenna, Rimini, and Faenza; Julius seeing that he had not power enough of his own to win back these portions of his principality, made a league with King Louis XII. against the Venetians, and this league is now known as that of Cambray. Well had it been for the Venetian republic, if content with her possessions and great prosperity, she had not warred against the feeble power of a mitred ruler, but rather marshalled 'neath her banner those broken and divided hosts, who might have driven the invaders from the land of Italy. Alas! she is now a petty dependency of Austria—her mighty fleets, her Greek mercenaries, her proud flag, and all that make the grandeur of a nation, have perished, and so shall it be with every power divided against itself. The Papal influence moved King Louis and the Duke of Lorraine to march against the Republic, at the head of 50,000 men—the Venetians met them on the Adda, and were defeated. Francis della Rovere, the nephew of Julius, attacked and carried Faenza by storm, while the French following up their success, reduced Bergamo, Brescia, and other strong-holds of the Adriatic. It was now time for the Venetians to think of conciliating Julius and the Emperor Maximilian, and they gladly surrendered to the Pontiff these towns, the unjust detention of which had induced him to join the league of Cambray. Louis returned to France, proud of having humbled the Venetians; and Maximilian having fought a decisive battle before Ferrara, in which he inflicted a terrible punishment on the Republic, marched into Germany to recruit his army.

Reduced to the greatest difficulties, the Venetians sent Ambassadors to the Pontiff, praying him to withdraw from an alliance which they represented as anti-national, and urging as an incentive to his abandonment of the league, that they had ever been the implacable enemies of the Turks, who might sooner or later descend on the Italian shores. Hating the Transalpine princes as much as he detested the followers of the Koran, the Pope listened to the prayer of the Venetians, and renounced all connexion with the French king.

Henry VIII. of England was then at variance with the king of France, and Julius lost not a moment in adopting such measures as would bring about a conflict between the two powers. He was led to hope, that if he espoused the quarrel of Henry, the French would not be able to send troops into Italy, but in this he was mistaken, for in the year 1510, an army composed of French and Germans, marched over the Alps, and wasting Lombardy, committed such barbarity as did Ludlow in Ireland, and Bugeaud, in our days, in Africa.* 'Twas at this period when Julius flattered himself all Italy had been roused to oppose the invaders, that one man could be found corrupted by French and German gold to sell his country, and aid her oppressors. That man was the Duke of Ferrara, and when exhortations failed, the Pontiff excommunicated the matricide, and sent his nephew, the Duke of Urbino, to crush him: The Papal arms triumphed—Modena opened its gates, and the cross and keys floated from the battlements. But sadly disastrous was the campaign to the Venetians; their adversaries had an army of 34,000 men, who, roused to deadly vengeance by the appearance of Turkish subsidies led by John

of Epirus, fell upon, and routed them with dreadful slaughter.

Yet, notwithstanding these reverses, the martial pontiff sought to keep alive the spirit of resistance and nationality. His active mind knew no repose, and he furnished 70,000 ducats to the Swiss cantons, who pretended to be interested for him, but having received the money, refused to march. Vainly did King Louis urge on his Holiness the necessity of retracing his steps, and re-joining the Cambray league; all overtures were rejected, and the French monarch called a council of bishops, at Lyons, to decide on the legality of making war on the Pope; the bishops removed the royal scruples, and pronounced that it was nowise contrary to the spirit of the church to make war against its head, who was also a temporal prince. In fact, Maximilian and Louis contemplated the deposition of Julius, whom they regarded as the great obstacle to their "*planting and undertaking*."

Such was the state of parties in the year 1511, when Julius, roused by the threats levelled at his spiritual supremacy, resolved to appear at the head of his own troops. Mirandola was besieged by the Venetians, and the Pontiff impatient of delay, set out in the beginning of a dreadful winter to hasten the capture. Carried before his jaded soldiers, he rebuked the beseigers, and ordered an immediate assault. Where the shot fell thickest, there was the Pope to be seen, clothed in armour, bright and beautiful, as that in which Angelo has painted the slayer of the dragon; at length a breach was made, and when the storming party was about to advance, a loud voice was heard above the din of battle—it was that of Julius, commanding a halt, that he might be the first to cross the bloody threshold, on the other side of which lay the object he ambitioned. Elated with his success, he retired on Ravenna, and having sent 5000 men to reduce Ferrara, marched forthwith to Bologna, and exhorted the Italians never to lay down their arms till they had driven out their implacable foemen. 'Twas at Bologna that he made his acquaintance with Michael Angelo, who, having furnished the model for a bronze statue of his holiness, inquired of him what he should place in the uplifted hand—"a book, holy father?" "No," was the reply, "give me a sword; I am no scholar." Yet, take not this as an admission of ignorance, good reader, for the name of Julius is everlastingly connected with the greatest embodiments of genius that this world worships. These triumphs, however, were of short duration, for in the succeeding year Bologna fell into the hands of a party of traitors to their native land, and paid agents of a foreign power. Bologna was garrisoned by the Bentivogli for the French; the bronze statue of Pope Julius was shivered by the rabble who could not appreciate the work of native genius or the holy love of country. Vainly did Julius thunder at the gates; the Spanish chivalry who followed his standard, retreated before the young Gaston de Foix, a column of whose army was defeated at Bergamo and Brescia, by Luigi Avogadro, who shortly afterwards falling into the hands of the French, lost his head on the scaffold.

Not disheartened by these calamities, Julius proclaimed his determination to carry on the war "till the barbarians were driven out of Italy." At his earnest solicitation, Maximilian made a truce with the Venetians for ten months, at the very moment that Gaston de Foix, with 30,000 men, was marching on Ravenna. Alas! on what a day of dread remembrance

* At a place called La Grotta di Massano, they burned 600 Italians who had taken refuge in a cave.—*Muratori Raf. Volterrano.*

ces did the Italians confront their oppressors. 'Twas the anniversary of man's redemption; even so, on the anniversary of that day Brian fought and vanquished the Norwegian infidels on the Irish shore, but success was not with the Italians. Marcantonio Colonna maintained a terrible struggle all Good Friday and Easter Sunday; the Papal banner and Papal benediction were with him; nor did the youthful French commander lack the prayers and counsels of a churchman, for the Cardinal San Severino, armed to the teeth, had espoused the cause of the lilies. More than 10,000 Italians perished on the day of Ravenna. Italy trembled as though an earthquake had shaken her foundations; all hope seemed to have deserted her, and in the high places and homesteads of France there was bitter wailing, for Gaston de Foix had fallen on the fatal field.

How felt he then, that aged, stern Pontiff, when the news of this catastrophe reached him? Did he sue for mercy, and whine for pardon at the hands of the French, intoxicated with success? No; though the world were in arms against him, his heart knew no fear. A miserable conventicle of bishops assembled at Pisa, and assumed the name of a council, protesting vehemently against the acts of the warrior Pope. The conciliabulum was schismatical, the men composing it were traitors and dastards, who in fitting time paid the penalty of their arrogance and hardihood. Twenty thousand Swiss recruited the ranks of Julius's army, in the June of 1512, and with energy which would reflect honour on the most revered names of old, the Pontiff advanced on the French who retreated to Pavia, and made a show of resistance on the Ticino, till the Papal subsidies passing the river, dashed amongst them, and pursued their flying columns to the base of the Alps. What a moment of enthusiasm! What a glorious triumph for that grey old man, whose every thought and aspiration had but one desire to gratify on this earth, the overthrow of foreign dominion, and the restoration of Italy to her freedom. But we may not pursue the military career of Pope Julius beyond the limits we have prescribed to ourselves, in this brief memoir. He was mainly instrumental in chasing away the French from Italy—and their return thither in the year 1512, was not to be looked for, as Henry of England and the Spanish monarch gave them ample employment in other regions. One wish of the Pontiff was well nigh realized—Italy was once more the possession of her own children, and this reflection was enough to shed glory on the declining days of Julius, and consign his name to immortality.

But there are other memories of this great man which entitle him to the esteem of Catholic posterity. Unreflecting cynic, sneer not at the portrait of a mitred sovereign with hauberk on breast, and sword buckled round his loins. Remember, that in other times, when Norman William landed at Hastings, a bishop led his cavalry; and in days nearer our own, Heber Mac Mahon charged at Beinburb, and the bishop of Ross perished on the gallows tree rather than connive at the surrender of Carrig-adrohid. Quakerism would have been rank heresy in the eyes of Julius, and he would as soon have subscribed the doctrine of the Millennium as believe the paradox of non-resistance. But a truce to war and all its trophies.

If your footmarks have ever been on the sacred dust of Rome, doubtless you have visited the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli. There repose the ashes of the

Pontiff Julius. Supposing you have not been so fortunate, you must have heard, oh! reader, of that wondrous monument created by Bonarotti, to eternalize the name of his friend and patron. "It is Moses, by his beard's thick honours known," the greatest of the divine artist's works, and the most fitting idolon of the man who, burned with indignation when he saw the Italians worshipping alien dominion, and then girded himself with the sword to chastise traitors, and save the remnant of the people. Never, oh, never shall the name of Julius be forgotten, as long as that "stern monument of art" thrills the beholder with terror.

And the foundations of the "vast and wondrous dome" were laid by him, who could cultivate the arts of peace as well as lead a charge or storm a citadel. Deep seated in the bowels of the earth, are the sub-structures of the mighty fane, which may not crumble till the graves give up their dead, and he who conceived the gigantic design stands before the judgment seat of God. In the universal wreck, nothing shall perish more closely resembling the productions of the Deity than these, for which the world stands indebted to the genius of the warrior Pope. Down in the abyss there may be anguish and coiling serpents, like Laocoon's, on earth there is nothing like that petrified agony. Right well the Pontiff knew this, when he blessed and rewarded the poor peasant who disinterred the group from the grave of ages.

Never till the reality bursts upon the world, shall eye of man behold such ineffable woes and radiant delights, as loom and flash from that vaulted roof, whereon Angelo has pictured the day of Doom. And the concentrated glories, fears, hopes, and withering despair which live and move in that mighty work, grew into existence under the guidance of Julius, whose impatient spirit chafed and pined till he saw it glowing and frowning upon him.* Oh! mighty potentates of earth, where be your trophies compared to these? Scoffers of the Papacy, what have ye produced, or what are you likely to effect for which posterity will bless and admire ye? See you not how heaven has breathed its creative spirit upon those who came to embellish the material temple, and then returned to the bosom of him from whom they emanated? And these Pontiffs, so long traduced and vilified as oppressors of the human race, anathematizing the advance of intellect, and chaining down the immortal mind, oh, how little do you know them! Search all your chronicles, put together all the works of your great men, contrast them with what the Papacy has produced, and then see on what side the scale preponderates. The battle for native freedom may have been more successfully fought by others, but where will you find in the history of the past a single man who, against such fearful odds, made nobler efforts to right his native land than did Pope Julius? A great authority, Francis I., gave testimony of this in the days of Pope Leo X. Angelo's chisel, and Raffaell's pencil, effected greater wonders when Julius passed out of this life, but they never forgot the gauntleted hand which blessed their infancy, and chastised the invaders of the soil that gave them birth. Be not hasty in your judgments then, O, cynic, and blame not him who wielded the flesh-cleaving as well as spiritual sword!

* Pope Julius opened the Sistine Chapel, and celebrated High Mass immediately after the completion of Angelo's great work—*V. Duppa's Life of Mich. Ang.*

Biographia Miscellanea.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SCHOOLMAN,

JOHANNES DUNS SCOTUS.

SAINT Thomas of Aquin, of blessed memory, in the year of our Lord, 1274, while journeying to Lyons, to attend the second general council held in that city, being mortally taken, died in a convent near Terracina, in his fiftieth year. He was regarded while in life as unrivalled among schoolmen; in the year of his death was born, at Lecale, in Down, one destined to divide with him the empire of European mind, for three succeeding centuries.

The date of the origin of the scholastic philosophy, in Europe, has been variously laid in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries. Mosheim asserts it to have originated in the Irish schools, at the earliest of these periods; Guizot and Turner look upon Erigena as its author, on the Continent.* All historians of philosophy have a perception of its indications among the active Irish minds, intervening between Columbanus and Erigena. But it was about the close of the thirteenth century it attained to scientific completeness and universal repute.

Its progress up to this time had been remarkably rapid, for it never seized on a school, or on an intellect, it did not retain. Abellard, following in the footsteps of Erigena, defended his doctrines and spread them, wherever he had the power. His chief pupil, Peter Lombard, afterwards Archbishop of Paris, wrote the "Book of Sentences," which became the text-book of the schools. St. Bernard—"the last of the Fathers"—complains grievously of the swift growth of the new system. "Their books," he exclaims, "fly; their darkness invades cities and castles; they pass from nation to nation, from one kingdom to another. A new gospel is fabricated for states and peoples; a new faith is proposed; a very different foundation is laid from that anciently established." But St. Bernard, whether right or wrong, stood alone, and against him—almost in his own age—are the venerable names of Anselm of Canterbury, Albert of Cologne, and O'Heney of Cashel. The "Summa" of St. Thomas established the system.

Scholasticism was an attempt to reduce the rules of faith, to a logical definiteness—to reconcile reason and religion, inquiry and submission, mystery and understanding. Yet, the attempt had not, as would at first appear, its origin in the folly of human pride. The necessities of the missionary, the progression of education, the seductive influence of the Arabian schools, founded in the Peninsula, and the challenges of heresy, all demanded that Christians should be able to give reasons for their belief. And the schoolmen invariably prayed before they disputed, humbling themselves before that Almighty whose ways they were about to vindicate, and whose various revelations they undertook to reconcile. It has long been fashionable to ridicule the schoolmen, and yet their system is to-day as universal as the spread of revelation. The Catholic preacher reasons us into submission from evidence of the finiteness of our comprehension, and the Protestant acknowledges no higher guide than his own

understanding. If we even investigate the origin of our social ideas, we would find that very many of them were cradled in the schools of the middle ages. Not but there is much frivolity attached to some of the doctors, but this is as the dust on the hem of a prophet's garment. The class of Erigena and Abellard, of Peter Lombard and Aquinas, of Anselm and Dunensis, is not one which a wise man would sneer at. They are truly an imposing, though, mayhap, a quaintly-spoken troop, conspicuous in the march of created intellect, along the vale of ages. Behold their ever-brooding brows, and meditative carriage, their weighty manuscripts and iron styles, their humble dresses, and sandaled feet! If you would look for a St. Paul, or an Aristotle, and if your imagination refuses to go so far into antiquity as the age of the Redemption, you may find likenesses of both here.

The birth place of Duns Scotus has been disputed, against us, by the Scotch and English. There was also, at one time, a claim laid to him for Italy. The English writers said that he was born in the village of Duns, in Northumberland; the Scotch, that he was a native of Dumfries. But, in neither do we find the origin of his title. He was called Dunensis, from Down (which the old English wrote Dune), and which was a part of the English "Pale" in Ireland, in 1274. Being educated, as we will see, in an English college, that appellation was naturally given him. The affix Scotus, of course, determines nothing to the contrary, as all historians know, that the ancient name of this country—Scotia—was continued to it by the mediæval authors. But other evidence is not wanting to settle the question. From his works we learn, that St. Patrick and St. Francis were his patron saints, a choice the most natural in a Franciscan, born in Lecale where St. Patrick first landed, in Ulster, where he died and is buried. Of all his biographers, there is scarce one who does not agree in fixing on this locality. Fray Samiengo defines the precise spot, as being at "the extremity of a promontory;" but whether this extremity is on the side of Strangford Lough, or one of those points of mountain which look into the deep bay of Dundrum, it would be unprofitable to enquire. Among the Clarendon MSS. in the British Museum, is one of four pages, entitled "Reasons why Duns Scotus was not an Irish, but a Scotchman." It is bound up with some of Sir J. Ware's papers, and is noted on the margin with the words "a lie" "these reasons are confuted in Colgan, &c." The chief "reasons" are derived from the name Scotus, which we know to be nothing worth.

When Johannes was born, Lecale had been impaled for near a century. Twenty towers, built by John De Courcey, at the close of the preceding century, yet stood, though some of them had fallen into the hands of the Magennis and other native families of that district. Still a constant communication was kept up by the English garrison at St. John's Point, Ardglass, and Carlingford, with those remaining in Dundrum and Strangford.* And so fallen were the ancient fortunes of that coast, that Bangor, "the vale of angels," held scarce an Irish monk, and not one student now copied or chanted amid those Ards, where thousands upon thousands had once learned and lived. The youthful Irishman had, therefore, to turn his eyes abroad in search of an education, and he fixed on Oxford College as the most accessible seminary for his

* These distinguished writers treat of this subject, in their three chief works.—The Ecclesiastical History, History of Civilization, and History of England.

* Anonymous Hist. of Down. Ed. Dublin, 1764.

purpose. This famous University, both before and after the invasion, was a favourite resort of such Irishmen as sought for education in England, which number necessity had largely increased in that age.*

Johannes, arriving at Oxford, entered Merton College. That establishment was founded by a bishop of Oxford, in 1270, "when," according to Ackerman, "the allowance for the scholars was fifty shillings per annum for all necessities.† By extraordinary application, aided by an uncommon capacity, he soon outstripped in learning, not only those of his own age, but many of the fathers of the schools. Nature had early gifted him as a prodigy, and seldom was fair promise so rapidly realized. "Bishop Rada records of him," says the editor of his *Contemplations on Divine Love*, "that coming to be a reader, many masters left their chairs to listen to his divine wisdom."‡ His own master was William de Ware, who, dying at the time when the fame of Johannes had somewhat ripened, was succeeded as an instructor by the young scholar. Berrington says that multitudes of students now "crowded to hear him"§ at Oxford, and some have rated the numbers who attended his discourses so high as 30,000!

In 1298 he first became known as an author, by the circulation of his "Book of Sentences," which had obtained the sanction of Pope Boniface the VIII., in the March of that year. In those ages, the pontifical approbation served a work only in so far as it saved it from all suspicions of heterodoxy, and its lasting success depended solely on the sufficiency of its merits. This work of the young philosopher grew quickly into favour, and induced him to continue his literary exertions. In 1303, he also circulated from Oxford copies of his "Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," which bore the approbation of Benedict XI.

It is probable, that in the five years which intervened between those periods, he had retired from his chair in Merton college to the adjacent convent of St. Francis, where he became a member of that august order. To this interval also are assigned the devotional works ascribed to his hand, and which might well be the work of a novitiate in the school of the Assisian saint. Of these I have seen but one—his "Contemplations of Divine love," which in its English dress is so eloquent and edifying, that one may almost venture to compare it to the master-piece of A'Kempis.¶ Take, as an example of its definition of divine love, itself:

"Love solders up what is broken, raiseth what is depressed, and renders a staggering mind constant. Love teacheth and learneth, and knoweth no enemy. Love praiseth and reprehends—love is free from evil suspicion. Where love is wanting, whatsoever is done is worth nothing; on the contrary, all things are valuable and precious which are done by love. Love gladdeth or maketh one joyful, and raiseth him above the earth and earthly things. Love

never plays the truant or drone, but is ever doing, encreaseth, and augments. Love is the life of the soul, and he that loveth not is a dead man."

There are some other passages scarce less forcible in the same tract.*

On the appearance of his *Commentaries on Saint Paul*, the reputation of Dunensis may be said to have become fixed. In 1304, the general of his order, Gonsalvus, writing with him an introduction to the Superior of the Franciscans at Paris, says: "I recommend to your charity, and appoint, that after the above mentioned Father Ægidius, principally and ordinately to present our beloved Father in Christ, John Scotus, of whose laudable life, excelling science, his most subtle sharp wit, and other remarkable conditions or qualities I am fully and largely informed, partly by long experience, partly by (his) fame which is everywhere spread."† His abandonment of Oxford—if, indeed, he had returned to it after his profession—would have been but a matter of course in that time. By travelling from place to place, and by word of mouth, the great mediæval scholars propagated their own views and reputations. Aquinas had lectured in Paris and at Cologne, and to these two scenes of his great predecessor's glory, God was now directing the footsteps of Dunensis.

"The subtle doctor" (as he began to be called) entered Paris in his thirtieth year. His intellectual character was fully developed. Possessed of a profound penetration, he examined the most abstruse theories of philosophy, anatomizing them with as much skill as a skilful mechanist shows in taking asunder a machine. His industry was equal to his endowments; his mind never slept, and his body but little. In the school, in the pulpit, in the cell, the thinking power within him was for ever revolving; busy, even when fruitless. With all his logic, he was one of the purest enthusiasts that has ever appeared; in him, indeed, the fervor of inquiry must have often mounted to a feverish anxiety, or sunk to utter abstraction. Visions and ecstasies were his frequent visitors, brought on, no doubt, in most cases, by the exhaustion of his bodily powers, and the over-excitement of his mind.

In the first year of his sojourn at Paris, the University there bestowed on him the degree of bachelor of arts. In the halls of this institution he frequently lectured, though it does not appear that he had formal possession of any of its chairs. It was then the prime school of the west, and no less than fifteen new colleges had been added to its foundation in the preceding century.‡ It was frequented by students from every quarter of Europe, and had no rival in fame but Bologna, which also was originally an erection of Charlemagne's. Next to the approbation of the Roman Pontiff, that of the University of Paris was the

* The preliminary address of the translator of the *Contemplations*, is a gem of quaintness in its kind. It runneth thus:

"COURTEOUS READER—Although many erratas may have intervened through human frailty in printing this book, yet I am confident that they are not so material, but that ability concurring with your charity, you will easily rectify all mistakes. As for those trivial errors that have happened in the orthography, or in putting one number for another, as the singular for the plural, or in the pointing, it will not to thee seem a points matter, and so I weigh them not; presuming you to be no spider that seriously take such books as this in hand, but a spiritual bee, to gather honey. Farewell." (How much the art of writing salutations has degenerated!)

† Supp. to the *Contemplations*.

‡ Hallam. "Lit. of Europe," vol. i.

* Anthony A. Wood, in his *Chronicles of Oxford*, relateth—"1274.—The College was torn by strifes and factions between men of divers countries that were students therein, that is to say, between the southern, those of the Marches of Wales, Irish and Welsh on one part, and the northern and Scotch scholars on the other"—p. 299. On Palm Sunday, in the same year, he records a solemn truce between the contending parties. In the succeeding century, special laws were enacted in England to punish the Irish students travelling through England. See *Appendix Coke's Insti.*

† Ackerman's *Oxford*, vol. i. p. 2.

‡ Supp. to *Divine Love*.

§ Lit. Hist. Mid. Ages. *Passim*.

¶ The anonymous translator of this treatise (W.B.), enumerates four or five others of the same class, also attributed to him; among them, one "on Patience," another "of Death," and a third "of the damage of Lost Innocence."

highest reward of European learning in the fourteenth century.

Johannes also lectured in the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame. Here he expounded the "sentences" of Lombard, and preached the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. But his theology was not considered as sound as his philosophy. He contended that the mother of our Redeemer could not have confessed to St. Peter, after the institution of penance, without sin against God; and he held that the salutation of Gabriel—"hail, full of grace"—should be understood literally. On the subject of the efficacy of grace, its operations, and conditions, he differed from the judgement of Aquinas, and the fervor with which he asserted his own views involved him in controversy with the many devoted followers of that doctor, just as his advocacy of the Immaculate Conception had raised other and numerous antagonists against him.

This theological agitation seized on the Sorbonne, and afterwards extended throughout all the schools of Christendom, and opposite interpretations were delivered from the chairs of divinity and from the altars. Of Dunensis, as of Bossuet, it might have been said that "no one went into the pulpit so early or remained in it so late." Fray Ximenes Samiengo relates, that the statue of our Lady graciously bowed its head to the champion as he passed to the pulpit, and the translator of the "Contemplations" reports that the infant Jesus appeared to him on the eve of Christmas Day, while he was meditating on the mystery of the Incarnation, and sat on his arm, conversing with him.* There is recorded a saying of one who heard him preach, without knowing his person, and who, in admiration of such energy and power, declared that that must be either an angel, a demon, or Duns Scotus. Doubtless, this intense enthusiasm prepared the way for his early death.

His labours as a friar preacher did not turn him from his studies in philosophy and criticism. Before the picture of the Madonna, he composed, at Paris, a volume of commentaries on St. Paul, another volume on Aristotle, his celebrated book "of Questions," and his "Lectures on Genesis." His great temperance of life sustained him in this almost slavish devotion to study; he seems never to have left his cell, but to go into the church, and only to have quitted the church to return to the cell. "Many," says the author last quoted, "do justly question with Cornelius a Lapide (*in sap.*), whether it were not more supernatural than natural." Truly, a very reasonable dubiousness.

In 1308, Dunensis was offered the professorship of sacred theology, in the University of Cologne, whither he removed. Here he wrote in part, or whole, his book "On the Perfection of states," and his "Metaphysical Treatises." According to custom he preached in the cathedral frequently, and there, in the very stronghold of Albert and Aquinas, he propounded his favorite theological views of grace, the conception, and other dogmas. But on All-Souls day, in that year, he expired suddenly of apoplexy, having only reached his thirty-fourth year, yet possessing a reputation, second to none in Europe, for eminence in philosophy and theology.

* "After this grand favour," continues the same author, "our Duns Scotus buckled himself to great matters, never after eating flesh, going barefooted, never changed his garment, wholly forgetful of himself, being inebriated with the love of our blessed sweet Saviour." *Supp. Contemp.* p. 196.

The history of the influence of Duns Scotus on European mind, is an indispensable sequel to the brief record of his life. Its facts are very abundant and diversified.

On his death, his remains were interred in the convent of his order, at Cologne, and his works, placed beyond risk by the vast number of authenticated copies of them dispersed to all the corners of Christendom. His school greatly increased in number, and in many countries—Naples, for example—his name was invoked as a saint.* In 1313, the Thomists enjoyed a great triumph in the canonization of Aquinas, who was placed in the calendar as the fifth doctor of the church. None of the explications of Scotus, however, were at any time censured by the church; nay, in the end they wrought themselves into the very core of Catholicism.

In philosophy, we have before said, these two great men mainly agreed. Both were staunch realists. Both rejected the nominalism and emanation of Erigena and Abellard, as dangerous and untrue. "We say," writes Dunensis, "that the universal is a being, because nothing is understood under the ratio of a non-existence; because the intelligible moves the intellect; for since the intellect is a passive virtue (according to Aristotle de Anima), it does not act unless it be moved by an object. A non-existence cannot move anything as an object, because to move is the property of a being in action. Therefore, nothing is understood under the ratio of a non-existence." The difference between the philosophy of Aquinas and that of Dunensis, is a difference of method rather than an opposition of principles. The Italian reasons well, but with less closeness than the Irishman, and he occasionally rises into a pure eloquence, superior to all syllogisms. He is, therefore, considered the more agreeable master of the two, though by some held to be the inferior metaphysician.

From the time of the discovery of printing to the "Reformation," Scotus was the great authority in the European schools, and his works in that half century were generally accompanied by the Expositions and Commentaries of O'Fihely. Panegyrics were annually preached on his life and doctrines, and the title of venerable was always given him in the sermons and writings of churchmen. Even the Lutheran revolution did not overthrow his philosophical influence, though it raised formidable prejudices against his theology. In 1535, the students of Oxford—his *alma mater*—in a fit of ill-judged zeal, tore up the College copies of his works, and strewed them over the quadrangles.† Bishop Hooker, notwithstanding, stiled him "the wittiest of the schoolmen;" and John Milton, no less great as scholar than as poet, mentions him with great deference. In Germany he fared as ill for a time as at the hands of the Oxonians, but this hate did not last. In 1519, Julius II. being Pope, Maximilian, archduke of Austria, and Father John Custer, guardian of the Franciscans at Cologne, the remains of Dunensis were disinterred in the presence of the faculty of the University, and placed in a sarcophagus, under the altar of the chapel of his convent. A splendid monument to his memory was, at the same time, erected in the choir of the cathedral. In 1616, the sarcophagus was examined, and some repairs made about the tomb, in presence of James Bagnacabel,

* Wadding, *vita Scotus, passim.*

† Warton's "English Poetry," vol. ii. p. 449.

general of the Franciscans, of which the official account signed "John Felix de Brixia," is given in Wadding.*

In the sixteenth century, various editions of his chief works were published, as those of Antwerp, Venice, and Paris. But the Lyons edition of 1639, in thirteen volumes, folio, edited by Luke Wadding, is that which has been most popular and serviceable. Into this publication, that indefatigable collector arranged, before the several volumes to which they apply, the commentaries of O'Fihely of Lychetus,† of M'Caruell, and of John Ponce. The edition is embellished with an excellent engraving of Dunensis, who is represented as writing, before the Madonna, and near an open window, through which a conventual house is seen in the distance.

In the number of biographers, no author of the middle ages can compare with ours. They are of all nations—Italians, Portuguese, Spaniards, Germans, Britons, and Irish. But in nearly all cases, these memoirs or memorials display more rhetoric than research, being indeed little better than eulogiums, with a few facts as a foundation. Besides these are the regular panegyrics, of which Colgan, in his second chapter, enumerates fifty-six, delivered at various times between the age of Dunensis and his own.‡ Many of them are compositions of very eminent men.

In the Sorbonne, at Salamanca, and at Rome, Scotus continued to be throughout the seventeenth, and most part of the eighteenth century, a studied authority. Though within the last century Aquinas rose to be considered, and now continues to be considered, the great exemplar of the philosophy of the middle ages.§

The greatest minds among the moderns have done justice to the schoolmen, even while dissenting from their doctrines. "Erasmus," says Butler, "admired neither the Scottist nor Thomist system, but inclined to the former." Leibnitz commends the schoolmen for "penetration, solidity, and industry," and wished that some one acquainted with modern philosophy, would sift the golden grains from their chaff.|| Florence Conroy, James Usher, and Luke Wadding, with no less learning, held even more favourable opinions of scholasticism. Sir Kenelm Digby was its warm admirer. "In this scheme," says Burke, "the allegorical gave way to the literal explication; the imagination had less scope, and the affections were less touched, but it prevailed by an appearance more solid and philosophical, by an order more scientific, and by a readiness of application either for the solution or exciting of doubts and difficulties."¶ Charles Butler observes that some of the schoolmen were gifted "with a large portion of his (Aristotle's) genius."** Doctor Hampden says of scholasticism: "Its philosophy was a mixture of heathen and scriptural truth. * * * Its religion a mixture of two lives—the perfect life of the heathen philosopher, and that of the Christian."†† Another late author, speaking of its influence in the world, says: "As truly as we owe our laws and ecclesiastical architecture to the middle ages, so truly do we owe to them our forms of thought and language."‡‡

* Vita Duns, p. 83.

† Originally published at Venice, in two vols. folio, in 1492.

‡ Vita Johannes Scoti. Antwp. 1655.

§ Life of Erasmus.

|| Brucker's "Instit. Philosph." lib. ii. chap. iii. Hallam's "View of Lit." vol. i.

¶ Prior's Life of Burke, p. 46.

** Life of Erasmus, p. 15.

†† Encyclopedia Metrop. vol. iii, p. 797.

‡‡ Ibid Art.—Moral and Metaphysical Philos.

It was the schoolmen who introduced into Christendom, and consecrated to its great ends, the element of intellectual curiosity. But this element they had so blended with humility, and had limited its exercise by so many scruples, that the daring disciples of change in the sixteenth century, spurned at their over-conscientious system. Luther warred on it in Germany, and Henry VIII., though he had been a Scottist in early life, banished it, by an exercise of his authority, from both the English universities. Yet, had not a higher and less cumbrous philosophy succeeded, its empire would certainly have been restored. Machiavelli and Gassendi, Bacon and Montesquieu, stepped into the field, speaking through living languages, with the aid of the telescope and the press, with the superior polish given by the recovered classics, and the superior freedom of nationalism, and addressing ages of generally-aroused curiosity and intercourse, they supplanted the Thomists and the Scottists. These men may be said to have founded the modern philosophy, a vast and beautiful fabric assuredly, yet indebted for its material, at least, as much to the mediæval as to the ancient schools of philosophy.

Dominica ad Vesperas.

NO. I.—PSALM CIX. PARAPHRASED.

Hasten to aid us, Oh! Godhead paternal,
Fly to our succour, august Three in one.
Praise to Thee, Monarch of glory eternal,
Great Father, and Spirit, and Heartbroken* Son!

The Lord said to my Lord—"Enthronèd o'er Heaven,
The right hand of my glory eternally Thine,
From the temple of stars, in the midst of 'the Seven'†
Exult in the fulness of empire divine.

Thy foemen shall crouch as an arrow-struck lion,
When the hunter hath trampled his yellow-haired mane;

Thy sceptre the Lord shall send forth out of Sion—
Rule Thou in the midst of thine enemies slain.

In the splendour of angels of lightning-like pinion,
Of all Heaven's nine-choirèd armies the flow'r,
With Thee shall be victory, strength, and dominion,
O'er earth, sea, and sky, in the day of Thy pow'r.

Ere I breath'd over chaos, its bosom adorning
With Light, Life, and Love—ere the Elders begun—

Ere Lucifer flash'd in the crown of the morning,
From the womb I begat Thee, Omnipotent Son!

Jehovah hath sworn, and repenteth him never,
Of Melchisdech's order—who first offer'd wine,

A monarch and priest—I anoint Thee for ever
King of Kings and High Priest of this Universe-shrine.

At Thy right hand the Lord, in the day of His anger,
Shall ride over thrones in His crown-crushing car:

And, judging the nations, fill ruins with clangour
Of host-girdled Antichrists trampled in war.

* Cor ejus (Jesu) rumpebatur.—*St. Brigitta, Revelationes.*

† "The seven spirits which are before His throne."—*Apoc. cap. I.*

The nature he loves, in full time, shall He borrow,
 The earth's guilty dust from my vengeance to save,
 He shall drink of the blood-coloured torrent of sorrow,
 And sleep in red bridal, the spouse of the grave.
 And, therefore, in vain Death and Hell shall endeavour
 To conquer the heir of Eternity's throne,
 Who shall reign a Redeemer for ever and ever,
 Unsullied—unconquered—unrivalled—alone."

DOXOLOGY.

Praise to the Sire, and the Son by whose merit
 The doom'd earth was ransom'd on Calvary's tree;
 And to Him, from both flashing, the Paraclete spirit—
 Triune God who for ever was—is, and shall be!

D. N. S.

King Simnel and the Palesmen.

A STORY OF IRELAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

[Continued from page 86.]

CHAPTER IX.—THE LADY OF DRIMNAGH.

HUGH Herrick spurred on at a brisk rate, over the plain which lies between Dublin and Drimnagh, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the knight, his master, but in vain. Topping a slope that lay before him, he pulled up, as much to rest his horse as to collect his thoughts, which were beginning again to perplex him. It was a cloudy, humid day, and the face of the campaign was darkened by a grey, dripping fog, which took away its genial earthly look. A clump of trees, on his right, clad in this foggy vesture, looked like fantastic shadows, which, in the absence of the lightsome sun, had emerged from Tartarus. At times, the tinkling of a bell about the neck of some favourite of the flock, a bark, or a whistle, was heard, and then all was stillness as before.

The squire of Sir Piers did not pause mistaken in his way, for that he had often made out when as hard beset with fogs and mists of his own conjuring. But a sudden doubt seized him, that his master might still be in the city, detained by love, or, even in durance for his partizanship; and he was puzzled whether or not he should go forward or return. While he was in this dilemma, he heard a voice, which grew louder and louder, singing in the mist:

"The raven's nest is built with reeds,
 High on the hollow tree,
 And the raven's couch is spread with weeds
 High on the hollow tree;
 And the raven himself telling his beads,
 In penance for his old misdeeds,
 Upon the top, I see.

Telling his beads from eve till morn,
 High on the hollow tree,
 In penance for stealing the abbot's corn,
 High on the hol——"

"Hallo!" cried Herrick, "pray you, melodious Sir, come forth out of this mist, and show us your proper person."

"Is it not," said a clownish-looking fellow in motley, shuffling forward, "is it not by the worshipful Master Herrick I am challenged?"

"As you say; but Sir natural, what do you here,

so far from the roaring ingle, and the larder door of the castle?"

"Bound on a fool's errand," replied the man in motley; "going to Devylin in search of you and your master."

"My master! Has not Sir Piers arrived?"

"No! except he ran up the wind faster than I ran down."

"Then," said the squire, after a pause, "I will go back to the town; he must still be there."

"The dame, his mother, is in her last extremity," said the simpleton, "and wants to see him, anon. Peradventure, by this time she is deceased, for I met the crows going to the wake."

"Peace! you headless hound," cried out the squire. "You have ever a stock of ill-omened prophecy in your shrivelled pate. Return to the dame Catherine and say——; no, I will go myself," and so he dashed his rowels into his charger's flanks, and rode furiously onwards. In half an hour he was at the outer gate of the castle, which was enclosed in a square embattled wall, turreted at each corner, and entirely surrounded by a deep and broad ditch.

"Who comes?" cried the invisible warden from the fog-wrapt summit of the main tower.

"I!" shouted the squire—"open quickly."

There was a rustling as of chains, a swinging of gates, and in a moment the heavy horse of the squire bore his master through the inner gate of the main tower. Within the walls, the castle consisted of two towers, connected by a long, high corridore, divided into chambers, and accessible only from the inner yard. Facing the inner front of the quadrangle was a garden, where a few flowers, marygolds, and other odorous pot-herbs were scattered, which garden was flanked at each side by the offices and stables. The whole presented the appearance of being the work of a much earlier age; indeed, justified the opinion of the antiquaries, that it then stood just as it was erected after the Anglo-Norman invasion.

The second floor of the main tower was the state chamber. It was a spacious, oblong room, dimly lit from the western end, which looked out upon the inner yard. Here, on a low couch, moved upon rude wooden rollers, lay, under the window, the Lady of Drimnagh, pale, motionless, and apparently dead. Two fair-haired little girls, like two vigilant angels, stood at either side, near her head, bending down alternately to catch the sound of her breathing, and to whisper hope into her ears. In a distant corner—half hid with the shadows—was an old friar, dissolving some herbs in a goblet, while a female servant stood by him handing him the different materials he required. On the hearth lay the embers, a dull red heap, adding to the gloom within, so congenial to the melancholy prospect without. As the sound of the horse's hoofs was heard upon the drawbridge, the dying mother turned her head and moved her lips, with a strong effort.

"There comes but one horse" she said, "God send it is my boy."

The sound ceased. Then there was heard the heavy tread of an armed man approaching the door. As the step came nearer and nearer, that frail form gradually rose up, little by little, and as if by the mere strength of will, to a sitting posture. But the step grew slower and more dubious, and when at last the door was opened, and the glaring eye of the sick matron beheld only Herrick enter, she fell back like a lifeless corpse, upon her couch. Terrified at this result, the

two fair-haired children began to cry bitterly, and so pitiable was the spectacle presented to him, that even the honest squire felt the hot drops rolling down his face. He turned from the group of the widow and her orphans, and addressed a few broken words to the friar, whose brown habit told that he was of the order of St. Francis.

"It is all over," said the father. "If she lives till vespers, it is the most. She has been subject to these fits, but this is the last that will trouble her."

"Can nothing be done to save her until——"

"Nothing. If she is able to give her last advice to these poor babes, it will be as much. Happily, she has lived a life of piety since her birth, and her soul this night will be on the wings of angels, even as the corporal part of her holy patron, Saint Catherine, was borne by them into heaven. God's will be done."

"Amen," said the female attendant. Herrick shook his head sorrowfully and sighed.

The tears of the little girls had trickled on their mother's face, and their helpless sobs, perhaps, had pierced into her brain. Souls hovering over the abyss of dissolution, it is said, have been for a time recalled to earth, by the lamentations of beloved friends. However this may be, the poor, pale mother opened her filmy eyes, and parted her clinging lips, and in a voice that seemed to come from her bosom by some director way than her mouth, said—"Be comforted, my girls, God, your father, will not die." Then turning her gaze to the dim end of the room, she raised her small transparent hand, and beckoned Hugh to come to her. The squire approached the couch and dropped on one knee.

"My son," said the dying lady, "my son."

"Madam, he is well, praise be to St. Joseph, our Lady, and the blessed Trinity."

"Where?"

"In Thomas-court—Kildare's guest."

"Ha!" said the dying woman, clasping her two weak hands in terror, "in Thomas-court, with Kildare; with the greedy usurper of my lands and his. The robber of my orphans—the violator of his knightly oaths and vows—the warrior who fought a woman for a ploughland—the viceroy——" here her passion grew too great for her strength, and she fell back again on her couch.

A long pause followed. The Observantine and the woman servant gathered round, and the latter held to her lady's nostrils what the good Leech had been preparing—an infusion of some aromatic spices and herbs, from which a grateful incense rose and diffused itself about the couch. Sense returned, as if for a moment, to the patient; but the power of speech was gone for ever. She stretched forth her hands, like the age-blind Patriarch, and laid them on the heads of her two children. There was an effort to sign them with the sign of the cross, and then her hands fell heavily to the couch, and the deathly dew settled upon the rigid, but graceful features of the Lady of Drimnagh.

For some moments a breathless silence and motionless attitude marked the awe of the speakers. The two children and the woman on their knees, the religious and the squire standing up, with an inclination towards the dead, seemed like five figures ground around a central statue, emblematic of the reality of affliction. The bursting sobs of the younger orphan first broke the silence. Her sister, only a little older, commenced comforting her, but had not spoken more than one or two words, when she began to weep more bitterly than

the other. The woman servant approached them both to lead them away, but the infection extended to her also, for she was an old retainer, and she joined in their grief against all her efforts to continue calm. Master Herrick now felt called upon to act.

"Mistress Rose," said the squire to the servant woman, "you know this is all God's will, and not ours; so we must even bear what we cannot forbear." "Take away," in a lower tone—"take away with you the young lady Alice, they make one another sad sitting here, like two widowed doves."

"Take them both away," said the Franciscan, "and let sear-cloth and shroud be brought. This poor body is now of little consequence; but it was, and will be against the judgment day, the tabernacle of a soul, and so we must honour the house, though it be of clay, for the dignity of the tenant."

The woman and the mourning orphans left the room, where the Observantine and the squire alone remained. These gradually withdrew, as if by instinct, from the corner possessed by the dead, and drawing up on either side of the window, entered into discourse. The day had not mended as it grew older. The vapors had fastened upon the plain, and had defeated all the power of the winds to disperse them. Wave upon wave, like a shadowy sea, they undulated before the castle, while here and there the spread arms of a tree, dimly revealed themselves, like vessels in the grey dawning, before the sun has cleared the atmosphere. The franciscan, who was advanced in years, did not appear much to heed the prospect, but the squire's eyes were fixed upon it, as one fascinated.

"I was making my accustomed visit for our poor house," said the friar, "when two days ago I reached here, and finding that the dame—whose soul God rest—was suddenly taken ill, I remained, fearing the worst. The silly people here did not think her in danger until to-day, when I got them, at last, to send for the knight her son."

"Truly, father," said Herrick, "it is the saddest part of this business that he hath not been here. Pray God, he is not in durance in the city."

"What say you?" asked the friar.

"That Sir Piers may, for aught I know, be the Lord Deputy's prisoner at this hour. We were to have left Devylin this dawn for the Earl of Ormond's country; I was at the court betimes, for he lodged there while I put up at the White Horse (a very commendable hostelry, be it said); but I was told by the earl's people that Sir Piers had already left, so I pursued hither, thinking to overreach him."

"Beyond doubt," said the Observantine, "he hath been discovered and is now in chains. And these poor children, Master Herrick, my heart bleeds for them."

"I had best remount and ride back to Dublin," said the squire.

"To what end?"

"I will go to Kildare, and charge him with the imprisonment of Sir Piers—I will appeal to this new king—I will supplicate the Archbishop Octavius——"

"No! no!" said the religious, "you must not do any of these things. Drimnagh requires some governor, and having neither lord nor lady, now must fall into your hands. Have you no messenger?"

"None," said the squire, "but the natural, or one of the herds. The four warders we could not spare; for if they lowered the drawbridge to let themselves out, there would not be strength enough left within to raise it."

"I will go myself," said the franciscan. "Often have I eaten of the bread of that lady's table, and drank of her beer—I will go."

Here the woman servant and another female—the wife of one of the warders—entered the chamber, to do the last rites to the dead.

"Master Herrick," said the friar, as they reached the courtyard, "my horse is in this stable, and I have here a couple of inconsiderable bags, filled with corn and pulse; I pray you have a care of them for me till I return."

"That will I," said the squire; "by St. Joseph not one grain of them shall be taken away, whatever may be added to them, at your coming back. But pray, father, how do you mean to proceed?"

"I must resolve that upon the way," he replied, "before I reach the city walls; in truth, at this moment I cannot tell how; the Virgin and St. Francis will guide me."

"There is a gentleman may be of great service to you," said Herrick, "Master Myrtle, captain of the bachelors of the city, whose abode bears the inviting sign of a winepress, trodden by vintners; it is in St. Bride's-street, near to the Poole-gate. If you mention to him your errand, you will not find him adverse."

"I have heard of him," said the franciscan, "as the best bowman in the Pale—it is, I suppose, the same."

"Doubtless," said Herrick, "he is not an indifferent archer; neither do I think him a paragon. For, instead of advancing his left foot——" but here the squire suddenly reigned his garrulity, and as he led the franciscan's pad by the rein over the drawbridge, he added: "in God's name, holy father, leave no stone unturned in your search."

CHAP. X.—FRIENDS IN NEED.

It was the second evening after the death of the Lady of Drimnagh, and no tidings of the Observantine had reached the castle. The night fell dark and starless, and the mountain winds, with their strange melancholy voices, keened about the tower. The body of the departed spirit lay in a small rude chapel in the inner tower, and was watched by three or four of the women old followers of the family, one of whom had at her knee a curly-headed boy of seven or eight years old. The two daughters of the house, worn out with watching and sorrow, lay asleep in an adjoining chamber, locked in each others arms; and Master Herrick, to prevent the same influence from overcoming his own vigilant faculties, had taken post with the warders on the tower-top.

The dreary conversation of the death chamber gradually sunk into silence, and the speakers, one by one, fell asleep. The little boy alone remained awake; and he, overcome by the awful silence, hid his face in his mother's lap, and pretended to sleep also. The hour of midnight drew nigh, and still those wearied watchers remained fast bound in their unconsciousness. Suddenly, however, the noise, as of a foot, was heard from without, and the child raising his fearful head, beheld Sir Piers himself enter, his face sad and sorrowful, his buskins all travel-stained, for his armour had given way to a common kerne's jerkin, and his helmet to a mechanic's cap. As he entered, he looked neither to the right hand nor the left, but approached to where his dead mother lay upon her bier.

Three tapers burning round her head, reflected by the black funereal cloth which hung that angle of the

chapel, showed the rigid features of her whose breast had nurtured his youth, and whose mind had moulded his own. The cold lips no more could speak to him—the glazed eye no more could smile on him—the soft small hand would never again stroke his head, or lean upon his shoulder. Terrible, indeed, is death, in whatever shape we meet him, whether as the destroying angel, walking half hidden in the anger furrowed sea, and gathering into his net of storms, men, fleets, and islands, or as the unseen and voiceless guest, whose invisible hand snatches friends from the midst of friends, and blinds even argus-eyed affection to the blow, until the doomed one has been felled. But death looking at us from the senseless eyes, and speaking to us from the silent lips of a dear friend, is, perhaps, more terrible than when he comes in battles or in the tempest. Then memory, as if illumined by a light from the wings of the departed, reminds us how many omissions in duty to that friend we have been guilty of; and every cold or unkind word or look we may have ever given, crowd back to us, giving to the fullness of sorrow the bitterness of remorse. Sir Piers had never been unfilial or unkind, yet he had never felt, until that hour, the value of having in the world a nature to which he could always turn for sincere counsel and loving sympathy. He stooped down, and the cold sweat stood in beads along his brow. He kissed the cold lips, and then the brow, and the pallid cheeks of the fair corpse, and threw himself upon his knees and prayed. The prayer was a litany for the dead; and ever as he repeated the supplication for *her* soul's eternal rest, the sobs that broke from his bosom showed how deeply he felt the visitation to which he could not choose but submit.

Half an hour might have passed in this solemn duty, when he rose, took one of the tapers in his hand, and entered the sleeping chamber of his sisters. The knight, during the time he remained in the dead chamber, had contrived to stifle his emotions of sorrow. But now, as he lifted the taper and saw the faces of the two fair children, which like rain-drenched flowers leaned against each other, the tears that had been rising to his eyes overran his swarthy cheeks.

"Poor little ones," he said, "you sleep here almost as soundly as the mother that bore you, though there seems but a wall between you; but the gulf that divides life from death, will long divide you. What woes and trials may befall you earthward of that dark abyss, who can foresee? Lonely you lie there, my children, and I fettered on limb and lip, dare not speak to you—dare not stay with you."

As he said this he stooped down, and kneeling upon one knee, kissed them both. The elder made a slight stir, and murmured as if her soul would fain speak what the dull senses would not let out. Sir Piers rose hastily and returned into the dead chamber. The tired watchers were still asleep; but as the vision encountered for the second time the eyes of the retainer's son, the lad uttered a loud shriek, which rose through the vaulted chapel, and reached the very summit of the tower. Alarmed by this, the knight drew his cap over his brows, and hastily quitted the chamber, but not unperceived. As he crossed the courtyard, Hugh Herrick, who entered it from another quarter, saw and pursued him. He passed rapidly through the garden of the castle, and opening a postern gate which led into the open plain, he issued forth, and attempted to close it after him, but the squire who had come up held it from within, while he challenged the intruder.

"Who are you that steal in and out of Drimnagh under cover of night?" he demanded.

The door opened, and although the night was utterly dark, he could perceive his master standing before him, with his finger upon his lip, and his other hand on an empty scabbard.

"In the name of St. Joseph, Sir Piers, what mystery is this? Are you still among the living, or——"

Here the waving of a torch in the courtyard disturbed some poultry, and a cock began to crow. The knight waved his hand mysteriously, and disappeared.

"Dead! dead!" muttered the squire, and he reeled under the sudden shock of awe, and fell. In this condition the alarmed inmates of the castle found him; and when the child's story, and the young lady's dream—for she had dreamt that her brother stood by her bed, kissed her, and blessed her—when these, we say, were coupled with the awakening recollections of the squire, the belief became general, that the young lord, as well as the Lady of Drimnagh, had passed out of this life.

It was the first grey hour of the May morning's dawn, when Sir Piers found himself passing in front of the Cathedral of St. Patrick's. The sculptured heads of the abbots and kings that supported the mouldings of the doorway and the windows, seemed to look forth from the wall, to invite him to moralize on the vanity of life—but he passed on, until he reached the postern gate of the castle. Here he raised his hand to knock, but the door gave way before him. He entered, and to his surprise, saw the keeper overcome with sleep, or some other influence, lying stretched upon the paved way. He lifted him up and tried to rouse him, but in vain. He then closed the postern, secured it, and passed on; but had not gone more than two paces when he heard steps approaching, and in the next instant he was confronted by the Captain of the Bachelors, and by the wizard shape which served Sir Patrick D'Arcy.

"Well met, Sir Piers," cried the bachelor, "we have just been in your chamber, but found it empty. The guards are all drunk with the new king's Burgundian wine—the door is open—the streets empty—come, come, with me."

"I cannot," said Barnwall.

"Cannot, Sir Piers!"

"I have plighted my knightly word to return to my gyves; nay, more, not to speak to mortal until I was within the walls of this castle."

"Knight," said the gallant vintner, "shamed would I be to advise you to your dishonour, but bethink you whether you are bound to keep faith with your enemy, who, when you were his guest, sent you from under his own roof to a dungeon."

"My friend," said Barnwall, gravely, "say no more of this to me. *Malo mori quam fœdari* is the motto of my house, which means die rather than lie; I must in to my fetters. But pray tell me how came you here, or how knew you that I was in the castle?"

The bachelor pointed to the elfish retainer of Sir Patrick D'Arcy, and added, "does your pledge outlast to-night?"

"No."

"Then, scrupulous knight, look for another visit from your friends, for know that I do not stand alone in Dublin in esteeming you."

"Thanks! gallant bachelor," said the knight, "if you should see anything of ——"

Here the drunken sentinel at the gate began to

murmur in his sleep, and the knight said "fly, friends, fly."

"I understand you," said the bachelor; "if I should see a lady."

"Yes, begone."

The two adventurers did not wait a second bidding, but while the drowsy sentinel was slowly regaining his eyesight, they slid past him, opened the portal, and went out. The sentinel was known afterwards to assert, that on a certain night being at his post—he saw in the last watch—the devil and another gentleman come from the interior of the castle, and pass bodily through the keyhole. As a Jew had died in Dublin the same night, he was generally supposed to have been the evil one's companion in this midnight visit to the castle.

When Myrtle and the dwarf got into St. Bride's-street, they turned into a little courtyard, from which emerged towards them, Sir Patrick D'Arcy himself, and the friendly observantine.

"Have you brought him?" exclaimed both.

"He would not come," said the bachelor.

"God-a-mercy!" said the friar, "would not come!"

"In the devil's name, why not?" said the giant.

The bachelor told the story of his interview with the knight, and declared he would make another attempt.

"Hush!" said the dwarf, "what sound is that?"

It was the echo of a very distant horn which came from the direction of the sea. It had not yet ceased to vibrate about their ears, when another nearer, and more distinct, answered it, and then another and another repeated the note.

"Tis the coming of the Germans," said the bachelor, "let us down to the river side and see them."

"I must home to my brethren," said the religious, "already I have wasted two days in this expedition."

"Twas a mission of mercy," said the bachelor.

"I do not regret it," quoth the friar, "it was a debt due, I may say, from our whole house to the lady of Drimnagh—whose soul God assoil! But she must be interred to-morrow, and 'twere meet some one should be there to bless the clay and read the office."

"Truly is it, holy father," said Myrtle; "and whereas, the children of the dead widow may not have yet come to the use of gold or silver, I pray you——"

Here he drew forth a deer-skin pouch from his doublet, which was fastened by a steel chain, and taking from thence near a score of marks, gave them to the astonished friar.

"But bethink you, master vintner," said the latter, "who is to repay you this great sum?"

"I have had some dealings with the house," said the generous bachelor, "and I will be repaid; fear not for that."

"But, Sir, there hath been drawn no bond."

"Think not of that," said the vintner.

"But I may lose this by the way, or be robbed by some prowling kerne."

"Do not fear, do not fear."

"In good truth, then, Master Bachelor, I do not like to be the bearer of so great a sum. I have been now thirty years in my order, and was twice sub-prior, but I have never seen half so great a sum—nor do I ever wish to see it. The devil, as saith Saint Francis, our blessed founder, cometh in the guise of gold and silver upon men. Now, what if he should be in this pouch?"

The bachelor, who could not help smiling at the simplicity of this good man, answered, "but this I

give you, father, to be used in charity, in requiting kernes and mourners, and doth not the intention of the giver purify the gift." *Blasphemy.*

"Of a certainty, but there is no need for so much; good friend, take back one-half the sum."

To relieve the scruples of the religious, the bachelor did so, and then receiving his benediction, he, in company with Sir Patrick D'Arcy, and the little imp, his page, made towards the river's edge.

CHAP. XI.—MARTIN SWAART AND HIS MEN.

THE early sun of the May morning was glittering along the river, shooting his beams hither and thither, as if to pierce into every cranny where darkness might have found refuge.

The three personages took station on a knoll of the rising ground which ran by the foot of Winetavern-street, towards Fyan's tower. This as they rightly conjectured would be the place of the debarkation of the Germans. They were soon joined by many others, burghers, men-at-arms, and even knights and nobles, who had been roused from sleep by the same sounds as they had heard.

The scene that was now spread before them, much resembled one of those Italian seaports painted by Claude, in which trees and houses, human figures, boats, shipping, and water, are all grouped on the same canvass. The vista towards the sea, also, was such as that great master might have painted—the palpable, grey haze, struggling against the sunlight, and dipping its fringes into the green, undulating water. But, a charm was added to the enjoyment of the landscape, which painting can never give. The distant sounds of warlike music, of hautboys, trumpets, horns, and drums, came rolling along the full tide, making the old city quiver to its foundation with the martial sounds. Suddenly the music ceased, and the vanguard of the fleet appeared in the distance, advancing slowly and stately up the river.

Among the crowd who had collected on the spot where stood our men, were several esquires, an ancient herald, and the gossiping tanner. These, as the different vessels came into sight, commented aloud, and sometimes disputatiously, on the bearings of the several noble adventurers.

"This is the royal banner of Burgundy," said the tanner, "coming first, and this which follows must be St. George of England."

"Not so fast, master tanner," quoth one of the squires, "may it not be St. George of Burgundy?"

"That it may," said the herald; "there is such an order founded an hundred years back by a pious gentleman of that kingdom, who brought home some relics of the glorious martyr from Palestine."

"It is mainly like our own George," said the pertinacious tanner; "but who is he that standeth on the next deck in the white damask habit, and the violet-coloured hood?"

"This," said the herald, "must be a brother of the order, called among the French 'the Broom Flower in the Husk,' founded by St. Louis, of blessed memory. He is the first of them I have seen."

The next galley that hove into sight was the largest that had yet appeared. On its deck, among a number of knights, stood a tall, powerful figure, of a fair and agreeable complexion, wearing on a surcoat of a creamy colour, a simple purple cross, edged with green.

"This," said the old herald, "must be Swaart him-

self, and that star is the order of Rodolph of Hapsburgh."

The crowd who looked upon the ancient herald, as in this case, most infallible authority, fell to cheering for the brave German. The next two vessels were those of the English Lords, Lincoln and Lovel, who were hailed with new clamours—Lord Lincoln being an especial favourite for his noble bearing and chivalrous character.

Whilst this fleet was thus slowly nearing its destined point of debarkation, the sound of clarions and music approaching the river, from the neighbourhood of Thomas-court, announced the coming of the deputy. In a little time Kildare, the prior of the Hospitallers, the chancellor, and old Fitz-Eustace, with many nobles and gentles more, rode slowly down Winetavern-street. It was so arranged, that their horses just reached the river's edge as the galleys came to the landing. The Irish noblemen dismounting stood uncovered, except the deputy, who, as the representative of the king, dispensed with the ceremony. German and English nobles and knights, stepping on shore, were warmly greeted by those of Ireland, who advanced to the tide mark to meet them.

Then Swaart advanced some paces towards the lord deputy, holding in his hand a billet, tied with a crimson ribbon, which he presented, bowing low. Kildare taking his dagger, cut the billet, and read its contents; then speaking aloud, he said:

"Lieges of King Edward, and dear friends, this silent messenger informeth us, that he who bears it to our hand, is none other than the most renowned Captain Martin Swaart, whose fame hath been sounded from many a field, from the day of Morat to the fray of Nanci. Let us bid him welcome." He then advanced and embraced the German leader, amid the acclamations of the crowd.

"I pray your pardon, noble Earl of Lincoln," he continued, as that personage advanced to pay his respects, "not to me, but to the king. 'Tis I should offer homage to you."

Lincoln bowed low, but the deputy lower still.

"And you, my Lord Lovel," he said, "we have met before now, and should count each other old friends."

"Thanks, noble Kildare," replied Lovel, "I am honoured in your remembrances of me."

"Nay, nay, my lord. Noble Sir, companions of these redoubted soldiers, I bid you all heartily welcome, whether you be of Germany, Burgundy, or France. His majesty lodged here, in our poor castle, will be better able to thank you for your coming than I am. Pray you mount your horses, and come with us to his presence."

The horses of the knights had now been landed from their boats, little, if at all, oppressed with their long sea voyage. Their owners obeyed the deputy's command and mounted. Before they moved, the latter turning about to the citizens, said:

"Loyal burghers and men of Dublin, you have here 3000 valiant strangers, come to tarry with you a week or two, and then to be your comrades in bringing the true king to his throne in England. For his dear sake, and mine, and your renowned city's honour, treat them generously. Aid and refresh them for to-day, to-night they will be lodged in the castle. And so, long live Edward VI."

"Long live Edward VI.!" shouted the enthusiastic crowd. "Long live the Deputy!"

When these cheers had subsided, other voices cried

out, "long live Earl Lincoln—long live the valiant Almain."

Amid these gratulations, the allies marched towards the castle, which they soon reached. Dismounting from their horses, they were arranging the order of precedence, according to the custom of the age, when king Simnel, robed in scarlet and crowned in gold, looking as majestic as any Louis or Phillip of France or Spain, presented himself at the door. At his shoulder stood Sir Richard Symon.

"Welcome, brave friends and allies!" he exclaimed. "You have come so far to serve me, that I could not but come thus far to bid you heartily welcome."

All present were captivated with the grace with which this speech was delivered. A murmur of approbation ran through the ranks of the knights, but Lovel and Lincoln looked at each other with sinister eyes.

"Which of these gentlemen is the renowned Swaart?" he continued.

"Most puissant prince, I am the man you ask for. Ten days and nights, I and these noble persons, numbering some of the choicest knights of England, France, and Germany, have spent in travail and anxiety at sea. God and St. Gall be praised, we are here at last."

"Amen," answered Symon.

"My brave subjects and allies, and you Lords Lincoln, Lovel, and the other peers and knights, I again bid you welcome, and will not longer hold you at parley here. Follow us."

While this scene was being enacted at the castle, the captain of the bachelors, apparently in compliance with Kildare's injunctions, was exerting all his efforts with the citizens for the debarkation of the Germans. To one of these, a middle-aged man-at-arms, of a very jovial exterior, with a beard, in which the white hairs were struggling against the black for a majority, and an eye where jollity had put shrewdness into a corner, he particularly attached himself. This person spoke some words of English, and seemed more than a little pleased to be so favourably noticed by a personage of such consequence as the bachelor. Their short intimacy quickened marvellously soon, so soon, indeed, that Myrtle carried the German to his own house, and insisted on entertaining him during the day. The best wine in his vaults were drawn to light, noon found them carousing and as the evening of the day fell darker, the goblet of the stranger was the oftener filled.

About twilight trumpeters were sent about the city, calling the Germans to their night quarters in the castle.

"Der Teufel!" exclaimed the disturbed trooper, "must I go and leave you, mine friend."

"There is no choice when the trumpet blows," quoth the bachelor; "I wish the trumpeter in limbo."

"Ha! ha! sho do I, mid all my heart," replied his guest, "but I sponse I must go."

"We will meet to-morrow at the tournament," said the bachelor; "did you not hear of it?"

"Na."

"There is to be a grand one, indeed. Some of your foreign lances will be tested, I tell you. But the noblest knight of our kingdom will be absent."

"How's so?"

"He is a prisoner in the castle you will sleep in to-night. Perhaps you may be in the same tower."

"Ha!"

"He is my friend, and the tournament will be spoiled without him."

"Der Teufel! it shall not be spoiled! I will set him free myself—I will cut his chain—I will draw his bolt—I warrant——"

"No, no," said the bachelor, "but I will go with you to the castle, and stay there if I can. I may count on you."

"You! der Teufel! man, count, make me count! oh, yaw, count me, yaw, yaw!"

The new friends pouring a parting libation, set out for the castle, the bachelor stopping on the way, and leaving his orders for the night with the gossiping tanner, who looked mightily puzzled at his companioning with a German jackman.

The Geraldine's Heir.

THE sunlight is waning, and evening's calm shade
Is mantling with sombre hue dingle and glade!
Dark shadows crowd over the Shannon's deep bed,
Where the tower of the Geraldine rears its proud head.

There hangs round that castle an aspect of gloom,
And peals from the belfry a death-boding boom;
There the song and the revel no longer resound—
What means the dread stillness that hovers around?

In her lonely apartment, the fair Emmeline,
The beautiful wife of Fitz Gerald, is seen;
The trappings of woe o'er that chamber are spread—
Can it be that she mourns for the dying or dead?

* * * * *

*'Twas midnight last eve—she watched o'er her sick child—
When a Voice broke the silence in murmurings wild!
Now it rose on the air in a loud, piercing cry—
And again died away in a low, moaning sigh!*

Oh! she well knew the omen that fatal shriek bore—
It told her the days of her Eugene were o'er!
'Ere morn, her loved son, as the *Beanshee* foretold,
Lay in that apartment, pale, lifeless, and cold!

* * * * *

Fair Emmeline wept as she gazed on the face
Of that once lovely child, and endeavoured to trace,
In the motionless form that reclined on the bier,
The fair, blue-eyed boy to her bosom so dear.

But grim Death had deprived that fair cheek of its glow—
It resembled in whiteness the storm-driven snow;
And those eyes which once sparkled with joy and delight
Were bereft of their brilliancy, beauty, and light!

Oh! imagine her grief and her bitter despair,
As she looked on the wreck of her innocent there!
In vain, oh! in vain, were her tears and her sighs—
The spirit she cherished had soared to the skies!

* * * * *

O'er yon hill moves a train sad, dejected, and pale,
And a wild burst of wailing is heard on the gale.
To the grave they are bearing the corse of Eugene,
And the mourners are chanting the soul-rending *caïone* :

CAÏONE :

Bright was thine eye, Eugene,
Piercing and bold ;
Waved o'er thy brow serene
Tresses like gold ;
Fair was thy rosy cheek—
Loving thy smile ;
Pure was thy heart and meek,
Shrinking from guile.
Lifeless that heart is now—cold in the urn !
Gone is that loving smile, ne'er to return !
Uluu, ululu, gulla, g'one !
Long may we weep—thou wilt never return !

Would we had died with thee,
Since thou art dead—
We would abide with thee
In thy cold bed !
But though we leave thee now,
Lonely to lie,
Seraphs receive thee now,
Sent from on high !
Gently they'll bear thee away from the tomb—
Beauty like thine should immortally bloom !
Uluu, ululu, gulla, g'one !
Beauty like thine with the angels will bloom !

High was thy destiny—
A Geraldine !
Higher thy throne shall be
With the DIVINE !
In His dominions bright
Ever to reign,
All that can give delight
Thou wilt obtain !
Angelic minstrelsy ever shall roll,
Shedding sweet melody over thy soul !
Uluu, ululu, gulla, g'one !
Joy shall for ever encircle thy soul !

Cold is the couch where we lay thee to sleep—
O'er thy white bosom the worm shall creep !
Sad, oh, how sad ! is thy last lullaby !—
Eugene, beloved one, why didst thou die ?
Uuluu, ululu, gulla, g'one !
Why art thou gone from us ? Why didst thou die ?

The anthem is ended,
Upturned is the clay,
The corse has descended,
And all kneel to pray—
Chronicles say
The heavens were rended,
And, beautifully blended
With bright hues, a ray,
Whose brilliance transcended
The beams of the day,
Shone down o'er the spot where the Geraldine lay !

And wondrous sounds were heard on high.
From out the sky—
As if a million lyres
With golden wires
By seraph hands were sounded !
Oh ! were the beauteous minstrels seen
By man, I ween
Amid the throng would shine
The Geraldine,
By Heaven's host surrounded !

In a vale near his birth-place this fair child is laid,
Where he softly sleeps on, 'neath a green willow's shade ;
A silvery brooklet winds by his lone bed,
Fertilizing the flowers that grow o'er his head ;

And the warbling of birds and the waving of trees,
As they yield to the sway of the oft-changing breeze,
Make the scene one of melody, love, and delight—
A sweet resting-place for a being so bright !

JUVENIS.

SKETCHES OF

The Lives of Great Christian Artists, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

No. I.—FRANCISCUS RAIBOLINI, CALLED IL. FRANCIA.

CHRISTIAN ART—How full is its history of instruction and of edification, of consolation and of grief, of glory and of shame ? Revolving the long and eventful history of the Christian church, its early sufferings from the time of its formation by its Divine Author, and the first preaching of its sublime doctrines by the humble fishermen of Judea, in that period when the faithful poured forth their aspirations of faith and love in the catacombs of Rome, when the martyr's tomb was the altar of the great Christian sacrifice, and when the cross, to all men—except to the suffering disciples of him who had redeemed mankind by his atoning sacrifice upon it—was the sign of shame, and the symbol of deepest infamy: the mind cannot be oblivious of the earliest offerings of piety, with which the primitive Christians decorated those sepulchral oratories, embodying their dogmas in mystic symbols, delighting to translate into fresco and mosaic, the Baptist's description of their dear LORD, as the "Lamb of God," or the beloved disciple's tender picturing of him, as the "Lamb which was slain from the beginning of the world," and adorning with their costliest gifts that cross, by his death on which their Divine Master had become "to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Gentiles foolishness." Again, when the eagle had succumbed to the cross, when the labarum floated in triumph over the standards of old Rome, when the subterranean catacombs were relinquished for the Imperial Basilicas, the statues of Jove fell before the effigies of God made man—Venus and Diana yielded place for the Virgin Mother of the Incarnate Word, and the pure vestals who loved "to follow the Lamb," and sages and heroes of the old Pagan world were supplanted by apostles and martyrs of the new dispensation. So on in after ages as the church gained strength, as she rejoiced in the conversion of the heathen, or mourned over the treason of the heretic, art

was ever an eloquent exponent of her deepest feelings, so that its remains are now the memorials of long past ages of her history and testimonies of her eternal truths. Whether we view the simple monuments of our own dear, long suffering isle, or the gorgeous triumphs of art in distant and more fortunate lands, the same conviction irresistibly presses upon us, that the spirit which animated and developed the arts of the middle ages was the genius of Catholicity, that "in the abyss of the passion lies the thought of the middle age—an age wholly contained in Christianity, as Christianity is in the passion. Literature, art, the different developments of the human mind, from the third to the fifteenth century, are all suspended in this eternal mystery."* And a feeling no less powerful demonstrates that it was the influence of the spirit of the world, as exhibiting itself in the rebellious frenzy of the sixteenth century, and in the false illuminism and mistaken liberalism of a later age, which ruined art as a faithful mirror of the mind of the church.

The church was the great school in which the artists of the middle age were formed; and so long as they remained her loving children and faithful allies, the inspiration of genius was purified by the flame of devotion; when they treasonably forsook her fold, and disdainfully scorned her protection, their sublimest efforts were valueless; and, volunteering first in the service of the Pagan Mythology, they quickly degenerated to sycophants of licentious courts, and ultimately took refuge in the patronage of ignorant fashion or vulgar wealth. Thus art fell from her dignity, from the loftiest glory to the lowest degradation. The study of material nature, and the embodiment of her forms and effects, became the highest aim of the artist. He no longer believed that art had a purer, a holier sphere than the mere representation of natural objects; that his true mission was to elevate the grosser conceptions of mankind, and raise their loves and hopes from this to a better world.

"To bind with pure and consecrated hands,
Round earth and heaven, a festal flowery chain."

Then were subtle theories propagated, and learned disquisitions held by connoisseurs and virtuosi, as to the cause of the decline or total disappearance of "*high art*," and profound analysis published, which analysis, we may observe, never enabled an artist to produce a tolerable work. Academies were formed for the protection of fading art, but with what success, let the heart-burnings and heart-breakings of many a foiled artist tell—it is not our province to meddle with the subject. Finally came a race of poking dilettanti, who, having seen "*high art*" fairly dead, assisted at her funeral obsequies in the character of chief mourners, with the same amount of sincerity of feeling which we may suppose the "*mourners supplied*," by the undertaker of a modern funeral to possess.

But though Christian art withered, the Christian church cannot decay, and its influence, ever young and vigorous and vivifying, is again beginning to be felt, and, in that land where the fatal schism first began, is restoring to art its religious sentiment. The example of Cornelius and Overbeck is the morning star, we may hope, of a more glorious day than ever yet has beamed on Christian art. These distinguished men, guided by that spirit in which lived and moved all the institutions of the middle ages, have greatly contri-

buted to the restoring of art to its legitimate sphere; and doubtlessly they will not want disciples. The study of the pure feeling and devotional sentiment, which so eminently characterised the earlier masters, they found necessary for a new development; and amongst the most eminent of these old men, may be classed the venerated name we have placed at the head of this sketch, and whose life and character we shall endeavour to describe.

The gold and silversmiths of the middle ages were a race of remarkable artists, and exercised a considerable influence in the development of the arts of painting and sculpture. To them we are also indebted directly for the art of engraving on metal. There existed, in Italy, in the fifteenth century, a class of artists who worked in what has been called *niello*, by which nearly all the church plate of the time was adorned. This description of art was extremely simple in its process, and beautiful in its effect. The process consisted in tracing with the sharp point of a graver, the outline of the subject to be represented, and then filling up the indentations with sulphate of silver, which being black, contrasted with the surface of the metal. Maso Finiguerra was one of these artists in *niello*, and to him first occurred the idea of multiplying copies of his works on metal, by filling the engraven lines, prior to the insertion of the *nigellum* or *niello*, with a black fluid, and then laying over the surface of the metal a damped paper, which, being pressed by the hand or a roller, imbibed the fluid and presented a tracing of the design. The first engraving of this kind is from the pax,* by Finiguerra. It is preserved in the royal library of Paris, while the original pax yet exists in the church of San Giovanni in Florence. It is remarkable that, although the arts of wood cutting and metal

* The *pax* must not be confounded with the *pyx*, as has been done by some Protestant writers. The *pyx* is a cup or case for the reservation of the Blessed Eucharist for the use of the laity, and is now generally called the *ciborium*. The origin and use of the *pax* will be understood from the following notes:

"After the priest has given the salutation of peace, and the people have returned their answer, a deacon goes on to proclaim solemnly that they should salute one another with a holy kiss—and so the clergy salute the bishop, and laymen their fellow men. (Apostolic Constitutions, lib. 8.) Hence arose the custom which is still kept up in many places on the Continent, and in several country congregations in England, of men and women occupying separate sides of the church." *Dr. Rock's Hierurgia*, vol. i. p. 154. See also Bingham's "*Origines Ecclesiasticæ*," book xv. chap. 3, sec. 3. and book viii. chap. 10, sec. 9.

"Pax, or pax-brede. A small plate of gold, or silver, or copper, gilt, enamelled, or piece of carved ivory or wood, overlaid with metal, carried round, having been kissed by the priest, after the Agnus Dei in the mass, to communicate the kiss of peace. There were various images on these pax-bredes, sometimes the crucifixion, sometimes the face of our Lord, sometimes our Blessed Lady with our Lord in her arms, and occasionally that of the Lamb. These images were variously produced by engraving, chasing, enamelling, and painting, or carving, according to the material of the pax.

"The Pax as administered by a kiss, is a practice of remote Christian antiquity, but it does not appear that its transmission by instruments was common before the thirteenth century. It is mentioned in a council held at Oxford, in 1287. *Duo osculatoria* occur as belonging to the chapel of St. Radegunde, in the Inventory of old St. Paul's, made in 1295. They are continually mentioned in the inventories of ancient church ornaments.

"There are many examples of ancient paxes yet remaining, several in private collections; three at St. Marie's College, Oscott, one of the fifteenth century, in silver parcel gilt, is exquisitely wrought; round the outer circle is this inscription—'*Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi miserere nobis.*'" *Pugin's Glossary of Ecclesiastical ornament and costume*, p. 185 and 186.

The subject on Finiguerra's pax is the coronation of the Blessed Virgin by our Saviour, surrounded by saints and angels. This was favourite a subject with the artists of the middle ages.

* Michelet's History of France.

engraving, for pictorial purposes, and typography, to supply the place of the ancient manuscripts, were invented in the same century, the pictorial arts had the precedence of the typographical; the earliest known engraving from wood being that of St. Christopher, in the collection of Earl Spencer, which is dated 1423; the engraving from Finiguerra's pax, 1452, while the first printed book is ascribed to 1455.

Thus it was that the gold and silver smiths of the middle ages often abandoned their labours in metal for others in fresco and on canvas, and amongst the most distinguished of these artists was **IL FRANCIA**, or **FRANCISCUS RAIBOLINI**. He was born at Bologna, in the year 1450. Of his early life, little is known beyond the circumstance of his having learned to work in gold and niello, from one Francia, a goldsmith, of his native city, whose name, in grateful recollection of his memory, he adopted, and ever afterwards signed to his pictures. He practised his profession of goldsmith and niello worker till he had attained his fortieth year, when, we are told, the influence of some artists, who had been invited from Ferrara and Modena to Bologna, gave an opportunity for his grand genius to develop itself. His first picture was a Madonna and the Divine Infant, enthroned and surrounded by groups of saints. It is at present in the gallery of Bologna, and is described as a beautiful and wonderful production for its time. So must have thought Giovanni Bentivoglio, Lord of Bologna, who was so pleased with this first pictorial production of the goldsmith artist, as to commission him to paint an altar piece for the Bentivoglio chapel. Lanzi* says "he signed himself *Franciscus Francia Aurifex*, as much as to imply that he belonged to the goldsmiths' art, not that of painting. Nevertheless, that work is a most beautiful specimen, displaying the most finished delicacy of art in every individual figure and ornament." The same author assures us, that he afterwards enlarged his style, and that two manners were attributed to him. His earliest pictures were in oil, and we can easily conceive how the habits of his former art must have clung to him, and with what difficulty he must have surmounted the minute and restricted style consequent on his niello works, yet we are told that his success in fresco was almost instantaneous.

The fame of Francia soon extended throughout all Lombardy, and his services were sought for by the magnates of every city in Italy. At present there is not, we are informed, a picture gallery in Europe, with the exception of the Louvre, which does not contain at least one of his works.

His first pictures in fresco were the History of Judith and Holophernes, executed for his patron Bentivoglio, in one of the chambers of the palace. He afterwards decorated the chapel of St. Cecilia, with a series of fresco illustrations of her history. The composition of these works is described by Kugler as "extremely simple, without any superfluous figures—the action dramatic and well conceived. We have here the most beautiful and graceful heads, the most noble figures, a pure taste in the drapery, and masterly back grounds." These beautiful works are now, it appears, rapidly falling into decay.

A few of Francia's works have found their way into England. Passavant† says there is a "Holy Family, with the apostles SS. Peter and Paul, in the possession of Mr. Noney, purchased by him from the collection

of the Orleans gallery, exhibited in London from December 1798 till August 1799." He also says, that there was in the collection of Messrs. Woodburn, of St. Martin's-lane, London, in 1833, "a small picture, which, in style of treatment, is very similar to the 'Adoration of the Kings' in the Dresden gallery. This is one of the three *Predella* pictures by Francia, and represents the baptism of our Saviour, with two angels and two turbaned scribes or heathens on the left."* There are also two of Francia's pictures in the collection at Hampton-court—one a "San Sebastian," and the other, "St. John baptizing our Saviour in the Jordan."

But, perhaps, the noblest of this great master's works in England is the altar-piece painted about the year 1500, for the Marchesa Buonvisi, of Lucca, and placed in the Buonvisi chapel, in the church of San Frediano, where it remained till purchased recently by the Duke of Lucca, who sent it to England for sale, with other pictures. It was purchased by the government for £3500, and presented to the National Gallery. It is described by Mrs. Jameson as "composed of two separate pictures. The larger compartment contains eight figures rather less than life. In the centre, on a raised throne, are seated the Blessed Virgin and her mother, St. Anne. The Blessed Virgin is attired in a red tunic and a dark blue mantle, which is drawn over the head. She holds in her lap the infant Christ, to whom St. Anne is presenting a peach. The expression of the Blessed Virgin is exceedingly pure, calm, and saintly, yet without the seraph-like refinement which we see in some of Raffaello's Madonnas; the head of the aged St. Anne is simply dignified and maternal. At the foot of the throne stands the little St. John, holding in his arms the cross of reeds and the scroll inscribed: '*Ecce Agnus Dei*.' On each side of the throne are two saints. To the right of the Blessed Virgin stands St. Paul, holding a sword, the instrument of his martyrdom, and St. Sebastian bound to a pillar and pierced with arrows. On the left, St. Laurence, with the emblematical gridiron and palm-branch, and another saint, probably St. Frediano. The heads of these saints want elevation of form—the brow in all being rather low and narrow—but the prevailing expression is simple, affectionate, devout, full of faith and hope. The back ground is formed of two open arches, adorned with sculpture, the blue sky beyond; and lower down, between St. Paul and St. Sebastian, is seen a glimpse of a beautiful landscape. The draperies are grand and ample—the colouring rich and warm—the execution most finished in every part. On the cornice of the raised throne or pedestal is inscribed '*Francia Aurifex Bononiensis, P.*,' but no date. It measures six feet and a-half by six feet wide. Over this square picture was placed the lunette, or arch, which now hangs on the opposite side of the room. It represents the subject called in Italian a *Pieta*. The Dead Redeemer supported on the knees of his Virgin Mother. An angel clothed in green drapery supports the drooping head of our Saviour; another angel in red kneels at his feet. Grief in the face of the sorrowing mother—in the countenance of the angels reverential sorrow and pity—are most admirably expressed."†

* Passavant, vol. i. p. 250.

† In copying the above very truthful description of Francia's works in the National Gallery, London, we have given the Virgin Mother of our Divine Redeemer the appellation which the Angel Gabriel declared should be given her by all nations, "*Blessed*,"

* Roscoe's Translation, vol. v. p. 27.

† Tour of a German Artist in England, vol. ii. p. 188.

The place occupied by Francia, in the history of art, has been called the "modern antique." He stood between the old and new world of artists. For three or four centuries before his time, a struggle had continued between two different classes of artists, which have been denominated the *naturalists*, and the *idealists* or *mystics*, the respective characteristics of which are thus described by Mrs. Jameson: "On the one side, a race of painters who cultivated with astonishing success all the mental and mechanical aids which could be brought to bear on their profession, profoundly versed in the knowledge of the human form, studying and imitating the various effects of nature in colour, in light and in shade, without any higher aspiration than the representation of beauty for its own sake, and the pleasure and the triumph of difficulties overcome; on the other hand, we find a race of painters to whom the cultivation of art was a sacred vocation, the representation of beauty a means, not an end; and by whom nature, in her various aspects, was studied, and deeply studied, but only for the purpose of embodying whatever we can conceive or reverence as highest, holiest, purest in heaven and earth, in such forms as should best connect them with our intelligence and with our sympathies." For a long time the issue was doubtful, whether art should hold her dignified position as hand-maid of religion, or sink to be the slave of mere secular purposes. Francia appeared to be one of those destined to vindicate the true province of high art, and he was contemporary with, and succeeded by able men, who would probably have sustained the real dignity of the arts, had they not been overpowered by the influences to which we have already alluded. He lived to see the triumph of principles not quite in accordance with his own, the establishment of which ultimately eventuated in the ruin of all that was most noble in art. Had the ardour of Da Vinci, the sublime genius of Michael Angelo, and the exquisite feeling and gracefulness of Raffaello, been more directed by the Christian spirit of an older time, than by the "mighty movements" of the "spirit of the age" in which they lived, art would have reached elevation hitherto unattained.

As a Christian and a man, Francia's character is no less good and amiable than his genius was large and refined as a painter. One loves to dwell on the reflection that his life corresponded with his talents, that while he sought to improve others by the teachings of his works, his practice bore testimony to the sincerity of his precepts. From what we have already seen of him, we may discover in his character two virtues—the most sublime in the entire code of Christian morality, humility and gratitude; the former is manifested in signing himself "*aurifex*," at a period of European history, when painters may be said to have ruled in courts, as they swayed the populace; the latter is seen as a graceful adjunct of the former, in the affectionate manner in which he venerated the memory of his early master. That his private life was the harmonious counterpart of his general character, we have the assurance of Vasari, who describes him as "a man of comely aspect, of exemplary morals, of amiable and cheerful manners; in conversation so witty, so wise, and so agreeable, that in discourse with him, the saddest man would have felt his melancholy dissipated, his

cares forgotten; adding, that he was loved and venerated, not only by his family and fellow-citizens, but by strangers, and the princes in whose service he was employed."

The "great master of Christian device"* in our own times, says, that "any man who possesses the true spirit of Christian art, so far from desiring to occupy an unrivalled position, is delighted when he is equalled, and overjoyed to be surpassed; and this is precisely the point which distinguishes the Catholic from the Pagan artist. The former seeks the glory of God and the church; the latter the applause and the admiration of men." And this is shown by the friendly relations which existed between Francia and the divinest of painters, Raffaello; Francia was thirty-four years the senior of Raffaello, and survived him thirteen years. In the history of their correspondence, we find no assumption on the score of "the experience of years" by the former, no expressed or implied insinuations of the want of wisdom in the "young man," nor any deficiency of gentle kindness and well regulated deference in the latter. How unlike the members of modern academies and schools? On the contrary, we see the utmost respect for each other's genius and brotherly affection to have existed between them. Raffaello says of the Madonnas of Francia, that he "never beheld any more beautiful, more devotional in their expression, and more firmly composed by any artist;" and he concludes a letter which he addressed to him about 1508, with these affectionate words: "continue to love me as I love you, with all my heart." About the same time, Francia addressed a sonnet to the young artist, in which he styles him "the painter above all painters." Eight years after, Raffaello sent to Bologna his picture of St. Cecilia, which he had painted for a princess of the Bentivoglio family. He addressed it to the care of Francia, requesting him to repair any injuries it might receive in the carriage, and to correct any defects in the execution. Francia, on beholding the beautiful work, "burst into transports of admiration and delight, placing it far above all he himself had accomplished."

An interesting circumstance in the life of Francia is told by Lanzi, on the authority of Albini. Raffaello died on Good Friday, 1520, in the midst of his fame. His friend outlived him, and painted a celebrated picture of San Sebastian, which he exhibited in a chamber of the mint of his native city. As was usual at that time, a great work of art attracted admiring crowds of all classes. "Francia, on perceiving the concourse of people increase round his picture, and diminish round the St. Cecilia of Raffaello, apprehensive lest they should suspect him of having executed and exhibited his own, in competition to such an artist, instantly removed and placed it in the Church of "Miserecordia." As we may believe that he always painted for the glory of God, rather than to be distinguished amongst men, it is probable that now, in the decline of life, he felt that

"The voice
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,
That blows from divers points, and shifts its name,
Shifting the point it blows from."

During the latter years of his life, he held the office of master of the mint of Bologna. He died on the 7th April, 1533. His son and pupil, Giacomo, was also a distinguished painter.

* Mr. A. W. Pugin.

and which Mrs. Jameson, all through her works, studiously avoids. It is a degree of irreverence, which characterizes much of the popular literature of England, and, consequently, renders that literature unsuitable to a Catholic people.

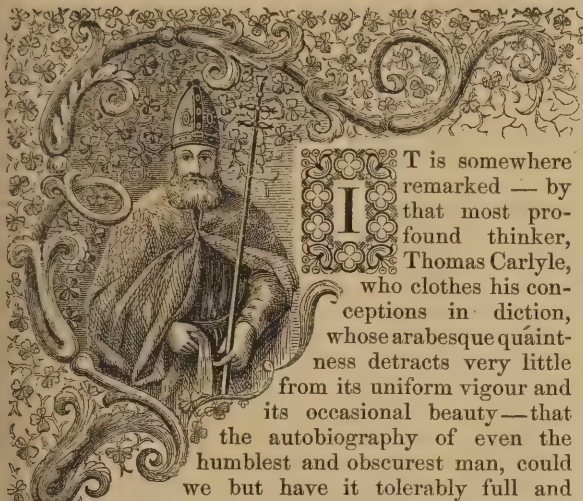
MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF THE

Late Right Rev. John Murphy, D.D.,

BISHOP OF CORK.

PRELIMINARY ON BIOGRAPHY.



IT is somewhere remarked — by that most profound thinker, Thomas Carlyle, who clothes his conceptions in diction, whose arabesque quaintness detracts very little from its uniform vigour and its occasional beauty—that the autobiography of even the humblest and obscurest man, could we but have it tolerably full and candid, would contain abundant matter of an instructive, nay, a good deal, too, of a startling kind. The interior life, could we but fairly get at it, of the poorest drudge, would present a spectacle, not for profane jesting, but for solemn reflection, for wonder, and, perhaps for tears. That strange microcosm into which we so seldom obtain a glimpse, would surprise the complacent apathy of the mere man of fashion, and subdue into awe the arrogance of the self-styled philosopher, whose mind is habituated to the exclusive investigation of the laws and observation of the phenomena of the external world. Generally speaking, where that most curious branch of literature, to which we have adverted—autobiography—does not step in to our relief, and present its interesting light for our guidance through the mazes and the dark windings of the mental labyrinth, we are left at the mercy of conjecture—an uncertain, an unsafe, and in most cases a fallacious leader. The difficulty of a complete and thorough analysis of an individual, is by no means removed by an appeal to the great broad features that identify all human beings as belonging to one vast brotherhood, or to the common faculties which men are found to bring into play, and the more obvious motives by which they are governed. These, after all, even when elaborately and learnedly descanted upon, when elegantly and scientifically classed, when eloquently described, may fill bulky volumes, and give, as undoubtedly they have given, an abundance of task-work to the pens and the tongues of metaphysicians and moralists, are of little service to the writers of a LIFE. They characterise the race—they do not individualise the man. By their help we are enabled to trace the grand lineaments of humanity; to discriminate the human being from the angel that soars above him on the one hand, and on the other from the brute that grovels beneath him. But they afford, if any, an extremely imperfect clue to the intricate mechanism and the endlessly varied complication of motives, whether conflicting or conjoined; of feelings, whether pure or selfish, or mixed; of anticipations, whe-

ther clear or confused, whether slowly evolved or instantaneously brightening into existence; of conceptions, vague or exact, congruous or imperfect; of moral convictions originating in sound knowledge of the nature of duty, or springing partly from emotional impulses, partly from some traditional ideas of right and wrong; of thought, whether linked in harmonious connexion and brought, in a lucid chain of reasoning, to some noble and satisfactory issue, or floating, fugitive, and unconnected; all which, notwithstanding, in a greater or lesser degree, constitute the elements that are at work in each man's brain and heart, and separate him and his little kingdom of the mind (so wondrously diverse in their combination) from the millions of his species. The conscious self, is in this respect, as completely insulated from the universe of its fellows, as if it belonged to another order of intelligent existences. Each man may be said to be the wizard of his own enchanted chamber, and alone to possess the key for unlocking its mysterious secrets. Our only resource for guessing at the nature or the extent of those secrets, in the instance of any given individual, is to be found in conclusions suggested by analogy; and that analogy supplied by the inquirer's own strict or loose habits of reasoning, and the wider or more circumscribed range of his observations and experience. But the whole force of analogy will not enable him to penetrate very far: some few of the outworks may be stormed or undermined, but the holder of the fortress still eludes the fury of the assault, and retires leisurely within the shadow of the citadel, which throws an impregnable barrier against any further approaches. The most powerful intellect, gifted with even rare sagacity, will be frequently at fault, and will often be baffled in the attempt to explain some obscurity, to reconcile some apparent inconsistency, and to give a rational account of some startling anomaly in the conduct or the language of the person whose life he has undertaken to write, simply because some unrevealed, yet real, motive of which he does not suspect the existence—some particular, nay, singular train of ideas of extraordinary influence on the mind of the party entertaining them, but that never occurred to the better regulated or more common-place imagination of the biographer; some delicate, yet most decisive spring of action, undetected, and incapable of being detected by any but the spirit which has bent beneath its sway—one or all remain in the dark background, undisclosed and undiscernible. We have only the outward result; interpret its significance as we may, conjecture its principle and its origin as best we can. The attempt at exposition, the effort to appear analytical may be solemn and learned enough, but it is dull, and perhaps uninformative work; it frequently also is mischievous and silly work—whenever it happens to fall into the hands of the shallow, the malignant, or the presumptuous. The real charm that attaches to biography of any kind, consists in the *quantity* and the *quality*, combined, of whatever so exclusively and individually belongs to one person, that it is not shared by another; and failing the inner world of thought and emotion, into which we have no full and satisfactory means of admission, except that very rare but most delightful one of autobiography, we must rest content with such revelations of human life and character as may be furnished by a liberal and impartial survey of those incidents in a man's career, which may help to throw some light on the powers of his mind, the dispositions of his heart, his

intellectual and moral worth, in relation to his professional calling, to his official rank if such he has attained, and, above all, to the still higher interests of literature, of freedom, of country, and of religion.

Should a man's entrance into life coincide with some stirring epoch in the history of human society, whether religious or political, and either his own abilities or the accident of birth and position, bring him into connexion with the feverish and absorbing excitement of the period, the narrative of his fortunes becomes singularly interesting, from the intermingling stream of private adventures with the impetuous flood of public revolution and change. But if his genius lift him on the crest of the billows, and enable him to command and to controul the moving world beneath him, our sympathy with his struggles, as well as our feeling of glory in his success, rises to the highest pitch of literary enjoyment, and swells from the contemplation of individual prowess, and heroic effort, into the grandeur of a conquest achieved for the good of all. The story of one's life becomes then the history of one's country. The biographical materials, or the biographies already written, which exist in all languages, are really innumerable, and of every conceivable shade and degree of merit. And to a very large class of readers, this merely external view of human existence affords an inexhaustible source of attraction and of harmless amusement; a class, in short, utterly careless, if not contemptuous, of the inward and true life to which we in our sheer simplicity annex so high a degree of importance. These are the admirers of great captains, great reformers, great revolutionists, and great adventurers of every description.

The readers who take a lively interest in the biography of literary and scientific men, compared with the very large class just mentioned, are extremely few, indeed. But their number, too, is perceptibly and gradually increasing. Those who are attracted to the perusal of the records of intellectual activity, struggling with difficulties, conquering prejudices, adding each day some fresh conquest to the territory already won from darkness and error, and at last realising its hopes and reaching its cherished object—in whatever department *that* may lie—must themselves be imbued with somewhat of the same fine spirit so inaccessible to the temptations of vulgar ambition, and so intimately allied with intrinsic beauty and enduring nobleness and worth. Here, too, unless the subject of the biography be communicative enough to let some of his own secrets escape from his inmost sanctuary, or some loquacious Boswell encroach on his confidence, and with the scrupulous fidelity and the tenacious memory of a worshipping humble friend, journalise the sayings and doings of his idol, little can occur to interrupt the course—the level monotony of the narrative, or to throw across the obscure path along which the literary way-farer is travelling, the startling flash which heralds a storm and brings danger as well as light. Respecting the quiet studies and the tranquil ambition of literary men and votaries of science, it may be safely pronounced, with a few variations easily understood and easily accounted for, the life of one is the life of all. What to the ordinary reader will seem either entertaining or instructive, will be the account of the incidents that may have chequered their career, and of those mere striking and salient points that may have served to illustrate the peculiarities of their character.

The lives of men eminent in the political world, distinguished either for the wiles and trivialities of diplo-

macy, or for the higher and nobler art of statesmanship, as they are commonly written, are destitute of a vivid personal characterization, and vanish for the most part into cold and shadowy abstractions. The man merges into the politician. He is good for little else than to stand as the formal exponent of a set of actions or a parcel of opinions. Nearly akin to this stately and pompous sort of biographies, is the account we generally obtain of personages who reach the loftier ranks of professional or official life. The human being disappears in the dignitary. And, beneath the solemnities and pageantry of exalted station, beneath the costly and cumbrous habiliments of the magistrate, the judge, or the prelate, into which a petty mind has swelled, or a great one has shrunk, how seldom can our biographical writers enable us to observe the pulsations of a heart of flesh. The instructive peculiarities of the individual, the foibles or the strength of his character, those minute and countless *shadings-off* that run into each other and exchange places with each other, and that glide with a startling rapidity along the prevailing tissue even of his outward conduct—tokens of the secrets that lie deep within—either elude the notice or baffle the powers of the narrator to record them. And yet, without these what is any biography worth? Given, the age, the profession, the country, a greater or lesser number of personal adventures, the manner and the date of birth and death, the problem of life-writing is easily worked out, and is not much better than a mechanical copy of a *recipe*, care being taken to omit none of the more important ingredients.

The imperfections to which we have now adverted, perhaps at too great a length, inhere in the very nature of such compositions, and are inevitable in the hands even of the most practised writer, and of the most sagacious critic. The ideal of a genuine biography has never perhaps been realized; the utmost that can be accomplished in the case, a rare one, where the subject and the author are both great, will be a generous, a truthful, and an honest endeavour to approximate to the standard that one cannot reasonably hope ever to reach. The remarks now offered in this preliminary way, are meant to refer to those biographical works which are written with consummate care, with artistic skill, with elaborate precision of thought, and that simple elegance of diction, which is its appropriate clothing, and is the last grace that genius can bestow on its productions in this walk. To the following brief and unpretending memoir of the respected Bishop of Cork, they can have no other relation than the very simple one of *suggestion*—having naturally occurred to the present writer while preparing, to arrange in order the few materials at his disposal, for the performance of the task he has voluntarily undertaken.

The life of a Catholic Bishop in Ireland, spent in the unostentatious discharge of his laborious and most important duties, and filled up with those deeds of substantial benevolence and worth, the occasion of which is sure to recur each day, but the record of which has nothing in common with the notabilities of the political or the fashionable world, is, generally speaking, of so even a tenor, and is diversified with so few incidents capable of startling us by their singularity, or of awakening our sympathies by the suffering or the magnanimity involved in them, that nothing particularly attractive to the liberal curiosity of the reader can fairly be demanded from the writer. Exceptions, however, will sometimes occur; when a prelate is coerced by the necessities of his position, or

prompted by the peculiar bent of his talents, or stimulated by a conscientious view of the obligations imposed on him by the sacredness of his office, to take a prominent part, by his pen or his counsels, in the political strife or the religious discussions of the day. His name then becomes distinguished; it is encircled with that pale and fallacious halo of evanescent celebrity which a breath may dissipate; or it gradually but surely brightens into the enduring glory of true fame. The Right Rev. Dr. John Murphy, late Bishop of Cork, was not one of those exceptions. He was content, during his lengthened career, with the punctual discharge of the various functions attached by usage and by right to the several offices which he successively filled in the Catholic Church of Cork, and appeared to look for no reward but the approval of his own conscience, and an humble confidence in the merciful dispensations of his God and Redeemer as to the final adjustment of his lot in the world to come. He was satisfied with taking an active, yet unambitious, part in every great and good work connected with the preservation of religion and the progress of sound learning—whether it was originated by others or was suggested by himself—the applause and the merit he willingly relinquished to the more ardent, the more bustling, or the less delicate persons with whom he was called upon to co-operate. Provided he was able to do good in secret, and to work out, with silent and untiring zeal, the completion of some beneficent project, he was disinterestedly ready to forego human praise however gratifying to vanity, and a still harder task—to disregard, though he might not condemn, the sharp censures of the presumptuous and the uncharitable. In his steady pursuit of the path of rectitude, without being altogether indifferent—what good man can be so?—to the approbation of the wise, he yet neither courted eulogy nor shrank from misrepresentation. This was not owing to apathy, but to a cautious and well-regulated policy; and, in no small degree, to a constitutional reluctance to obtrude himself or his affairs on public attention, and thereby to expose himself to those petty irritations by which the equanimity of his temper might be disturbed, and that tranquillity of rational enjoyment which he so dearly prized, be rudely encroached on by the unwelcome and the ungracious labour of self-praise or self-defence.

From a frame of mind thus naturally constituted, and with its peculiarities strengthened by habit, it were vain to expect actions of romantic interest, or events that would in any remarkable degree excite the admiration or gratify the curiosity of the reader. A strange thing it is in the history of man, while we contemplate the distribution of praise and the allotment of fame, that by the very necessity of the case, the deeds of subordinate worth, and of secondary excellence, are those precisely which more frequently arrest the attention of the world, and burst into light upon the astonished gaze of the multitude. While the voiceless merit of heroic generosity, with its thousand sacrifices—the beauteous and blessed offspring of self-denial, gentleness, forbearance, forgiveness, mercy—the hourly martyrdom of Christian love—renewed for ever, and perpetuated through a long life, perhaps of wasting illness, of obscure toil, and of chilling poverty, has no memorial to record its nobleness, and no eye but the eye of the All-seeing Father to look with complacency upon the fairest earthly image of his Divine nature. O history! O reputation! O human celebrity!

Dr. John Murphy was born in the City of Cork, in

the year 1772, of parents remarkable for their piety, integrity, and respectability of character. His family were engaged, on a limited scale, in those commercial pursuits which have since that period exercised the talents, and crowned the enterprising spirit of their descendants with that amount of opulence, whose best characteristic it is that as it has been amassed with unspotted honour and honesty, so is it uniformly dispensed with a liberality which is as generous as it is judicious, and a hospitality not unworthy of the merchant princes of the glorious old republics of Italy. While yet a boy of tender years, he displayed that union of fervent devotion and of attachment to learning, which even then led his anxious and affectionate parents to prognosticate, with fond hopes, his future vocation to the ecclesiastical state.

The dispositions and talents thus manifested, were carefully nurtured by a proper course of study, and by those religious exercises suited to the temper and the opportunities of the child, but above all, by the happy influence of domestic precepts enforced and enriched by the example of domestic virtue, for which no other species of discipline to which a young creature may be subjected, can be a safe or an adequate substitute. He was also singularly fortunate in one circumstance at this early period of his education. Among the men of talent and piety who used to frequent his father's house, and shed, on the hospitable board, the blended lights of religious wisdom, and of playful Irish wit, the great Arthur O'Leary was the most welcome and distinguished guest. The attention of this true sage, patriot, and humorist, was soon attracted by the insinuating address, the devout conduct, and the literary tendencies of his youthful host, who was invited to enjoy the privilege and the delight of reading whole chapters of the sacred volume; and, with upturned face and looks beaming with gratitude and wonder, to listen to the exposition of the more difficult passages, which fell with simple beauty and grandeur from the eloquent lips of the good priest. The effect of such honoured companionship must have sunk deep into the heart, and penetrated as it improved the whole character of the student. Under such auspices was his early boyhood ripened into a passion for learning, and into the love and the practice of virtue. And it was not long before he won the friendship and the respect of the Venerable Dr. Moylan, then Bishop of Cork, by whose advice and under whose direction he was induced to leave his native city, at the early age of fifteen, and proceed to Paris for the purpose of completing his classical and initiatory course of studies, and entering upon the graver, the severer, and more important departments of the mathematical, moral, and theological sciences. Perhaps, in no European capital, were the facilities presented to so great an extent as in Paris, for the prosecution of every branch of knowledge, from the humblest beginnings and the simpler elements of polite letters and the more common sciences, up to the loftiest speculations in theology, and the comprehensive range of the mixed and applied mathematics, not to speak of the pure and transcendental provinces of that science. The public libraries, the great lecture-halls, the several seminaries, the colleges, the renowned University, with its many dependencies and tributaries, and the eminent men who occupied, in each of those nurseries of erudition, the professors' chair, constituted a staff and a *materiel*, unrivalled for attractiveness and efficiency, in the view of a youthful aspirant, anxious to accumulate the trea-

tures of ancient and modern lore, and to prepare himself for an honourable career of professional utility or of literary eminence. We may rest assured that ideas and hopes of this description were by no means unfamiliar to the mind of the pious, ardent, and intelligent John Murphy. But his prospects in this direction were doomed to be speedily darkened, by those disastrous shadows which the coming events of the great French revolution threw, in their gigantic proportions and with baleful pressage, over the whole length and breadth of the devoted land, while the hearts of men were strangely agitated, as they yielded to the alternate and conflicting emotions of hope and of dread. Immediately after the demolition of the Bastile—an event pregnant with important results, far beyond the sample it afforded of the terrific power which an infuriate populace can wield when stung, by oppression, into outrage—and when in blind wrath it wreaks itself on the first symbols of tyranny it can grapple with; beyond, too, the instances of heroic daring, as well as of precipitate cruelty, exhibited in the transaction itself, the young Irish student, before he had completed a sojourn of two years in that city, was prompted by his fears or his prudence to retrace his steps homeward, and there to resume and continue in a safer though an obscurer asylum, the literary avocations which had been thus rudely interrupted by the first shock of that mighty political convulsion.

From the autumn of 1789, till January, 1791, he pursued in the city of Cork his elementary studies, and then set out for Lisbon, with the determination of prosecuting his ulterior views as to the Christian ministry, and qualifying himself by a proportionate progress in professional and ecclesiastical attainments, and by the equally necessary culture of genuine holiness of heart and a clerical sanctity of demeanor, for the high office and the grave responsibilities of the priesthood. The Irish College at Lisbon was at that critical period under the enlightened and zealous superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Daly, a man distinguished for good sense and firmness in the discharge of his duties as president of that seminary, under circumstances of peculiar delicacy and danger. John Murphy, besides other circumstances which were calculated to embalm, in the sacred and precious memories of his early life, his Lisbon residence, had the good fortune to form the acquaintance and to cultivate the friendship of the late learned and truly estimable Bishop of Cloyne and Ross, Dr. Bartholomew Crotty, who was then a professor in the college, and in that capacity was enabled at once to appreciate the virtues, the character, and the extraordinary mental powers of his interesting young countryman and disciple. This strong attachment that grew up between the student and the professor, grounded on the solid foundation of mutual esteem and reverence, and cemented still more closely by a community of tastes, of pursuits, and of objects, knew neither interruption nor decay through the protracted period of more than half a century, and the various vicissitudes of subsequent life which marked their respective careers, until, at last, elevated to the same rank in the Catholic church of this country, they became allied in their high functions as prelates in neighbour dioceses, just as they had been previously allied in the affections of their hearts. And in death, too, they were not divided, for they died within a few months of each other; and but a few short miles separate the graves where their mortal remains lie buried—in Middleton the one, in Cork the other.

How well he profited of the ample means for intellectual improvement that were placed at his disposal in this excellent theological school, may be easily conceived from the fact, that he was earnestly pressed to accept a professor's chair in his college—an honourable post which he was obliged to decline accepting, in consequence of the commands of his bishop, who required his presence in Cork, and was most anxious to bring so important an accession to the piety and learning that then distinguished the officiating Catholic clergy of that city. He returned, therefore, to his native diocese in August, 1797, after more than six years' residence in the capital of Portugal. On his arrival in Cork he was immediately appointed curate and fellow-labourer, in the parish of SS. Peter and Paul, with the great and good Dr. Florence M'Carthy, who for some years previously had been actively and usefully engaged in the administration of it. The example of this illustrious missionary so truly designated—by the preacher of Dr. Murphy's funeral sermon—as the greatest of parish priests, whose robust intellect enriched by so many acquisitions in every walk of human learning, was only surpassed by his goodness of heart and by his indefatigable zeal in the discharge of his duties, must have exerted a most beneficial influence on the mind and the conduct of his junior assistant. The Rev. John Murphy soon displayed so remarkable a union of ardor, activity, and enlightened piety, with a chastened yet fervid eloquence in his public instructions; in short, so much good taste and good sense in what he said, combined with so much of edifying regularity in what he did, that the expectations and the predictions of his venerable bishop were more than realised; and as an unequivocal proof of his confidence and respect, upon Dr. M'Carthy's removal to the charge of St. Finbar's, the south parish, our young priest was immediately entrusted with the superintendence of SS. Peter and Paul's. It would be difficult to name a man who discharged the functions of this important mission, with greater efficiency, and with happier results to the cause of morality, of religion, and of sound Christian knowledge. And during the fifteen years which elapsed from his appointment to that parish, to his consecration as Bishop of Cork in 1815, he joined, what is rather uncommon in the life of an Irish missionary priest, a regular and systematic attention to study in every branch of professional and miscellaneous knowledge, with an exact and an unwearied assiduity in the fulfilment of the active duties of a laborious parish priest; a circumstance illustrative at once of his conscientious views as to his sacred obligations, and of that attachment to literature which formed so honourable a characteristic of his career, and which neither the weight of years, nor the distraction of manifold pastoral cares, nor the pressure of disease was ever once found to relax. This admirable adjustment of the outer to the inner life, this harmony between what divines technically denominate "THE CONTEMPLATIVE AND THE ACTIVE"—a problem, the solution of which lies beyond the conception and the power of your bustling men of business, could only be the result of a judicious and punctual distribution of time, wisely adopted in early manhood, and rigorously persevered in to the last.

If this observation be attended to, we shall not be surprised at the blessed fruit which on all sides sprung up in the wide field entrusted to his spiritual culture. Equal edification and equal benefit were produced by

the manner in which he performed every part of his ministry. Nothing could exceed his fatherly solicitude for those classes, that, alas! are but too numerous in every large city, where the extremes of our social condition are brought into such close and startling contiguity. His pastoral tenderness and care were pre-eminently conspicuous in his visitation of the sick; his consolation to the dying; his intrepid vindication of the poor and the oppressed; and his promptitude to alleviate every form of anguish, of suffering, and of trial to which the destitute are exposed. It was interesting to remark, also, the masterly skill with which he was able to conduct two very opposite methods of public instruction, and the ease and rapidity with which he passed alternately from one to the other—the perspicuity and simplicity of his catechetical lectures to the young and the uninstructed; yet, adorned with those picturesque and apposite illustrations which are by no means inconsistent with that style; and the widely different and more elaborate and ornate tone that distinguished his pulpit eloquence. His style in this department, though it bore evident traces of studious preparation, was yet singularly fluent and lucid, like a rivulet which has widened into the graceful flow and the transparent depth of a stream, without the tumultuous rapidity of the torrent, or the solemn grandeur and the majestic movement of a great river. His arguments were of the obvious and common-place description; his method, or rather his plan of division, was neat and intelligible, resembling a good deal the system of French preachers, whom in this respect he looked up to as the choicest models. His figurative language was bold, without trespassing the limits of a lively rhetoric, or ever aiming at, much less reaching that *felicitous audacity* of eloquence—the lightning safely wielded only by divine hands—hurled now and then from the flaming lips of a Demosthenes, a Bossuet, a Danton, a Mirabeau, an Erskine, and a Grattan. Dr. Murphy might occasionally remind one of the amiable and accomplished Archbishop Murray; his style, however, never attained the finished yet masculine elegance that marks the discourses of the last named prelate; but the bishop of Cork successfully cultivated his powers of elocution, so as to render his delivery more fervent, more impassioned, more effective, and yet not less harmoniously regulated and controuled than Dr. Murray's.

As Dr. Murphy had been a zealous and most exemplary parish priest, so upon his elevation to the episcopal rank, on the death of his saintly predecessor, Bishop Moylan, in the spring of 1815, his conduct from that period to the day of his death, uniformly evinced those excellent qualities which add dignity to rank and usefulness to splendour. The youthful prelate had a noble career opened to his talents and his love of religion, and with honour, fidelity, and benefit to the church did he pursue it. It is already known, that on the occasion of his first visit to Rome, he was employed by the Irish prelates on an important mission with Dr. Murray and the present bishop of Dromore, Dr. Michael Blake; by their temperate yet firm, their most judicious yet inflexible resistance to the odious and unpopular because dangerous measure of the Veto, that insidious embryo, generated by the unhallowed junction of craft and of weakness, was finally crushed—never again, let us hope, in any shape to be revived. As soon as Bishop Murphy returned, after the successful accomplishment of his mission to the Holy See, he commenced the discharge of those extremely labo-

rious and difficult duties which devolved upon him. It became one of his principal cares to carry out into complete fulfilment those beneficent and wise projects, for the good of religion and improvement of society, which had originated in the devout forethought and profound sagacity of Dr. Moylan's religious mind. The education of the poor—more especially of the female poor—and the restoration of public worship to something of the splendour, or at least, the befitting decency of which, in most parts of his extensive diocese, it had been long divested. The first of these two most important objects he never ceased to have at heart, and his strenuous exertions were incessantly directed, till within a few hours of his lamented death, to the thorough realization of it. Branches of that invaluable order of religious ladies—the presentation nuns—were spread by his zealous and unremitting solicitude, from the parent stock in the city to those localities in the diocese where their benign and blessed presence was most needed. And under his auspices, also, this signal boon of heaven was extended throughout the greater part of the kingdom, where its beneficial results are appreciated by every friend to education and to the moral and intellectual advancement of our poor people. His attention was directed, in a most particular way, to the erection of schools and the appointment of competent teachers, both male and female, in the more remote and rural districts of that extensive diocese. And in that connexion it may be stated, how warmly he lent his powerful patronage to the maintenance, on a magnificent scale, of the great educational establishment for boys, conducted by the presentation monks, and by that unrivalled body of teachers the Christian Brothers, so deservedly honoured wherever their efficient and noble system of instruction has been encouraged, throughout the kingdoms of continental Europe, and in many of the states of America. The second of those objects which claimed his fostering support, was the erection of new and commodious, if not splendid, edifices for public worship, which, in many instances too, owing to the munificence of the public and the spirit of the presiding clergyman, aspired to the character of architectural elegance and even of costly and tasteful decoration. Akin to these laudable efforts for the improvement of his flock, and for the perpetuation and purity of their faith and morals, was the encouragement he gave to the introduction of the orders of Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy amongst the other religious and benevolent institutions for which the City of Cork is celebrated. These twin sisterhoods, aiming at the same sublime work of ministering to the physical sufferings and the moral maladies of the obscure, the contemned, the forgotten, and the destitute are peculiarly fitted for carrying on the divinest work of Christ's Gospel of love, in large and densely populous communities like the city of Cork, where even in ordinary circumstances, not to speak at all of the frequent visitation of famine and pestilence, so many objects must hourly be met with, on whom the heavenly influences of such an agency may be exerted with singular benefit to the individual and to society at large. It is superfluous to notice, what stands legibly recorded in the *comptes rendus* of the society itself, the lively, untiring, and most practical anxiety he felt and proved for the success and triumphant labours of the great ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

Dr. Murphy's exertions in behalf of education were not confined to his own diocese. Ever since his ap-

pointment as one of the trustees of Maynooth College, he laboured incessantly and indeed successfully, in conjunction with the more liberal and enlightened members of that most respectable board, to introduce those gradual improvements into the course of studies pursued in that national seminary, which was imperatively demanded by the high state of scientific and literary culture, attained or aimed at by society at large—outside the walls of collegiate or academical institutions. Dr. Murphy's own proficiency in every branch of elegant literature and of general science, gave an authority and a weight to those suggestions and recommendations which from time to time he deemed it his duty to offer to his co-trustees, who were so well qualified to pronounce upon this claim to their respectful attention. He was also ardently devoted to the preservation of what still survives of the ancient language and literature of Ireland; and his erudite zeal in this respect is attested by numerous manuscripts, amounting to some hundreds, elegantly transcribed under his own direction, and still preserved among the other treasures of his great library—the labour of half a century, rich in most of the products of human learning, and probably the most varied and extensive private collection in the united kingdom. Though the worthy bishop made no specific bequest of them in his will, nor, indeed, gave any general direction to his executors as to the disposal of this library, it is to be hoped that the great object which would ennoble and consecrate the labour of collection, will not be altogether frustrated, and that his public spirited and pious relations will consult, by a judicious arrangement of the matter, for his fame and their own character for honour and independence.

During his long episcopate, he adhered with a vigorous punctuality to the laudable practice of a biennial visitation of his whole diocese; and this he never could be induced to relinquish by any considerations of mere personal inconvenience or hardship. In the administration of the sacrament of confirmation—that special function of the episcopal order—he was singularly assiduous and regular, and has left no arrears for his successor to discharge. In this, as in all other duties attached to his eminent station in the church, his conduct was most instructive and stimulating to the younger prelates, who might occasionally be brought into contact with his more experienced zeal and energy. In the support of all local as well as general charities, he was unostentatiously liberal, while his private beneficence knew no bounds. His hand was generally open, and his great practical wisdom was profuse of admirable counsels, sagacious hints, and encouraging suggestions, to the struggling shop-keeper, the needy but industrious artisan, the decayed man of business, the aspiring artist, whose genius he cheered and whose despondency he upheld; and the sensitive man of letters, whose sensitiveness he respected, whose honourable ambition he sustained, and whose hopes he cheered and brightened.

His intercourse with his clergy of every age and station, was characterised by the politeness of the gentleman; and the stateliness of official superiority was lowered and softened by an unaffected urbanity, which showed how frequently and how naturally the sternness of the BISHOP would relax into the affection of the FATHER. Mildness and forbearance were the leading features that distinguished his government of the clergy and the people of the diocese of Cork. And though his kindness of disposition, and his unwill-

lingness to interrupt the established order of things in any part of his jurisdiction, joined with his readiness to overlook venial errors in some among his clergy, tempted him to postponement of reforms that by some were deemed necessary, and to a dilatoriness that verged on the brink of a serious fault, yet no prelate knew better how to vindicate his authority or maintain his rights, whenever the case appeared, to his impartial judgment, to require a prompt and decisive interposition; he could be both steadfast and stern, when all gentle methods failed with some obstinate fool, or some incorrigible delinquent.

He was disinclined by his tastes, his habitual caution, and, perhaps, by his well-considered and settled convictions, to take any active or prominent part in the political struggles for the amelioration and freedom of his country. But he yielded to none, even of his more impassioned, more energetic, and more popular brethren of the Catholic hierarchy, in genuine, rational, and manly love of true Irish independence. He distrusted, or he pitied the boastful pretensions of some politicians, to a superior and purer attachment to their country's good than falls to the lot of the experienced, and therefore cautious, advocates for practicable improvement in the institutions of the country. He had little toleration for that exclusive political fanaticism which will not admit to a fellowship, in the spirit of patriotism, those who may conscientiously differ respecting the means whereby the cherished object, equally dear to both parties, may be surely and successfully accomplished. Governed by the same prudence and cautious discernment in his intercourse with the Irish bishops, when questions of serious import came before their lordships for examination or decision, he uniformly leaned, on debateable topics, to the side of calm and dispassionate good sense; and his views on some recent subjects that have excited a considerable share of the public attention, and some rather inconsiderate sallies of controversial heat, coincided in the main points, with those espoused, in mild and consistent firmness by the Primate of all Ireland, and by the venerable and honoured Archbishop of Dublin. And though many amongst the prelates, and great numbers amongst the clergy, entertain very different opinions on those subjects, yet their adhesion to them will suffer no discredit, by according to the venerable deceased and to the learned and illustrious living, the common justice of high-minded, pure, and disinterested motives, of long-tried devotedness to the great cause of Catholic Christianity, and of a profound love of their religion, tested, invigorated, and hallowed by toil, by endurance, by many sacrifices, and by nameless vicissitudes and trials.

Bishop Murphy had for some years past laboured under chronic disease of the chest. But owing to a careful and most abstemious regimen, he had frequently been able to subdue many a severe paroxysm which threatened a fatal result. He exposed himself, however, a few days before his death, to an aggravated attack of the constitutional disease, by excessive and imprudent exertion, on the occasion of a domestic affliction that befell a near and dear connexion of his own. The more alarming symptoms of dropsy of the chest showed themselves again and again, and by his own recuperative and elastic energies, aided by scientific medical skill, they were as frequently got under; so much so, indeed, that though he yielded to the wishes of his clergymen and friends in receiving the last sacraments, he yet entertained a conviction that he

should evidently triumph over the force of the malady and the fears of his attached family and domestics, and again resume his episcopal functions with renovated health, for the edification of his beloved flock. This hope, amounting almost to a certainty on his part, expressed in no obscure terms, a few hours before his demise, to the writer of these recollections, on the night of Wednesday in Holy week, will serve in some measure to explain why he left after him so many unaccomplished purposes, and so many incomplete arrangements intimately connected with the proper government of his diocese, and the dearest interests of religion, a circumstance utterly inexplicable on any other supposition. To the last he retained the undiminished vigour of all his mental powers; and even his harmless playful humour abandoned him not, and, in presence of him who now pens these lines, its last flickering light gleamed over the couch of the dying prelate before it was finally quenched. He expired without a struggle, on Holy Thursday morning, 1st April, at half-past two o'clock, in the thirty-second year of his episcopate, and seventy-fifth of his age.

The newspapers tell the rest—the funeral pomp—the dirge for the dead—the funeral procession—the entombment—the monthly obsequies—the funeral oration, and the other solemn formalities that console and distract the survivors. But to the dead. Alas!

His character has been faintly yet honestly portrayed in the preceding pages; any further attempt at delineation would be superfluous to those who are capable of interpreting their import, and would be useless to those who require any additional helps to enable them to form an accurate and impartial opinion of the abilities and virtues of the Right Rev. Dr. John Murphy, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork. We can afford room only to conclude our remarks, by reiterating the hopes expressed by the preacher of the funeral sermon, in presence of the prelates and clergy of Munster, that we may be enabled, the less to deplore the loss of the deceased Bishop of Cork, while contemplating the virtues and the accomplishments of his successor, whoever that may be, according to the permission of an over-ruling Providence.

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OUR NATIONAL EXHIBITION

OF Fine Arts.

So we presume we are to call (by a figure of speech, rather than as an enunciation of a verity) the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy for the present year. What pretensions it has to be considered a national exhibition, we shall soon see, but first we must premise a few words respecting the progress of the fine arts in Ireland in latter years.

We well remember the exhibition of the year 1838, and truly a disheartening display it was. The entire collection, including paintings in oil and water-colours, sculpture and architectural designs, did not amount to more than one hundred and ninety works. The exhibition of that year was not more miserable in its numbers than despicable in its character, consisting for the most part of wretchedly-painted portraits. All our artists of any note, Rothwell, Lover, and others, had left the country in despair, resigned their academicianships in disgust, and contributed nothing to our exhibitions. The following year there was no exhibition. Irish art, unaided, had made its last struggle in

1838. In 1840, the Royal Irish Art Union was established for the encouragement of the fine arts. The Hibernian Academy opened its exhibition, and the improvement in its character was most conspicuous. But, how was this improvement obtained? Was there a sudden impulse given to national art—had our eminent artists returned—or had those who remained made a miraculous effort—or, indeed, was the improvement *national*? No such thing. None of all these had occurred, nor have our resident artist much improved since; nor has one single impulse been given to art as a national thing. No effort has been made to create a school of artists “racy of the soil,” whose works would be illustrative of our country’s wondrous history—reflexes of our national habits, feelings, or traditions, and above and before all, visible embodiments of our national faith. The improvement in the exhibition was exotic, and in many respects purely representative of our social condition in latter years. It became generally known that the Royal Irish Art Union was up to the spirit of the age, as it is called, and fully recognized the principle of “Free Trade” in the arts. Irish art, as such, was to receive no especial mark of favour. It was allowed to struggle with foreign and stronger competitors, and the principle being recognized of getting the best value for the money given, no matter whence that value came, Irish art was overpowered by its stronger rival. So that in fact the exhibition of the *Hibernian Academy* was little better than the show-room of *English and Scotch* pictures which many seasons previously had been exhibited in London, and having failed in purchasers, took the round of the “provinces,” and finally came to the metropolis of this “*province*,” and were here purchased with *Irish* money. This practice of exhibiting unsold English and Scotch pictures in our Academy, has continued increasing since the formation of the Irish Art Union till the present year, notwithstanding the law of the Academy which expressly says that “no works which have already been publicly exhibited can be received.” The disorganized and distressed state of the country naturally suggested the idea, that the funds of the Irish Art Union would not be so large this year as during former years, and we consequently find a proportionate falling off in the contributions from English artists, and still greater from the Scotsmen—wise in their generation. If the “panic” continue, and be well founded, we may expect that next year our national exhibition will be similar to that of 1838.

Now we are not at all anxious to lay the blame of all this at the door of the Irish Art Union; far from it. We believe that that institution has done good service in exciting the taste for the fine arts—we do not say creating it, for we believe the taste existed long before, though dormant at the period of the society’s formation—but that is the full amount of its utility—we are not desirous to cause dissensions or murmurings against an institution, because it has failed in accomplishing all we could wish; we would rather respect and preserve it for the good it has conferred, while at the same time we desire to be outspoken as to its shortcomings. In time, we hope, the Irish Art Union will cease playing at eclecticism in the arts, and take a wider scope and safer standing. We mean that it will aid in the development of a truly national art, an art *exclusively and intensely* Irish. There is no illiberality or selfishness in this at which philanthropists may be frightened. Art, in every country, to be vigorous must be national; it must be the manifestation

of the national mind, the exponent of the people's feelings, speaking to them of their glories, their wrongs, and woes, reflecting the past and shadawning forth the future. To bring about this vigour, the encouragement must be great and *exclusive*. The history of art in Italy and in all other countries proves this. What country made so great a fame in the fine arts as the single Republic of Florence? and we are assured by Lanzi and others, that not only were the subjects "exclusively national," but that the Florentines were jealous of the employment of foreign artists, who were seldom admitted except as instructors, when art was in its infancy in the Florentine state. And those foreigners did not import subjects with which the Florentines had no sympathy, but rather conformed themselves to the habits of their adopted country, and painted subjects congenial to its feelings. This is the cause of the distinction of "schools" which have existed with distinguishing peculiarities in all countries, since the commencement of civilization, and will exist till some system of universal imperialism reduces all mankind to one dead level, and gives them one habit of thought, feeling, and action, and one language of expression—an impossible event, truly. So we find in all western Europe, even till our own day, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, French, English and Scotch schools as different in their styles, as are the climates and customs of the people to whom they belong. Aye, even the Scotch have a school, and a living and promising thing it seems to be. Of its character, its cause, and its destiny, thus has spoken one perfectly competent to form a correct judgment in the matter.* "In Scotland the art is in a promising condition, and the Scottish school is in purer taste than the English. Living, as the artists do, in the most magnificent city in Europe, surrounded by a country pregnant with historical recollections, and guided by their own shrewd understandings, the school in Edinburgh will, before many years, take a very high rank in art." We wish we could say all this for Ireland. Truly we are surrounded by historical recollections, if we only pleased to reflect, but the best of our artists do not live amongst us, they are exiles or wanderers from their native land, seeking for subsistence by giving that talent to the service of strangers which should be adorning the land of their forefathers. Hence we have no Irish school, but our capital city affords a yearly mart for the sale of the refuse of foreign exhibitions.

The present is the worst exhibition we have seen since 1840, both in the number of works and in their character. We miss the works of some of our absent countrymen, whose names and productions (though of a foreign character) were becoming familiar to us, and used to cause us to cherish a hope that we might yet have them working for and amongst us. Maclise, Danby, Rothwell, Lover, and others contribute nothing. Crowley exhibits but one picture, Fisher one, Mac Manus one, Nicholl two. Of the English contributors in former years, Allen, Horsely, Redgrave and several others have fallen off; and from the Stacks, Jutsums, Bakers, Boddingtons, *et hoc genus omne*, we have just received as many as they think will *sell*. And, indeed, we sustain no great loss in the deficiency. We are sorry we cannot speak favourably of what has been done by resident Irish artists, but as we have already indicated, notwithstanding all the talk, and cant (it is

the Irish for talk), and bluster about what was being done, and about to be done, for the fine arts in Ireland, during the last seven years, the *native* has not, in any sense, been cultivated; so that if the premium on the importation of *foreign* pictures was withdrawn, we would, left to ourselves, cut as ridiculous a figure on the artistic stage as ever. And so it will be while the present system is continued. Gentlemen of the Irish Art Union, you must, in your wisdom, devise some practicable plan for the encouragement of native art and resident artists, or in the event of another famine you will tumble to the ground, and the artists may be safely lodged under it, like several of their less distinguished countrymen.

Mr. Mulvany, who erewhile ambitioned high art, and was sometimes national, has this year sunk into portrait painting. Mr. Robert J. Kelly, who formerly gave promise of the imaginative, as a pupil of the Royal Dublin Society, now as a full-grown artist, affectionately exhibits a "Portrait of his mother," and some other portraits, of the verisimilitude of which we cannot speak, not having seen the originals, but of the style—we hope the artist will improve. By far the best portraits in the exhibition, and, indeed, the only works of that class, with few exceptions, which challenge attention by fidelity to nature and beauty of execution, are those by Mr. Catterson Smyth, R.H.A. Mr. Haverty exhibits portraits which must ever be interesting to us, as memorials of cherished names, and associations. No. 89, "The late Daniel O'Connell, reading the manuscript of his address to the electors of Clare (Tuesday, June the 24th, 1828), to P. Vincent Fitzpatrick and Frederick W. Conway." This is now a historical picture; and while standing before it, recollections crowded upon us sad and tumultuous: There stood before us the herculean frame which contained the master mind that wrung from the powerful oppressors of his creed and country the long denied right of religious liberty: there the demagogue, who, made strong by the English constitution, dared to incur the public denunciation of the sovereign head of that constitution, unable to inflict the slightest chastisement on the leader of a turbulent people, made peaceful by the magic of his unheard of power; the chief who could, by the raising of his hand marshal millions of passionate men in warlike array, vowing solemn vows to regenerate their father-land, and then disband them with a nod. He was, in the year '28, in the fulness of his intellectual and physical power. The following year saw the accomplishment of his greatest work, unless we except the sowing of the seeds of nationality which have already begun to fructify, and will yet bring forth fruit an hundred fold. The likenesses in Mr. Haverty's picture, we think, are good for the time—the scene most interesting—it was one of the grand political moves of our lost leader, and the move which check-mated Peel.

No. 310. Portrait of the late Gerald Griffin, a name which will be revered in Ireland so long as truth, purity, and genius shall be worshipped by mankind. We cannot say much for the fidelity of the likeness, not having seen the lamented original till within a year or two of his death, when sickness, care, and dead ambition had left their traces on his manly forehead and amiable face. Mr. Haverty's picture represents him before this time.

We recollect Mr. Harwood's early productions some few years since. They gave good promise which his present works realize. He has, we believe, been study-

* Encyclopædia Britannica. Art. Painting, by B. R. Haydon. Poor Haydon was an English man, rather hypercritical as a censor, a saturnine enemy of academies, and no great admirer of the Scotch generally, so that we may esteem his testimony impartial.

ing on the Continent—his pictures indicate so. He now resides in London. In No. 11, "Othello relating his adventures," he embodies one of the most generally interesting scenes of the great English Dramatist. The conception and composition of the subject are very pleasing, and the colouring harmonious. No. 27, "L'Amorosa," is a study of a head characterized by sweetness and mellow colouring.

No. 31. "Public breakfast on Carlisle bridge—winter's morning," by Mr. Collier, R.H.A., is certainly not a scene on Carlisle bridge, *Dublin*.

No. 32. "The Seven Churches, County of Wicklow," by R. L. West, R.H.A. We would not notice this production, but for the gross violation of truth contained in it. The picture shows a lake eastwards of the Round Tower, whereas both lakes are *westwards*. This is carrying the artistic licence too far. Deficiencies in drawing, colouring, &c., might be palliated, but such errors as this cannot be excused.

No. 70. "The blind Pilgrim," by Mr. Fisher, is one of the few gems of the exhibition. It consists of two figures very simply but masterly composed—an aged Pilgrim and a beautiful young girl, who guides the blind man while she describes objects of interest "arraying them in the soft radiance of her words." The expression of long confirmed blindness is admirably conveyed even by the position of the outstretched hands, as well as the character of the pilgrim by the staff and scallop shell, and habit with cowl. It is a creation of Shelly's, and well has the poet-painter shadowed it forth on canvass.

The "place of honour" is given to No. 88, "Sir Calidore entertained by the Shepherds." A subject from "sweet foreign Spencer's" Fairy Queen, by a foreign artist, Mr. J. Tennant. We should always desire to see this place occupied by some national subject by an Irish artist. So it is in all other countries, but we, "beggars," as we are called, must be content with the alms that fall from the tables of our betters, and hold our saucy tongues. This picture has, like others, been on its travels, and we suppose comes to us as a *dernier resort*, marked "for sale." The passage is from the ninth canto of the Sixth book. The knight in the midst of a pleasant country is entertained with "such homely what as serves the simple clowne," and "having fed his fill" first, secondly

"Saw a fair damzell, which did weare a crowne,
Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde
Y'clad in home-made green, which her own hands had dyde."

And that is the entire of it.

No. 165. "Invitation, Hesitation, and Persuasion," by Mr. N. J. Crowley, R.H.A., is an agreeable picture in this artist's manner. The story is well told, and the heads well drawn and coloured; but so great is the similarity between the heads in this picture and in "Cup-tossing," exhibited by the same artist some few years ago, and since engraved, that the shallowest observer will at once discover that the same individuals "sat" for both pictures, or that Mr. Crowley can only imagine and paint two heads. 'Tis not legitimate art to paint the same faces in different positions, and then strive to pass them off as new pictures by giving them new names.

No. 396. "The lonely Captive," by Mr. Charles Foley. This very young artist is brother of the celebrated sculptor Mr. John Foley, and promises to be as distinguished as a painter as his brother is as a sculptor. He aims at high art, and we hope he may be successful. The present work shows great boldness

and firmness in design and execution, which we trust will ultimately develope themselves in artistic power. The style somewhat reminds us of the grand manner of Haydon.

No. 26. "Innis Cealtra Round Tower and Church, Lough Derg, River Shannon," is a picture of an Irish subject by an English artist, Mr. William Willis, and is admirably treated. The centre of the picture shows a ruined chancel, with its arch, of an old Irish church. A partially ruined Round Tower stands north east; in the foreground are kneeling figures. The entire composition, in feeling and treatment, is very meritorious. Such works we would wish to see adorning the walls of our national academy, and not pictures of the class to which belongs No. 247, "Irish reapers meeting their friends after harvest in England." This, as a work of art, ranks in the same class as those literary works, dramas, and novels, of the last generation or two, in which Irishmen and Irish subjects are drawn for the amusement of the reader, but without any regard to truth or nature: raving folly, blundering and brogue being, according to those authorities, the distinguishing characteristics of the Hibernian. In fact, as has been well said, the Irishman of those fictionists, "was to be found on the stage, but nowhere off it." In this picture Mr. Alfred D. Fripp has drawn largely on his imagination for his facts. Such a scene as here shown, the corporeal eye of Mr. Fripp never beheld, and if, by some strange freak of nature, he was favoured with the vision, it argues bad taste and worse judgment to paint the subject, and send it to an Irish exhibition where it cannot fail of being recognized as a gross libel and bitter satire. The two works by the Rev. J. Rooney, No. 184, "Sympathy," and No. 270, "Contentment," afford great promise, and so far as artistic treatment is to be considered, show considerable improvement by this artist since last year. His "May-day at Menloc" exhibited last year gave us hope, which we are glad to find has not been disappointed. There was room for improvement in composition and drawing, which we perceive is rapidly taking place. Notwithstanding its defects, the "May-day" was an excellent and truly Irish picture, and we have been more than once told by the greatest Irish fictionist living, that the scene was *intensely* Irish. We hope that Mr. Rooney will ere long supply a great desideratum for Irish literature. We mean an illustrator of our national writers, and so, perhaps, commence the formation of an Irish School of art. All readers of illustrated publications, serial or otherwise, relating to Ireland, must have marked the poverty of fancy and want of knowledge of the Irish character displayed in those illustrations.

In the Sculpture gallery are several excellent busts, by Mr. Christopher Moore, R.H.A.; also, a beautiful full length figure, No. 454, "Early sorrow," by P. McDowel, R.A.; and another, No. 456, "Innocence," by Mr. J. H. Foley. These artists are all Irishmen, now resident in London. The remainder of the sculpture consists principally of busts, which may be flattering to the originals and interesting to the possessor, but they contain little other merit. We cannot but observe that No. 471, "Sketch model of a monument to the memory of the late Lord Bishop of Kildare, now erecting in Christ's Church Cathedral," by Joseph R. Kirk, A.R.H.A., is a marked improvement in monumental sculpture. Indeed, few branches of the fine arts need more reform. Allegory, with its nonsense, inverted torches, urns, vases, obelisks, and other such

Pagan trumpery had so run riot, that it would be impossible to tell whether the persons commemorated by these memorials were heathens or not, had we not previous information on the subject. In this monument a great deal of the spirit of mediæval Christianity is preserved. It consists of an altar tomb; the figure is recumbent, with the hands devoutly crossed on the breast. The front of the tomb is to be panelled and filled with armorial bearings. We do not like the black mural slab surrounded by the decorations of a Gothic niche, we prefer the fine old canopy belonging to this style of art, and so many examples of which are to be found in our ecclesiastical ruins in Ireland. But we suppose the slab is for the panegyric of his lordship, which, if it occupy the space shown, must be tolerably lengthy. May we remind those interested in the matter, that the epitaphs of ancient churchmen seldom exceeded twenty words—"the name, the date of departure, the prayer for mercy," generally couched in such simple phrase as "*cujus animæ propicietur Deus. Amen.*" The phrase "to lie like an epitaph" could not then be used.

The architectural portion of the exhibition is truly contemptible. A few wretched drawings of the most common-place designs are huddled together in a dark passage, a sort of middle place between the Painting and Sculpture. Is it thus that the members of the Royal Institute of Irish Architects vindicate their national character, by permitting mere draftsmen and tyros with their puny productions, to take the place at our national exhibition which should be occupied by men of talent and their works, if we possess any. The "Institute" waxes wrathful indeed, when a foreigner is appointed for the execution of some public work, for which, perhaps, not one of their members is competent. But they do not strive to put themselves into that position which would enable them to complain justly. They rave insanely for the loaves and fishes, but they care not for their art. They come forward with quibbling apologies for the iconoclastic demolisher of holy places, and mouth something about their admiration of "growing taste," but what have they done for the encouragement of that taste? What Irish architect has ever published or written a line on the ancient art of his country or her architectural resources? Not one, although many of them have been extensively employed through the country, and had every facility for observation. As if to put them to shame for their ignorance or slothfulness, or both, an Englishman has set them an example. Mr. Wilkinson, the architect of the Poor Law Commissioners, was not more than five years employed in Ireland, when he published a work on "the Ancient Architecture and Geology of Ireland," in many respects an imperfect performance, but, nevertheless, the first of the kind.

To return from the architects, or the traders who so style themselves, to the exhibition. The competition for the Downshire testimonial appears to have given employment to a good many of our architects, young and old, great and small. The Corinthian order seems to have been deemed indispensable, so that there is no great variety in the designs, only that to which the second premium was awarded; No. 489, by Mr. William F. Caldbeck, is the most hideous. We are astonished that the Academy received No. 417, by the same pseudo architect; surely there is no art in designing a range of common two-story houses with red brick fronts.

No. 497. "Proposed interior of the new Roman Catholic Church, Chapelized," by Mr. John Bourke. When will the lath

and plaster style, with all its *sham* work, hypocrisy, and abominations die out? Here we have a perspective view of an interior of a *quasi* Gothic church, divided into nave and aisles with *groined ceilings* which should be *stone*, but that the architect appears to be profoundly ignorant of the canons, that an inferior material should never be so treated as to represent a better, and that there should be no feature about a building that is not necessary for *construction*, convenience, or propriety, "and that there ought to be no *construction* of ornament, but that *essential construction* may be decorated to any extent." Now, Mr. Bourke has pleased to invert these canons in his picture. He has first *constructed* a capacious *shell*, whose external idea is a large, unbroken area within. The interior idea, according to the sketch in the exhibition, opposes the exterior by showing nave and aisles, composed of merely decorative, or, rather *apparent* construction. The architect's authority for this was doubtlessly the castle chapel, Dublin, but he should have known that that building is a thing of *prettiness* and not of *reality*, and that the labours of a few earnest men have, within a very few years, brought to light the long-hidden fact, that the Catholic principle of the architects of old was *reality* in all things, and that they generally permitted *effect* "to take care of itself." They maintained consistency in all things. If a church had nave and aisles in its interior arrangement, the exterior showed it. Amongst its other faults, Chapelized is not to have a vestige of a chancel. If Mr. Bourke is ambitious to become an ecclesiastical architect—and we hope he is—he must be a believer in two facts, first, that "*church* architects must be either *exclusively* so, or men at least capable of drawing a wide distinction between the purpose and the character of sacred and secular buildings, and of treating each accordingly;* secondly, that the information necessary is not to be obtained by any amount of "*genius*" solely, nor by the unauthorized exercise of private judgment, but by enthusiastic and humble study of the works of the old men, and by being ever learning, ever searching, ever examining, sketching, measuring, and analysing ancient examples."

No. 488. "Design for a Cemetery, or the Monument of Tombs." by Mr. George Papworth, R. H. A. A strange title to a stranger composition. We were simple enough to believe that there was an end to those vagaries, but we have been disappointed. What does Mr. Papworth mean by "a Monument of Tombs?" does he propose that this monument is to supersede all tomb-stones, to absorb them all, as well it might by its extravagant massiveness. Setting aside, however, the ridiculousness of the name, the design is monstrous. Conceive, if you can, a huge, square pile of solid masonry, with a semicircular aperture in the middle, flanked by dead walls on either side, containing two enormous gates, and guarded by bronze figures of winged genii or demons, and totally bereft of every Christian emblem, and you have an idea of this "evil design." Probably Mr. Papworth, knowing that this is a good year for the coffin-maker's trade thinks "a new cemetery company" would not be a bad "spec." If he ever succeed in getting this monstrosity erected, all the harm we wish him is that he may be safely embedded under it till the day of doom, in order to prevent his perpetrating such vagaries in future.

* Paley's Church Restorers, p. 117.

The Early Monasteries of Ireland.

"Quod faciunt Angeli in Cœlis, hoc Monachi in Terris." *S. Hieron in Psal. 45.*

GREAT as has been the change in the estimation of Irish history by Irishmen—valuable as have been the records, dissertations, memoirs, and ballads given to the public within the last few years—and strong and fruitful as is the determination to rescue from the past our annals, as well as to shape for the future our destiny, little has, as yet, been done towards the illustration of that period when Ireland was "the chief seat of learning in Christendom,"¹ which, as it was the most glorious, is the most perplexed of all our history; and few have been the attempts to make live and breathe before us, the men who were the "*decora et tutamina*" of that notable time. And not to Irishmen alone, or the rearing up of an Irish nationality, or the writing of a true history of Ireland, would a knowledge of those times and men be important, but to the acute student of general history—to him who would thoroughly understand the second great European revolution, which, having swept away—flood-like—anci-

¹ Prideux, Connexion between the New and Old Testaments, p. 3.

ent empire and ancient civilization, laid the foundation of the whole Teutonico-Romanic structure of institutions, manners, languages, and laws. As yet, almost everything to marshal, analyze, or estimate the disorderly agglomerate of facts and names, and dates, with which our authorities present us, remains to be done.

Pray we it be well done.

At present we purpose devoting a few pages to the consideration of an institution, the most potent and remarkable of the time. We purpose, in fact, to give some notion of the early monastic system of Ireland. All who have studied the history of the Irish church, see at once that it was essentially a monastic church, and that faith in the utility of monasteries was its most distinguishing feature; all who have paid attention to the general history of the period, remark that monachism was its premier institution. Let us come at some idea of what an Irish monastery was—what its external appearance—its government, objects, effects, means, and influence, and we will have no inconsiderable step taken towards the understanding of the great features of the time. For this it will be necessary to review briefly the origin and previous history of the monastic institution.

The monastic spirit is perceptible long before it framed for itself an institution. In fact, it existed always where true men existed. It was in the breast of Abel “praying on the hill-tops”—of Noah in the flood-riding ark—of Moses communing with the Lord in the desert—of David “praising Jehovah in the night-tune”—of the Baptist in the wilderness—of Jesus during his forty days of prayer and fast. But in the apostolic ascetics it showed itself most visibly, and indeed, was well nigh embodied into an institution. They practised all the monastic precepts, except seclusion. They were obedient to their ecclesiastical superiors, poor and mortified by choice and by necessity, and sufferant by desire and by obligation. But as the church was then but a little band of ascetics and Christian signified in all reality a follower of Christ, seclusion would have been equally unnecessary and inexpedient—community of suffering aided fervour and strengthened endurance. They helped each other up the rough path they so bravely trod, supported each other in want, exhorted each other from beneath the rod and the hissing iron, consoled each other in prison, made the rack a pulpit and the flame a proof, and embracing, they marched together to a death—which was their synonyme for the birth of a new life—and to torture which was their passport to never-ending bliss.

But those times passed away, and the memory of them became as that of a thrilling dream of the night. Christianity, first preached by an humble teacher, in an humble province, as much despised by his own countrymen as they were by the rest of the empire, had grown strong and popular, was hailed from the capitol, enthroned on Nero's chair, and embraced by soldier, slave, prince, and artizan, the titled and the humble, the strong and the weak, the thoughtful and the careless, the honest man and the knave. Then, with numbers, power, and wealth, persecution—in more dangerous guise of indifference, simony, lay-interference and the like—sought the stronghold of Christ.

It were needless, and beside our purpose, to tell how sternly those attacks were repulsed, or how successfully, God upholden, the church triumphed over man's passions and devil's wiles. Nevertheless, however, from the nature of things some matters changed. The church was not as in the apostles' days, “ark of the

faithful only.” A Christian community was no longer an unsystematized monastery: now it was that seclusion became advisable, and now it was sought. Many earnest men, full of unearthly fervour, so spiritualized that the body seemed half forgot, fled from the din of cities and the turmoil of busy life to the silent hills and the great solitudes named “of God,” where, in prayer, austerity, and mortification, they attended solely to the business of their lives, and offered themselves living holocausts to the Deity. In the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, Egypt, Syria, and all the eastern deserts were crowded with such holy solitaires. They lived on what herbs they could collect, sometimes in caves, sometimes in hollows of the rock, sometimes in tents, and often with no abode but the forest trees.¹ Such were SS. Hilarion, Paul, Jude, Anthony, and the other “Fathers of the wilderness.” They were called anchorets, or monks, from the Greek “*Monos*,” a person living alone. This, in strictness, is the commencement of the monastic system.

Betimes, however, as the deserts became crowded, the anchorets found it convenient to draw near to each other, fix their habitations in the same place, meet at certain times for prayer, and subscribe to a few general rules, but in other respects live quite apart and unsocialized. Of this, nature were the “Lauras,” or little ecclesiastical towns, with which at one time the Thebais was plentifully dotted.² These “Lauras” soon, however, resolved themselves into communities, elected an abbot or archimandrito, whom all the members bound themselves to obey, established certain rules to which all subscribed, and a certain discipline which all followed. By these arrangements the institution was rendered far more wieldy and generally useful. Many of the cenobites—as they were called—did not now fear to leave the deserts, establish themselves in the midst of populous districts, and even in the hearts of great cities, where, while they retained their feature of seclusion, they were enabled by example and precept, and active missionary exertion, to take part with their brethren in fighting the great fight of the faith through troublous times, wherein every head was needed and every hand useful. They differed, it must be noted, in many and important features from the monastics of after times, being bound by no vow, under no obligation of residence, holding all except the rudest literary acquirements superfluous—being considered as mere lay men, having no chaplain, attending with the rest of their brethren the parish church, and quite under the control of the bishop of their diocese.³

This, the second, and as yet, greatest modification of the monastic system, had its origin in the East, and St. Basil was its chief apostle. It is said to have been introduced into Europe by St. Athanasius, during his stay in Rome, at the time of the Arian disputes. Under his direction, and the patronage of the Pontiff, a convent was established at Rome. The aptitude of the institution for the general wants of the age, as well as for satisfying the longings of individual minds, being at once appreciated, anxiety for similar establishments spread through Europe. Monachism spread to several Italian cities, and crossed the Alps in the person of St. Martin, who founded his monastery about 399. Cassian, a holy and learned provincial, who had spent many years in familiarizing himself with the institutions of Palestine and Egypt, soon after founded

¹ Bingham, *Origines Ecclesiasticae*, lib. cap. 8.

² Ibid.

³ Bingham, *Origines*, &c. Ibid. cap. 20.

the Cenobium of Marseilles, after a more strictly oriental fashion. In 410, St. Honoratus erected the monastery of Lerius, after the rules of Cassian, with this important exception, that, designing to found an asylum and school of learning, as well as of piety, he ordained teaching and scholastic pursuits to supersede, to some extent, the manual of the Eastern monks, and attached to the monastery a school which soon became the most famous, crowded, and useful in the west. Henceforward almost all the founders of monasteries imitated this model, so much more adapted to the exigencies of a time when the church nobly undertook, and executed the duty of preserving all that was good of ancient civilization and learning, from the flood-tide of Teutonic barbarism. Of these imitators none were more illustrious than our own St. Patrick, who, having studied at its benches and resided in its cells, imbibed its spirit and carried out its plan in his Irish foundations.¹

Keeping this much in view, we shall now try to picture an Irish monastery of the seventh or eighth age, exteriorly and interiorly, by such feeble lights as we possess. The superior cultivation and irrigation of the soil—a broad and tolerably even highway—the neater and more comfortable appearance of the little skin-thatched wooden cottages around—the healthy figures and decent mantles of the peasantry—the crosses on the stones, door-posts, and gate-ways, and the cleanly, thriving aspect of the brugh or village yonder, with all its low-eaved shielings and sharp-buttressed houses, unprotected by any circumvallation, and open to all travellers, from its surrounding gardens to the stone cross in its market-place, show at once that the lords of the soil are no hard task-masters, or gripping landlords, or broiling war-mad chieftains—betoken that some beneficent presiding influence has been at work in the mental and physical condition of the inhabitants—tell us, in fact, that we are on the termon-lands of an abbey. Peasants could tell you that within the memory of man this smiling district was one of the most desert in the country; and so would have remained, perhaps, did not its lord confer it in fee for ever on the good brethren of the canahbas, and did they not, with all stout industry and gentle persuasion, and useful art, make it what you see. Since they got possession of it, war, with its rude train of ministers, and sad following of evils, has never approached the place, or dragged the peasant, while yet his crop was sowing or his harvest reaping, to fight for his life—or fired his cottage in the night, or murdered his children in the day, or trampled his young seedlings, or rendered useless his winter's toil and long summer days of labour. Occupation is permanent and remunerative, because property is secure. The restlessness of clan-life is unknown, because civil broils are banned. Trade flourishes, because peace is preserved. Here the deanaan ceanuighe, or merchant is certain of a market for the foreign stuffs he has brought from Atha-Cliath, Port-Sairge, or Inliher-Colpa;² and from hence he goes back with good store of well-wrought hose, mantles, and truis, grain, timber, and skins. Here the firbolgian artisan is sure of encouragement, if he can cunningly fashion farming implements, clasps, and covers for books, weights, measures, and such things. Here the descendant of Milesius, who has thrown by his cathbarr, and become a vender of books (a high profession in those times), or studied

architecture or cementing, will find employment—for about the monastery and brugh there is much building to be done, and in the scriptorium or the cells of the students, he will sell his books. For the lords of those lands love not to lead the fray, or head the muster, or conduct the raid—understand far better the use of the pen or spade than of the sword—and would be as much at a loss to know how to wield a battle-axe as any cloistered maiden of Kil-dohir.¹ Nay, more, the law's vengeance, society's law, and the church's curse is on the chief, no matter how powerful, who would gallop his war-chariot² with evil intent inside those territories, or the freebooter, however reckless, who would venture to tread a crop, or burn a shieling, or rob a traveller. Instances of such intrusion are almost unknown—so few as scarce to form an exception. The great bell³ of your tower has not pealed an alarm, or summoned a muster for nigh a century. This, with the character of the brethren, is the secret of all the prosperity of the place—the secret too, as we shall hereafter see, of much of the civilization of the age.

Passing through the village, you see the Brughnible, inviting some poor strangers into the Beatach or house of gratuitous entertainment, supported from the funds of the monastery, and sharing with it the honour of supplying rest and refection to the pilgrim, or traveller, or scholar. You are now beyond the village, and yet see no monastery: follow that broad and even way to the verge of that grove of lordly oaks,⁴ through the grove, until you come suddenly upon a cleared spot, with a fine view of some hoary mountain or deep ravine, or smiling landscape—there is situated the monastery. It is surrounded on all sides by a stone circumvallation, called a cathair or cashel, about eight feet in height, and with two or more gateways.⁵ Approach the gate; a rude carving of some scriptural subject or motto surmounts it—*Pulsa cloc-cam*, with cheery "*Benedicite*"—brother Janitor admits you. A pleasant, busy scene bursts on your sight! The interior space is about three or four hundred feet in diameter.⁶ Here are gardens and miniature fields, where some of the monks and students, in their tunics and cucullas, are tilling the ground. There are stately rows of oaks, beneath which classes are being heard or lectured, and monks and students read their books or tablets.

Look at that venerable white-robed priest, lecturing a crowd of peasant youths from the pulpit-trunk of an ancient tree. See the assemblage of earnest-faced students in dialectic combat beneath that long shieling. In those booths, behold the monkish artisans who fabricate most of the manufactured articles used in the abbey. How brightly sparkles that stream, flowing with winding, lingering course through the gardens and meadows, on its way turning a mill of simple construction,⁷ which grinds corn for the community. About the centre of the inclosure is a group of buildings, most of them of stone; and around it in regular rows or streets, are vast numbers of wooden

¹ Kildare. ² Carbudh. ³ Buabhal.

⁴ Most of the Irish monasteries were erected in oak-groves, to conciliate—say antiquarians—the Pagan prejudice, which assigned to such spots peculiar sanctity. The Irish word "*Doire*," signifying "a thick oak wood" (Colgan, A.A. S.S. p. 566), enters in the composition of many names rendered famous by monasteries, as—*Doire-galgaich* (Derry), *Doire-magh* (Armagh), *Kil-doire* (Kildare), *Doire-maigh* (Durrow).

⁵ Petrie, Essay on Round Towers, pp. 440, 444. Adamnan De Litter Terræ Sanctas, lib. ii. cap. 24.

⁶ Petrie Essay. Ibid. ⁷ Antiquities of Tara.

¹ Bollandistæ Com. ad. W.S. p. Colgan Vit. Patr. tr. Thaum, c. 22.

² Dublin, Waterford, Drogheda.

cells, small, oval-shaped, and covered with skins, resembling in everything but size the pellices of the peasantry.¹ The greater buildings consist of a proin-teach, or dining-house, which also serves as a lecture-hall.² Adjoining is the aregall or kitchen, also made use of as a laundry.³ That large quadrangular dome-roofed house, is the abode of the abbot, and probably contains the scriptorium and a small lecture-room.⁴ But the most remarkable edifice of all is the church or damliagh. It is, as its name imports, of stone,⁵ and consists of two oblong quadrangles, in a straight line, connected by a high triumphal arch. Of these, the first, about sixty feet in length, dimly lighted by two small windows, and approached by a simple door placed in the centre of the west end, is appropriated to the students and lay brethren.⁶ The other of much smaller dimensions, and well illuminated by several windows, is set apart for the sanctuary and choir.⁷ There is little of ornament in either division, save the gilt or golden tabernacle, the tomb of the founder, the embroidered veil of the sanctuary, and a few simple paintings; for it was a characteristic of the Irish church that even its proudest cathedrals partook of the simplicity of the catecombs.⁸ No thought-awakening pictures or magnificent statues—no thrilling artistic music, making the building vibrate—no flood of tinted light through stained windows—no gorgeous glistening of seivals, or gold, or silver, or pearls, or emeralds, did the Irish priests love. Give them, the rather, in that mystic house where God specially is, simplicity, order, sternness—nothing to draw eye, or ear, or mind, from the awful contemplation of a Deity present! Such was their notion, and though it is not ours, we cannot gainsay it.

See you at the altar, even now, are tuneful worshippers. Several monks stand around, and sing a choral chaunt, so solemnly harmonious, so thrilling, that you know their hearts to go with it. And never, night or day, morning or noon, or eventide, does that choral worship cease. In the still midnight, as the monks awake, it is heard gently pealing above the wind—in its melody, in its lesson—like a catch from Paradise. Amidst the labour of the day, the teaching, study, working, ever and anon it is heard above the din, murmuring to each one, like that solemn voice of Loyola in Xavier's ear, amidst his poor pleasures and hard labours, "Heaven! heaven!" Even outside the walls it sometimes reaches; and the peasant as he trots by on his car, the wood-feller as he labours in the forest, or the herdsman as he watches his flock, hearing it, thinks of the monks' oft repeated lessons, and pauses for an instant to add a prayer, that his occupation too might be sanctified and heaven rewarded.

Let us now come forth and enquire the business and working of the monastery.

It is, as we have said, on the model of St. Honoratus of Lerius. The greater number of those wooden cells are occupied by students, foreign and native; and the little Brugh yonder, like the modern Gottinger, owes its origin to the necessity of accommodating them. Here we can mark the broad Anglo-Saxon accent, mingling with the hard utterances of the Trans-Rhene student, and the sharp Frankish tongue with the incipient "brogue" of Illuinhean.⁹ Here young chiefs

study with the children of their kerne and galloes-glachs; and the future ceameighe sits by the side of the high-born Italian ecclesiastic. At least, one or two thousand pupils attend the study hall.¹ Nevertheless, in many and important features it differs from the institution of Lerius. The one was considered a mere lay establishment; this holds the rank of an ecclesiastical corporation, its abbot being mitred, and many of its monks ordained. Missionary duty was not among the obligations and privileges of the former; the latter has the cure of souls for the district committed to its charge. Education was an incidental duty of the first—a primary one of the second. In many points it resembled the Basilian convent. The labour of scholasticism was merely substituted for manual labour; but the latter was by no means neglected. The monks tilled their own land, manufactured their own clothes, prepared their own food, erected their own dwellings, and transcribed their own books. Though much time was devoted to active occupations, the meditative and strictly cenobitical received a large portion of attention. Meditation, prayer, fast, and "the study of their souls" were among the monk's first obligations, in the performance of which, were spent many hours of each day and whole months of every year. The vast number of the community, and the alternation of duties, enabled this to be easily done. The Irish monasteries were subject to no general laws; the will of the lord abbot, modified by usage, and a few statutes, was the supreme rule from which there was no appeal. There was no vow or obligation of residence; all the monks slept within at night, wore the canabhas or tunic, and the cuculla or hood of their order, and were subject to discipline of confinement, stripes, and fasting. The morning devotions over, some went to the schools to lecture, some to the country to missionary labour, some to the church for a day of meditation, and some to the refectory to give alms and attend the visitors and travellers. Those skilled in psalmody succeeded each other in the choir. Good transcribers and illuminators had full occupation of the scriptorium. The infirmaries busied some, the hall of mendicants others, while, as we have seen, agricultural and manufacturing pursuits occupied no inconsiderable number. Thus revolved for centuries their sweet harmonious round of duties, so useful, peace-bringing, and solemn.

It would far exceed the limits we have proposed, to enter into detail concerning the minor peculiarities and observances, the more so as they differed in every particular monastery. Suffice it, that they enforced a degree of mortification to which, except in the order of De Rance, we have no modern parallel, and presupposed a fervour which should make us tremble for ourselves and our times, even what we have thus generally stated was often modified, but as we conceive it conveys a fair idea of an Irish monastery of the time.

The Irish, we have said, was a monastic church. Most of its prelates were abbots, and most of its priests monks. It was founded by monks, and it grew and flourished under them. It organized by monasteries, taught by monasteries, and worked by monasteries. St. Patrick—himself a monk—when the faith had

¹ Essay, &c. p. 440. ² Essay, &c. p. 422.

³ Evins Vita Patr. p. 50.

⁴ Essay, &c. p. 424. ⁵ Essay, &c. p. 190.

⁶ Essay, &c. p. 190. ⁷ Essay, &c. p. 193.

⁸ Colgan Tr. Thuam, p. 523, Tr. Thuam, p. 217. ⁹ Munster.

¹ We are convinced that this number is considerably under-rated. Benchoir (Bangor), during the life of its founder, had 4000 (A.A. SS. p. 192); Cluain-iniard (Clonard) 3000 (A.A. SS. Lands of St. Fenean's office); Cluain-fearta (Clonfert) 3000 (A.A. SS. p. 192. Ussher Primordia, p. 910), and so with many others.

to any extent taken root in the land, founded the great monastery of Ardmacha or Armagh,¹ and afterwards, according to one writer, erected ninety more.² It is certain, at least, that he patronized the institution; that many monasteries, such as Slane, in East Meath; Ril-Usil, near Kildare,³ Drumlias in Cabrigia, Downpatrick, &c., owe their foundation to him, and that he drew up a monastic rule, which for many years was observed universally throughout Ireland.⁴ His disciples adopted the same views and practice. The saints of the second and third classes in Usher are almost all monks.⁵ St. Columba founded, according to one biographer, 300 monasteries;⁶ and according to Dr. John Colgan (who esteems himself moderate in the calculation), one hundred.⁷ The syllable *kill* or *cella* was added to his name, on account of the number of monasteries he founded.⁸ Nearly all the saints of the second class are "*Patres et fundatores Monasteriorum*." In their lives, nearly the first thing we read after their education is—"Erexit monasterium"—"*Erexit cenobium*"—"Aperit scholas," &c. In fine, it has been calculated, that in the middle of the ninth century, there must have existed at least three or four hundred great monasteries in Ireland.

It would be unnecessary, as well as out of place, to enter here into formal demonstration of the vast religious and intellectual activity in Ireland, in the earlier of the mediæval centuries. A chapter from St. Bede, or a sentence from St. Aldhelm—a page from St. Bernard, or a paragraph from Aleuin—a review of Colgan's Lives, Usher's Primordia, Lanigan's Ecclesiastical History, or Camden's Britannia—a glance at the History of the Age, or that telling Martyrology of Acagres—nay, the mighty pregnant fact we have just stated, would of itself render the matter as indubitable as the fall of the empire or the conquest of England. Indeed, the fact acknowledged by foreign cotemporary authorities, so many various and respectable, and discerned among the moderns (despite the poor, purchased calumnies of Cambrensis, the malice of Ledwich, and the more mischievous exaggerations of Dr. Halloran), by Mabillon, the Bollandists, D'Orleans, Mosheim, and Gorres, Dr. Ray, Prideaux, Scaliger, Camden, Shuyd, and Samuel Johnson, few now feel disposed to question, and none will dare deny.

He is but a sorry seer of the past, who cannot discern that of this civilization, the monasteries were one of the most potent causes, and agents for, in truth; that three hundred such establishments as we have endeavoured to describe, existed in the island, is a most fecund fact. Dimly peering among the shadows of our history, it looms out upon us. Solid and tangible the most remarkable fact of the time—scarcely any consequence is too mighty to be inferred from such premises. We have seen one monastery, multiply it by four, three, two, or one hundred, and what an agency for good you have! Conceive its moral and religious value: remember they are all cenobitical establishments, founded expressly for the advancement of religion, and the diffusion of religious knowledge, principles, and practice. It is not strange, that with such a vast machinery at work, on the minds, affections, and physical condition of a nation, it should grow to be the nursery of missionaries, saints, and doctors for Europe, or that at a time when Christendom was

deluged with scandic barbarism, a strong, vigorous and healthy religious and intellectual enthusiasm should spring up. That wild strange fact, our historians told us of, but which we could scarce believe, that Ireland, in three centuries, added 880 names to the calendar, seems now quite possible.¹ Think of its intellectual importance! Next to religion, which we need scarcely add, is itself the best stimulus to intellect, scholastic education was, as we have seen, the next great object of monachism. The monks, discerning the importance of nurturing the intellectual as well as the moral attributes of man, and the wisdom of preserving and increasing antique civilization, which past ages had produced, and having command of the youth of their own and foreign lands, exerted all their influence in creating a high-toned intellectual and scholastic movement. They resumed and renovated that Catholic philosophy which the Augustines and Ambroses had originated; and they trained such minds as Dungall, Clemuch, and Erigena, who, to this moment, and through the long series of mediæval philosophers, exercise a potent and appreciable sway. They encouraged the cultivation of the imaginative and artistic powers, and produced men like Sedulius and Alcuinus, whose glorious hymns are every day chanted in our churches.² They taught those languages which open the stores of ancient thought and learning; and we see in the sixth century, St. Columbanus writing in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and showing by numerous quotations and criticisms, a profound and scholarly knowledge of the classics in each tongue;³ and in the ninth age, Dungall reviving the graces of style and the polish of polite literature, and combining with them still more extensive erudition.⁴ And they studied the exact sciences, and sent forward such men as Virgilius of Salzburg, who was the first modern that discovered the sphericity of the earth, and the existence of Antipodes.⁵

Undoubtedly, then, to this mighty religious and intellectual institution, spreading over the island, with its network of affiliations and connexions, alliances and weapons, studies, genius, and rewards—its myriad hands and heads and hearts—is to be attributed that civilization which made the "*Insula sacra*" loved of the Phœnician voyager, the "*Insula doctorum et sanctorum*" of mediæval Europe. Each of those monasteries was, in its own district, "a flame on the hill-top," sentinelling the province, startling the wicked, cheering the good, and beaconing the struggling—lighting up the gloom of ignorance, and preserving always around it a genial moral atmosphere of sanctity and learning. And, betimes, they grew to be "light-fountains," to which the holiest and wisest of Europe's sons came to kindle their lamps, from which a Willibroid, a Boniface, an Alfred, a Bede, a Dunstan, caught the enthusiasm for which true men bless their names on earth, and angels claim companionship with them in heaven.

"When we look into the ecclesiastical life of this people," writes Gorres, "we are almost tempted to be-

¹ Mosheim Eccles. Hist. cent. viii. part ii. cap. 3.

² A solis ortu Cardine, Crudelis, Herodes, Ducum, &c., &c. Bayle, Art Sedulius, Lanigan Eccles. Hist. vol. i. p. 200.

³ Historie Littéraire de la France par des deux Religieux Benedictinus Tour, 3.

⁴ Ceterum liber ille Dungalli hominem eruditum sacrisque literis ornatum prodit.—Muratori.

⁵ Histoire Littéraire, &c. tom. v.

¹ Jocelyn vita St. Patr. cap. 165. ² Colgan Tr. Thaum, p. 266.

³ Colgan A.A. SS. vit St. Ausil, 19 marl.

⁴ Opuscula, Ware, p. 117. Lanigan Eccl. Hist. &c. vol. ii. p. 15.

⁵ Primordia, p. 913. ⁶ Colgan Tr. Thaum. O'Donnell.

⁷ Ibid, Notæ. ⁸ Bede Hist. Eccles. &c. lib. v. cap. 10.

lieve that some potent spirit had transported over the sea, the cells of the valley of the Nile, with all their hermits—its monasteries with all their inmates, and settled them down in this western island; an island which, in three centuries, gave 880 saints to the church, won over to Christianity the North of Britain and a large part of Germany; and, while it devoted the utmost attention to the sciences, cultivated with especial care the mystical contemplation in her communities, as well as in the saints whom they produced.”

The monastic institute also materially affected external civilization. Indeed, physical prosperity is to some degree co-ordinate with moral and intellectual progress. As in the human creature, an enlarged, cultivated, and well-regulated mind never co-exists with an exterior disgraceful or disgusting, so, in the social body, a widely-spread religious influence and great intellectual advancement is incompatible with political barbarism and chaos. Men are in multitudes what they are in units. Independent of this influence, however, the Irish monasteries exercised a very powerful direct social sway. Intercourse with its brethren is the best school for a nation—wherein it learns larger views of things, has the advantage of the labour of other minds, and is enabled to direct its future by the experience of others past. In this way the monasteries were of vast importance to Ireland, for they attracted to it a vast concourse of foreigners from all parts of Europe. The Italian or Anglo-Saxon students, who dwelt at home in palaces, and walked beneath porticos, and refreshed themselves in baths, which their fathers had learned of ancient Rome to build, would not fail to impart their poor love—“regarding the body”—to the generous instructors who poured into their minds the “wealth of soul.” The Gaulish ecclesiastic—who amidst the clash of barbarian weapons, and the sound of rough-stammering barbarian dialect, cherished with fondest attachment that imperial civilization which was fast perishing for ever—would assuredly impart to his teachers some of that classical enthusiasm with which his breast was fired. Commerce and manufactures were also fostered by this intercourse. We read in the life of St. Columbanus of Irish ships in several of the ports of France.¹

We have seen how the monks encouraged trade and the useful arts, how their lands were always open to the artificer and trader—the coned and ceanuihe—and how they exercised trades themselves within their monasteries. We have shown how they advanced and protected agricultural pursuits, and made their districts model-farms to the neighbourhood. They paid great attention to the laws and civil polity of the country, and compiled several law books.² By preserving the large portions of territory under their control in perpetual peace, and by training together the scions of great families, they offered the most effectual resistance to faction-spirit. Communities so peaceful and so earnest, and munificent in promoting and rewarding the arts of peace, indulgent landlords, generous patrons, and easy masters, could not fail to attract around them quiet agriculturalists, content to live without wild relaxations of strife—skilful artizans, anxious to earn a peaceful subsistence, and unwarlike traders who feared the rapacity of other lords: and herein we have another very tangible social good the monasteries effected—the establishment of cities and city-states. “The monks,” says Mr. O’Connor, in a

passage quoted by Leland,¹ “fixed their habitations in deserts, which they cultivated with their own hands, and rendered the most delightful spots in the country. Those deserts became well-policed cities; and it is remarkable, that to the monks we should owe so useful an institution in Ireland as bringing great numbers together into one civil community.” As a matter of fact, we find that Kildare owes its origin to St. Bridget,² Glendalough to St. Comegen,³ Tuam to St. Jarlath,⁴ Armagh to St. Patrick,⁵ Lismore to St. Carthach,⁶ Derry to St. Columba,⁷ Cork to St. Findbarr,⁸ and so with many others.

But it would be impossible to guess, and endless to enumerate, all the benefits Ireland owes to monachism. And grievous would be our mistake, if we dreamed that this country alone derived paramount advantages from its monasteries, or if we did not know of the mighty and manifold influence exerted by them on the general history of Europe and civilization. Our proposed space, already much exceeded, warns us that we must defer to a subsequent paper the consideration of this last most interesting and as yet untouched subject. Suffice it here to hint, first—That when the imperial institutions, and all that was perishable of the church, were gradually swept down by the torrent of invasion, and the Christian world was one wide battlefield, and the civilization of ancient times was buried and perishing, the Irish monasteries afforded to the church a quiet, wherein, as Gorres says, “she took up her winter quarters;” to the frightened spirit of antique learning, a home and a refuge, wherein she might stop and find shelter and peace; and to the wise and the learned, the heroic and the brave of distracted Europe, a friendly exile and a common place of council. Second—That when the first violence of invasion had ceased, and chaos had given way to a semblance of order, and the church had assumed to herself the Titanic task of conquering to religion and civilization the rude conquerors of Europe, the Irish monasteries sent forth missionaries who took the bravest and most effectual part in this mighty and all-important work. And thirdly—That as the Irish institutions were originally founded on a European model, so the mediæval institutions were to no inconsiderable extent modified by the Irish system.

That most disgraceful and shallow of all historic cant concerning monkish ignorance, superstition, and so forth, is now superannuated. Mediæval history, cleared of the rubbish heaped upon it by the ingenious infidels of the last century, now can be studied with tolerable precision by any acute and earnest enquirer. And tracing such a one from every page, is the great fact, that the ecclesiastics of whom the monks formed the most effective portion, were the originators and patrons of everything beneficent and noble, true and tender—the civilized and civilizers of the time—the preservers of past learning and the nurturers of a new—many of them, blessed vessels of election, into which God loved to pour his choicest graces: as a body, the stern opposers of the brute-force of the age, standing a saving power between princes and people, preserving, as well as they might, the poor from the

¹ History of Ireland—Preliminary Discourse, p. 22.

² Colgan, Tr. Thaum, St. Brigid, vet Tert, cap. iii.

³ Usher's Primordia, p. 956.

⁴ Colgan, A.A. SS. p. 310.

⁵ Jocelyn vit Patr. cap. xx.

⁶ Colgan Tr. Thaum, p. 503.

⁷ Colgan A.A. SS. p. 806.

⁸ Colgan A.A. SS. cap. xx.

¹ Jonas vita Columbani, cap. 22.

² Gratianus Lucius, cap. xx. p. 159.

rapacity of the rich, the great from the lawlessness of the humble—preaching peace, order, and contentment to all classes, and, in themselves, the balancing agency in the fairest equilibrium of social elements the world ever saw.

Reviews.

THE LETTERS OF THE MOST REV. JOHN MAC HALE, D.D.,
Archbishop of Tuam. One vol. 8vo. Duffy, Dublin.

WE regard with sincere pleasure the publication, in a complete form, of these admirable letters which make so valuable an addition to Irish Catholic literature. Extending over an eventful period in the history of Ireland of twenty-seven years, we find their illustrious author bringing to the advocacy of the civil and religious liberties of his country, an irresistible logic, a captivating eloquence, an untiring energy and ardent zeal, which justly entitle him to hold an exalted place among those to whom a grateful country shall direct the love and admiration of posterity. The early letters, bearing the signature of "Hierophilos," were written between the years 1820 and 1823, while their author was professor of Theology in Maynooth, previously to his elevation to the episcopacy which took place in 1825. They attracted much attention at the time of their appearance, and did good service in the cause for which they were written. Energy, dignity, and earnestness breathe in every line, and the results of the most profound theological knowledge, and the deepest political sagacity, are conveyed in a style of singular brilliancy, strength, and perspicuity. Truth is the object of his worship, the source of his inspiration, and the guiding spirit of his pen, powerful, as the wand of Ithuriel, to detect and expose duplicity and falsehood.

Simple and candid, earnest, yet almost unimpassioned, his letters to the English people,* under this signature, detail so clearly, yet with so much moderation, the grievances of the Irish Catholics, and establish so unanswerably the inexpediency and injustice of refusing their redress, that the future historian may refer to them as a text book for the illustration of almost every branch of that momentous question. Truly generous natures are ever trusting and confiding, and we cannot but admire the calm dignity with which he appealed to the justice of the English nation; but that sacred fountain was no longer accessible, six centuries of misrule and oppression had enclosed it in an impervious rock, which would only yield its healing waters to the stroke of another Moses. He at whose potent bidding the sealed up stream commenced to flow—our Liberator and our guide for a term longer than the patriarch delivered the children of Israel—found at the close of his long pilgrimage no Pisgah to give rest to his weary foot, or the security of success to his departing spirit. Yet surely we have not been led thus far in vain, nor, though now denied the guidance of a Joshua, shall we fail to reach the promised land. Our nation shall yet place the apex on the pyramid of her great champion's fame, and the glory shall be his—though its record must be his epitaph.

The letters of "Hierophilos," to George Canning, are truly admirable for their argumentative force, energy, and eloquence: he treats with becoming ridicule and indignation the monstrous idea, that the bar-

barous penal code should be perpetuated to restrain the vices which it had itself produced, and clearly traces to its unhallowed influence the misery and crimes of the Irish people. In the following beautiful passage he condenses the spirit of one of his ablest letters on this subject:

"If the object of laws be to impose a restraint on the worst propensities of our nature, calamitous must be their effect when our very passions are stimulated by their authority. What then must have been the malignant influence of that sanguinary code, which passed towards the commencement of the last century, of which the avowed object was, to whet all the hateful feelings of man, and thus dissolve the most sacred ties by which society is held together? If their tendency had been confined to the separation of our people into two distinct bodies, then, like the cantons of Switzerland, each might have endeavoured to enjoy within its own sphere all the kind intercourse of society. But no; the object of those laws was to generate division, and by division, annihilation—violating the sacred rights of conscience as well as the security of property—poisoning every spring of social and religious feeling—nay, invading the repose of the domestic circle, until society was thrown into a hideous and confused mass, and the virtues by which it was cemented, were exiled to the solitudes of the mountains. Thus every engine, which the ingenuity of man could devise, was employed for the destruction of our people. It is acknowledged, even by their enemies, that the peasantry are a noble ruin. What, then, can be more worthy of the labours of a statesman, than to collect the scattered materials, to refit the social edifice, and to restore it to that symmetry and form to which the massive qualities of the broken fragments show they were originally destined; unless it be intended that Ireland should remain an eternal theme to excite speculative admiration for her virtues, and barren sensibility for her wrongs."

Above all praise are the able letters to Earl Grey in 1831, on the wretchedness of the people, and the famine which was then desolating the country. Is it not most melancholy to reflect that the same fearful topic again forms the subjects of letters in 1834, again in 1842, and again in 1846, the harrowing details increasing in intensity, till we have now arrived at a period which threatens beggary to the landlord, bankruptcy to the merchant, death to the people, and destruction to our whole social system. The valuable suggestions offered in these letters, particularly those which refer to an equitable arrangement between landlord and tenant, were then unheeded, though we now feel that the very frame-work of society is shaken to its centre in consequence of the criminal neglect. The spirit of our author was not one which could rest content with simply asking for aid, without pointing out the means whereby future similar applications would be rendered unnecessary; he was too well acquainted with the resources of the country not to know that these periodical claims of mendicancy were owing to the grossest mismanagement and neglect on the part of the government. Hence these letters, while urging the necessity of immediate relief, not only called for measures which would render the people independent of eleemosynary aid, but indicated the means by which to attain so desirable a consummation. The following passages of a letter to Earl Grey are so applicable to the present state of the country, that we almost need to be assured it was written sixteen years ago:

"I should fear to contemplate once more the recurrence of a similar scene. I should fear it for the sake of the people, the government, and, above all, the interests of morality and religion. * * * The inhabitants of entire districts literally loosened from the soil, and flocking, like vultures, wherever the hope of food may lead them. * * * Landlords who were deaf and blind and callous to the wants of their tenantry while they alone were called on to relieve them, becoming suddenly and miraculously sensitive to their destitution while they hope to relieve it by the charity of others—the lofty feeling that could not brook eleemosynary aid, now so impaired, if not utterly broken down, as to depress a proud and high-minded peasantry into a mass of mendicants—an improvident hope of relief in similar cases, and conse-

* Letters xiii. to xviii.

quent relaxation of industry. * * * These are but a few of the necessary consequences of famine in a fertile land—a foe which, if again suffered to ravage Ireland, will utterly demoralize the people, and destroy those virtues of which the wreck that yet remains could still, in the hands of an able statesman, form the foundation of one of the noblest social edifices that could be exhibited in any country."

Alas! alas! that the pen which traced these lines, should be called on, after so many years, to denounce another Whig minister for sacrificing to the idol of political economy the lives of a famishing people. The letters to Lord John Russell* are, perhaps, the most powerful in the entire collection, and it would excite unbounded astonishment that such appeals could have passed unheeded, did we not know how lightly valued are the lives of one portion of the empire, compared with anything likely to affect the commercial interests of another. The claims of a starving people were unheard, lest the overgrown profits of the merchant should be curtailed; and already have we almost realized the frightful anticipation with which he concludes these letters:

"Unless you adopt more enlarged measures than throwing the relief of the people on the landlords, who, whatever be their sins, should be corrected and reformed, rather than annihilated, your ministry will be memorable in Ireland; and if you are ambitious of a monument, the people's bones, 'slain with the sword of famine,' and piled into cairns more numerous than the ancient pyramids, shall tell posterity the ghastly triumphs of your brief but disastrous administration."

It has frequently been said that ecclesiastics should confine themselves to the discharge of their religious duties, and keep themselves clear of all political excitement; and we know there are many learned, pious, and zealous pastors who appear to be actuated by this feeling, and refrain from all polemical controversy except where the interests of religion are immediately concerned. Far be from us the presumptuous thought of dictating a different course of conduct to those who, deliberately, and conscientiously have arrived at such a conclusion—but if there be, as thank God there are, many others who reason differently, let no one presume to curtail their right to act according to the dictates of their consciences, or rashly to assume an office which belongs alone to the searcher of hearts, to whom only they must render an account of their awful ministry. It appears to us that there must exist in every country, an intimate connexion between the moral and physical condition of its inhabitants; the exertions of the people must be first directed to the supply of those bodily wants to which man is everywhere subject, and till the necessities of life have been supplied, we would seek in vain to direct their thoughts and energies to any nobler acquisition. If then we see a people at all times in the greatest extremity of want, and frequently, in large districts, subjected to the periodical ravages of famine, worse housed and worse fed than the beasts which man has taken under his protection, we cannot but feel that such a people are badly circumstanced to receive instruction; and as ignorance is the nurse of crime, and education the fosterer of morality and religion, it becomes the duty of the priest and teacher to remove, if possible, the causes which produce the misery, and which present an almost insuperable obstacle to their exertions. The present condition of this country proves, that on its political amelioration, the very existence of the bulk of its population depends, and that in the political arena we contend not only for all that makes life valuable, but for life itself. Such being the case, it is

* Letters cxi. to cxiv.

difficult to imagine what class of society here can exonerate itself from taking part in such a struggle. The Catholic hierarchy appear to be particularly called on, at this juncture, to stand between an injured people and the guilty cause of their sufferings; though it is neither to be expected nor desired that they will, at all times, be ready to protect a government from the consequences of its misdeeds involving the lives of thousands of its subjects. There can be no doubt, that the settlement of some, so called political questions, for instance, the relations between landlord and tenant, would tend greatly to the diminution of the awful crime of murder, and free our country from the stigma which ignorance and malevolence seek to fix on the national character. We cannot better conclude our observations on this subject than by a passage from one of the letters to Earl Grey:

"It is in vain, then, that your lordship, or any other member, would attempt to controul the legitimate influence of the Catholic priesthood. It is identified with the very nature of their office—the duties towards our country form a part of the code of our ethics—the duties of electors are written in every treatise of the obligations of different states; and until the course of our theology be compiled by deputies of the government, a measure which I should not be surprised to see in contemplation, this priestcraft, so much complained of, will not cease to be beneficially felt, and cheerfully endured by the faithful people of Ireland."

A considerable number of the letters are occupied in describing a journey to Rome, and certainly these will not be found the least interesting part of the collection. In every page we see traces of a cultivated mind, a luxurious imagination, and felicitous powers of description. Amidst all the charms of Continental scenery, dear Ireland was ever before his eyes, and her degraded and miserable condition, overshadowed with its gloom the sunny landscapes of the south. The contented and happy peasantry whom he saw in the enjoyment of comfort, denied to his countrymen at home, led his mind to the constant consideration of the causes which produced so striking a contrast, and all his investigations led to the same conclusion, that in bad laws and misgovernment we shall find the prolific source of almost all our misery. Amidst the gaieties of Paris, the solitude of the Alps, the classical reminiscences of Italy, and the glories of Rome, the condition of the Irish people is the subject from which his thoughts never wander, and his mind is constantly engaged in devising means for their amelioration. A peculiar charm pervades these letters; every place described becomes an object of interest, and the enquiring mind of the author has amassed a treasure of interesting facts and illustrations which he pours forth in a ceaseless flow of brilliant eloquence. Enthusiasm for religion, and love of country, give the pervading tone; yet to the mere tourist they will afford the highest pleasure, on account of the variety and extent of the information they contain, and the remarkable judgment which directs attention to every object worthy of notice. The first letter, written from Rome, gives ample evidence of the glorious enthusiasm with which he beheld the Eternal City:

"My pilgrimage is at length accomplished. I have reached the shrine of the Apostles. One of the first and fondest wishes of my life is gratified. Seated on the summit of Mount Palatine, the cradle and the grave of the Roman empire, the vastest and most varied picture that was ever held up to human contemplation, lies before me. What a panorama revolving before the historic eye! Whether you regard the time through which it stretches, the space over which it extends, the groups which crowd it, or the pencils which lent it their shade and colouring, it is, and will remain to the end of time, without example. * * * What a succession

of mighty names crowd upon the view through this immense vista! What a number of nations, renowned in ancient and modern story, fix your attention as they pass! Tuscans, Greeks, Goths, Franks, Germans, Sarmatians, and Britons occupy, in turn, a large space of this moving picture. Philosophers, heroes, and consuls, on the one hand, saints, martyrs, and pontiffs on the other, as if vying with each other in prodigies of prowess, and the extent of their empire."

If anything could add to the interest and reverence attached to Rome, it would be these beautiful letters which no reader of taste or feeling will take up without delight, or conclude without regret at taking leave of a guide so religious, intellectual, observant, and eloquent.

Immediately on his return from the Continent, we find our author pouring forth a torrent of indignant eloquence against that monstrous anomaly, the Church Establishment. A social evil, whose injustice is so evident, that the weapons of argument are wielded against it in vain, and so oppressive, that it must excite astonishment that any people, however degraded, should consent to wear such a badge of slavery. The evils committed in the name of liberty, bear no proportion to those which religion is impiously called upon to sanction; and till we see a thorough cleansing of that Augean stable, its noisomeness will continue to poison our social atmosphere. No language can exaggerate the monstrous injustice of compelling the poorest people in Europe, to deprive themselves of the very necessities of life in order to support a church which designates their religion a blasphemous idolatry. Rent-charge is but another name for tithes; the pauper tenant feels the oppression fully as much, and the degradation is but little diminished. The landlord must have his pound of flesh, and will take care that while he nominally pays the odious impost, the miserable tenant shall do so in reality. No government could sanction such an iniquitous system but for the unholy purpose of disunion—and hellish ingenuity could not devise a more successful means of creating antagonistic interests, fostering religious enmity, and utterly crushing the growth of that enlarged and liberal feeling of mutual forbearance, which the members of a well regulated society should exercise towards each other. Whenever justice shall sway the councils which may hereafter preside over this nation, the sacrifice of the Irish Church Establishment shall be the first and most acceptable offering laid upon its altar. Let it be clearly understood, however, that our observations regard only the contributions and support wrested from the Catholic people; let those, whose religious feelings prompt them to do so, contribute whatever they may think amply sufficient for the maintenance of that becoming dignity with which religion and its ministers should always be invested. We would regard with horror, and oppose with energy, any legislative enactment against the religion of any portion of our fellow-countrymen. All we look for is, that the members of each religion should alone contribute to its support, and that every man should have perfect liberty to choose that form, in which he conscientiously believes he can best worship his Maker.

The important subject of education occupies a large proportion of the letters, and has evidently received that anxious attention and careful investigation to which it is entitled, not less upon its own merits, than because it has been regarded from different points of view, by those who are rarely found to differ in matters of consequence, particularly where the interests of religion are concerned. Without wishing to pronounce

any opinion on the much agitated question of state education, we may say that no dispassionate reader can rise from the perusal of these letters, without a strong conviction that their gifted author has employed much time and learned research upon the subject, and that he has fully convinced himself, that he is bound to take a certain course, from which he cannot be won, at peril of his soul, by promised good or contingent advantage. So earnestly and truthfully is this impression conveyed in every page, that the man must be blind indeed who does not see it. It by no means follows, however, that the same investigation, pursued by others of equal learning and more matured judgment, should lead to the same result. It is, for instance, the unquestionable right of every prelate to exercise the fullest controul over the religious instruction of his own diocese, and he is invested with the most ample discretion as to the best and safest method of imparting it. One prelate may consider that his pastoral superintendence and the vigilance of his clergy afford sufficient protection to the religion of his flock while receiving state education, and another may be convinced that such safeguards would be ineffectual. Each is influenced by the same motives, and differs only in the application of a principle, the truth of which they equally acknowledge—yet one zealously adopts, the other strenuously opposes the same system. There is one part of the question, however, upon which all Irish Catholics must be agreed—that is, to regard with extreme distrust and apprehension any system of education for Ireland proposed by an English government, a large share of whose administration must always be in the hands of the English minister. There is no lover of his country or his religion, who, before embracing such a system, would not require the most ample guarantee that it could never become an engine in the hands of an unscrupulous government to undermine the religion of the people.

In conclusion, we must express an anxious hope to see the spirit which breathes through all these letters, influencing the tone of society in Ireland. We require a Mentor to teach us to detest expediency, to despise cant, to execrate falsehood, no matter how specious its mask, or how ingenious its disguise, to reverence religion and to love truth. The authorship of these letters alone, would, therefore, entitle the illustrious prelate to the gratitude of his country—to that distinction, however, he has far higher claims. A pious, zealous, and learned guardian of religion, an ardent and able assertor of these broad principles of liberty, the application of which would free, not only his own country, but the whole human family, a champion of truth, dignified and chivalrous, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," in the memory of the grateful Irish people shall long be embalmed the honoured name of JOHN MAC HALE, Archbishop of Tuam.

A MANUAL OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. By F. A. PALEY, M.A.,
London: Van Voorst.

ABOUT twelve years ago, a volume entitled "Contrasts; or, a parallel between the noble edifices of the middle ages, and corresponding buildings of the present day," issued from the press. It was the work of Mr. A. W. Pugin, then a very young man, who had been recently received into the communion of the Catholic church. For many years previous, he had been an earnest student of all the remains of the fine arts of the middle ages; and, having been a pupil and assistant of his father, an eminent artist and illustrator of medieval

edifices, he had become thoroughly acquainted with the various details of Christian art. He felt, however, that something was wanting; that the most intimate knowledge of forms was insufficient to the apt combination and adaptation of them, so as to produce new works, in any consistent degree, resembling those of the ages of faith. This feeling guided him to the study of the doctrines and liturgical writers of the Church; and it is easy to see how, while the examination of the former demonstrated their truthfulness, by the latter the intimate connexion between the Catholic religion and the fine arts was established in his mind. The "Contrasts" being the first work published in England containing any very marked allusions to this connexion, was assailed with considerable virulence by the Protestant press of England, while the Catholics, for a long time, received the opinions enunciated in it with comparative indifference. Mr. Pugin, with the fervour of a true apostle in a righteous cause, was not daunted by the violence of the former nor the coldness of the latter, but persevered till finally he triumphed amongst his own communion. He subsequently published his "True principles," and "Apology for the revival of Christian architecture," and two essays in the *Dublin Review*, which still farther developed the principles he had propounded, and which, we must here observe, are works indispensably necessary to any person wishing to obtain correct notions of ecclesiastical art. He must have been gratified by seeing his views adopted by a highly educated and influential portion of the Established church of England, about the year 1840. The tractarian movement had been proceeding with considerable energy for some years before, developing many true views of Catholic doctrine, discipline, and polity, and amongst others it was not to be wondered at, that a due regard for the solemnities of public worship, and the beauty and appropriateness of God's material temples should be manifested. Accordingly, we find about the period of which we speak, societies formed at the two great English Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, for the cultivation of ecclesiastical art. The Cambridge Camden Society was the more distinguished of these associations, and gave the first proofs of its vitality by the publication of small tracts under the modest titles of "A few words to church builders," "A few words to church restorers," and "A few words to churchwardens." The societies, particularly the Camden, were assailed by hosts of enemies. The newspapers teemed with charges of covert Popery, Puseyism, and various other high crimes and misdemeanors, while similar accusations were preached from the pulpit, and then published in neat pamphlets. One Cheltenham luminary made the Camdensians the subject of a "fifth of November" sermon, and endeavoured "to establish beyond controversy" that "the restoration of churches not only tends to, but actually is POPERY;" so that, according to this light, the peculiar genius of "pure Protestantism" is to condemn, neglect, and desecrate God's house, an equivocal compliment to our separated brethren, in which we are unwilling to join, seeing that the greatest minds which have existed in the Protestant church are of a different opinion. In fact, several evangelical ladies, and not a few "experienced" old gentlemen, did not require the aid of their spectacles, nor light of a supernatural kind, to enable them to see into the dark ways, the tortuous windings, and "ulterior views" of the Camdenists. Should any churchman declare his opinion to be with old Richard Hooker, that "even then was the Lord as acceptably

honoured of his people as ever, when the stateliest places and things in the whole world were sought out to adorn his temple," he was instantly anathematized as a *Jesuit* of the "third vow," whose aim could be none other than the restoration of the "creature-worship" of old Popery, and the blindness and slavery of the "dark ages," on the ruins of the "spiritual" Protestantism and ultra enlightenment and freedom of opinion and action of the nineteenth century.

The societies, however, little heeded these assaults. Occasionally they broke lances with some half-witted knight-errant of low church, high pews, whitewashed walls, and broken windows. They gradually gained strength, pursued their studies vigorously, explored old churches, old books, and old half-worn manuscripts, collected important facts, eschewed mere archeology and antiquarianism, and finally, laid the foundation of a new science of practical importance, namely, "*Ecclesiology*," or the knowledge of building and restoring churches on Catholic principles. During all this time some important works issued from their press, and after a few years' existence, the Camden Society was enabled to publish a periodical as the organ of their views, and a medium of communicating their progress to their brother members scattered over the country. At first this periodical, the *Ecclesiologist*, appeared at irregular intervals, it then became a two-monthly, and, finally, a monthly magazine, which it still continues to be. One of the most active members of the Camden Society was Mr. F. A. Paley, who contributed a good deal to the *Ecclesiologist*, beside publishing "The Church restorers, a tale treating of ancient and modern architecture and church decorations," and a most scientific and useful "Manual of Gothic mouldings." His last publication is that before us, and has appeared since the author's reception into the Catholic church, although some portions of it were in print for many months previously.

We know of no book better adapted for the present state of our knowledge (or ignorance we should rather say) of ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland than Mr. Paley's manual, which, in the words of the preface, "is designed to assist the student in the distinction, classification, and analysis of architectural details." 'Tis true this work treats exclusively of Christian architecture as developed in England, and it is also unquestionable that in Ireland there was a peculiar development of Christian art; but as some time may pass before we shall be in a condition to fully investigate the ecclesiology of Ireland, we must at present take all the aid we can obtain from foreign resources.

After tracing the "humble beginnings" of English church architecture, and deducing its origin from Rome, the centre of Catholic art as of Catholic unity, the writer thus feelingly describes its decay:

"Such then were the humble beginnings of English Church architecture, which, for many centuries afterwards, may be said to have run a career of undying splendour, occasionally changing, yet never becoming deteriorated while the spirit of religious faith and liberality remained unimpaired. Its final decline or debasement, in respect of principles, as well as of detail, commenced with the reign of Henry VIII. The troubles of this and the succeeding reigns gave, in England, a death blow to its yet lingering and occasionally energetic and beautiful efforts. It was most unhappily and unworthily succeeded by what we may call the classic or pagan age, for which the revival of literature, as it is called, and the extended use of the art of printing, prepared the way. Then, the great and chivalrous associations of the middle ages being lost, as well as the piety and taste which had eminently characterized them, heathenism was once more invited to lend its aid in forming for newly enlightened Christians a worse than brazen era of architecture. Henceforth nothing was admired but Grecian and Roman

structures and ornaments—nothing was appreciated but the designs and emblems of idolatry. So perverted and infatuated was the taste of that time, that the once Catholic and beautiful England, the land of mighty abbeys, cathedrals, and churches without number, was everywhere disfigured with ugly and unchristian piles, in burlesque imitation of the foreign shrines of heathen gods. Then it was that the ancient and national style of architecture was called in ignorance and derision *the gothic*. The term is in itself absurd and calumnious; but it has now become so general, that it avails little to endeavour to supersede it by another."

The second chapter of "the Manual" treats of Anglo Romanesque and its characteristics, and while recommending its perusal to such of our readers as may take an interest in ecclesiology, we also wish to direct their careful attention to Dr. Petrie's invaluable observations on the early architecture of Ireland, in his work on the "Round Towers." By an examination of both works, they will perceive many points of remarkable difference between the "Romanesque" of England and the Romanesque style (or Byzantine if they will so have it) of this country.

The great merit of Mr. Paley's work, in our opinion, is a more scientific classification of styles, and a more appropriate and Catholic nomenclature, than has been hitherto suggested by any author. They have been partly adopted from the *Ecclesiologist*, but amplified in the "Manual." For the better understanding of this part of the subject, it is necessary to mention that no satisfactory classification of the gothic or pointed styles of architecture existed till the publication of Bishop Milner's works. That good and learned man divided them into three "orders," which he named respectively "first, second, and third." The styles which existed anteriorly to the gothic, he left in the undisturbed possession of the names which had been given to them by older antiquaries, "Saxon and Norman." Subsequently Mr. Rickman, upon not very intelligible grounds, adopted the nomenclature of "Early English," "Decorated English," and "Perpendicular English," corresponding in distinction of times of duration, with the "first, second, and third orders" of Bishop Milner. This terminology was generally used by authors and architects, till the publication of a very ingenious paper in the *Ecclesiologist* for March, 1845, which suggested the terms "first, middle, and third pointed." This nomenclature has since been invariably used by the writers of the *Ecclesiologist*, and we believe that many architects now use it. Taking it as the basis of his new scheme, Mr. Paley "ventures to propose a more explicit nomenclature of the styles by the following table, accompanied by dates:"

"1ST.—ANGLO ROMANESQUE.

1. Early British or Anglo Saxon.
2. Ante Norman, from about 950 to the Conquest.
3. Norman, 1066 to 1170.
4. Transition, 1170 to 1200.

2ND.—GOTHIC.

5. First Pointed, 1200 to 1240.
6. Late, or Florid First Pointed, 1240 to 1270.
7. Geometric Middle Pointed, 1270 to 1330.
8. Complete Middle Pointed, 1330 to 1380.
9. Third Pointed, 1380 to 1485.
10. Florid Third Pointed, 1485 to 1546.
11. Debased or semiclastic, 1546 to 1650.

"To which might be added (to complete the cycle, by bringing church architecture round again nearly to the point whence it started),

12. Revived Pagan, 1650 to 1840."

We confess ourselves very much pleased with this classification, although if we were to insist on an æsthetically Catholic nomenclature, we might prefer the omission of the dates, inasmuch as in some countries, Spain for instance, there are many examples of a later

development than obtained in England, so that we sometimes find buildings in those countries, which would be assigned by an English ecclesiologist to the thirteenth century, to be in fact of a century subsequent. And in Ireland there are buildings which the same ecclesiologist, judging from English examples, would assign to the latter end of the eleventh century, while, on the excellent authorities cited by Dr. Petrie, we have good reasons for believing that they belong to the beginning of the tenth century. We would also wish for other names for the subdivisions of the "Romanesque" class than those given by Mr. Paley. He has avoided the exclusive nationality, as irreconcilable with Catholicity, in the "Gothic" classes, and it were also desirable that he could have effected the same for "Romanesque." The term "Anglo Saxon" doorway in Ireland, is as inconsistent as "Early English" window in France or Belgium. We are aware of the obstacles that exist to the permanent settlement of a nomenclature for Romanesque architecture. The difficulties referred to in the article of the "*Ecclesiologist*" which we have mentioned, have due weight with us, and we confess that increased study of the subject does not diminish our sense of these difficulties. At present we must say, with the *Ecclesiologist*, "we trust that in time, as greater experience, wider research, and deeper religious feeling, will have made men more competent judges of the worth of other days, they may find order where now they see only confusion—discriminating what now they confuse, and connecting what now they esteem disjointed. In fine, the classification of ascetic (Romanesque) architecture is one of the *agenda* of future ecclesiologists. Ascetic architecture is a by-gone thing, it has developed itself in spiritual, and therefore its study is not by any means so important as that of its more perfect successor; but still it is very important, if it were merely as a record of a mighty fact, as the living monument of long ages of the Christian church, the exponent of the deepest feelings of men immeasurably holier and better than we, who venture to criticise with architectural tongue their costly works of love."

The third chapter of the manual is devoted to an examination of the "pointed or gothic styles." The fourth chapter investigates the characteristics of windows. The fifth, those of doorways. In the investigation of the latter, Mr. Paley receives very important aid from Ireland, which he thus acknowledges:

"In that extremely interesting work, the *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland* by Dr. Petrie, a great number of doorways are engraved, which the author gives the strongest reasons for supposing to belong to the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries. Many of these are of a form hitherto undiscovered in England, namely, of Egyptian or Greek outline, with sloping sides and a flat lintel above. Others approach much more closely to the *opus Romanum* of our Saxon examples. Although in some respects these doorways have peculiarities of their own, yet they generally much resemble what we have called *ante Norman* remains. Many of them have the *chevron* moulding and other ornaments, which are generally called Norman. A perusal of Dr. Petrie's work will probably establish the important fact, that a large class of buildings, now considered (from their style) necessarily of later date than the Conquest, may, in all probability, be safely referred to a period very long before that event. And if this can be predicated of Irish ecclesiastical remains, there can be no valid reason adduced why it should not be allowed in the architecture of the sister Isle."

We really think there are "valid reasons" why such an assumption for the architecture of the "sister Isle" should not be allowed. Surely Mr. Paley ought to know while England was sunk in comparative ignorance and barbarism at the remote period of which he speaks, Ireland was the "prime seat of learning in

Christendom."* He also might have learned from his own countryman, the Venerable Bede, that at that time "many of the noble and middle classes of England left their own country, and passed into Ireland, and some, within the monasteries, others going about from cell to cell, delighted in receiving instructions from masters, all of whom the Irish liberally received, giving them daily food without price, as also books and instructions gratuitously." Such being the superior state of civilization in Ireland in that period, it is highly probable, nay, almost certain, that the arts, which always progress with it, were in a much more advanced state here than in the "sister Isle."

The principles of Gothic composition, construction, and effect, are ably treated in the seventh chapter. The author truly says:

"These points may be said to involve the whole theory of Gothic architecture; decoration, however prominent a part, being entirely a subordinate, and by no means a necessary accessory, even to a perfect building. Thus the amount of enrichment bestowed upon it does not essentially affect that correct and pleasing ideality of a Gothic structure, which is really due to outline, proportion, and harmony of parts."

From the foregoing premises Mr. Paley deduces the following "principal canons of Gothic composition," and then describes the principles which have guided modern pretenders to architectural knowledge. Their transcription here needs no apology:

"I.—To make uniformity of design entirely subservient and secondary to utility. For instance, never to insert a useless window or an unnecessary buttress in one place, solely to fill up or relieve a blank space, or because it occurs in another corresponding place; but to pile together, to insert, to add, with any degree of fearless irregularity whatever. Ignorance of this leading principle has been the cause of half the failures of modern designs.

"II.—To use decoration only as a means of relieving necessary constructive features, and never to add any detail adventitiously, for its own sake, solely for effect, and irrespectively of position, meaning, and propriety. Thus, to make a blank window or doorway, to set up an unmeaning niche without a statue in it, to erect sham gables, block off buttresses midway, because the lower part is not seen, as at the Pitt Press, Cambridge, or insert canopies with nothing for them to enshrine, are examples of false principles. Almost all architects of the last generation committed these errors. They saw niches and turrets, and odd-looking excrescences in old churches, without ever knowing what they once contained, or why they were erected.

"Hence we may deduce two further rules—first, to make construction and propriety of composition the primary, decoration, the secondary object, and not to decorate at all until a substantial and durable fabric shall have been fully provided for; secondly, to regard reality and truthfulness before mere show, and to conceal nothing from a fancied impropriety of appearance.

"III.—To attend exclusively to utility, and to let effect take care of itself. Thus, if there is any reason for part of a window to be encroached upon, as at Hawton, Notts, or one pinnacle to be larger than another, as in the tower of Grantham, or one angle of a tower to be propped with a larger buttress, as at Horningsea, near Cambridge, or an arch to be contracted or widened to any extent—to obey the demand fearlessly and without hesitation. Modern men often adopt the most awkward expedients to avoid *what is really a great beauty instead of a blemish*.

"IV.—To create ideal extent by multiplicity of parts, by distribution of thrusts, division vertically and horizontally by buttresses and string courses, repetition of features and compartments of continuous vaults and roofs; and ideal heights by narrowness, combined with length, which are the conditions of the most efficient perspective.

"V.—To attain infinite variety, both of details and arrangements, even to the extravagant indulgence of caprice, by combining, adapting, and diversifying *given elements*, as mouldings, arches, shafts, pannellings, tracery, &c.

"VI.—To make extreme simplicity and extreme richness of workmanship compatible with the same true principles, by always regarding the latter as merely the *luxury of art*, and the legitimate scope for ingenuity, expenditure, and *gradual execution*.

"VII.—To regulate the exterior plan solely by the internal requirements.

* Prideaux.

"VIII.—To aim at apparent lightness, combined with actual strength, and at the same time to satisfy the eye by giving the idea of security from each part having its own peculiar support.

"Let us now observe how completely every one of these principles has been *INVERTED* in modern practice, and we shall have obtained some clue in tracing the cause of modern failures.

"Modern principles are

"I.—To make buildings *uniform* by equal and similar wings, corresponding doorways, windows of the same size and kind, level and regular elevations, not broken up into parts of greater or less prominence and height. Every gothic new building in Cambridge exhibits these faults, which are the certain result of the same hand composing in two contradictory styles, classic and gothic.

"II.—To add unnecessary and unmeaning ornaments in conspicuous positions to attract the eye and produce a showy appearance, leaving the less exposed parts bare and naked in the contrast.

"III.—To place effect before utility, as by building an inconvenient or unnecessary feature, because it is supposed to look well. Hence we have *doors* which afford no *entrance*, *turrets* with no *available interior*, and *chimneys* which do not emit *smoke*.

"IV.—To erect buildings whose primary idea is that of a large unbroken area, without columns and arches, with wide roofs, and without distinct component parts. Such *were* the great majority of the modern churches, which often had neither buttress, nor string course, nor arch in the whole design; in short, nothing gothic about them except the minor details.

"V.—To use *usque ad nauseam* a few hackneyed gothic details, copied from celebrated churches or cathedrals, or borrowed from books; and to apply these without sufficient regard to difference in the *kinds* and character of buildings.

"VI.—To sacrifice solidity and strength to unnecessary and adventitious ornament, and to impoverish the fabric to obtain the greatest possible amount of conspicuous but needless decoration.

"VII.—To arrange exterior elevations without regard to the nature of the interior, or to force the latter to suit the former; as to give the outward appearance of nave and aisles where there are no columns or arches inside: of three gabled roofs where there is but one flat ceiling within; of pinnacles or gable crosses which are but chimneys. Hence the custom of building *masks* either to hide necessary parts which do exist, or to give the idea of those which do not.

"VIII.—To be satisfied with actual weakness without even apparent lightness, as by the use of *plastered timber to imitate stone*, and by the omission of essential constructive details, such as shafts, mouldings, and the visible resistance of lateral thrusts."

There is not one of the faults here enumerated by Mr. Paley, which has not been perpetrated over and over in the new churches and other edifices erected in Ireland in modern times. Without going ten miles beyond the boundaries of Dublin, and in the City itself, we could point out examples of every one of the blemishes alluded to.

The volume is concluded by an essay on "Monumental Brasses," from the pen of C. R. Manning, Esq., of Benet College, Cambridge, which is the first complete treatise on the history and characteristics of these interesting memorials of the departed faithful that has been published. We think the work would have been more complete, had the author added another chapter on the arrangements of a church. Perhaps that subject would form another very interesting book.

We earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of Mr. Paley's "Manual" to all persons who feel an interest in Church building, and what Catholic or Irishman is there who should not? Ecclesiastical architecture is a subject both of religious and national importance, if we are desirous to prove, on the one hand, that we are anxious to show our respect for the solemnities of Divine worship, and to make our churches something more characteristic of their destination, than of secular buildings or of conventicles; or, if on the other hand, we wish *not* "to prove and confirm the fact that we have little art, learning, or imagination." Laymen, as well as clerics, should interest themselves in this matter, for as things are managed in Ireland, few churches are built without the intervention of a committee of laymen, who often esteem

themselves all wise, and *are* frequently all potent. Architectural knowledge and taste do not come spontaneously, they must be cultivated; and surely it is not unreasonable to expect that buildings directed by ignorant men, must of necessity be abortions. Therefore, those who undertake to act on committees for church building, should at least be acquainted with the first principles of church architecture. Modern architects are too frequently "good, easy men," who receive any directions of committee men as canons, no matter how opposed to sound principles. They esteem themselves (not through humility, we fear) merely as servants who should do the bidding of their masters, and not presume to act as counsellors and guides, readily adopting all good suggestions, and promptly rejecting those which they know (or ought to know) would compromise the principles of their art. It is one of the objects of our PERIODICAL to aid in elevating the character of our national art. We have great difficulties to surmount, but their magnitude will not deter us, or turn us aside from a purpose which we believe to be righteous.

Poetæ Catholici.

No. V.

THE PURGATORY OF ST. PATRICK.

[Translated from the Spanish of Calderon.]

Andò verso l' Irlanda,
E vide Ibernìa fabulosa, dove
Il santo nechievel fece la cava
In che tanta merce par che si trove,
Che l'uom vi purga ogni sua colpa prava.

ARIOSO. *Orl. Fur. canto x., sts. 91, 92.*

"——— He next for Ireland shaped his course,
And saw the fabulous Hibernia, where
The goodly, sainted elder made the cave
In which men cleansed from all offences are,
Such mercy there, it seems, is found to save :—" *Rose.*

ACT III. SCENE—a Street.

Enter JUAN PAUL, *fantastically dressed as a soldier, and* LUDOVICO *very pensive.*

Paul. Some day I knew 'twould happen so,
And that the day has come, is plain,
When I should ask you to explain
What I so much desire to know :
You will remember, in the dark,
How, from my cabin I did start,
To point you out the nearest part
Where you, with safety, might embark
Another time, pray recollect,
You said, or come with me, or die—
Of two such evils how that I
The greater evil did select,
Which was to follow in your train—
How as a shadow, at thy side,
With thee I've wander'd far and wide,
Throughout fair Italy, and Spain,
France, Scotland, England, all have been
Explored by us, and we, in fact,
Have left no strange and distant tract
Unvisited : At length we're seen,
Thus having pass'd o'er land and sea,
Upon the Irish coast again :
I, Juan Paul, with 'wilder'd brain,
Confused, amazed at what I see—
Your hair, and beard of monstrous size—
Your counterfeited voice—your dress
So changed—implore you to confess
Why thou dost wear such strange disguise ?—
By day you never leave the inn,
But in the frosty, midnight air
A thousand wild exploits you dare,
Without remembering we are in
A land where everything has chang'd—
Where nothing can be heard or seen
As we remember they had been,

When formerly this land we ranged :
Egerio the King is dead,
Killed by despair's unceasing pains,
And Lesbia, his daughter, reigns,
Queen of this kingdom in his stead,
Because Polonia——

Lud. Oh ! proceed,
But name me not Polonia's name ;
Do not destroy my trembling frame,
Nor terrify me with a deed
For which so many tears I shed !—
I know at length Polonia died.

Paul. Our host, with whom we here abide,
Told me, as how they found her dead,
And——

Lud. Cease, I do not wish that thou
The manner of her death should state—
Enough for me to mourn her fate.

Paul. He also said, the people now
Are all good Christians here ; they know
The sinful state from which they fled,
Because one Patrick, who is dead——
Is Patrick dead ?

Lud. Our host says so.
Paul. Badly have I fulfilled my vow—
Lud. Proceed :

[*Aside.*

Paul. The faith of Christ did preach,
And, as a proof that he did teach
The truth about the soul, and how
It seeks in death some other clime,
A wondrous cave, discovered here,
And what a cave ! He shakes with fear
Who hears it named !

Lud. Another time
I heard the same miraculous tale,
Which made my hair in terror stand.
They say the dwellers in this land
See sights that make the boldest quail.

Paul. Since thou, in melancholy mood,
In mingled terror and affright,
Nor use thy tongue, nor use thy sight,
But hide as if by foes pursued :
Since this is so, Senor, 'tis clear
You have not come to hear or see
These things, how wondrous they may be.
Say then, at once, what brings us here ?—
Nor think my doubts impertinent.

Lud. I'll answer all—from out your cot
I took you—in some lonely spot
To slay you was my first intent—
But then it better did appear
To take you where my steps might wend,
As my companion and my friend—
Throwing aside the dreadful fear
That made me shun the sight of man,
In fine, that you being with me, Paul,
I might find solace after all ;
Through many, various lands we ran
Nor didst thou, as we roamed along,
Feel need of aught. But now I'll say
Why we are here—it is to slay
A man who did me grievous wrong,
It is on this account I go,
Concealing country, dress, and name,
It is at this I ever aim
Throughout the night, because my foe
Is the most powerful person here !
And that I may to you confide
Why you to-day are at my side :
Listen, the cause shall soon appear—
Three days have passed away since I
Came to this city in disguise,
And twice beneath the midnight skies,
Here have I sought my enemy,
In his own street, at his own door ;
Each time a figure passed me by,
Disguised, and so contrived that I
Had to postpone the death I swore.
He called me in the lonely street,
And when I sought to reach him near,
To me he seemed to disappear,
As if the wind were in his feet—
To-night I thought it best that you
Should come along with me, that so

The figure we might surely know—
Caught as it were between us two.
Who are the two?

Why, you and I.

I am not one.

Not one?

Oh! no,

Senor, whenever you will go
On such exploits as now you try,
I am not one, nor half a one—
With my Lord Shadow's fearful stories,
Or with my Lady Purgatory's,
I am determined to have done:
In all my life, by day or night,
The other world's strange affairs
Were never known among my cares;
Methinks in this I acted right—
But place me 'gainst a thousand men,
And if I quickly do not run
From the whole thousand—nay, from one,
Call me the maddest mortal then.
For who would rather choose to die,
Who for a little race at most—
A thing of such a trifling cost—
Could his own life and safety buy?
My life I value very high—
Here leave me till you've done, and then,
Senor, come back for me again.

Lud. This is the house: Phillip must die
To-night beneath my vengeful hand—
We soon shall see if Heaven defends
His life, or only but pretends—
Here in this place you best can stand.

[Enter a figure disguised in a cloak.]

Paul. That I doubt, but some one cometh.
Lud. Fortune doth this night befriend me,
Since it gives me the occasion
Now to take a double vengeance:
Nothing shall disturb my fury,
Nothing shall prevent my slaying,
First, this strange, mysterious figure,
Phillip's death shall follow after.
'Tis the person that I spoke of,
By his gait and dress I know him:
But what terror makes me tremble
To behold him?

Fig. Ludovico!

Lud. Cavalier, two nights already
Have I met you here: inform me,
If you call me, why thus fly me?
If you seek me, why depart thus?
Follow me, you then shall know me!
Fig. Pardon me, I have some business
Lud. In this street that makes it needful
Here to be without a witness;
And in killing you I'll fancy
That I kill another person:
Draw or not your sword, this moment
I shall take a double vengeance:

[Draws his sword and strikes at the figure, but only cuts the air.]

Heavens! 'tis but the air I strike at!
Intercept him, Paul, beside thee.

Paul. I don't practise intercepting:
Lud. Through the city I shall track thee,
Up and down, till I discover
Who and what you are. Ah! vainly
Does my sword flash out its lightnings
To destroy him—they are powerless,
Either to offend or touch him.

[Aside.]

[They go out, Enio striking at the figure without touching it.]

Enter PHILLIP.

Paul. God be with them! One has vanished
Lud. From the street, and now another
Comes to me I am bewildered—
Like St. Antony, I'm tempted,
Both by figures and by phantoms:
I must hide me in this doorway,
Till the other passes by me.
Phil. Love—aspiring, wild, and daring—
With the favours of a kingdom—
Makes me now a happy lover,
For Polonia, in the desert

[Aside.]

Living among trees and brambles,
Citizen of lonely mountains—
Islander of lake-bound islets,
Has removed unto her sister,
Lesbia, the throne and kingdom.
I, through interest, not affection,
Pay unceasing court to Lesbia,
Worshipping her rank and station:
Now I come from sweetest converse
With her at her grated window:
But what's this?—each night a stranger
Here I meet upon my threshold!
Paul. Ah! this way it is approaching—
Why to me comes every phantom?
Phil. Cavalier!

I do not answer

To that name: he is addressing
Some one else.

Phil. This is my dwelling,
Paul. Well, thank God! I'm not your tenant:

For a thousand years enjoy it,
Without courtiers for your lodgers.

Phil. If you here are forced to tarry,
It concerns me not. Allow me
Room to pass you in the entrance.

Paul. What a civil-spoken phantom!
Ah! these ghosts are arrant cowards!
Whether here, Sir, I have business,
Or have not, it makes no matter;
Here to enter you are welcome—
I would be the last to hinder
Any gentleman from going
Home to bed.

[Aside]

Phil. You much oblige me!
Truly very valiant shadows
Haunt this street, 'tis somewhat curious
That for several nights a stranger
Here I've met, who, when I seek him,
Fades among these darksome doorways:
But this matter nought concerns me.

[Aside.]

[Exit.]

[PAUL draws his sword and affects to follow PHILLIP.]

Paul. Now he's gone, I may be valiant.
Good Mr. Shadow stop, I pray thee,
Or, if not Mr.—Miss, or Madam:
Ah! I cannot overtake him—
Heavens! 'tis but the air I strike at!—
Well if this the cavalier is
Whom we have so long expected,
He is a most lucky fellow
To have got to bed so safely:
But another sound approaches—
Sword-strokes mix'd with angry voices;
Here they come—but thus I leave them.

[Exit.]

Enter the disguised figure and LUDOVICO.

Lud. Cavalier! we have departed
From the street: if there was in it
Aught to interrupt our combat:
Here, at length, we two are standing
Face to face, to end the quarrel—
Since my sword cannot offend you
I must learn, upon you rushing,
Who and what you are? Acknowledge
Are you phantom, man, or demon?
Are you silent? then 'tis needful
That your dark disguise I open,
And discover—

[He tears open the cloak and discovers a skeleton underneath.]

Heaven defend me!

What is this? Oh! Lord Almighty!
What a spectacle of terror!—
Horrid vision! Grisly phantom!
Stiff and fleshless corse, who are you—
Ashes feigning life and motion.
Fig. Mortal, do you not then know me?
Here you see your truest picture—
I am Ludovico Enio!

[Disappears.]

Lud. Aid me Heaven! what dismal tidings!
Aid me Heaven! what fearful vision!
Shadows, sorrows crowd around me,
And my wretched life is over! [He falls on the ground.]

Enter PAUL.

Paul. 'Tis my master's voice that calleth—

See, my lord, that succour cometh
Now in me :

Lud. Oh! horrid monster!
Why return again? Thy accents
Overwhelm my soul!

Paul. He's frantic—
I am not a horrid monster,
But poor Juan Paul—that ninny—
Who too faithfully attends thee,
Without knowing why or wherefore.

Lud. Paul, excuse me, that my terror
Made me first not recognize thee,
That indeed is little wonder
When my very self I know not.
Did you see, as here you enter'd,
A dread shape—a grisly spectre?—
One by fleshless bones supported—
One with fingers cold and rigid—
One with eyeless sockets staring—
Where is he?

Paul. Indeed, I know not:

Had I seen him, on the instant,
I, more dead than he, had fallen.

Lud. And so would every human being:
Thus I fell, with stifled accents,
All my senses scared or frozen—
All my limbs with cold lead fetter'd—
While, above me, seemed descending
Of two poles, the wondrous structure,
By my strength alone supported;
And from everything around me
There did start some hidden terror:
Mighty rocks from gentle flowers—
Giants from the midst of roses,
For the earth, from out its centre,
Flung its grisly host of shadows,
And I saw myself among them!
From that sight, in pity, hide me,
Gracious Heaven! O Earth conceal me
In your darkest, central caverns,
That I ne'er again may see me!
Or, if that sad sight be needful,
Let me see myself the monster
That I was—the daring rebel,
Proud, insane, and disobedient,
Who God's law so violated—
He, for whom, if God would punish
Crimes as they deserve, the torments
Even of Hell were insufficient—
Which he must endure for ever,
While God reigns or Hell existeth—
But this truth I treasure also,
That these crimes have been committed
'Gainst a God so full of mercy,
That I yet can gain their pardon,
If, with bitter tears, I weep them:
Such repentance now doth seize me,
And that I, even from this moment,
May become a new-born creature:
In His saving hands I place me:
Not according to thy justice,
Judge me, O Eternal Father!
But according to thy mercy,
For thy attributes are blended
Both of mercy and of justice:
Deign to let me know some method
Of repentance, which may truly
Be somewhat a satisfaction
For my life—

[*Music within.*]

Music. The Purgatory!
Lud. Heavens! what sonorous accents
Breathe around! A revelation
Do they seem, for Heaven assisteth
The repentant, humbled sinner
In its own mysterious manner:
And since comes the inspiration
From on high, I wish to enter
Into Patrick's Purgatory:
Humbly and devoutly keeping
Thus the promise that I gave him,
If indeed it be my fortune
There to meet with holy Patrick:
If the trial have its dangers,

Since all human strength is powerless
Either to resist its terrors,
Or to bear the awful torments
Which the vengeful demons fashion;
Still I should remember likewise
That my crimes were just as dreadful,
And that in the same proportion
I must suffer—as physicians,
Curing desperate diseases,
Act on desperate prescriptions—
Paul, come with me, you shall see me
At the Bishop's feet laid prostrate
With repentance and with terror;
All my dreadful sins confessing.

Paul. No, Sir—you must take this journey
By yourself—a man so valiant
Surely needeth no companion—
And it seems an innovation
That a gentleman should visit
Hell attended by his valet:
To my village I shall saunter,
Where I'll live without vexation,
If I needs must have hobgoblins
Lucy will be quite sufficient.

Lud. As my many crimes were public
So shall be my deep repentance—
Like a man possess'd I'll wander
Through the world, my sins proclaiming:
Men, wild beasts, deserted mountains,
Starry globes, dim wildernesses,
Tender plants, dry, sapless elm-trees
I am Ludovico Enio!
At my name with horror tremble!
I, who lately was the proudest,
Now confess myself the humblest;
I have faith and firm reliance
That you yet shall see me happy,
If in God's name, blessed Patrick,
Aid me in the Purgatory.

[*Exit.*]

[*Exit.*]

SCENE. A wild, mountain district, a lake in the distance.

POLONIA appears upon a mountain; she descends slowly to the stage.

Polon. To thee, O Lord! my spirit climbs,
To Thee from every lonely hill
I burn to sacrifice my will
A thousand and a thousand times.
And such my boundless love to Thee,
I wish each will of mine a living soul could be—
Would that my love I could have shown
By bearing for thy sake, instead
Of that poor crown that press'd my head,
Some proud, imperial, golden crown—
Some empire which the sun surveys
Through all its daily course and gilds with constant rays.
This humble home, 'neath rocks uphurl'd,
In which I dwell, though poor and small,
Compared to this great mountain wall,
Is the eighth wonder of the world—
The smallest cave that in it lies
Exceeds the halls of kings in majesty and size.
Far better, on some natural lawn,
To see the morn its gems bestrew,
Or watch it weeping pearls of dew
Within the white arms of the dawn;
Or view, before the sun, the stars
Drive o'er the brighten'd plain their swiftly fading cars.
Far better to behold, when free,
Through Heaven, the shades of evening play—
The shining chariot of the day
Go down amid the western sea—
Better in darkness and in light,
My voice should speak thy praise, O Lord! by day and
Than to endure the inner strife—
The specious glare, but real weight
Of pomp, and power, and pride, and state,
And all the vanities of life:
How would we shudder could we deem
That life itself, in truth, is but a fleeting dream!

Enter LUDOVICO.

Lud. True to my purpose, on I go,

[*Aside.*]

With footsteps strong, and bosom brave,
 Looking for that mysterious cave
 Where the pitying Heavens will show
 How my salvation I may gain
 By bearing in this life the Purgatorial pain :
 Divinest woman ! if you be [To Polonia.
 A dweller in this lonely ground,
 Or in the neighbouring hills around,
 The shortest way, point out to me,
 That leads unto the wondrous cave,
 Where penitential man his living soul may save.

Polon. Fortunate traveller, to whom
 This boon was granted at thy birth,
 To seek that treasure which the earth
 Conceals within its richest womb—
 Well can I guide thee on thy way,
 For this, and this alone, amid these wilds I stay.
 This mountain, do you see ?

Lud. I see [Aside.
 My death in it.

Polon. Oh ! wo and fear ! [Aside.
 My soul ! what man is this that's here ?
 I cannot think that it is she !

Lud. Can it be he whom now I scan ?
 Polon. It is that hapless maid !
 Polon. It is that wretched man !

Lud. It may be only an illusion,
 Sent to dazzle and mislead,
 My intent to change—Proceed : [To Polonia.
 Can it be for my confusion [Aside.
 That man's dread enemy doth send
 This spectre in my path ?

Lud. You do not speak.
 Polon. Attend :
 This monstrous hill, with rocks bestrown,
 Full well the dreaded secret knows,
 But no one to its centre goes
 By walking o'er the land alone.
 He who would see this wondrous cave
 Must in a bark put forth and tempt the lake's dark wave :
 Revenge doth seek to burst its chain, [Aside.
 But pity doth its rage subdue.

Lud. My days their darksome hours renew, [Aside.
 Since I behold her once again.

Polon. What feelings in my bosom blend ! [Aside.
 Lud. I feel as I were dead !—You do not speak,
 Polon. Attend !
 This darksome lake doth all surround
 Yon hill that cleaves the Heavens' deep blue—
 Across whose level wave, by you,
 An easy pathway may be found ;
 And in the middle of the isle
 A convent's sacred walls beneath the sunlight smile,
 Some holy monks inhabit there,
 And for this task alone they live,
 With pious zeal to freely give
 The helping hand, the word of prayer—
 Confession, and the Sacred Mass,
 And ev'ry pious aid to all who thither pass,
 Telling them what they first must do
 Before they dare presume to go,
 Alive, within the realm of wo—
 Let not this enemy subdue [Aside.
 My soul, O Lord !

Lud. My hopes are fair, [Aside.
 Let me not feel, O Lord ! the anguish of despair !
 Seeing before my startled sight
 My greatest, deepest crime arise :
 Let not the fiend, my soul, that tries,
 Subdue me in the dreadful fight.

Polon. What greater foe could vengeance lend [Aside.
 Than he who standeth here ?

Lud. You do not speak :
 Polon. Attend :
 Lud. With quicker words your story tell,
 For well I know my soul doth need
 That I should go with swifter speed !

Polon. And me it doth import as well
 That you should go away.

Lud. Agreed !
 Now, woman, point the way to where my path doth lead.

Polon. No one accompanied can pass
 Across the bosom of this lake.
 But each a little bark must take

And try alone, the rippling glass,
 Being in that most trying strait,
 The lord of his own deeds—the master of his fate.

Come, where within a secret cave,
 Beside the shore the boat doth lie,
 And trusting in the Lord on high,
 Embark upon the crystal wave,
 Of this remote and lonely sea,

Lud. My life and all I have, O bark ! I trust to thee,
 And thus confide me to thy care :
 But, O my soul ! I shake with fear,
 For it a coffin doth appear,

In which, presumptuously I dare
 To try this dark and icy tide ! [He enters within.
 Polon. Do not return, proceed, and in the Lord confide !

Lud. Victory ! victory is mine, [Within.
 Polonia, for before thy sight
 My spirit has not quailed.

Polon. To flight
 Have I too made my wrath resign
 Here in this Babylonian realm.

Lud. The seeming shape you wear doth not my soul o'erwhelm,
 Although you take a well-known form
 To turn me from my path astray,
 And make me falter on my way.

Polon. Badly thy fear doth thee inform,
 Poor trembler !—only rich in fear ;
 For I, Polonia's self, alone am standing here :

The same your murderous dagger slew,
 Who by the Heavens' mysterious grace
 Live in this wild and desert place,
 And feel more peace than e'er I knew.

Lud. Since I confess, with sorrowing heart,
 The many sinful scenes in which I've play'd my part,
 Do thou pronounce my pardon too.

Polon. You have my pardon and my prayers.
 Lud. Nought from my breast my firm faith scares.
 Polon. Even confide in it.

Lud. Adieu !

Polon. Adieu !

Lud. May God his wrath restrain !
 Polon. And may he bring you back victorious once again ! [Exit.

SCENE—The Island.

Enter two Canons Regular.

1st Can. There's not the faintest zephyr blowing,
 And yet the lake's calm waves are rippled,
 Doubtless, o'er its bosom, pilgrims
 To the island are approaching.

2nd Can. Let us, to the shore descending,
 Learn who are the daring mortals
 Who are bold enough to visit
 Our obscure and distant dwelling.

Enter LUDOVICO.

Lud. To the waves I have confided
 My strange bark or rather coffin :
 Who, through fire and snow, e'er ventured
 In his sepulchre before me ?
 What a pleasant prospect opens !
 Here methinks the Spring has summon'd
 To her gay and varied Cortes
 The noble and plebeian flower :
 There a dismal mountain riseth,
 And the two so greatly differ,
 That their very opposition
 Binds them in a closer friendship :
 There are mournful night-birds wailing,
 With their screams awak'ning terror ;
 Here are joyful song-birds warbling
 Notes that fill the heart with gladness :
 There the angry torrent rusheth
 Headlong down the frowning mountain ;
 Here the gentle streamlet glideth,
 Giving mirrors to the sunshine :
 Half-way 'twixt these different regions,
 One so fair and one so ugly,
 Riseth up a stately building,
 Which awakes my love and terror !

1st Can. Happy traveller, who hither
 Has to-day thy courage brought thee
 To my arms approach.

Lud. 'Twere better
That before thy feet I throw me,
But conduct me now in pity
To the grave and reverend Prior
Who this sacred convent governs.

1st Can. I am he, although unworthy,
Speak, proceed, what interrupts thee?

Lud. Father, if my name I mention,
Much I fear that you will fly me,
Fright'ned at the sound; for truly
All my actions are so wicked
That the shining air around us,
Not to see them, would be cover'd
With a cloudy veil of mourning.
I am an abyss of horror,
And a stormy sea of fury;
I a map am of transgression,
And the world's most awful sinner—
In a word, lest breath should fail me,
I am Ludovico Enio:
I have come the cave to enter,
Where, if any satisfaction
Can be made for crimes so deadly,
My repentance there shall make it.
I have been absolved—confessing
To the Bishop of Hibernia
All my sins; who being acquainted
With my wish and my intention
Here to come, with love and council
Strengthen'd my weak resolution,
And for thee these letters gave me.

1st Can. Ludovico, do not venture
On so great an undertaking
In one day, it is a subject
That requires deliberation—
Stay with us our guest a short time,
And reflect more calmly on it.

Lud. Oh! my father, I shall never
Rise from where I now am kneeling
Till you grant me this great favour—
It was God's own inspiration,
That did drive me longing hither,
And not vanity, ambition,
Nor desire to know the secrets
Hidden here: do not, I pray thee
Interrupt my good intention,
For it is a true vocation;
Oh! my father, yield in pity,
Grant this favour to my suff'ring,
Grant my grief this consolation,
Grant this soothing to my sorrow.

1st Can. Little think'st thou, Ludovico,
What is the great boon thou'rt asking,
For it is through Hell's dread torment
That you seek to pass: your valour
Will not bear you through the ordeal!
Many are there, Ludovico,
Enter here, but few come backward.

Lud. Fear doth not at all affright me,
For once more I do protest me,
That my only wish or object
Is to purge my crimes—whose number
Far exceeds the sands of ocean,
Or the atoms of the sunbeam:
I have hope and firm reliance
In the Lord, whose name shall conquer
All the powers of Hell.

1st Can. The fervour
Of the words you speak compel me
Now the awful doors to open:
This the cave is, Ludovico!
[Opens the mouth of the Cave.]

Lud. Heaven preserve me?

1st Can. Art thou frightened?

Lud. No; and yet it makes me tremble.

1st Can. Once again, I now implore you
For no other cause to enter
Here, except to ask for pardon
For your sins.

Lud. I now am standing,
Father, in the cave's dark entrance;
Listen to my protestation—
Men and beasts, and skies and mountains,
Day and night, and ye bright planets,

[Gives them.

Sun and moon—all, all things listen
To my thousand protestations:
'Tis alone to suffer torments
For the sins that I've committed
That I enter here; my penance
Can be little satisfaction
For my crimes; but something tells me
I shall find my soul's salvation.

1st Can. Enter then; and ever with thee
In thy mouth and in thy bosom
Bear the sacred name of Jesus!

Lud. Lord! Oh Lord! be ever with me,
In thy faith, as in strong armour,
In the open field I struggle
With my enemy, victorious
From the fight may Thy name draw me!
Many times the sacred symbol
Of my faith upon my forehead
Shall I make. Oh Heaven preserve me!

[Here he enters the Cave, the entrance of which closes after him.]

1st Can. In all the persons who have entered
Here, I never saw such valour:
Grant him, gracious Lord, thy favour,
That he may resist the demons
And their strong temptation, trusting
To thy name and presence only.

[Exeunt.

SCENE—The Island.

Enter LESBIA, PHILLIP, LAOGHAIRE, the CAPTAIN, and POLONIA.

Lesb. While along the road we stray,
Following where you guide us, let us say,
Why we have come hither now:
It was to see you, and to you avow
All the plans that we have made.

Polon. Say on, to speak your thought be not afraid;
While my footsteps you pursue,
Because a sight I bring you now to view
Such as mortal eyes ne'er saw.

Lesb. Thus from before my thoughts the veil I draw—
You, Polonia, hither came
To feed, among these wilds, religion's flame,
Leaving me the splendid care
Of a crown: 'tis right I share
With you the secrets of my heart,
And so the whole I will to thee impart:
My will being sacrificed demands
Not advice, my sister, but commands:
Woman needs a stronger head
Than is her own, for council—she must wed.
Yes: and much I shall rejoice
If for a bridegroom Phillip is your choice,
For a double joy 'twill be
To give a husband and a crown to thee—
That my love may be the source
Whence all your blessings flow.

Lesb. For many a course
Of the sun—which lives and dies
Daily and nightly 'mid the changing skies—
That glorious Phoenix which doth give
New life in its refulgence—may'st thou live!

Polon. Now that you have said so much
On what concerns your marriage, let us touch
On the matter that doth send
You hither after me, and so attend:
In a penitential glow,
A man came hither whom we all do know,
Seeking out for Patrick's cave,
To enter there, and so his soul to save:
He did enter, and to-day
Again comes forth: to show you that dismay
Than wonder cannot greater be,
Here I have brought you all this miracle to see:
What his name I have not said
Lest you, perchance, disturbed by inward dread,
Should not see the end I sought,
And so along with me I have ye brought.

Lesb. Oh! my sister, it is right
That I should mingle terror with delight!

Phil. All of us who hither go,
Desire the truth of all these things to know.

Polon. If, through want of courage, he
Is doomed for ever in the cave to be,

We, at least, shall know his fate;
But if he comes forth from the cave elate
Then from him, at length, we'll hear
What these strange things may be: I only fear
That, through awe, he may not speak,
And, flying from us, he, perchance, may seek
Some wild solitude alone.

Lesb. In wondrous ways the power of God is shown!
Capt. At the proper time we're here,
For see, the monks in lengthened file appear:
Shedding tears!—with footsteps slow—
On to the cave in silent thought they go,
That they may the entrance ope.

Enter, in the habit of Canons, as many Religious as possible, they reach the cave, from which LUDOVICO issues like one amazed.

1st Can. O Lord of Heaven! in whom is all our hope
Some day to behold thy realm,
Let not this dungeon cave this soul overwhelm:
Let him back his footsteps trace
From out the pit that knows not of thy face!
See!

Polon. What joy to us is given!
1st Can. It is Ludovico!
Phil. Aid me, Heaven!

Lud. Is it possible that I,
After so many years, behold the sky?
And enjoy its golden light?
Capt. How confused!

Laogh. How blinded with affright!
1st Can. Embrace me, thou hast acted well!
Lud. My arms were chains, my bosom were a cell:
Since, Polonia, thou art here,
I, to obtain my pardon, do not fear:
Phillip, ever bless the Lord!
For twice an angel saved thee from my sword,
As I watched for thee by night—
Pardon I ask of all: and now in flight
I shall seek some desert place,
Where, unseen by any human face,
I, in pain, some hope may glean:
He who could see the things that I have seen
Would to live in suffering seek.

1st Can. In the name of God, I bid thee speak,
Lud. Enio, of the things you've seen.
To so sacred a command I lean
Submissive, and that earth may be
Started from its fearful apathy;
And that man may now begin
To rise from out the darksome death of sin,
Waken'd by the words I send,
To the grave story of this cave attend:
After solemn preparation,
Which so great a venture needed,
And of all a tender farewell
Having taken, I departed,
Firm in faith and strong in valour,
This most wondrous cave to enter,
Placing in my God reliance,
And a thousand times repeating
Those mysterious words that even
Hell itself doth hear with trembling,
Slowly entering by the threshold,
There a little while I waited
For the closing of the portal:
When it closed at length I found me
In such thick and pitchy darkness—
In a night so black and mournful—
That I closed my eyes, and, blinded
In this way, proceeded onward
Till I reached, with hands outstretch'd,
A vast wall that rose before me:
Following the dark wall's windings
For about some twenty paces,
I approached some rocks, where gleaming
Through a chink, a light so dubious
Enter'd that 'twas scarcely light,
As when we beheld the coming
Of the dawn amid the orient,
We are doubtful if the twilight
Be the light of morn or not;
Still along the left hand keeping
Soon I entered on a pathway,

Where the earth began to tremble
Underneath my frightened footsteps.
As if it would sink in ruin
Almost lifeless, there I tarried,
Till a dreadful clap of thunder,
With its horrid clangour, woke me
From my trance and my oblivion;
And the earth, where I was standing,
Opening in its centre, hurled me
Headlong down the dark abyss,
Where the stones and earth that followed
Made a sepulchre around me:
In a spacious hall of jasper
Then I found me, where the chisel
Round about had left its traces
In the wondrous architecture.
From a door of bronze there issued
Twelve grave men, in snow-white garments,
Who, respectfully approaching,
Gave me courteous salutation;
One of them, who seemed superior
To the others, said: remember
That you place your faith in God;
Be not frightened at beholding
Demon bands your course opposing,
For if you should be so wretched
As to wish to turn back, wrought on
By their promises or threat'nings—
You in Hell must ever tarry,
Suff'ring everlasting torments:
These twelve men were bless'd angels,
Who thus raised my drooping spirits,
And renewed my sinking courage.
Soon the spacious hall was peopled
With a host of demon shadows—
Hellish visions—rebel spirits—
Bearing shapes so dark and hideous
That the earth has not a monster
That these demons doth resemble,
And one said: O foolish mortal,
Madman, idiot, thou who seekest
Ere thy time the pain that waits thee,
And the wo that thou dost merit.
If thy crimes are great, 'tis proper
That thy own heart doth condemn thee,
For thou need'st not hope for mercy
In the eye of God for ever:
For what reason comest thou hither?
Back again to earth returning
Let your whole life there be finished,
Dying as you have been living:
Then indeed you may come see us,
And ascend the seat predestined
For thee in this darksome region
Which must be thy place for ever:
Giving to these words no answer,
Then with blows they fell upon me,
Bound my hands and feet together,
Pierced me with sharp hooks of metal,
And along the chambers drew me,
Till they reached a raging bonfire.
In the midst of which they threw me;
All I said was: Saviour! aid me!
When the hideous demons vanished,
And the flames were all extinguish'd!
After this I was conducted
To a field, whose blackened surface
Only bore wild thorns and brambles
In the place of pinks and roses:
Here the cold wind penetrated
With its subtle breath each member
Deeper than the sharpest weapon:
Here, in darksome caverns under,
Were the souls of many guarded,
And such mournful wailings issued—
Such dread cries—such imprecations
Heaped on parents and relations—
Such forlorn, despairing voices—
Such wild blasphemies and curses,
O'er and o'er again repeated—
That the very demons trembled:
Passing onward, then I found me
In a meadow which was cover'd
O'er with flames instead of grasses,

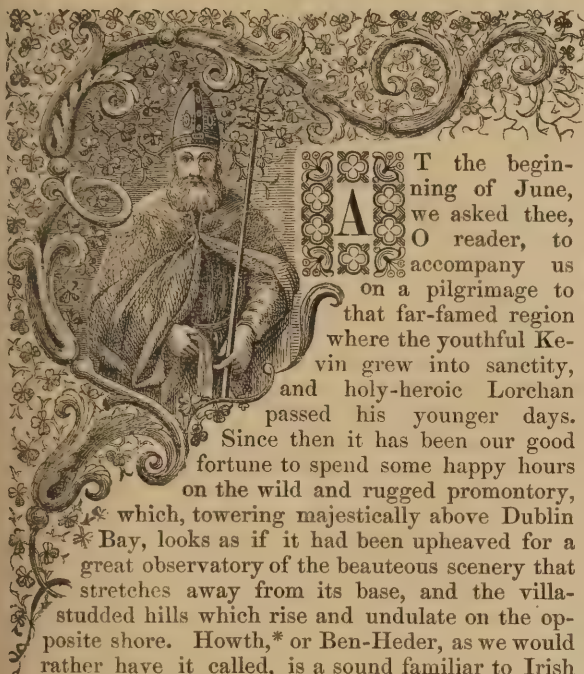
Which before the wind were swaying,
 Just, as in the burning August,
 Bend the ripe ears of the harvest ;
 So vast the burning plain extended
 That no eye could reach its limits :
 In the midst of it were lying,
 In the flames unnumber'd people,
 Through whose hands and feet were driven
 Stakes and pins of burning iron,
 Nailing them unto the earth ;
 On their entrails, fiery serpents
 Gnawed for ever, and the wretches,
 In their agonizing torments,
 Bit the ground, and then expiring,
 Woke again to life and suffering ;
 Then the vengeful demons threw me
 In the flames, which quickly vanished
 At the sacred name I called on.
 Then, I came where they were healing
 These same wounds with potent caustic,
 Pouring o'er the hideous ulcers
 Melted lead and burning rosin ;—
 Who at this will not afflict him ?
 Who at this will not uplift him ?
 Who at this will feel no sorrow ?
 Who will not despair and tremble ?
 Then I saw, from out a mansion,
 Issuing from its walls and doorway,
 Flames arise, as when fire seizes
 On an earthly house, it bursts forth
 By whatever vent it findeth,
 This, they told me, was the Villa
 Of Enjoyment—recreation's
 Bath—where women who indulged in
 Unguents, odours, rouge, and washes
 In the other life, were punished ;
 There I entered, and saw in it,
 Bathing in a snow-filled basin,
 Many fair and lovely women,
 In the water were they standing,
 Circled round by snakes and serpents—
 Which, of these cold, icy billows,
 Were the sirens and the dolphins—
 There their limbs were stiff and frozen,
 In the clear, transparent crystal,
 And their hair on end was standing,
 And their teeth together striking ;—
 Then they led me to a mountain
 Which upraised its lofty forehead
 Through the Heaven's blue veil of crystal
 On its summit, a volcano
 Blazed afar, from out whose crater
 Flames burst forth, and burning lava
 In whose slow and blazing current
 I saw many souls descending,
 When they reached the base, returning
 Once again they climbed the mountain,
 Thus for many times repeating
 Their descending and ascending ;
 Then a burning vapour blowing,
 Made me quickly seek an exit
 From this wild volcanic region :
 Forth I issued, and experienced
 A new wind upon the outside,
 On whose wing came many legions.
 Then, with blows and many insults,
 I approached another quarter.
 There it seemed that many spirits,
 I had known elsewhere, were gathered
 Into one vast congregation,
 Where, although 'twas plain they suffered,
 Still they looked with joyous faces,
 Wore a peaceable appearance,
 Uttered no impatient accents,
 But with moisten'd eyes uplifted
 Towards the heavens, appeared imploring
 Pity, and their sins lamenting.
 This, in truth, was Purgatory,
 Where the sins that are more venial
 Are purged out ; the angry demons,
 Seeing that I did not tremble,
 Rather that I waxed in courage,
 Tried upon me greater horrors ;
 To a river did they lead me,

Flowers of fire were on its margin,
 Liquid sulphur was its current,
 Many-headed hydras—serpents—
 Monsters of the deep were in it,
 It was very broad, and o'er it
 Lay a bridge, so slight and narrow
 That it seemed a thin line only,
 It appeared so weak and fragile
 That the slightest weight would sink it :
 Here thy pathway lies, they told me,
 O'er this bridge so weak and narrow.
 And, for thy still greater horror,
 Look at those who've pass'd before thee :
 I look'd and then beheld the wretches,
 Who the passage were attempting,
 Fall amid the sulphur current,
 Where the snakes with teeth and talons
 Tore them in a thousand pieces ;
 Notwithstanding all these horrors,
 I, the name of God invoking,
 Undertook the dreadful passage,
 And undaunted by the billows,
 Or the winds that blew around me,
 Reached the other side in safety ;
 Here within a wood I found me,
 So delightful and so fertile,
 That the past was all forgotten ;
 On my path rose stately cedars,
 Laurels—all the trees of Eden,
 While the ground, with rose-leaves scattered,
 Spread its white and verdant carpet ;
 Tender birds in all the branches
 Told their amorous complainings
 To the many murmuring streamlets,
 To the thousand crystal fountains.
 Then I saw a stately city,
 Which amid the heaven's uplifted
 Many pinnacles and turrets,
 Precious gold composed its portals
 All with flashing diamonds garnish'd
 Topaz, emerald, and ruby,
 Intermix'd their varied lustre ;
 E'er I reached the gates, they open'd
 And the Saints in long procession
 Came to meet me, men and women,
 Young and old, and youths and maidens,
 All approached serene and happy ;
 Choirs of Seraphim and angels,
 Breathing Heaven's delicious music,
 Sweetly sung divinest anthems.
 After these at length approached me,
 The resplendant—the most glorious—
 The great Patrick—the Apostle.
 Much that dazzling sight rejoiced me,
 For by it I was enabled
 To fulfil my early promise,
 In my lifetime to behold him.
 He and all the rest embraced me,
 Pleased at my extreme good fortune,
 Bidding me farewell, he told me
 That no living man could enter
 That most glorious, happy city ;
 But that I, to earth returning,
 Should await God's time and pleasure.
 Back the proper way I wandered
 Unobstructed by the demons,
 And at length approached the entrance,
 When you came to seek and see me.
 Since I have escaped this danger,
 Holy fathers, all I covet
 Is to live and die among ye.*

THE END.

* In the original there are sixteen additional lines which I have not translated, as they consist merely of a confused list of writers who have mentioned the Purgatory, from the time of Henry of Saltery to that of Archbishop Usher, all of whom are quoted by the hero himself. The same list, with a few additional names, is to be found in Bouillon's *Vie de S. Patrice*, pp. 82, 83, 84. The entire account which Enio gives of the interior of the Purgatory, is also to be found in the same little book, somewhat more in detail, indeed, but in many places with a closeness of resemblance which includes even the poetical embellishment. Bouillon, as I have mentioned in the introduction, was only the translator of the original Spanish "Life of St. Patrick," written by Montalvan (the disciple and imitator of Lope de Vega), and this again, so far as the Purgatory was concerned, was taken from the early Latin legends of Henry of Saltery and others.

Local Memoirs of Ireland.

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HOWTH.

Since then it has been our good fortune to spend some happy hours on the wild and rugged promontory, which, towering majestically above Dublin Bay, looks as if it had been upheaved for a great observatory of the beauteous scenery that stretches away from its base, and the villa-studded hills which rise and undulate on the opposite shore. Howth,* or Ben-Heder, as we would rather have it called, is a sound familiar to Irish ears—there is not an Irishman, in or out of Ireland, who has not heard of it—those who have never seen it, form something like a dreamy notion of it—emigrants and exiles salute it from the gunwale of the ships that bear them away to American free-ground, or the penal settlements of England; the wanderer who pines for the old land, and longs to lay his bones where his fathers' graves have been, thinks of it by the Tiber and the Mississippi, and prays God for the advent of that day when the mariner, hailing from the mast-head, descries its storm-beaten cliffs looming on his vision. Howth! who has not heard of thee? what speech-maker, for the last thirty years, has not emphasised his facts and periods with thy name? what word-painter has not made thee the foreground and background in his imaginative picture? Was the land oppressed by misrule?—indignation and resolve should rise in every breast, from Howth to Cape Clear! in the struggle against the alienation of just rights. Were justice to triumph—How would not the land ring out, till every mountain “had found a tongue,” and old Ben-Heder joined in chorus with the Golden Spears?† But, ah, well-a-day, promises are not always to be realized, and we have nothing to do with the politics of the hour.

Come with us now, poor son of toil, thy sweated brow and blistered hands too well betoken the hardships of the week. Taking it for granted that thou hast knelt early on the Sabbath morning before the altar, we would invite thee forth from the reeking atmosphere of the fetid city—the panorama of vice, hypocrisy, and stunning turmoil—to breathe the pure air of heaven, to sit thee down on some jutting rock above the waters, making music on the strand, thence to behold the glories unfolding themselves to thy view, that so thou

mayest return home more grateful to God, more buoyant in spirit, and, if our poor pains be worth remembering, somewhat thankful to us for whatever information we have provided thee. Nor is our invitation intended for thee alone, poor child of labour; we would fain ask to accompany us the pale and brain-sick student, who, giving his nights to study, has risen from books to learn that the sleepless vigil has enriched his soul and left the body poor. Oh! thrice happy is he who, duly appreciating the beneficence of the Deity, hies him forth to seek invigorating freshness far from the beaten thoroughfares of life, by the lonely shore, and in the sunny glen.

What perfect masters of the human heart were they, “those monks of old,” who built their abodes in these secluded sites, where the storms on the hill-side, or the hoarse rustling of the waves, were the only sounds which recalled the noise and distracting tumult they had left! And thou, too, oh man of care and sorrow, would fain find some such cloister, even for a few fleeting hours, wherein thou couldst find repose and comfort for thy spirit; thy shattered frame, too, needs to be tended by great nature, our best infirmarian. Give us then thy companionship, and as we muse and walk along the pebbly beach, while the sea breeze and the spray come with cooling balm athwart thy brow, and the ever-restless blue-green wave flings out its odour, acknowledge that here thou dost experience sensations purer and more health-giving than may be found amid sickly ephemeral exotics, be they never so rare. God is great in all his works—diffusive of blessings in all that he has created—blessed and benignant in the uprooting wind and in every zephyr that hardly bends the tenderest flower-stem—the humming of the bee, and fling of the lark uprising from its dewy nest, proclaim his praise, and fill man's soul with gladness. The lily is richer in its dyes than Solomon in the apparel of his glory; and yonder field, gemmed with the daisy and primrose, and here and there the yellow flowers of the furze, is a more beauteous object than aught which the painter or mosaicist can produce. Amid such objects as these, the teeming seed-plain and the fragrant garden where abundance groweth, and the varied tints of heaven are reflected, we become more and more impressed with a sense of the Creator's love; but when we would form even a shadowy notion of his might and majesty, we must betake ourselves to the mountain and look down from some height upon “the glorious mirror where he glasses himself;” for there is ever heaving the great element which submerged the world of yore, and there he walks forth on wings of the storm, scattering and overwhelming in the yeast of waves these mighty armaments, which, appearing to man invincible, stagger and go down before the bolt that flashes from the bosom of a cloud.

How truly hath bard and moralist remarked, that scenes where nature has lavished the chiefest beauties but ill accord with the egotist and the voluptuary. An oppressive sense of loneliness seizes and troubles, like a devil, the soul of the sensualist,* when left to himself in presence of the great works which bear not the impress of man, and are now as untainted as at the moment when they sprung fresh from the Creator's hands; go where we will, we are sure to find some delicious spot unmarred by the intrusive utilitarianism of the age, looking like what the Italians term “a piece of heaven lapsed to earth;” but be sure that, though it were fifty times as fair, it has no charm or attraction for the irreligious and corrupt. If the

* In Irish, the “Hill of Oaks.”

† Bray Head and Sugar-loaf, so termed by the ancient Irish.

mouth would speak from out the heart of such, you would not fail to learn that the crowded street afforded them more pleasure than the sea-beech or mountain slopes—the musk of the civet, a fragrance more delicious than the odours of the wild thyme—and the glancings of the wanton a more exquisite delight than the varied beauties with which God has embellished hill and valley, creating a new emotion at every devious winding, furnishing the imagination with shapes of loveliness and beauty, of which it had not dreamed, till the soul overflows with gratitude at the sight of God's blessed works, and perfection seems stamped on every object, save sinful, erring man. No canting, rhapsodic philosophy this; 'tis truth which no one will contest, whose experiences are worth mentioning; for those who would gainsay it, there are other scenes more agreeable to their tastes. Not far off there, is a spot sacred to foppery and folly; the scenery was once charming to our eyes, but the mountain has been disembowelled, its granite bones torn out, and the unhealthy skin barely covers deformity. Nevertheless, a great purpose has been effected—the waters have been imprisoned, English steam frigates and liners find safe anchorage between walls of felspar and mica; a promenade is there, too, grassless as lava, and from time to time there is martial music, a jingling of spurs, flaunting finery, and winsome attraction for the lovers of the mazourka, "Rule Britannia," with a variety of other such foreign importations, for which *we* have neither eyes nor ears. But we have lingered too long, though we hope not uselessly, in our moralizings, and now will lay before thee all that we have been able to collect concerning Ben-Heder, its battlemented abbey, baronial hall, and the grey ruins which sit "like a moulting bird" on Inis-Mac-Nessan.

Starting by an early train, we would advise all whom it concerns to stop at the Baldoyle station, and walk to Kilbarrock, to visit the ruins which are not a bow-shot from the road side. A more neglected or mournful scene of desolation there is not in Ireland, and the history of the old rifted sanctuary is as apocryphal as that of many who are mouldering in its graves. From *Alan's Register* we learn, that it was dedicated to our Lady long before the English invasion. If it be allowed us to indulge in imagination, and question why an oratory should have been erected on such a bleak spot, almost so near the shore that skaw and spray could quench the lamp burning in the sanctuary, may we not suppose that these pointed arches supported a roof, beneath which some lordly sea-chief offered thanks for success in an enterprise of moment, or rescue from shipwreck, dedicating the shrine to her whom the early sea-farer saluted "Stella Maris?" Be that as it may, early in the thirteenth century, the lands pertaining to this church passed into the hands of the Barons of Howth, who, like other of the Anglo-Norman sword-men, deemed it no sacrilege to seize the old termon possessions which the chieftains of the Irish bestowed on their ecclesiastical foundations. From that period down to the time of the dissolution, nothing worth recording is known of its history; for it would appear that it was soon dismantled, its altar and relics desecrated, its priests scared away, and chant and psalmody for ever hushed. But, reader, or companion, these old walls saw a scene of carnage of which they may not speak. In 1641, when Parsons and Borlase were Lords Justices, Sir Charles Coote, a most sanguinary monster, led a posse of halberdiers and musquetiers from Dublin, and falling upon the poor

Catholic inhabitants of the vicinity, slew them in cold blood, burnt their boats, and flung the corpses into that grave-yard, where no monument records the fact. The sequel is easily told—the Anglo Catholics of the Pale were obliged to join the Kilkenny confederacy, not for any love of the Irish, but in self-defence—hope and triumph were of short duration; dissensions, somewhat analogous to those which now distract us, ensued—the spirit of union was broken, and in the end English fraud and violence rained miseries on the land. *Quousque, quousque Domine?* One broken monument is still there, remarkable, as that of the first proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*,* an eccentric man, noted in his time as the sham squire, and of whom, we believe, there is a notice in a pleasant little volume, by Herbert, the painter, entitled "Irish Varieties." Before taking leave of Kilbarrock, we call the attention of our friend Dr. Gray to the neglected state of the shattered tombstone.

From Kilbarrock it is but a gentle walk to Baldoyle, a neat fishing village, remarkable in Irish annals as an early settlement of the Danes. "So early as 1040, Sitric, the Danish king of Dublin, gave towards the founding of Christ Church the land, mannor, villeins, cows, and corn of Baldoyle." "A century afterwards," says the erudite historian, D'Alton,† "M'Murrough, on founding the priory of All Saints (where Trinity College now stands), assigned to Bishop Edan O'Killedy, for its use, the lands of Baldoyle, with the farmers and serfs thereon." In 1184, Dermot's grant was confirmed by King Henry, and in 1200, King John ratified to Christ's Church the endowments of King Sitric. In the year 1369, a parliament was held here by William de Windsor, then lord deputy; and long afterwards the inhabitants espoused the cause of Silken Thomas, reeking with the Primate's blood, whereon the grange of Baldoyle, with many acres of arable and pasture land, were granted to the Corporation of Dublin, in reward of their opposition to the impetuous and misguided Fitzgerald. This village has a commodious Catholic Church, without pretensions to architecture of any order, save that which its builder designed and carried out. There is also a school, connected with the National Board—and, lest it may slip our memory, we trust that when the youthful scholars shall have learned something of their country's history from better sources than the fragmentary pieces given in their reading books, they will faithfully guard whatever of that history is chronicled in stone, nor allow any sacrilegious hand to meddle with the remains which it is the duty of priest and people to protect from outrage. Alas! that we should be obliged to make the remark.

Let us now leave Baldoyle, and, if not weary of foot, continue our walk along the high-road which leads direct to the ancient residence of the lords of Howth. Of that stronghold little now remains, save a square tower on the race-ground; the present residence, however—the keep and towers of which we take to have been built early in the sixteenth century—affords to the visitor an interesting sight, half feudal, half modern. A flight of steps leads to the grand hall, which contains many objects of antiquity, and amongst others, the great sword of Sir Tristram, with which he won for his posterity, the splendid domain which has owned

* So says D'Alton, Hist. Co. Dublin.

† Hist. of Co. Dublin, p. 172. When will Mr. D'Alton give us the History of the County Wicklow, so much desired? Surely no one is better fitted for the work than this able and learned writer.

them its lords nearly seven centuries. Ere you descend that flight of steps, look around thee, and acknowledge that lovelier sight has never met thine eyes—ancient trees with their green foliage—luxuriant fields teeming with fruits and flowers—broken and precipitous rocks here and there clad with verdure, or rearing their bald heads half a thousand feet above the waters—crystal streams channelling their course beneath heath and fern—warbling birds occasionally startled by some errant seamew, slowly sailing through the air, as if dubious of his whereabouts, and listening for the scream of his mate, calling him back to the treeless waste near which he chipped the shell; and yonder, down in that glen, overshadowed by jagged rock-piles, the blank altar of the early Celt, stern and unchanged as when the last rite was done. Oh! friend, was not this a spot worth fighting for? But let us learn who this Sir Tristram was, and how his posterity came by so fair a heritage. Let us sit down and briefly tell the tale.

This wild promontory, crowned with lofty oaks, from which it took its name, could not fail to attract the attention of Phœnician and Milesian, when roaming the seas in quest of settlements. That they landed and established themselves here, there can be little doubt, for as early as the ninth century, we are informed that the sea kings visited and devastated it. That the Norwegians eventually became its masters is almost certain, for in 1038, Sitric, the baptised Dane, granted a considerable portion of its lands to his ecclesiastical structures. Many a legend is there still preserved of those roving pirates; how they became converts to Christianity, ransacked the bowels of these hills for ore, and how they fled thither on the day that great Brian overthrew them at Clontarf. Right joyous times were these, when vikings in their many-oared galleys pulled hard for the land, and encountered stern resistance on the beach; but it is a theme for poets, and chronicled in the Sagas.

What time King Henry of England meditated the conquest of Ireland, many a knight hearing of its fertility and beauty came to his standard. Amongst others was one Sir Armoricus Tristram, who had bravely won his spurs, and he, too, volunteered to follow the invader's fortunes. In St. Mary's Church of Rouen—that same church from whose belfry Norman William heard the chimes calling the monks to matin service, on the morning he gave up the ghost*—two knights met, and, according to usage, made solemn vow before the altar that they would be true to each other in tented field, and make fair division of all the lands their good swords won them; these two were Sir Armoricus Tristram and Sir John De Courcy.† They sailed together, anchored and landed in the immediate vicinity of this castle, and attacked their opposers at the stream of Evora, which falls into the sea opposite Ireland's Eye. Sir Armoricus won the day, but Sir John De Courcy, being seized with illness, watched the battle from his boat. Yet it was a day of sad remembrances to Sir Armoricus, for seven of his sons, uncles, and nephews found a red burial on the memorable occasion. In excavating the foundations of the church, whose

belfry, seen above the trees, looks so very like a four-legged stool turned upside down, many a memorial of the day's slaughter was disinterred—bridle-bits, swords, spurs, and other warlike gear attested that fierce battle had been there; and the stream is even now called "the bloody," either from its vicinity to the scene of action, or the mineralogical properties which give it a reddish tinge. The victory conferred the Lordship of Howth on Sir Armoricus, who soon afterwards marched into Connaught to aid Sir John De Courcy, then plundering in the north and west. Cathal O'Connor being informed of their intentions, resolved to strike a vigorous blow, and met the Anglo-Normans at Knockmoy, in the county Galway. Panic-struck by the martial array of the Irish, their enemies were about to quit the field, when Sir Armoricus called his men to stand, kneeled, kissed the cross of his sword, and ran his horse through, saying, "thou shalt never serve against me that so worthily hast served with me." "The like," says Lodge, "did all the rest." But this time the fortune of war was not with them; Cathal and his Celts made brief work with the mailed march-men. Celtic valour never won prouder laurels. Sir Armoricus and his troops were cut to pieces, and the heroic Cathal, to give glory to God, erected the monastery and church of Knockmoy—in *perpetuam rei memoriam*.* Oh! if all had acted thus. But let us not pause over the ruin which dissensions have entailed.

Sir Nicholas, the eldest son of Sir Armoricus, who had gone to England to inform the king how ill it fared with the early "planters" on Irish soil, returned soon after his father had been slain, and was quite satisfied with his possession of Howth, deeming it unsafe to think of conquest in the west or north. Sir Armoricus, it would appear, assumed the name of St. Lawrence, in honour of the Saint on whose day he had come off victorious in a conflict with the Danes, either at Howth or in its neighbourhood, and from that period to this the votive designation has been retained by his descendants. In 1216, king John confirmed to the son of Nicholas all the possessions of his father in the land of Howth, which are thus described in the Royal Charter—"Terram de Houde in bosco et in plano, in vîs et in semitis, in pratis, et in pascuis, in moris et mariscis, in aquis et molendinis, in stagnis, et vivariis et cum omnibus consuetudinibus suis." Truly a blessed spot was this, even at that remote period, with its mills, woods, venison, and fisheries.

Right well they served the English interests in Ireland, those lords of Howth, and amply were they remunerated by its sovereigns for successive generations. Of the other invaders, the Geraldines and Butlers, it has been said with truth, they became "more Irish than the Irishrie;" but without troubling ourselves much with the annals of the family, we may fearlessly assert of the St. Lawrences, that they ever were "*Ip-sis Anglis Angliores*." Whenever an opportunity of supporting anti-Irish imperialism, either by enlarging the territory of the pale or doing sore damage to the native population, presented itself, then be sure you will find a St. Lawrence most over-busily engaged serving the English monarch; and at no period of their history is this fact so conspicuous as in the year 1504. For some centuries anterior to this memorable year, they do not seem to have been otherwise engaged than discharging the functions of chancellors, members of the Privy Council, and other high offices—right royal

* Called the monastery "*de colle victoriae*"

* Thierry. Norman Conquest.

† "So old," says Rev. Dr. Todd, in his learned notes to the Book of Obits of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, published by the A. S., "was the custom of making bargains in churches, and continued to so late a period, that we find from an entry in the Chapter Books of St. Patrick's Cathedral, dated 1697, an agreement between the Dean and Chapter and Renatus Harris, 'to pay at Strongbow's tomb, in Christ Church, in the countie of Dublin, the sum of £350.'"

tokens of England's good-will and behest. Protected by their position, almost insular, and their security still further guaranteed by reason of their vicinity to the head quarters of the Pale, little need had they for the sword of Sir Armoricus. The occasion, however, which roused them from unchivalrous ease, must be briefly described, not so much for the sake of the story, as for the light it throws on that characteristic of their race to which we have already alluded. The Earl of Kildare had given a daughter of his in marriage to Mac William of Clanrickard, in Connaught, between whom and his father-in-law sore dissensions soon sprang up. Kildare, being bent on revenge, summoned the whole strength of the Pale to his standard, and forthwith marched to Knocktow, a short distance from Galway. In this expedition the Earl was accompanied by the Lord Gormanston, the Baron of Delvin, and the Lord of Howth; and sooth to say, the forces led by the respective captains, were made up of Irish from the plains of Leinster, together with auxiliaries from the province of Clanrickard. After mature deliberation—melo-dramatically recounted in the book of Howth—they determined to give their enemies battle on the 19th of August of that memorable year. Kildare told his followers that they had little to fear from the Irish, "as a great number of them had but one spear and a knife, and marched to battle as drunken as swine to a trough." In the middle of his oration, Kildare was disturbed by loud vociferations from the Irish host, whereon one Hollywood swore, "by the holy St. Nicholas, that blesses Artain, the Irish should find them men ere they departed." The adverse hosts had little time for parley, and a battle ensued. The Pale troubadour, who in all probability has left us the account of this action, states that "the English archers lent the Irish gallowglasses such a shower of arrows, that their weapons and hands were fastened together." Exaggerated or otherwise as the narrative may be, Mac William's forces were routed, and Kildare had his revenge. Soon after the battle, the Lord of Gormanston observed to the Earl, "we have done one good work, and if we do the other we shall do well." Being asked what he meant, said he, "wee have for the most number killed our enemies; and if wee do the like with *all* the Irishmen that wee have with us, it were a good deed."* It does not, however, appear that Gormanston's counsel was acted on, but certain it is that the St. Lawrence's did not gainsay the advice. An early indication this, of that wily policy with which the English have invariably treated the people of this country in every emergency—first using them as their merest instruments, and, when their work was done, setting them against each other.

During the wars of York and Lancaster, the St. Lawrences espoused king Henry's quarrel, and supported him against Simnel and the Lord Deputy Kildare, when the organ-maker's son was crowned with the crown of our Lady of St. Mary's Abbey† For this good service the king presented to Sir Nicholas St. Lawrence, sixteenth lord, the sum of 300 pieces of gold, and confirmed to him the lands of Howth and Artane.

In the year 1532, at the general hosting, Lord Howth did military service for his manors, and two

years afterwards the young and fiery Silken Thomas flung down the sword of state in St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin, devastated a considerable portion of Fingall, chased away the St. Lawrences from Howth, and planting his guns on the promontory, battered the English ships that were dispatched to reduce him.

In 1541 the seventeenth lord of Howth signed the announcement to Henry VIII., "that he had been proclaimed king of Ireland," and at the same time sent over the names of such of the Irish chiefs as "consented thereto." Of the dissentients, the most remarkable was the O'Neill, concerning whom thus wrote the Lord of Howth—"But for O'Neill, we cannot perceive that ever he will come to any honest conformity, but judge him to be the only poison and gall of this your realm." In strong contrast to the descendant of the great Niall was the O'Reilly of Cavan, who basely sold his birthright, and looks like the first of the Irish beggars at the doors of an English king. "The O'Reilly," wrote Howth to Henry, "was at your grace's Parliament, and wore the apparel which your highness sent unto him of your grace's gift, wherefore we think it convenient that he have honour of a viscount, and be called the Viscount of the Cavan, which is the chief town in his county."

Towards the year 1575, a circumstance occurred here which has lent a romantic charm to a heroine, of whom almost every tyro in Irish history has heard something. Grana-weal (Grace O'Maley), wife of William Oughter, on her homeward voyage to her castle of Carrig-a-Uile, from the court of Elizabeth, anchored near Howth, and proceeded to this castle to demand the rights of hospitality. 'Twas the hour of dinner, and the gates were closed. Indignant at the churlishness of the "Sassenach lord," she seized the young heir of Howth and carried him away to her stronghold; nor would she consent to restore him till his father solemnly promised that the gates should never be closed again at dinner time.* The stipulation was readily acceded to, and has ever since been faithfully observed.†

Nor was the zeal of the St. Lawrences in the cause of English tyranny and oppression less remarkable during the reign of Elizabeth. When Desmond rose in the south, and Hugh O'Neill‡ was crimsoning Beal-an-atha-Buidhe with the best blood of Bagenal, and the choice troops furnished him for the destruction of the Irish, a scion of Sir Armoricus's race may be found in the van of poor Ireland's foemen. When Elizabeth's minion, Essex, was besieging Cahir, foremost in the ranks of England was the Lord of Howth. When Mountjoy wasted Tullagh-oge, and burnt the most blessed relics of our saints—yea, the staff of holy Patrick—the most pliant of his creatures was the re-

* According to Hardiman, this celebrated woman was married twice. Her first husband was Donel O'Flahertie, by whom she had two sons, who were named as *contracting, though not consenting parties* in the composition with Queen Elizabeth; her second husband was Mac William an Iaran, who is described by Sir John Perrot (ten years after the event told in the text) "as verie sensible, though wantinge the *Englishe* tongue, yet understandinge the *Latin*." Strange fact, for the year 1585, an Irish chieftain so near England and ignorant of its language, so far from Rome and yet able to write to a Pope!—*Vid. O'Flahertie's West Connaught*, p. 302.

† We are sorry that Grace O'Malley did not bind the lords of Howth to allow visitors to see their castle and grounds. Why should people be rudely turned away, while Lord Talbot's castle, with its splendid collection of pictures, is in the kindest manner opened to respectable visitors?

‡ Mitchel's splendid biography of Hugh O'Neill.

* Mr. Dalton has not given the correct date of the battle, and this brief account is taken from Hardiman's notes to O'Flaherty's *West Connaught*.

† The Rev. John Spratt has rescued from destruction the memorable statue, which is now in Whitefriar-street church.

representative of Sir Armoricus. The state letters, published in the *Hibernia Pacata*, bear ample testimony to the prowess of the St. Lawrences when Aodh O'Neill was obliged to retire from Kinsale; and a few years afterwards, Christopher, commonly called the one-eyed Baron of Howth, entered into a compact with artful Cecil, to entrap both Tyrone and Tyrconnell. The story is too well known to need many words of ours. This baron of Howth invited the glorious chieftains of the north to a secret conference, in which he informed them that the English government had determined to exterminate, root and branch, the professors of the Catholic religion in Ireland. It was therefore incumbent on them to arm for their own protection and the dignity of their creed. The Earls, however, were not easily moved, and vowed to stand firm in their allegiance. Meantime, this one-eyed, non-conscience baron sent information to the crown, that the chieftains of the north were about to rally round the standard of the red hand, and proclaim war against England, whereon they received orders to present themselves before the Privy Council. When the Earls appeared, to their astonishment, the first witness against them was this St. Lawrence; the artifice, however, being too transparent, they were not placed under arrest; but scarcely had they left that thrice accursed inquisition, when some false friend forwarded a letter, exhorting them to fly, as their lives and lands were to be forfeited to the English crown. The Earls, well convinced of the bloody intentions of King James's court, fled at once, sailed away from Lough Swilly, lived many years, as the inscription on their honoured tomb in St. Peter's of the mountain tells us, "in the asylum of Catholicity," and dying in exile, left their fated country bereaved and inconsolable. Six entire counties in Ulster were forfeited by this ingenious device, the honour of which is shared by the departed spirits of Cecil and St. Lawrence.*

In 1634, we find that Nicholas, the twenty-third lord of Howth, played a conspicuous part in the pageant of tiger-jawed Strafford, when he proceeded to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, previous to opening the sessions of Parliament, in which he took effectual measures for the destruction of the Irish woollen trade. In 1641, when the pent up fire blazed out in the north, "Silken Howth" would fain give his poor services to Parsons and Borlase, taking measures for the protection of the port of Dublin; but little did the gallant Sir Phelim "heed their father's sons—the marchmen of the Pale"—and 'tis likely enough he gave himself little concern about the six scurvy "archers on horseback from Howth, and one from Killester," these lords were wont to lead to a hosting. What they did at the time of the Kilkenny confederation does not appear. De Burgo, however, mentions one St. Lawrence of Cruisestown, as signing a declaration in council at Kilkenny, in the year 1647, but he is not otherwise distinguished, nor does his name, appear in the Nuncio's correspondence; quite enough had he to do chronicling the fame of Owen Roe, who, with his native Ulstermen, achieved all the glory of that short period of our independence. Passing over many and less interesting portions of the history of the family, a Lord of Howth is recorded as having sat in King James's Parliament; and in the year 1697, the same

Baron signed the declaration in favour of King William. Since then, little of any note occurs worth mentioning, save that Swift, one of the greatest and most thoroughly practical Irishmen this country ever saw, was a frequent visitor to the castle of Howth, in the hope of getting rid of "the cruel fit of giddiness which hath pursued me from my youth."*

We have now briefly narrated some of the more remarkable facts connected with this ancient family. Of late years they have not taken any conspicuous part in Irish politics, and we do but justice to the representatives of Sir Armoricus, when we state that, unlike other Irish landed proprietors, they have resided almost perpetually on their estate, and done much good to their tenantry and dependants. When Lodge was writing, he described the St. Lawrences as holding this interesting locality fully 600 years, "without improvement or alteration;" but neither he nor Sir Armoricus, were they to rise from their graves, would make such an assertion now. The present Earl is the twenty-ninth representative of the baronial line, and had he lived when the Four Masters were compiling their annals, it is likely they would have dubbed him "Thomas of the fleet-steeds." There never was an attainder in the family, a proof, if such were wanting, of their devotion to the English interests in Ireland.

But it is time that we betake ourselves to the battle-mented church, whose grey old walls and arched belfry make us pause in reverential respect as we approach the village. Let us enter, not by gate or stile, but through the cloister, which was once the abode of monastic piety. Move gently, however, for in the corner lies a helpless old man, bent by years, and almost side by side with the dead of ages. Remove that heap of rotting sea tackle from the window, which in days long gone looked out on the porch of our Lady's Church, and make your way through the rank grave-weeds into the aisle. Here, indeed, is ruin—here, indeed, is desolation! The altar has been torn down, stone by stone—of the stained-glass, storied with blessed emblems, through which the rising and setting sun streamed many-coloured upon the chancel, there is not a single fragment—rafter and holy-rood have disappeared—the bells that rang out sweetly over the water, waking the echoes in lone Inis-mac-Nessan shall never sound through these aisles again (they are now curiosities preserved in my lord's hall); and instead of prayer and psalmody, you have the gurgling of the mountain stream and the wild shriek of the sea bird. Ah! but times have been misnomered as well as men; the age that saw this double-roofed shrine raised in honour of our blessed Lady, fresh from the hands of its builders, it is fashionable to call dark; the period of its demolition, when the iconoclast vented his rage on all that was holy in religion and sacred in art, has been termed enlightened, and now, in the nineteenth century, societies are formed for the preservation of these mouldering relics which fanaticism has barely spared. Sancta Maria! but the ways of men are wondrous strange.

As yet we have no positive certainty of the year in which this venerable edifice was erected. By many it has been attributed to the time when king Sitricus, embracing Christianity, set about proving his love for the creed of his adoption, by raising this church in honour of our Lady. Lodge inclines to think that it was built and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, early in the thirteenth century, by Sir Armoricus

* 'Twas a favourite maxim of this Lord Howth, "that in England he should be esteemed an Englishman, and in Ireland an Irishman."

* Mason's St. Patrick's Cathedral, p. 406.

Tristram; and what surprises us most is, that we have not been able to find any mention of it either in Ware or Archdall's *Monasticon*. The embattled wall, protecting it on the sea side, and as you approach the village, may be evidence of its having been built at a time when such defences were needed against the unbelievers who sailed off our coasts; but it is not, however, a conclusive argument, for we find the same characteristics accompanying many of the sacred structures erected by the Anglo-Normans at Bective and elsewhere. Much light has yet to be thrown on this subject by the learned Petrie, the guardian angel of our antiquities, when he gives us the third part of his great work on the ancient architecture of Ireland.

Ever since the coming of the St. Lawrences, this has been their place of sepulture. That old monument in the south aisle, with the effigy of the recumbent baron and baroness, was erected by Christopher, Lord of Howth, in the year 1589. It would appear that the altar which stood here was removed to make room for the monument, as the space it occupies must have seriously interfered with the celebration of the divine mysteries. The arms of the St. Lawrences, Plunkets, Cusacks, and Butlers are richly carved in shields on either side of the tomb, and at its ends are groups of saints, with a Gothic inscription now quite illegible. Lodge asserts that a monument was erected here in 1430; the inscription ran thus: "Christopher, Baron Howth, alias De St. Laurencio, and Lord of Parliament, and Anne Plunket, daughter of Plunket of Rathmore, county of Meath." William, the twenty-fourth lord, who died 1671, desired in his will "that a new vault might be made in Howth church, in regard the old vault was well nigh full." It is not long since this narrow house received its latest tenant in all that was mortal of the present Earl's Countess. Blessed and revered by the recipients of her bounty, her memory is still fondly cherished in every hut and homestead. Would she had been spared! But as regrets are unavailing, let us pray that she rests in peace. Now, as to the history of this old fane, whether it was built by King Sitricus or Archbishop Luke, when the latter, in 1235, caused the original prebendal church to be removed from Ireland's Eye to the mainland, we will not take on us to determine. That it was a place of considerable importance in the year 1200, is evidenced by the fact, that Archbishop Comyn raised it to the dignity of one of the thirteen incorporated canonries.

The monastic mansion through which we have passed, now crammed with squalid misery and infirmity, presents ample evidence of early architectural taste, solidity and strength being its main characteristics. The kitchen chimney-place is still visible, and Grose's work on our antiquities states, that in his time seven cells were traceable within these precincts. This may give us some idea of the number of the priests who served our Lady's church. How the residence of the abbot and his clergy came to be denominated "the college," we have not ascertained, and we take it to be a misnomer. Many and entertaining, however, are the facts connected with it. Here rested Primate Jorse in 1313, when, with crozier erect, he came to Howth by night, asserting the precedence of Armagh over the see of Dublin. Here, too, many of the old barons and their retainers came to be assailed by my lord abbot and his monks. Here some seanachie from the castle came at even-tide to tell how his master swore "by our Lady that is blessed in the north church

of Howth," on the day that he defeated M^cWilliam Eytragh at Knocktow; and here was penned that miscellaneous compilation of the sixteenth century, entitled "*The Book of Howth*."* When Mr. D'Alton published his valuable history of the county Dublin, he was right in supposing that this work was extant; and the Irish people are indebted to the genius, research, and learning of John O'Donovan, who has since discovered it among the Carew manuscripts in the library of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth. But it is long since the last monk ascended the bell tower to call the community and the fisherman to mass and matin song. The reformation has swept fiercely over these old walls, and, alas! left them desolate. The house of prayer is full of putrefaction, and the asylum where sweet charity dwelt, teems with wretchedness and mendicancy.

Older by five centuries than the advent of the Norman peers, are the memories connected with yonder island, whose modern appellation is derived from the similarity of its outline to the human eye. Imaginative as were our forefathers, they did not heed the resemblance, and preferred calling it by the name of the blessed Nessian, "who was frequent in watching, fasting, and prayer."† Nessian was a prince of Leinster, who had seven sons, honoured as saints in the Irish church, and noticed in the martyrology of Aengus, at the ides of March, as the "sons of Nessian of the island."‡ There is some difference of opinion as to the time at which the chapel on the island was built. De Burgo says in the sixth century, and Petrie about the middle of the seventh. A more secluded spot, holy, solitary, never sought for a contemplative life, not even excepting blessed Fintan, whose ruined oratory is to be seen a short distance west of Howth castle. St. Nessian's chapel was remarkable for a portico and bell-tower at its east end, and the main part of the building was composed of calpe, which must have been brought from the main-land. A brief of Pope Alexander III. to St. Lawrence O'Tuathail, published by Usher,§ makes special mention of this *Insula Sti Nessiani*, and tells us that in the year 1179 it was granted to the see of Dublin. In this ancient chapel was preserved the copy of the Four Gospels, far famed as "the garland of Howth." Of this relic of the olden time, Archbishop Alan in his *Black Register* (compiled in the good city of Dublin, in the reign of Henry VIII.) states "that it was held in so much esteem and veneration, that good men scarcely dare take an oath on it, for fear of the judgments of God being immediately shown on those who should forswear themselves." Many a legend is still told of the holy recluses who made yonder island their Thebais, what miracles they performed, what cures they effected, and how their fame went abroad from the Wicklow mountains to Clogher Head, which we see even now looming in the distance. Scandinavian pirates and plundering Nor-

* This book, says Hardiman (notes to O'Flahertie's *West Connaught*), is supposed to have been made for Christopher, the blind Baron of Howth, who died A.D. 1589, and who was grandson of that Lord of Howth who performed so conspicuous a part in the battle Cnoc-Tuadh (the hill of hatchets). The recovery of this book, states the same learned authority, may be useful, if only to expose the origin of these fables, which Hammer, Stanihurst, Cox, Leland, and other writers have advanced as true historical facts. This book was consulted by Usher.

† Alan's *Register*, quoted by Ware, p. 124.

‡ Rev. Dr. Todd's most learned notes to the *Obits and Martyrology of Christ's Church*, published by the Irish Archaeological Society.

§ Syll. Ep. 48.

mans respected St. Nesson's shrine in ages long gone, and it grieves us to say, that it has been well nigh demolished by a man who should have laid down his life to preserve it. Some years ago, a Catholic clergyman who held a temporary appointment in the village of Howth, proceeded to the island and carried away the mullions and coins of this time-hallowed oratory, to build a belfry for a chapel then recently erected. This barbarous act was done without the knowledge of his grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Murray, and we presume, without the sanction of Lord Howth. Had the outrage been committed by some fanatical puritan, we might well suppress our indignation; but what are we to think when we find a Catholic priest, in a frenzy of blind zeal, uprooting the earliest evidences of our religion and civilization? What, but that such a man, void of taste and heart, would not scruple to destroy the Moses of Michael Angelo for the sake of the marble. Carrying off a handful of clay, an oxidised nail, or the fragment of a phial from the catacombs of Rome, subjects the offender to the penalty of the church; and are the relics of our creed and history to be desecrated in Ireland at every man's caprice with impunity? But, thank heaven, the press has now determined to keep watch over these venerated ruins throughout the country, and henceforth no sacrilegious hands of ecclesiastical commissioners shall venture to wreck whatever still proclaims,

"In chronicles of clay and stone, how true, how deep,
Was Eire's fame."

So now having said all that is necessary concerning the olden time, let us enter the village. The modern church, from whose facade, we regret to say, a granite cross has been removed to make room for one of cast iron, is in the parlance of the guide books what may be termed "neat." But after feasting our eyes on the old Gothic fabric there below, we cannot discover any characteristic of the modern structure worthy attention. The model was doubtless furnished to the architect by some of his children; who built houses of the cards with which papa and his guests had amused themselves after dinner; and we can only pity the presumption of those who, with the most exquisite designs under their eyes, prefer their own perverted ingenuity to the teaching of truly able masters. Happily, however, better taste is growing up, and the ancient models are being studied and carried out in detail; witness, for example, the church of St. John at Blackrock, which reflects so much credit on the learned and amiable pastor, Dr. Ennis. St. Kevin's, too, in the county Wicklow, will be a beauteous revival of our ancient architecture, for M'Carthy, who follows Pugin, understands his art, and will not lend himself to rearing edifices whose exterior would not be distinguished from a conventicle, were it not for a cross or some other emblem of Catholicity.

Supposing that this ramble has whetted thy appetite, we may safely recommend thee to the care of mine host of the Royal Hotel, and a kindly good man is he, rubicund as Bardolph, and though not quite two yards in girth, fast falling into the proportions of "Sir John." From those who were capable of forming a very proper notion of his wines and ale, much have we heard right commendable and praiseworthy; and as for ourselves, who have often tried his larder, we want words to

describe its excellence; but if you be of those who, with John Eliot, take especial care to remember "that water was made before wine," you are sure to be refreshed by a cooling draught from the identical well which long ago supplied my lord abbot's table. If we may venture to suggest an improvement, we would advise our worthy host to enlarge his premises, for the sake of many who are anxious to bide under his roof.

From the garden of the Royal Hotel, there is a magnificent view of Slieve Martin with its cairn, and Carrick-mor with its signal-staff. A few paces in the direction of the sand-choked harbour, see what a panorama of beauty opens itself to thine eyes; the old abbey—the towers of Howth Castle—Inis Mac Nesson, and Lambay, look as if they were within bowshot of thee. Far away, in the dim distance, where the level line of Fingall ceases to be visible, Clogher Head and the mountains of Mourne rise majestically from the sea, stirring thy heart with glorious memories, and convincing thee, if needs be, that this island has as good earth, air, and water as any other spot on the globe. O, friend, shall we not struggle for her as good men ought? But there is another point from which we would have thee behold scenery of a grander character. Let us make our way, not by the dusty road, but through one of the many glens which leads to the old lighthouse, and look down on Dublin bay. Yonder, where the modern Faro flings out its light on the mariner's path, once stood the ballium* of some sea-chief, who watched with eager eye the approaching barque, and then swooped down upon his prey. Over-topping Killiney and the Dublin hills, rise the Wicklow mountains, along which the eye may range till the least of them looks like a speck in the sea. Kingstown and its villas glisten right before you, and under that murky pall, sent up from a hundred thousand chimnies, you may behold the domes and spires of a noble city, ruined and beggared by alien legislation. Nearer, if some truant sea gull whirling in the sunlight does not intercept thy view, lies the island of Dalkey, with its oratory sacred to St. Begnet, virgin; and yonder, where the white foam laves the shore, rise the towers of a splendid convent, from whose cloisters have gone forth even to the uttermost ends of earth, blessed and accomplished dames to diffuse the blessings of religion and education. How, when the foundress of that noble institution lies buried in Loretto Abbey, will not good men honour her memory! for verily has she rekindled the embers of charity fast going out in this egotistical age, and raised glorious monuments to the honour of the living God.† On the right, where the promontory looks over against Clontarf, is Sutton, famed for the salubrity of its climate, promising ere long to become as thickly inhabited as the opposite shore. But see, the sun has shed its last rays upon the rocks—the fishing smacks with their brown sails wooing the breeze from the land, are creeping out sea-wards—half an hour hence, and the steam engine will be panting and snorting at the terminus, and it is time that we depart. Some other day and we will ramble over this promontory again, and with Mr. D'Alton and Sir Robert Kane's book in hand, take special note of its mineralogical and floral character. [Meanwhile, we would suggest that those who have an interest in Howth would correct a sad abuse, we mean the system of imposition practised by

* Mr. Petrie has delicately alluded to this subject and we are indebted to the Rev. William M'Donnell, the respected curate of Howth, for many particulars concerning this vandalic act, which we have not space to publish.

* Ballium, a dwelling; now anglicised, Bailly.

† The writer, of course, alludes to Mrs. Ball, the venerable superioress of Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham.—ED.

the boatmen who ferry visitors to Inis-Mac-Nessan. Nothing can be worse than the conduct of these men, who might earn an easy livelihood during the summer months, if an opinion, too well founded, had not gone abroad of their rude demeanour and exorbitant charges.—Ed.]

Father Klaus of Unterwolden.

A SWISS TRADITION.

[The incident upon which the following poem is founded will be found narrated, considerably in detail, in Müller's History of Switzerland. Of the hero of the poem, the Blessed Nicholas Vander Flue, there are few who have not either heard or read something. He was born at Unterwolden, in Stance, in the year 1417, and from his childhood upwards exhibited a strong inclination towards the monastic life. By the advice, however, of his parents, he married—and even subsequently took up arms in the unhappy war waged against Zurich and Thurgau. It was not until he had attained his fiftieth year that, responding to what he believed to be a divine impulse, he forsook his family and the world, and retired into an adjacent solitude; and here, according to all testimonies, he spent the last twenty years of his life in total abstinence from food and drink. He died in the year 1487, at the age of seventy, after having wrought numerous miracles. His beatification took place at Rome in 1669; and the memory of his extraordinary life and virtues is still preserved with pious reverence throughout the Cantons of Switzerland. His biography, I believe, has been translated into English, though I have never been so fortunate as to meet with it.]

I.

THRICE had the hosts of Charles the Bold
 Been overthrown in Freedom's fight,
 Thrice haughty Burgundy been humbled.
 The spirit of the Brave of old
 Seemed born anew in giant might
 Amid Helvetia's heathless hills,
 And Serfdom's gyves and shackles crumbled;
 And proud Oppression, all-too-long
 Uncurbed in its career of Wrong,
 At length was taught to feel and fear
 The strong, stern Will that fires and fills
 The free soul of the Mountaineer!

II.

How throbbed with exultation then
 The bosoms of the gallant men
 Of Murten, Grandenson, and Nancy!
 Their triumphs had, in sooth, surpassed
 Aught painted in Romance by Fancy.
 Each fresh-fought field eclipsed the last,
 Till France gazed marvelling and aghast!
 'Twere well if, with such untranscended
 Success to vaunt, their strifes had ended;
 But, Good and Ill, and Heaven and Earth,
 Are blent in human souls from birth,
 And Storm tracks golden Sunshine fast!

III.

Fierce feuds and jealousies ere long
 Sprang up amid the Victor-host;
 The Weak, unshielded by the laws,
 Were trampled by the rampant Strong;
 And Switzerland's great Patriot Cause
 Then first indeed seemed all but lost!
 Accursed greed of Gain! they quarrelled,
 They, the Heroic, they, the Laurelled!—
 Anent the parcelling of the spoil;
 For, wo-the-day! with France's banners
 Had come, to curse the Helvetian soil,
 The blighting taint of France's manners.
 The Pious could but mourn and pray;
 The Noble-souled, in tones of thunder,
 Denounced the Factious day by day;
 But, ere one fleeting moon rolled round
 The bonds that mutually had bound
 So many a year in joint communion
 The Cantons of the Federal Union
 Were torn in thousand shreds asunder!

IV.

The shadows of the Impending Danger
 Loomed hourly larger on the advance,
 When, on one dark-red Autumn even,
 There stood within the Hall of Stance
 A tall, pale, aged man—a stranger,
 Attired in bearskins. One slight glance
 At his translucent features showed

The unearthly Anchorite, who trod
 Alone, aloft, his path to Heaven—
 The rapt Recluse whose bosom glowed
 With holiest love of Man and God.
 A thrill ran through the Council-hall,
 The gravest there seemed awe-surprised,
 For, well the assembly recognised
 The blessed Saint of Unterwolden.
 His marvellous life was known to all!
 The slanting sun beamed forth in golden
 Resplendence on his half-bowed head,
 As, with a rich-toned voice, that shed
 A music like angelic song
 Throughout the spacious Hall, and woke
 Deep feeling in the spell-bound throng,
 He raised his arms on high, and spoke.

V.

"My countrymen!—my friends!—my brothers!
 I fain would wake you to a sense
 Of all you owe yourselves—and others!
 Oh! if bad passions domineer
 Within your hearts expel them thence!
 For, Freedom's flame will never burn
 In their polluted atmosphere!
 Why should the unholy thirst of gold
 So far debase your loftier nature?
 Oh! by your hopes of Heaven, return
 To that high grade you filled of old—
 Your immemorial moral stature!
 Live, Switzers, live, as lived your fathers,
 Remembering this, that Peace and Love
 Still bloom among the starriest flowers
 That hand of Man or Angel gathers
 In Liberty's perennial bowers
 On Earth aneath, in Heaven above!
 Of other matters let me speak:—
 You, who are strong, sustain the Weak!
 Be liberal to the Wandering Poor!
 If Want strike down but one of those
 His death, his blood, lie at your door!
 Forgive your own, your private foes,
 But where your country needs your swords
 To save her from the brand of Slavery,
 Prove on the battle-ground your bravery,
 And chase afar the Invader's hordes!
 And hear your Priests! The delegate lords
 Of Heaven are they! Heed well their words—
 These hear, these heed; but heed not whether
 Themselves live well or ill: a draught
 Of milk alike refreshes, quaffed
 From golden bowl or skin of leather.
 My friends! disastrous days will come—
 And Evil, as a sweeping flood,
 Will deluge even our mountain-home!
 Be therefore warned, and take your stand
 On the broad base of Brotherhood
 And Union for your Fatherland!
 So shall each man of you recline
 In peace beneath his own green vine,
 And God Himself shall guard your fame,
 And make you worthy of the Name
 You inherit from your sires and mothers.
 And now, my countrymen, my brothers,
 Farewell! My words and work are ended!
 And may we all re-meet one day
 Amid the realms of Love Immortal!"—
 So saying, the holy Hermit wended
 With slow and silent steps his way
 Adown the Hall and past the portal.

VI.

All they who heard this warning presage
 Felt new sensations as they listened:
 To them 'twas Heaven's especial message!
 Their hearts were moved; their moist eyes glistened
 With tears! And who was He whose tongue
 Had power to wake their feelings thus?
 'Twas Vander Flue of Unterwolden!
 'Twas Father Klaus! a man among
 Those wondrous men of ages olden
 Unknown in these drear days to us!
 Through twice ten years within his lone
 Sepulchral cell he had watched and prayed,
 And mortified his frame to stone.

In twice ten years no mortal food
 Had passed his lips! While yet a boy
 He looked to Heaven, not Earth, for aid!
 His youth was Holiness and Joy—
 They formed his daily livelihood!
 At first he embraced the wedded life,
 And reared up sons to serve the State,
 And, in dark days, when feuds grew rife,
 Bore arms himself, too, as their mate.
 But, when Mid-age at length was come
 He wearied of this world of strife,
 And sighed for some far bourne, some home,
 Wherein himself and God might dwell.
 With many a tear he therefore bade
 To all he loved a last farewell,
 And reared in Unterwolden's shade
 His lonely little chapel-cell.
 And thither many a suffering soul,
 Long down-bowed by despairful dole,
 And many a stricken sinner, came,
 And found through him relief and rest.
 Disease oft fled at his behest;
 His touch oft healed the palsied frame.
 Oft prophesied he; yea, he knew
 The Spirit's inmost mysteries;
 And Life's Apocrypha, so dim
 To common eyes, shone in his view
 Sun-bright: all these, and more than these,
 Heaven's INFANT-GOD had shown to him.
 Yet, always dwelt he in the sight
 Of his own deep unworthiness,
 And prayed but thus: "Oh, SAVIOUR! sever
 Me from Myself! Let Death and Night
 Give place to Life and Blessedness,
 And take me to Thyself for ever!"

VII.

Could aught but signal blessings follow
 The homily of this God-sent preacher?
 Could brave men, who, with all their faults
 Cherished that frankness which exalts
 Almost even Crime, and scorned the hollow
 Resources of Deceit and Craft,
 Turn with hard hearts from such a teacher?
 Oh, no! from that bright period forth
 A Heaven-wrought change came over all.
 The willing winds were quick to waft
 From east to west, from south to north,
 The story of the Scene of Scenes
 In Stance's ancient Council-hall.
 The proudest then forgot their pride,
 And jealousies, and secret spleens,
 And rival feuds, were flung aside.
 And long the Senate bless'd the name
 Of him, the Holy Man who came
 Among them thus that Autumn-even
 To awaken Hope, and banish Wrath,
 And clear the Patriot's thorn-choked path;
 And oft they longed once more to see
 That Bearskin Mantle, which Tradition
 Affirmed was willed of God to be
 His floating vehicle into Heaven
 When Death should close his earthly mission.*

J. C. M.

* The popular belief was that he had received this mantle from the hands of an angel, with the assurance that at the hour of his death it should be converted into a winged basket (or pannier), for the conveyance of his soul into Paradise.

Reviews.

"SOME NOTICES OF MANUSCRIPTS RELATING TO IRELAND, IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES, NOW TO BE FOUND IN THE BURGUNDIAN LIBRARY, AT BRUSSELS, WITH FAC-SIMILE ILLUSTRATIONS." By S. BINDON. M'Glashan and Duffy, Dublin.

"TRAVELLING," says Emerson, "is a fool's paradise;" and admitting that there is much truth in the assertion, we object to it only as a general principle, for it does not follow that every traveller is a fool, nor is it quite certain that many travellers are not the very reverse of wise and thinking men. Go where you will, this truth meets you—read the books every speculating

scoundrel places in the hands of tourists and sight-seers, and it is ten to one you will find the traveller befooled by their contents, or the writer befooling himself for the sake of gain. How true this is with regard to Catholic countries, none need be told. Your gentleman traveller would not give a pinch of snuff for any "guide" that did not amuse him with quaint stories about the Pope and friars, with here and there a piece of romance in which some nun was the heroine. Were one to collect all the trash written about Rome and Naples, it would fill no inconsiderable space in a large library; but what are we to think of these "travellers," who come back full of the information supplied them by lying books, and the dishonest ciceroni who lounge about in every city, from the Piazza di Spagna at Rome to the Piazza of St. Marco at Venice? Why verily, that they are fools, and that travelling is their paradise. Who has not heard of the fanatic, who, some time ago, set all the old women in England agog about letters posted in heaven, and delivered—we should say, postage free—in Messina, if we recollect aright? Now when this news spread abroad, there was any money for the particulars which the letters conveyed; and when some persons, rather sceptical, began to question the truth of the statement, why, the man—we beg his pardon, the baronet—who brought the news to Exeter Hall, protested upon his honor he heard it from the cicerone who misled and humbugged him in Messina, and therefore it must be true! The Times newspaper, the Evangelical Magazines, the Tract societies, and all the rueful conclaves, male and female, set up a howl and marvelled much at the superstition of the people of Messina, who pretended to be in receipt of the most recent intelligence from heaven, while they, the elect, had never been favoured by a single line! Now we would submit that the baronet in question was befooled—that half the pious ladies of England were befooled—that the evangelical newspapers, which thought of establishing a correspondent in heaven, were befooled, and consequently, that there is real sound sense in Mr. Emerson's assertion that travelling is a fool's paradise, seeing how one traveller, like Sir somebody Smith, could befooled himself and Exeter Hall on his return from Italy.

But there is another class of travellers who now and again taste a little of the sweets of this fool's paradise. There is, for example, your young gentleman who crosses the channel, and gets something of an English accent; passes Dover Straits, and with the aid of his "traveller's friend," picks up as much French as puzzles the natives, and returns home with—what? a moustache, a few irreligious phrases, a few choice cant expressions, a set of drawled-out reflections on the dirty Irish, a jibe at his father's creed, with a careful suppression of the letter "r" which he deems quite vulgar; and travelling, as you may perceive, has made this hero a greater fool than he was when setting out. Argal, Mr. Emerson is quite correct. How many and how various are the ramifications of this great travelling class? A short time ago we met a youth who had made his way into the Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem, and danced with a Dervish till his head reeled; another, who came to fisty cuffs with a Bedouin in a lane at Pera, and pulled a Pacha by the beard in Galata, one side of Constantinople; and we have listened to these travellers telling their adventures with all the gravity of an Anacharsis, and the ready mendacity of a Münchhausen. Thinking of this, and much more, we consoled ourselves with Mr. Emerson's apothegm, and

took care not to be befooled by such exquisite Wag-horns.

But as the facilities of travelling increase, the fools multiply in proportion. As for the Rhine, he who has not visited every one of its castles and falls, is a mere nonentity. Were you to ask one of these Rhine-goers had he seen the Shannon, the Blackwater, or the Inny, he would, in all probability, answer by asking, had you seen the Rhine. In fact, a man's reputation is half made by travelling now-a-days, and the uninitiated have no idea of the sensation produced at a dinner party by the appearance of a gentleman, who, with the stubble of a moustache above his lip, and a profusion of Maccasarised hair over his coat collar, is spoken of as "Mr. —, just returned from the Rhine, and is to go to Rome and Naples next summer"—which, by the way, is just the time he ought not to go. When this gentleman condescends to speak, how wonderfully interesting is he! "Drachenfel's a charming place, pretty good waterfall—Frankfort rather good society—Cologne, handsome old church, by Jove! they did not think it large enough, and are building an addition to it—the German language deucedly jaw-breaking at first, but after all easily acquired." So speaketh the traveller, who, be it observed, returns home as ignorant of the history of the places he has visited as he is of the king of Congo's court, and as unacquainted with the language "so readily acquired" as he is with the beauties of the "Walpurgisnachtstraum." And here, O friend, you have another of the fools who have been revelling in Paradise. To be sure there are Englishmen enough as ridiculous as you will find in any other part of the globe, but we have only to do with Irishmen, and we will not hesitate to assert, that from Lake Lucerne to the Lago di Nemi, you will find Irishmen of the character we have endeavoured to pourtray. How incontestably true this is, is best known to any observant man who has resided for any time at Rome. Just turn out into the Corso, or ascend Monte Pincio, where the aristocratic English are performing their endless girations; there be sure you will find some good, well-dressed Hibernian, all agape for the recognition of some English loungers on whom he stumbled yesterday-night, at Duke Torlonia's soiree (for, good friend, Torlonia is a banker, and inviteth all who do business with him, and a wise man in sooth is he). Should the day be wet, go to the Capitoline or Vatican museum, and only listen to the sage remarks on pictures and statues. It is told of a poor peasant woman who came from a village some twenty miles to Rome, that on seeing Michael Angelo's Moses, she exclaimed, "Santa Maria! but Moses must have been taller than a grenadier." The remark of the poor simple creature made many a virtuoso laugh; but, in the name of heaven, what would be thought of us if the criticisms of some of our own countrymen were translated for the benefit of the Italians? What, for example, if they were told of the Irishman, who, on seeing the bronze statue of Hercules, gravely remarked, "he must have been a very able lump of a fellow!" or of another, who on visiting the Coliseum, and not knowing for what uses it had been raised, nor by whom, and, need we say, in cimerian darkness as to the time of its erection, allowed himself to be persuaded that it had been used by the old Romans for a pound, till a new doubt arising, dissipated his first conclusion—and what was the doubt? Why, that *the act of parliament provides* there must be a running stream in every pound for the benefit of the cattle; and as there was no appearance

of water on the floor of this mighty queer building, argal, it could not have been a pound. Oh! shade of Pomponius Letus, how you would have wept over such a Goth as this! We have heard, too, of a rich Irishman, who being brought into the Piazza of St. Peter's, and seeing the travertine of which the facade is built somewhat discoloured, offered the following artistic observation on the great structure: "See, my friend, before ten years are about, the whole front of that building will be as black as Kilkenny marble, and 'tis a burning shame for the Pope that owns it, if, instead of botherin' his head about them old pillars t'other side of the water, he doesn't get a couple dozen of handy fellows to whitewash the whole of it inside and out, and then I'd venture to say 'twould be as purty a chapel as any from this to Belmullet." When we were young, and in the happy time of life, these criticisms made many a knot of youngsters laugh till their sides were ready to split, and many of us marvelled that some old and grave ones of our companions did not share the sport with ourselves. Since then we have found a key for the solution of the difficulty. Any Irishman who valued the reputation of his fatherland, would as soon see Genseric entering the Porta del Popolo, as block-heads of this sort, who, utterly ignorant of their own and every other country's history, determined on enjoying somewhat of the fool's paradise, and consequently proceeded straightway to Rome.

Nor were these mirth-moving remarks confined to the seven-hilled city's structures—the manners and habits of the people were subjects of strictures as absurd as these we have already given. One man would have the entire population of Italy a set of lazy drones, because they lay down at mid-day to avoid tertian fever; another could not eat meat of their cooking, because it was not done in the Cossack cuisine, that is, between the saddle skirts, as if every Italian had the bowels and digestion of an ostrich like himself. As for the wine, small beer was better, and, miracle of miracles, go where you would, from Pons Milvius to the Palatine, you could not find a single tumbler of Kinahan's LL. Verily, Rome is the worst place in the world for the lovers of under-done meat; and as for those who cannot do without the juice of John Barley-corn, we would advise them to go to the Dwina, to the Danube—anywhere, in fact, but to the Tiber.

Ad infinitum usque might we prove our position, to wit, the folly of this travel-mania, as far as certain individuals are concerned, were we only to consign to paper the recollections with which our memory teems at the present moment. We have heard of an Irish alderman who thought it fashionable to spend some time at Baden-Baden, and straightway went, with plenty of red gold and a huge pair of red whiskers. Arrived at his destination, he commenced drinking over much of the waters; but as the Brunnen did not agree with him, he soon afterwards sought refuge in Moselle, and addicted himself to smoking. Now it so happened, that this alderman had made the acquaintance of a certain Herr Koenig before leaving home, and in order to remember the name of the German, whom he expected to meet at Baden, the worthy civic dignitary wrote Koenig's name on his own card, and in his hurry joined *Koenig* to the two first syllables of his title, so that the two words made "Alder-Koenig." One evening the good alderman returned to his lodgings somewhat excited by smoking, beer, and Moselle; his face bore no marks of that healthy hue which results from the Brunnen, and his whiskers appeared phleg-

thontic red. In jollifying good humour, he called for the "jungfrau," the only word of German he had learned; and when she appeared, he staggered forward and seized her round the waist, for he had an anxiety to try a *pas* he had just seen admirably executed in a *valse*—but the jungfrau fled, alarmed the house, and in a fit of horror told her master to look out for another servant, as she had no notion of staying any longer under the same roof with the red-wiskered, fiery-faced gentleman who was nothing less than the Alder-King. "Der Teufel!" said the astonished Boniface, "how knowest thou that?" "Mein Herr," replied the girl, "none but the Alder-König* could drink so much beer, smoke so many pipes, speak such outlandish gibberish, sing such boisterous songs—and, to remove all doubt, I saw his card on his dressing-table yesterday morning"—the proofs were convincing. The landlord called an interpreter to his aid—the worthy alderman was made aware of his incognito—he protested, swore, vociferated, but all to no purpose—Boniface was inflexible—"he would not keep such a guest in his house"—"he had children whom he would not see spirited away, and he would alarm the whole frontier if the Alder-König did not instantly depart." Nor was he slow in keeping his word—half Baden collected before the hotel windows to see the devil incarnate—old women prayed fervently for their children, and, after two nights close siege, the great civic dignitary effected his escape, vowing never again to visit Baden-Baden; and need we say that the vow has been faithfully kept? Now, this story is not without its moral. Had this alderman remained at home, spent the money he had made at home, in his own country, and taken the trouble of going to Mallow, Golden-bridge, or Lucan, he would have got mineral waters more than he wanted, saved his own and his country's character from ridicule, and ourselves from the necessity of penning his misadventure; but no, he should see the world, we should have said *life*, and, to be sure, he should get into the fool's paradise!

'Tis not in a spirit of drollery we record these anecdotes, or, if you like to call them so, facts; 'tis rather in a spirit of unaffected pity for the travellers themselves, and also to warn the dear ladies of our acquaintance against the monstrous fabricated stories which these gentlemen bring back with them. For our own part, we would not give a German sausage for all their hacknied legends about the Rhine, nor would we presume to dissuade our fair readers from accepting a mosaic brooch, or a respectable cameo from the holy city, if the travellers should bring them such, for of a verity they are the only things valuable they occasionally bring back. At the same time, however, we, being most incredulous ourselves, would fain warn all our readers against the nonsense of adventures with brigands, dining with the late Pope, and all such Münchhausenisms, so exceedingly delectable to a small tea party. There is no Irishman of sensitiveness or cultivated mind who will not feel disgusted with wonderful stories of this sort, which, though perhaps well meant, are eminently calculated to bring ridicule on us, and confirm a most wrongly-founded notion that we are a people only half-witted, and fit subject for raillery, and jest. There is too a frank-

ness indigenous to the Irish character which makes the mouth speak out of the abundance of the heart—above all, there is great want of foresight and reflection, and this trait is peculiarly Celtic. We well remember many instances of this, and one in particular. Once on a time, it was our lot to be domiciled for a couple of months in the city of Tivoli, concerning which we had read much in Horace, and the local histories. Now it so happened that some half dozen youngsters, all Irish, with one exception, and that one a Greek, from Cephalonia, had walked into the villa of Adrian on a fine evening to witness the result of a day's excavating. Having satisfied ourselves on the subject, we sat down in the shade of the Prytaneum while our Greek friend sang us these fine old verses in which the Falernian bard up-sums the dearest of his hopes, and the most ardent longings of his heart:

"Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit mea sedes utinam senectæ,
Sit modus lasso maris et viarum."

MILITIAEQUE.

The song scarcely ended, we found ourselves surrounded by a group whom the music had attracted; nor was it difficult to conjecture whence the parties came. 'Tis the easiest thing in the world to know an Englishman or woman when endeavouring to speak Italian; for after all, if they were to be shot for it they cannot speak it properly; there is a hardness about their pronunciation which no practice can soften; as for aspiring, it seems an insuperable difficulty, so that every syllable comes from between their teeth fast-locked, till you think they are endeavouring to translate the sonorous periods of the South into a cockney drawl—a vain effort truly, of which nothing can give you a more vivid notion than an attempt to grind the rich harmony of an organ out of the harsh wires of a hurdy-gurdy. But we are digressing. Anxious to anticipate the anti-melodious English-Italian, one of us addressed the travellers in their own tongue, when we were agreeably surprised on finding that there was a genuine Irishman of their party, who seemed to create considerable fun for his companions, male and female. Our conversation naturally turned on the subject immediately before us, the ruins, the epitome of the world-wonders, which Adrian caused to be built after his many peregrinations. But little were we prepared for the hypercriticisms of our countryman, when in reply to our question—what he thought of them?—something like the following burst streamed forth with marvellous rapidity: "Think of them! why, by the table of war, after looking at Holy Cross in the County of Tipperary, or the Rock of Cashel, or the fine old monasteries in the County of Kilkenny, I would'nt give a fippenny-bit for all the old rubbish from this to St. Peter's! A pretty day's scorching I've got by these darlings here, who would'nt stay quiet till they should lead me over twenty miles of a country where you would'nt get as much green grass as would sod a lark! but what puzzles me most is, how they stood that infernal brimstone pool there below (the "aquæ albulæ" of Pliny), which I suppose must give fever to half the side of the country! A nice government, that would'nt drain it! Why don't some of you get up a petition respectably signed, and banish it to the devil from whose region it must have come?" and then there's as much talk about that waterfall there below as if it was equal, or to be compared to Powerscourt or Phul-a-phooka—and the round building over it (the temple of the Sibyl).—Oh! you

* To those who have not read Goethe's poem, translated by Mangin, we beg leave to say the Alder-König, or Alder-King, is a demon, said to spirit away young children, and is greatly feared by superstitious mothers in Germany—much more than the Pooka in Ireland.

hint I can't fellow it. Well, I can very quietly meet you there—were you ever at Clontarf? If you were not, I fancy you heard something about it; well, the next time you're in Ireland just step down there—go into Lord Charlemont's demesne, and I'll wager you'll find something there that will take the shine out of anything you have here." Most agreeable, no doubt, were the classic observations of our voluble countryman to his companions of the sister isle, nor did they fail to express themselves highly delighted with the anti-Winklemann comments which fell from his lips; but, heaven knows, though he afforded them fair sport, he deeply mortified us. A fine blonde English girl by his side, who was evidently bent on collecting matter for her scrap book, *artfully drew him out*, and now and again introduced by way of *fioritura* to the presto movement of his tongue, such delicious morceaux as the following—"La Henrietta, isn't Mr. — charmingly droll! did you ever hear such apt remarks? Oh, but the Irish are the most amusing people in the wo-old." Text and comment were no easy matters to translate to the young Greek; in fact, Polyglot Mezzofanti, that man on whom some lingering spark of the Pentecost fire seems to have fallen, could not give them a literal version; but at length, when we got the substance of them into our friend's head, we were for the first time convinced that Tasso had something more in his eye than mere poetical detail, when describing the Irish who marched to Palestine:

"Questi dell' alte selve irsuti mahda,
La divisa dal mondo ultima Irlanda."

Now fair ladies, who spell your way through the pages of Petrarca, the Notti Romane, Promessi Sposi, and Metastasio, we beg to assure you that often, and often since, have we met many of this class of "hirsute" Irish travelling gentlemen, who had done much better remaining at home, and who must have found out to their cost that big whiskers and rude boisterous episodes, like that of which we have given you a specimen, cannot exempt them from all the inconveniences attending wayfarers on their road to paradise.

But, pray heaven we be not misunderstood; none of our remarks have reference to the prelacy or clergy. As to the former, need we say, that they are the accredited ambassadors of that great dynasty which rules to the limits of creation? Matters of weight have brought them to their spiritual monarch's court, from the days of our conversion to Christianity, and shall bring them throughout all time. As for the clergy of the second order, we would wish that every one of them would visit the Holy City to behold the splendour of religion, the monuments of the Roman empire, and the works and wisdom of him who stands proudly pre-eminent the great and anointed reformer. Quite irrespective of these considerations, Rome must ever be to the artist and scholar "the city of the soul." So, thither let them flock and congregate even as thick as leaves in Valombrosa. Christianity and mythology are their grand subjects, and lo! the church is there with the trophies of the Cæsars, and the glories of Greece and Palestine, to attest her triumph. But as for the gentlemen travellers concerning whom we have already spoken—a plague on them; we had as lief see a vagabond ranter holding forth from the last pillar of the rostra, or a Birmingham hardware-man speculating on what the equestrian statue of Aurelius would *bring*, if broken up and sold for most excellent bronze. A few words more, and we must close our remarks on modern travellers. 'Tis a great mistake to imagine that the

Irish are the most distinguished people who go to the Continent. Some have allowed this overweening vanity to seize such fast hold of them as to think the Irish are everywhere recognized as a people quite distinct from the English and Scotch. Not at all, gentlemen; your passport is English, your money is English, the very coat on your back—and we are sorry to say it—is English; your language, too, is English, and the post-boy who drives you calls you "Ingresi," while the hotel-keeper more grammatical euphonises you "Inglesi." Perhaps nothing has occurred for the last two centuries more calculated to give us a national character at Rome, however miserable it may be, than the splendid obsequies of our departed tribune. But we are most anxious to be rid of all absurd delusions. Let no travelling Irish gentleman then be disappointed, if, when his trunk is opened at the Dogana, and the police scan his passport—the city be not illuminated. True it is, the Irish Catholics have suffered dreadfully for their adherence to the one, true, holy, and apostolic church, but so have other lands. Ireland, too, has produced many and most learned men, famed in the annals of the church, and so have many other countries. Were we to look for extraordinary reward conferred on us for our learning or our piety, need we say, we have had no cardinal—the only one for whom the Irish people sought that high dignity, was the great annalist, Wadding, who preferred the coarse habit of St. Francis to the purple of the sacred college. England in this respect has been far more fortunate, and can point to a Pope and many cardinals. Since the time of the most Rev. Oliver Plunket, whom the English murdered, we have had but one professor of eminence filling a chair in any of the schools of Rome, and that one is the actual president of the Irish College. These facts may not be calculated to humble us, if not there are others. Let us never forget, that in the aristocracy of art we are considerably inferior to almost every other country at Rome. At the present moment, out of forty-one sculptors, native, Saxons, Danes, English, and Scotch, we have but one man of celebrity—need we mention, Hogan? Out of sixty painters from almost every country under heaven, we have not a single Irishman of mediocrity,* and as for engravers and mosaicists, we have none. But why dwell on this? Why, but to disabuse our people of crude prejudices, and to warn, above all others, our dear travellers against any disappointment they may experience, when they are set down in the Piazza di Spagna.

But what has all this to do anent Mr. Bindon and his book? Why, marry, much it hath. Were it not for Mr. Bindon and "his notices of manuscripts relating to Ireland," we would not have favoured you with the foregoing remarks, nor would we have been justified in taking exception to Emerson's principle, that travelling is a fool's paradise, and consequently all travellers must be fools. How very clearly the exception may be found in the person of Mr. Bindon, none who know him or what he has done will doubt. A couple of years ago, this gentleman set out on his travels with a profound knowledge of his own country's history, a familiarity with almost every ruin throughout Ireland, and an intimate acquaintance with the old annals which still survive war, persecution, and the accidents of time—add to all this, a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and some of the Continental languages, and surely you might calculate on some good result from

* Donovan's "Rome, Ancient and Modern," the best book we have met on that great subject.

his peregrinations. Nor was the result slow in coming; the learned gentleman, combining study with pleasure, came back to Ireland, and, after much labour, compiled his most interesting notices of the Irish Colleges of Louvain, prefixed to Dr. French's works. With what assiduity he laboured, is evident to the readers of the "Library of Ireland;" and for these grand old epitaphs marking the burial places of our chieftains who distinguished themselves at home and abroad, and the memoirs of our expatriated patriarchs and priests who sought refuge far from their own land, the rising generation is deeply indebted to him.

But still there remained much to be done; every one knows that the Archives of the Continental Libraries abound with the works of our mediæval and seventeenth century writers; but, with the exception of St. Isidore's at Rome, we have not anything like a catalogue of their contents. Belgium, thought Mr. Bindon, must contain many of these relics, so thitherward went he again to accomplish his love-labour. The result is now before us, and truly gratifying is it—an evidence of genuine patriotism and learned research. Cardinal Maj has earned world-wide celebrity for his unequalled perseverance in searching after the works of Tully and Terence, but we do not believe that his heart ever beat more rapturously, when successfully deciphering the esoteric characters of the palimpsests, than did Mr. Bindon's on finding the fragments of our hagiologist, Colgan, or the old log which St. Brendan kept when he sailed the seas. No less than forty-three biographies of our early saints lie in these archives as yet unedited—glorious monuments of that zeal with which our predecessors in the faith laboured to rescue the memory of their great men from ruin and oblivion, and these proud old records are catalogued, and so marked by Mr. Bindon, that whenever an Irishman of taste and learning visits Brussels for pleasure or study, he may be able to lay his hand upon them. Along with most learned notes, you have fac-similes of the handwriting of O'Clery—of him whose fame is imperishable in Irish annals, and of "Malachy, Archbishop of Tuam," that splendid mitred swordsman, whose obsequies Rinuccini officiated at in St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick; add to this, the signatures of Protestant Daniel O'Bryen, Catholic Mountgarret, Preston, Belling, and Fleming, Archbishop of Dublin (the same whose portrait adorns the study hall in St. Isidore's), all illustrious names in the days of the Kilkenny Confederation, and you have "beads on memory's rosary" which no Irishman of taste will refuse to count over and over again. The portrait of St. Malachy, which for aught we know, may represent him as he appeared when sojourning with St. Bernard, is a quaint old gem, and we recommend it to the consideration of all who make ecclesiastical costume their study and delight. We have not words to thank Mr. Bindon for his valuable catalogue, which makes in all thirty-two pages; and we earnestly hope that he will soon again betake him to the Continent, search every old monastery from St. Gall's to Bobio, and spend many a happy hour in the Vatican, pleasurably to himself and usefully to his country, for, in good truth, he is of that class of travellers who do not make their trips a "fool's paradise." The typography of this little book is in the style of excellence which characterizes M'Glashan and Duffy's publications.

REFUTATION OF THE REV. MR. M'ILWAINE'S SIX CHARGES AGAINST THE CHURCH OF ROME. By N. M'DEVITT, Esq., Editor of the *Belfast Vindicator*.

SUCH is the title of a controversial work with which we have been favoured by the author. For our own parts, we have a holy horror of noisy blustering polemics, out of which very little good rarely comes. Were one to investigate with what guide books in hand the Oxford and Cambridge professors sought the right road to the one holy Catholic and Apostolic church, we are firmly persuaded that they never consulted a single one of the many productions of that period, when angry divines met each other face to face in the Rotundo and elsewhere. Of all subjects in the world, there is none so sacred as religion, and we abhor the idea of this great, this most important of all concerns, being converted into a weapon for every fool to smite withal. In our notion, there never can be again anything like the contest between Bossuet and Claude; it was of a certainty the end of all controversy, to which all the disputes since arisen are but the echoes, or if you will, the merest rehearsals. Certainly, since that memorable time the church has never seen such a glorious champion as the Bishop of Meaux, nor one so able to wield the weapons of her armoury. But, what matter? The church has stood, and shall stand, though no other should ever arise, for Christ has sworn to be with her throughout all time, even to the consummation of the world. Indeed, we thought the time for "discussions" had gone by, and that whosoever would embrace truth would be led to its adoption by the grace of God enlightening the understanding, and the mild persuasion of true Christian philosophy by such works, for example, as Manzoni's "Morale Cattolica," M'Cabe's "Catholic History of England," and above and before all, the "Discussion Amicale." But there are times when men are called on to defend the faith that is in them, and the holy institutions against which impious rage can effect far less than the storm and breakers on our rock-bound shores. The occasion which took Mr. M'Devitt from his occupation of a journalist, was one of no ordinary character, and learnedly and well has he vindicated the church and doctrines of his fathers. The time when every man calling himself God's minister should have been actively engaged, harmonizing conflicting elements, and invoking the benignant spirit of Christian charity—emulously working for the alleviation of sorrows, and unparalleled sufferings—this surely was not the time for Mr. M'Ilwaine to light the torch of demoniacal discord in his pulpit, and then hurl it into the cabins and ditches of dying Catholics. God forgive him all his misrepresentations, and may the salutary lesson he has learned teach him not to come again in collision with such a master of spiritual fence as the editor of the *Belfast Vindicator*. Need we say more than that we heartily recommend his book to all those who are anxious to be instructed and edified?

"SKETCHES OF IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO." M'Glashan, Dublin. To us, Catholics, the very title of this book suggests the most painful memories, and looking back over half a century, how are we not struck by the remarkable contrast between what we are and have been. Confining ourselves to the city of Dublin, let some of our readers throw himself in the way of an intelligent octogenarian, and learn of him how it then fared with the Catholic inhabitants. Of their civil disabilities almost every boy is fully aware—the political teach-

ings of the last thirty years—parliamentary debates and popular harangues have made him better acquainted with this than any other period of Irish history. But of the persecution for religion's sake which our fathers had to endure, from the day of the Boyne to the viceroyalty of Lord Chesterfield, we as yet lack the description, and record in any portable or rather popular shape. Whosoever undertakes to give us such a work, will easily find materials abundant as needs be; but if he treats his subject well, he will not allow a single rancorous feeling to motive him—well and nobly will he perform his task, if he clearly shows how virtue and perseverance triumphed over mighty obstacles, and how good men struggled and prayed to God for the diffusion of knowledge amongst their fellow men. For of all the horrors of man's invention, nothing so pales before the true light of science as the demon torch of religious bigotry.

There is a point of time to which our thoughts have been wont to recur, ever since childhood, and to which grey-haired old men often turn their waning eyes, with the same sort of complacency that an enlarged prisoner reverts to the moment when a friendly voice spoke words of hope and assurance of liberation—need we say we allude to “sixty years ago,” when our prospects were dim and drear? Freed from shame and sorrow, the true heart will never forget its comforter in the hour of affliction, but will keep the image before him like an altar-piece, whither memory will not fail to bring its choicest and most hallowed offerings. The learned, kind-hearted, old village priest, who shared the humiliations of our fathers, gave them hope and consolation and was sustained out of their poor pittance, is still a familiar object to us; nor do we forget the caresses he heaped on us, the instructions he imparted, or the tearful anxiety with which he watched over our young mind's development. But he, good soul, has passed away, leaving nothing behind save the recollection of his virtues, and a few heedful hearts to pray for his repose. Alas! but what of those who lived sixty years ago? Could we recall them, what stories could they tell of the difficulties they had to contend with, in order to compass the rudiments of the Latin tongue—how they chattered with the master of some hooker or wine-boat to procure a passage to friendly Spain or chivalrous France, and then trudged, sore of foot, to the outcast's refuge, Rome! Oh! but these were pleasant tales and reminiscences, worth more than their weight in gold; and who knows but some manuscript may turn up to tell how they lived and thought? But there is one of them whose very features, powdered wig, and half-stooped, thoughtful, attitude, are more deeply impressed on our soul than the painter's art could make them. In the cellar of the dirty street, surrounded by a group of poor half-naked urchins, see you the reverend pastor teaching his obedient pupils the rudiments of their religion, guiding some poor young artizan's hand in the formation of letters, or cracking in twain some “subtle nut of science” for the puzzled aspirant to the ministry? Track him from the cellar to the sick bed-side of his parishioner, and watch how the spirit of God lights up the sufferer's death-dewed features, as the good priest speaks of the instability of life, the certainty of death, and the blissfulness of heaven. On Sunday, the cellar school-master ascends the altar of the little chapel in the noisome lane, where a Lord Lieutenant, moved by a fearful calamity, had allowed him to officiate, and there the venerable

old man preaches piety and hope to a congregation, one-half of whom are not able to get kneeling place within the walls. Tired, no doubt, by the morning's labour, the homely breakfast awaits him in a dingy two pair back, and the evening closes at the frugal board of some kind parishioner, who that morning contributed a penny to his pastor's fund for the week. And that good old priest, whose days sped thus, has left an honoured name—his picture decks the little holding of those whose grandsires were his parishioners, and his memory is still revered, nor is it likely to be forgotten. Need we say we have been recalling Father Betagh, who lived in this city “sixty years ago?”

And a queer city was it at that period, as must appear to the readers of the volume before us. Much, in good truth, do we rejoice at some of the changes it has undergone, and sorely do we lament many that have come. Were the option ours, we would reject all the measures that England could give, if they came accompanied with the immorality, drunkenness, duelling, gambling upon cofins, and all the other barbarities which disfigured society sixty years ago. In fact, we would rather have Ireland as she is, sunk in misery and starvation, than splendid as she was in wealth and commercial enterprise, when “Liberty boys” and “Ormond boys” could enlist the sympathies of an entire city in their brawls, and suspend the occupations of the inhabitants to witness their truculent barbarities. Truly and faithfully has the author described these heart-rending scenes, and we know many still alive who will bear witness to the graphic illustrations he has given us. “Fighting Fitzgerald” was a character already known to us from the pages of the *University Magazine*, but we must thank the author for the history of the career of “Tiger Roche,” and many more of those aristocratic ruffians who made Dublin what the Italians term “Una casa del Diavolo.” Nevertheless, it is sad to think, that in getting rid of such scoundrels as the “Pinkindies,” “Sweaters,” and “Chalkers,” we should also sacrifice all that constitute the greatness of a city, its manufactures, and its marts. Who is there, on reading the description of the Liberties “sixty years ago,” will not agree with us?

“The Liberties,” says our anonymous author, “contained formerly a population of 40,000 souls, who had obtained a high degree of opulence by the establishment of the silk and woollen manufacture among them. About seventy years ago they had 3,400 looms in active employment; and in 1791 there were 1200 silk looms alone.”

Most unquestionably, a reform of public morals did not, and could not, involve the sacrifice of so much prosperity, and we would not ascribe it to any other than one, now universally admitted to be the sole cause of all our evils—the absence of consumers—the want of a fostering domestic legislature, and the ruinous spirit of absenteeism, which was then so uncommon. The contrast between the present state of this quondam region of wealth and manufacture, and its present aspect, is painfully true:

“Of this famous and flourishing community, nothing remains at the present day but large houses, with stone fronts and architectural ornaments, *in ruins*, in remote and obscure streets; and a small branch of the poplin and tabinet manufacture, almost exclusively confined to them, and whose beauty and excellence are well known.”

We would the author had given us a sketch of the haggard wretches who now tenant these famed emporiums; but no; it was not necessary, for everybody is

aware that no city in the world contains a greater amount of pestilence and misery. From the noise of looms and shuttles, we gladly turn to a more amusing scene, the "riding of the fringes," graphically described with all its nonsense and mummery—even so, it was an evidence of the wealth of Dublin at that period, and we are prone to believe the remnant of such festivities will soon see their termination; albeit, we would not regret much the total abolition of such useless appendages as sword bearer and marshal, who derive salaries from an impoverished corporation, daily devising means to meet their liabilities.

Gambling, lotteries, statutory shoe-blacks, Ringsend cars, noddies, and jingles, are likewise graphically described; and he men of to-day will wonder much on reading, that "sixty years ago" it took no inconsiderable time to get as far as Dunleary, the "ultima Thule of citizens;" but as for Dalkey, we are rather astonished to find that the author did not notice the error into which Mr. D'Alton has fallen, calling the oratory on the island St. Benedict's, whereas Rev. Dr. Todd has clearly proved it to have been dedicated to *St. Begnet*. Touching the festivities and kingly court of Dalkey, we have learned as much, if not more than our author has given us, from Herbert's "Irish Varieties;" but as that book is rare, we rejoice to find the record so faithfully preserved in the present volume.

The chapter on abductions is painfully romantic—an evidence of a very sad state of society which happily can never be revived—we wonder much that the untimely fate of Miss Knox, and the subsequent death of M'Naghten, have not been made the subject of a ballad by one of our most distinguished lyrical writers, Ferguson. Pleased and delighted as we are with this amusing volume, we will not do ourselves the injustice of suppressing our opinion on what we think to be highly objectionable. In page 95, in a note to "Lord Altham's Bull," we are gravely informed "that holy poker," a miserable slang phrase, is "an implement of purgatory held in much awe." To use another slang phrase, may we ask the author was he "hard up" for a definition when he hit upon this, with which we hope he has not blistered his fingers? Absurd nonsense! there is no such thing known to Catholics; and as to the doctrine of purgatory, they seek to believe no more than great Augustin believed, when he prayed at the altar erected at his mother's grave-side, and carried out her pious wish that she would be remembered in the "sacrifice." The book of the Confessions is at hand, and we cannot forbear transcribing the passage:

"Namque illa imminente die resolutionis suæ, non cogitavit suum corpus sumptuose contegi, aut condiri aromatibus: aut monumentum electum concupivit, aut curavit sepulchrum patrum. Non ista mandavit nobis, sed tantummodo memoriam sui, ad altare tuum fieri desideravit, unde sciret dispensari victimam sanctam."

Such is and has been Catholic doctrine on this subject, collected from pure sources, and not from the heathenish orgies so well, and alas! so truly, described in the chapter on "executions." We drop the question, however, in the most anxious hope that both author and publisher will entitle themselves to a place in purgatory, and find out that they were somewhat deceived while in these upper regions. There is also another passage at page 155, which we could have wished suppressed altogether; we allude to the narrative describing the infamous Farrell's "emancipation from the bonds of superstition"—in other words, his adoption of Tom Paine's tenets. It would be idle to speak of this impure ruffian's change of religion, for religion he had

none; and while on this subject, we are not a little surprised at the omission of Arthur O'Leary's name from among those who flourished "sixty years ago." Of all men who fought hard to crush the philosophisms of the French school, none did more valuable service than this Rev. Divine, whose attic salt effectually destroyed whatever of these grovelling reptiles had got into the hearts of our countrymen. Such, however, are the only blemishes in these pages, to which, as Catholics, we can justly take exception; and as we hope to see "sixty years ago" passing through a second edition, we would fain have them expunged, for of a certainty, a book that should be in everybody's hands, ought not contain a single syllable reflecting on the religion of the masses, even though such reflection be not intended.

The chapter on Wicklow insurgents, and the career of Corbett, is bald enough, but we would not, perhaps, make the observation, if we were not in possession of all the information which Dr. Madden has given us on these interesting subjects; but we leave the whole matter, including Lord Clare's funeral, in the hands of the newspaper editors. As a specimen of our author's style, and a description of a procession day in Dublin "sixty years ago," we extract the following passage; and before doing so, we must bear testimony to the beautiful typography of the volume, printed in Dublin, and reflecting much credit on the publisher, who gives considerable employment to artists and printers, who else might be begging in our streets.

"Every one of the twenty-five corporations was preceded by a large vehicle, drawn by the most splendid horses that could be bought or borrowed; indeed all were eager to lend the best they had. On these carriages were borne the implements of the respective trades at which the artisans worked as they advanced. The weavers fabricated ribbons of various gay colours, which were sent floating among the crowd; the printers struck off hand-bills, with songs and odes prepared for the occasion, which were also thrown about in the same manner; the smiths blew their bellows, hammered on their anvils, and forged various implements; and every corporation, as it passed, was seen in the exercise of its peculiar trade. They were accompanied by persons representing the various natures and personages of their crafts. Thus, the shoemakers had a person representing St. Crispin, with his last; the brewers, St. Andrew with his cross; * * * the merchants, who exist under the patronage of the Trinity, could not without profanation attempt any personal representation; but they exhibited a large shamrock as the emblem furnished by St. Patrick himself, while they were also accompanied by a large ship on wheels, navigated by real sailors" (pp. 52, 53).

Oh! Dublin, Dublin, *quantum mutata!* thy merchants and quays present a sorry spectacle now, and the ware-rooms of thy traders are the receptacles of swarming misery, unvisited, save by the ministers of religion, the sisters of charity, and that most overlooked of all hard-working men, the dispensary doctor.

Our English Vice-Kings.

THE first chief governor of "the English interest" in Ireland was John, Earl of Moreton (afterwards king John), who was entitled by his father, Henry II., "Lord of Ireland," in 1177. Before him various knights of the Invaders had commanded their fellows here, under the titles of Lord Wardens, Lord Justices, and Procurators. Prince John retained the title for seventeen years, De Lacy, De Courcy, and other noblemen serving as his deputies.

In John's reign, Meiler Fitzhenry, a bastard of Henry II., John De Gray, Bishop of Norwich, and

Henry De Loundre ("the Londoner"), Archbishop of Dublin, were the chief governors.

In the long reign of Henry III., there were twenty-three chief governors in Ireland. On the removal or death of one, the Irish Privy Council elected his successor. Maurice Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald, the first native baron so elected, was chosen in 1272—just one hundred years after "the Invasion."

Under Edward I., there were eighteen governors, of whom Stephen De Fulburn, a Norman, Bishop of Waterford, was the most distinguished. In Edward II.'s reign the lord lieutenantancy seems to have first been conferred on the Mortimers, Earls of March, who were descended on the female side from the M'Murroghs; of this family seven held the office of lord lieutenant at various periods, from 1317 to 1423.

In 1328, Roger Outlaw, prior of Kilmainham, was lord justice for Edward III., and his salary was £500 per annum. In this reign, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, being lord lieutenant, summoned the parliament at Kilkenny in 1367, which passed the famous anti-Irish statute. It is to be supposed that Edward regretted Clarence's act, as Ormond, Kildare, and Desmond, though "degenerate English," governed under him in the latter part of his reign.

The chief governors under Richard II. were the Mortimers, the favorite De Vere, and the royal Dukes Gloucester and Surrey. Richard, in his folly, created De Vere Marquis of Dublin and Duke of Ireland, and made him a grant, for him and his heirs for ever, of the entire island.

Under Henry IV., V., and VI. the Butlers and Talbots were the two families that most frequently governed. Two or three dukes of the blood royal are scattered among their names, but these were only nominal ones.

Under Edward VI., and Richard III., the Geraldines of Kildare and Desmond were most frequently in power. In these reigns, this family grew to such importance, that neither Henry VII., nor at first Henry VIII., dared to depose them. After "Silken Thomas's" rebellion in 1534, however, no native was lord justice or lord lieutenant until 1639, in the reign of Charles I., when Robert, Lord Dillon of Kilkenny west, was sworn into the first named office.

It was in 1494, and Henry VII.'th's reign, that Sir Edward Poynings, an English lawyer, as deputy, summoned the parliament at Drogheda, where it was decided that no act should be passed through the legislature of "the Pale" without first having been submitted to the English Privy Council.

It was in 1541 that Henry VIII., through the instrumentality of Sir Anthony St. Leger, was elected king of Ireland "with all jurisdiction, power, and royal authority." Sir Anthony is, therefore, properly the first English vice-king in Ireland.

Under the four Tudor sovereigns, the chief nobles of England, Sidneys, Sussex's, and Essex's were lord lieutenants of Ireland.

Under the two first Stuarts, the Planters and Pacificators, were most frequently raised to this dignity, as—Chichester, Strafford, Parsons, and Borlase.

During the first twelve years of Charles II.'s reign, there were governors under the parliament and governors under the king. Cromwell himself, Ireton, Lambert, Fleetwood, and Henry Cromwell for the one, Ormond and Clanrickarde for the other. After the restoration, Monek and Ormond, Berkely and Essex, were the most noted viceroys.

Under James II., the longest vice-reign is that of Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, a brave soldier, but without genius.

Under William and Mary, with one exception (Murrough Boyle, Viscount Blessington, lord justice in 1696), our chief governors were all Englishmen—Porters and Paulets. In Queen Anne's reign, with the exception of the Duke of Ormond, lord lieutenant in 1702–3–4, and again in 1710, the case was the same.

From Anne's death to the union, we had seventy-nine governors of all sorts, lieutenant-justices, and deputies. Of these, in every case, the lieutenants were English, and in a very few the deputies Irish. The Duke of Portland was viceroy in 1782, and Lord Cornwallis in 1800. It was under these four score governors that Dublin was baptized with that litany of foreign names which speaks from every corner of our streets and squares, the reality of our provincialism. A local parliament gave the capital vitality, but the foreign court gave it titles. The Dorset's, Cavendish's, Grafton's, Sackville's, Richmond's, what propriety have they as divisional titles for an Irish metropolis? It was surely bad enough to have had the men who bore them among us for a time, but thus to perpetuate their good for-nothing names, is unbearable. How soon will the pride of the citizens of Dublin revolt against this anomaly?

In the half century that has elapsed since "the union" of the two countries, the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland has been upheld, although it is easy to see, very much against the will of our centralizing rulers. Indeed, it is but a couple of years back that its demolition was seriously advocated by English politicians, especially those of the economic school. Irishmen, however, do not complain of it as an incumbrance—on the contrary, they look upon it, and rightly, as a British recognition of our separate nationality. Neither Scotland nor the principality know any such institution. There is not even a resemblance of royalty on the thrones once filled by Bruce and Llewellyn. Here it is different. Haddington's and Mulgrave's, De Grey's and Ponsonby's, the commission of each is a confession that we are not one people with the English, and are not to be.

The dangers to be dreaded from viceregal influence in a city without a large resident upper class, and a country without a senate, are manifold. But at the same time it is to be considered, that an Irish vice-royalty at the head of a resident nobility, or an English one with an independent Irish Privy Council, would be the very best form of aristocratic government, short of native kingship. The institution, therefore, is most desirable in our state, not so much for the paltry patronage it may afford to the artisans of the capital, its *fetes*, or its fashions, as for the use which could be made of it, by a patriotic gentry and an unpurchaseable parliament. It must, therefore, be watched and guarded for the future uses of the nation.

Three Chroniclers of Eri.

I.—CORMAC MAC CUILLENAN, ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

In the first year of the tenth century, that is, in 901, Cormac M'Cullenan, Archbishop of Cashel, and the heir of the Munster kings, found himself upon the throne of that important principedom. He was then ad-

vanced beyond life's middle stage; he was homaged for his power by the chiefs, praised for his learning by the bards, and respected by all classes for his munificence and his charities. The son of a long famous hire, the descendant of the Olcobars, Cenfelads, and Anguses, possessed, moreover, of real personal merit, every omen seemed to conspire in promising him a long, prosperous, and peaceful reign. The general state of Ireland at the time of his accession, shows, however, on a clear scrutiny, many elements threatening conflict and disadvantage.

Very early in the preceding century the Danes had commenced their persevering invasions on this kingdom. Nursed in the land of the Pine Tree and the Frith, that people might be said to have been by nature adventurers on the seas. Unlike their historic predecessors, the eastern voyagers, their delight was not in traffic but in plunder, their pleasure not in discovering new lands and knowing strange people, but in rifling the one and subjugating the other. Ireland (so placed by the All-wise) was on their route to rapine and piracy in the west and south, and peculiarly exposed to their indomitable warfare; hence the ninth century had been one long day of battle, between the Irish people and those barbarians. The effects of this centennial struggle, are clear. The able-bodied were constantly in harness, the women and the helpless constantly in terror. The schools were desolate, the scholars exiles. Strabo, the biographer of Saint Gall, a writer of that time, says, that migration had become "a second nature to the Scots," and his cotemporary, Erriek of Auxerre, "that almost all Ireland, with a vast train of philosophers, moved to France in the ninth century."* Religion suffered in the overthrow of letters and peace. The sacred places of the land no longer knew themselves, and the will of every man was set up in opposition to the laws and obligations of society. Yet the tradition of a more Christian time survived through this chaos, possessed in a few fervent souls for the salvation of many.

When Cormac began to reign in Munster, Flan Sinan was monarch of Ireland, and Reginald M'Yvor king of the Danes of Dublin. The monarch had already sat on the throne twenty years, a reign which was protracted the longest of any recorded in our annals. Between him and the immediate ancestors of Cormac there had been disagreement and strife respecting the tribute which Munster was to pay into the national treasury. The kings of the south considering themselves, perhaps, to be over taxed, or thinking that subsidies levied for emergencies had been placed on them as imposts, resolved, at the earliest opportunity, to throw them off. Cormac was heir to this controversy as well as to the crown, and as it proved the great obstacle to the prosperity of his reign, so it occasioned its fatal termination.

A churchman king will have churchmen courtiers. Among those of Cormac, Flaherty, abbot of Iniscathy, is represented as the most influential. He was a man of a moving spirit, intrepid, and martial. The Danish wars, as well as the Crusades, were productive of such natures—for they identified battle and duty to ecclesiastics—made friaries so many fortresses, and the great stake in the struggle the security of worship and the preservation of the faith. But the ambition which, rightly directed, might have made abbot Flaherty a hero or a martyr, when degraded to the design of a provincial

revolt, renders him only a vulgar disturber of the peace of his country. In the year 906, Cormac (it is thought mainly through his advice) refused totally the Munster tribute to the monarch, which act was the signal for civil war. Both parties, therefore, prepared themselves for the issue.

Before coming to the throne, Cormac had been engaged in the composition of those historical annals known as the "Psalter of Cashel."* This work has never been published as a whole, though extracts from it are given in most of our historical books.† It is founded chiefly on a much more ancient compilation known as the "Psalter of Tara." In the mundian ages, it is feared the author has leaned too much on legends and traditions. He is charged with receiving the accounts of the Gadhelians meeting Moses in Egypt, and the Scots serving under a Polycornus in Greece. Bishop Stillingfleet following the theory of Usher as to the heterodoxy of the ancient Christians of this island as well as of Britain, has thought proper to devote the Fifth Book of his "Antiquities" to damaging in this the authenticity of the "Psalter," so that by showing it an unstaple authority in the Pagan times, he may pass it over contemptuously as an authority on church antiquities. So illogical an inference as this was perhaps never before drawn. After instituting a comparison between Geoffry of Monmouth and our Cormac, he "leaves the reader to judge whether Geoffry hath not been hardly dealt with, when such authors are preferred so much before him."‡ In this train of assumption and scepticism he has been followed by Pinkerton§ and Ledwich,|| the latter basing his unbelief in Cormac's works on the ground that they had never been published. That ground for doubt has been partly removed since his days.

That Utilitarian theorists and French philosophers should reject all tradition as futile, perplexing, and unprofitable, is not to be wondered at. But that men who have made history their study, and Christianity their vocation, should follow so ill an example, is altogether extraordinary. They, of all men, should feel and remember that there *was* a time before stiles and vellum were used; events, which though never written by the hand of man on the page of papyrus, are yet written in the book of nature, and vouched for in the book of Revelation. They should have remembered that the art of chronicling things done was not always in use, nor known to every people; that paper and the printing press are modern inventions. If they think deeply they will find human society subsisting on a basis of tradition; the tradition of the unity of the origin of the human race common to every people, savage and civilized, is the main bond of universal order; the tradition of the dissemination of Christianity by apostles, whose names alone are known for certainty, has been long the corner-stone of faith in many a Christian country. The tradition of ancient alliances and mutual benefaction has done much to preserve nations in peace with one another. The tradition of a future state, in which the good shall be

* The use of the word "Psalter" in this sense is supposed to have originated in the habits of the old clerical authors, of binding up their MSS. with their Psalters for greater security.

† Bishop Nicholson—Historical Libraries—mentions a defective copy of 272 pages, in the Bodleian Collection at Oxford. Sir James Ware had a copy in his possession, which he considered three hundred years old, that is, a transcript of the fourteenth century.

‡ Antiquities British Churches, vol. ii. p. 409.

§ Hist. Scotland, vol. ii. p. 6, 7.

|| Ledwich Antiquities, p. 53, 4, 5.

* Quoted in Ware's Writers, p. 56.

known to, and dwell for ever with each other, is as a pillar of fire guiding us on in the desert of this weary, worldly life. Tradition is the inseparable servant of faith, and the elder brother of history. It is the Ishmael of our world of antiquities—a rover in solitary places, speaking with strange voices, and browned and clad after the fashion of its life. Whenever it speaks to you distinctly hearken to it reverently, not that all tradition is venerable, nor yet respectable. Wild tales of former ages, with the aspect of a theory, are always to be suspected, and of this class, perhaps, are most or all of king Cormac's statements about the eastern peregrinations of our earliest predecessors in this island. But as an authority on the historic ages nearer to his own time, the learned do not only put him above Geoffry, as Stillingfleet complains, but they place him beside Bede, the first annalist of the Anglo-Saxons, for accuracy of research. In the comparison, Cormac at present will be disadvantaged, his "Psalter" being still in Irish—but this impediment to his vindication may ere long be removed.

The only other work of our prince-bishop which has been preserved, is the Glossary explanatory of the obscurities of the "Psalter," and the words of the early Irish language which had become obsolete in his time. This is a work of the greatest interest to the student of the etomological monuments of antiquity, and looking upon it we cannot but exclaim, how ancient must be that language which a thousand years ago was so old as to need such elaborate elucidations!

This work will soon be rendered accessible to the public by the enterprize of our indefatigable "Archeological Society."

Of the manner of Cormac's death there is difference among the authorities, some saying he fell in battle against the Danes, and some that he was slain at Moy Albe, in the campaign against Flan in 906. But the more propable account is that he was slain at Bealach Muchna in 908.* Caradoc of Lhancarvan, a Welsh annalist of the same century, favours this version, and our native annalists chiefly concur with him. They add, that the Abbot Flaherty having escaped from the custody of the monarch Falan, by whom he had been captured, tamed the warlike passions of his nature, and lived a life full of atoning virtues, thereby cancelling in part the evils he had caused to Munster.

If we recall Europe of the tenth century to our minds, the sunken state of its rulers, and the apparent declension of the church, we will not fail to assign a conspicuous place to this royal prelate. Whether all the works which tradition assigns to him were really his, or whether in some cases he has been confounded with his successor, Cormac M'Carthy, quite enough of positive evidence remains to warrant us in regarding him as an extensive linguist, a zealous bishop, and a real patron of learning.† His legacies to several churches, of vestments, chalices, and ounces of silver, enumerated in our native annals, show a spirit of true princely munificence. That he was brave as a Celtic king should be, the manner of his reign and death attest. No single charge of oppression, no assertion of tyranny has been recorded against him, an exemption which belongs to few indeed of his class, in those ages or in our own.

II.—MARIANUS SCOTUS.

"Without comparison he was the most learned man of his age, an excellent historian, a famous man at calculations, and a solid divine."—*Sigebert of Glembores*.

MARIANUS, called Scotus from his nation, was born in the year 1028, in this country. He has himself given us the fact and the date, which are confirmed by his continuator, Florence of Worcester, but neither go into any particulars of his family or his early years.*

He studied in the school of Clonard, under the Regent, Tighernach, to whom he confesses himself greatly indebted for his historical lore.†

At the age of twenty-four, he tells us he "retired from the world"—in other words, entered on a monastic life.

But still communicating with his former instructor, he became so animated by the adventures of Irishmen abroad, as related to him by Tighernach, that he resolved to imitate their example, and accordingly set out on his travels with the double purpose of learning and of teaching. This was in the year 1056, while he was yet in his twenty-eighth year.

On the first day of August (being the Feast of St. Peter in chains), in that same year, he sailed up the Rhine and landed at Cologne. There was then there a convent of his countrymen, under the invocation of St. Martin, with whom he took up his abode. In this grand old German city he continued with these monks, probably, perfecting himself in his studies, for as yet he had not received priests' orders. It is not unlikely that some faults of temper or flaws in his belief prevented his ordination, which did not take place until seven years after the date he assigns for his farewell to the world. But over the cause of his long probation there lies an irremovable lapse of ages.

In 1058, the town and monastery of Panderborn being destroyed by a conflagration, Paternus, one of the religious, whose vows forbid him to leave his cell, had refused to retreat before the flames, and was consumed in their advance, though the mat on which he lay escaped unscorched. The story of his devotion soon spread through France and Germany, and hundreds hastened to the spot where the martyrdom had taken place. Amongst the rest Marianus, whose curiosity seems to have been ever active, visited the ruins. There he met with many eminent personages, and amongst others with the Abbot of Fulda, who, pleased with his deportment and learning, invited him to become one of his subjects. This he agreed to; but first he went to Wurtzburg, where, in 1059, he received holy orders: from thence he proceeded to fulfil his promise to the Abbot.

Fulda, "one of the most famous seminaries in Germany,"‡ owed its institution to the munificence of Charlemagne; it was conspicuous among the "Universities" which that monarch gloried so much to rear. Early distinguished by his especial favour, and continuing to receive the countenance of his successors, it became to the Germans what Paris was to the Gauls, and Bologna to the Italians. Like these, it was also from the beginning an abode of Irish learning and religion. Here Marianus spent ten years, the busiest of his life.

* Petrie—"Round Towers and Ancient Architecture," vol. i. p. 289. † Now Ballymoon, in Carlow.

† A MSS. by Selbach, Cormac's secretary, was in Colgan's possession, and is quoted in the *Acta*, p. 88.

* Florence's words are—"A.D. 1028, Hoc anno natus est Marianno Hibernensis," &c.

† Lanigan, vol. iii. p. 446.

‡ Harton's Hist. Poetry. *Passim*.

To these years of seclusion we owe the valuable chronicle which bears his name. In chronological order it proceeds from the formation of the Christian era until the author's own time (1083). It is unquestionably the most minute and authoritative work of its class ever accomplished by a single hand. A late learned historian has pronounced it as his opinion, that it "exceeds anything of the kind which the middle ages have produced, and would appear still more respectable were it published entire."* "During his long continued leisure," says William of Malmesbury, "he examined the writers on chronology, and discovered the disagreement of the Cycles of Dionysius the little with the evangelical computation."† This chronicle received slight additions from the hand of Florence of Worcester, who survived Marianus thirty-two years, and it is not unfrequently quoted as his work, whereas he is author only of a moiety towards the end.‡

In the year 1069, Marianus was "removed" from Fulda to Mentz, on the Friday before Palm Sunday, and at Mentz "was again shut up on the tenth of July." It appears that he, like Paternus, had taken a vow of strict seclusion from the world, and that at the latter place as at the former, an inclusorium or penitential cell had been prepared for him. These constructions were not uncommon in the feudal ages, and usually consisted of an isolated cell, surrounded by a high wall. Often monastic recusants were condemned to them for offences against the brotherhood or religion, but not unfrequently they were voluntarily chosen abodes of such as wished in the midst of life to be in death. In his solitude at Mentz, Marianus continued seventeen years, until he died.

These seventeen solitary years he devoted after the completion of his chronicle, to translations and transcriptions of the sacred Scriptures. "He has also left notes," says Lanigan, "on all the Epistles of St. Paul, annexed to a copy of them translated by himself in the year 1079, which is extant in the Imperial Library of Vienna."§ These copies of the sacred writings were then of great value and great service in the city of Mentz, and doubtless its good church-going people often paused before the wall of the inclusorium and blessed its tenant in their hearts with awe and wonder.

In 1086 the recluse expired. His body was then taken from its lonely tenement, and borne to the churchyard of St. Martin, without the city, where it was solemnly interred. Saving the funeral of the father of printing in 1466, Mentz has not seen the burial of a man more devoted to letters.

In truth, this seems but a sad story enough. Yet should not my readers suppose that the chronicler's life was joyless because he lived alone, or pity his loneliness lest they overlook the nature of his temper. Doubtless there are men whose constitution fits them for solitude, and whose reason, unlike the instinct of vegetables, turns for vitality to the shade; men to whom society would be slavery, and the conversation of the world a goading vexation. It was one of the wise provisions of mediæval society to provide cells for such men, and to respect their unsociality. It would be cruelty, the worst cruelty, to enforce them to live in the crowded atmosphere of common life. One of this class of beings, we opine, was MARIANUS SCOTUS.

* Lanigan, vol. iv. p. 7.

† Florence died in 1118.

‡ Sharpe's Malmesbury, p. 363.

§ Lanigan, vol. iv. p. 7.

III.—TIGERNAC O'BRIEN.

IN the eleventh century Irish mind first took that strong historic tendency in which it has ever since indulged. The institution of sir-names in the tenth gave genealogy a place in the land, while the wars against the Danes, and the traditions of travellers, from the Continent, introduced military and ecclesiastical recollections, of such a gratifying character, that they necessarily entered into the very core of the Irish race.

Of the writings of this century which—besides those of the two illustrious authors last described—has descended to us in an unquestionable shape, is the annals that, from their author, bear the name of Tigernac. Of this Tigernac and his work, the authors who have treated on his times afford us these particles of information :

He was of the family of the O'Brien's, of "the sept of Muiredhaigh" (of Roscommon).* His birth was probably in the first quarter of this century. About the middle of the century, he was chosen erenach or keeper of the church lands. This office was open to laymen and sub-deacons irrespectively, and was elective in the gift of the sept in whose territory the lands lay. These lands were the support of the clergy, the maintenance of such as fled for refuge, and the supply of the hospitalities of the foundation to which they were granted. The erenach was bound to live on them and cultivate them—he was forbidden to rent them under any pretence—and was bound on his appointment to their charge to pay a subsidy to the bishop of the diocese, and to repair the churches. The office seems to have been peculiar to Ireland, though glimpses of it are obtained in Wales and Scotland, doubtless introduced there by the Irish missionaries.†

Among the many princely foundations of Christian origin in Ireland, Clonmacnoise was one of the most magnificent. Its ruins still stand a few miles from Athlone on the Shannon. Its site was on and between a range of small hills, flanked by extensive morasses, and fronted by the river. St. Kieran, "the carpenter," one of the most eminent of early saints, first designed its erection, and the greatest nobles of Ireland vied with each other in contributing to its completion. O'Melaghlin, Prince of Meath, founded Temple Righ; the O'Connor Don founded the Temple called from his name; Temple O'Kelly bears the name of another chief; Temple Finian was built by M'Carthy More, and Temple M'Dermott by M'Dermott. Besides these were four or five other churches, and not far off a capacious nunnery. Two Round Towers and a large cemetery, and a circle of crosses to which pilgrims resorted on the ninth of September, to perform their devotions, and the dwellings of the religious and the students completed this famous seat of piety and learning. The erenach, on whom as we have seen devolved the three-fold duties of steward, entertainer of strangers, and repairer of churches, must have had quite enough to do in his office.

From his office as erenach of Clonmacnoise, Tigernac was chosen abbot of Roscommon. If he had not previously been in minor orders, he must have been then ordained. This removal was probably in 1052, as in that year Eachtlan, the abbot set down as his predecessor, departed from this life. In his person this abbacy was united with Clonmacnoise, as it had

* Archdal "Monasticon," p. 386.

† Ware's Antiq. chap. xxv. sec. ii.

been once before, in the person of the Abbot of Murchoe, who died in 979. The abbey was very rich and ancient, being founded by St. Coeman about the middle of the sixth century.

It was evidently while abbot of Roscommon that our author wrote his annals. He commences them three centuries and a-half before the Christian era, writing them, it is stated, partly in Latin and partly in Irish. He continued them to his own time—the last entry being in the year of his own death. Various continuations were afterwards put to them, and when, in lapse of ages, some of the sheets became illegible or lost, the learned restored them. They were first published entire in a Latin translation, by the younger O'Connor, in the second tome of his "*Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*." They occupy over 300 pages of that quarto. All our best modern historians warmly approve of them for their accuracy and research. The compliments they have received on these heads would fill many pages if reproduced. They display not only a sound knowledge of Irish history, but a good acquaintance with the cotemporary events in Roman and British history. They are accompanied by learned chronological and encyclical notes, which show the industry and skill of the author in such calculations.

In 1087, Tigernac succeeded the abbot Cormac as comarbh (successor) of St. Kieran in the government of Clonmacnoise. This great office he did not long retain, for, say the Four Masters :

"Anno 1088. Tigernac O'Brion (Comarbh of Kieran of Clonmacnoise and of St. Coeman), a very learned man, and well skilled in history, died."

So passed away a true scholar, and one of the true Chroniclers of Eri.

Vesper Hymn.

TO THE GUARDIAN ANGELS OF IRELAND.

I.

SINKING afar o'er the deep's mighty fountains,
While the sun's rayless brow upon night's bosom faints;
Descend Guardian Spirits! encamp on our mounfains
And lovingly watch o'er the Island of Saints.

II.

And while to His ear rise your "thrice holy" numbers,*
May an aura divine thro' night's solitudes blow,
Fill with strange music our many-dreamed slumbers,
And wrap the full heart in oblivion of woe.

III.

When sleep, sorrow's tomb with her flow'ry wand sealing,
The soft pall of silence o'er Life's battle flings,
Then glimpses of Eden in visions revealing,
O'ersadow our rest with your sheltering wings.

IV.

And let us in dreams of the soul's native regions,
Behold—what saint only or poet may say—
Spear, banner, and falchion of cherubim legions
Proudly waved in the blaze of angelic array!

V.

From the rill-gushing mountains, the thrones of your glory,
The tow'rs of your watching, the homes of your love,
Look down on our slavery's tear-blotted story,
And rush to our rescue with strength from above.

* The Trisagion.

VI.

Ere the black steed of Famine,* in tempest descending,
The young harvest trample still greenly that springs,
Oh! yet o'er the vales' precious fruitfulness bending,
Expand the vast shields of your emerald wings.

VII.

And ere shroud-mantled Pestilence' noisome breath wither
The flow'rs thro' which lately young Health, smiling, trod,
Whence the tree of Life blossoms, Raphaël! oh hither,
On balm-dropping pinion, come, "Healing of God!"

VIII.

Till from Famine and Plague and worse Thraldom emerging,
More purified, chainless and chaste'n'd we stand:
All hearts to one centre, united, converging,
And Love, Peace, and Plenty, replenish the land.

IX.

Come! come! to us Angels of Hope and of Healing,
With chaplet of snowdrop† and plumes of the dove—
And like rainbow-clad show'rs to the fainting earth stealing,
Come! green-winged Mercy and fire-arrow'd Love!

D. N. S.

* Apoc. cap. vi. verse 5.

† A modern poet has beautifully feigned this flower to have been formed by an Angel, from a falling snowflake; and presented, as a symbol of Hope, to Eve, trembling with terror, in the first snow-storm.—See "The Emblems and Poetry of Flowers."

A SHORT

History of the Irish Franciscans.

By FATHER HUGH WARD, originator of the ANNALS of the FOUR MASTERS.—(From an original MS.)

[Continued from page 109.]

XVIII. DOWN.—The convent of Down was built in the episcopal and maritime city of Down, in Ulster, and was placed in the Custody of Drogheda by the General Chapter of Narbonne, in 1260. From its first foundation it was always a nursery of piety. It was here that John Duns Scotus, the subtle doctor, assumed the habit of the Franciscan order, and he was called Duns from the name of his native city, Down, which was thus abbreviated. The friars were first expelled from this convent by John Brittan, an English Protestant, who, with a number of wicked followers, invaded the place in the year 1569. The friars were apprised of his approach, and saved themselves by flight, but returned again; and in the following year, 1570, he made another attack on the convent, hanged all the friars he caught, and almost totally destroyed the establishment, with the exception of the church, which was kept as a court-house for the English judges of assize. It remained desolate from the time of its suppression till 1627, when Father Francis Matthew being provincial, a residence was erected in the vicinity. Father Henry Melan, a theologian and excellent preacher, was appointed superior of the new establishment; he having discharged the offices of vicar, provincial, diffinitor, and custos, continues to labour strenuously in the salvation of souls. The foundation of this convent is attributed by some to Africa, the daughter of the king of Man (Godred), and widow of John De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, but I rather think that the founder was M'Ginnis, whose posterity now inherit the lordship of Iveagh, and are branched out into several noble families. M'Ginnis erected a family sepulchre in this monastery. I find that a chapter was held here in the year 1313.

XIX. MULTIFARNAM.—The convent of Multifarnam is built in a village of that name, in a solitary place surrounded with lakes, in Meath,* and in the Meath diocese. It is supposed to have been founded in the year 1270, or according to others, in 1672, and was formerly placed under the Custody of Drogheda. It passed into the possession of the Observants in the first year of the reformation of the order, that is, in 1460; but it never was more flourishing than since the beginning of the persecution and the spread of heresy, for not only was it a place of refuge to the old and infirm friars of the province, but was as it were an ark in the deluge of persecution, for from its first foundation it never was deserted for any length of time by the religious. We are not, however, to suppose that it escaped the English persecution; it was twice burned, twice plundered, and many of the friars were taken and imprisoned in the years 1590, 1601, 1604, 1613, 1614, and 1617. Those who escaped, however, always returned immediately, and there never were wanting to the present day, many to labour strenuously for the salvation of the faithful. The first founder of this convent was William Herbert, alias De la Mare; and when that family became almost extinct, they were succeeded as patrons by the illustrious family of the Nugents, which is now branched out with the families of the Earls of Westmeath and several other noble families likewise. Their tombs, as well as those of the nobility of the neighbouring counties, are placed in the convent since the days of old. Provincial chapters were held here in the years 1472, 1527, and 1626.†

XX. TRIM.—The convent of Trim is built in the town of that name, on the river Boyne, in the diocese of Meath. The building was a very beautiful one. It was placed under the Custody of Drogheda, by the general chapter of Narbonne, and passed into the hands of the Observants in 1525. It was suppressed and laid desolate in the third year of the reign of Elizabeth, by the heretics, and all the buildings destroyed, with the exception of the church, which was converted into a court-house. It remained vacant from the time of the suppression till the year 1629, when, by order of the chapter held in Limerick, a residence was built in the town, and Father Paul Brenan, a preacher, appointed superior. The first founder of this convent is supposed to have been William Rufus de Burgo. This event took place while he was engaged in warfare with Hugh de Lacy, whom, with the assistance of the king's troops, he conquered about the year 1228. Some writers attribute the foundation of this house to King John of England, but this cannot be the case, as he left Ireland for England in the year 1210, that is, four years before the Friars Minors arrived in Ireland. A chapter was held here in 1524.

XXI. ELPHIN.—The convent of Elphin was founded in the episcopal see of that name in Connaught, but there is no record existing to show who the founder

was. It was placed in the Custody of Nenagh by the general chapter of Narbonne, in 1260. In the reign of Elizabeth, in 1563, the Protestant bishop of that see drove out the friars, and did not leave one stone of the convent standing, and with the materials built a residence for himself on the site. It remains vacant ever since.

XXII. ENNIS.—The convent of Inish Clanrauda was built in a town of that name, in the diocese of Killaloe, in Munster, about the year 1247, and was placed under the Custody of Nenagh in 1260. It passed into the hands of the Observants in 1460, the first year of the reformation of the order. In the reign of Elizabeth, the persecution raged fiercely, and the friars were expelled from the convent, and the buildings were converted into a court-house and a parish church, and thus it remains vacant from the time of the suppression. The building itself, however, is preserved entire, under the protection of Donal O'Brian, Earl of Thomond. The first founder of this convent was the Prince O'Brien, whose posterity afterwards became Earls of Thomond, Barons of Inchiquin, and was divided into several other noble families. These have selected this convent for their burial place; and many other nobles of Thomond also sleep there. Chapters were held here in the years 1507 and 1543.*

XXIII. BUTTEVANT.—The convent of Buttevant was built in a town of the same name, in the diocese of Cork (now in Cloyne), in Munster, in the year 1251, and was placed under the Custody of Cork in 1260. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the friars were several times driven away from it, and some of them taken and imprisoned. All the buildings, with the exception of the church, were ruined, and that was preserved on account of the tombs of the nobility there buried, but all the images were broken. Still some of the friars continued to reside there, partly in the conventual buildings or their ruins, and partly in the neighbourhood. The first founder of this convent was Barry, Viscount of Buttevant, whose posterity is now branched out into the families of the Viscounts of Barrymore and many other noble families, whose tombs are placed in the convent. The chieftain M'Donagh also, and many others of the nobility of the neighbouring territory, are buried there from the times of old.

XXIV. ARDFERT.—The convent of Ardfert was built in the episcopal see of that name in Munster, in the year 1253, and was placed under the Custody of Cork in 1260. It passed into the hands of the Observants in the year 1517, but in the beginning of the persecution in 1584, it was occupied by the heretics and destroyed, and has remained so ever since, though some of the friars have always resided in the neighbourhood as far as the persecution would allow them. One of them was trampled to death by horses and slept in the Lord. The first founder of this convent was the Lord M'Morris Kiary of the Geraldines. His descendants are now Barons of Lixnaw, and their tombs as well as those of many more of the nobility of Clanmorish and the neighbouring territory, are in the convent.

XXV. DUNDALK.—The convent of Dundalk was

* The beautiful ruins of this convent still form the greatest ornament of the town of Ennis. The Protestant church is formed out of a part of the nave, but the chancel with its beautiful window remains in ruins. A small conventual establishment of Franciscans was formed here in the year 1830. A portion of the suburbs of the town is still called Clonrode, and a fair of Clonrode held, the only remembrance I believe of the ancient name of the town, Inish Clanrauda.

* Now in the County of Westmeath.

† A Franciscan establishment still exists in Multifarnam, and a new residence for the religious has been lately built. The ancient church, in part, is used for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. "This religious establishment," says the compiler of Lewis's Dictionary, "is remarkable for having been maintained in its early splendour until a later period than any other, for though dissolved by Henry VIII., those to whom it was granted did not dispossess the monks, who, in 1622, even attempted the establishment of a branch of their society at Mullingar; and here they preserved all the images, pictures, relics, &c., which had previously belonged to their church, and their full choir and hospitable household."

built in the maritime town of that name in the diocese of Armagh, in Ulster, but we have no record of the founder. It was placed under the Custody of Drogheda in the year 1260, and passed into possession of the Observantines in the year 1556. In seven years after the reformation, the friars were expelled by the heretics and the convent seized on and ruined. It remained vacant till the year 1626, when Father Francis Matthew being provincial, a residence was erected, and Father Peter Taaffe, a theologian and preacher, was appointed superior. A Chapter was held in the convent in 1232. In the year 1315 the Scots invaded Ulster, and took and burned the town of Dundalk, plundered the convent of its books, chalices, ornaments, and everything of value, and cruelly put to death twenty-three of the inmates.

XXVI. CASTLEDERMOT.—The convent of Castledermot was built in a town of that name in the diocese of Dublin, in Leinster, but we have no record of the name of the founder.* It was placed under the Custody of Dublin in the year 1260. It was seized on by the heretics, towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII., and it remain desolate and in ruins at the present day.

XXVII. CLARE GALWAY.—The convent of Clare, De Claro, or as Pisanus calls it, Clarowy, Vulgo Clare Galway, in a village of that name in the diocese of Anaghdown, in Connaught, now united to the diocese of Tuam, was built before the year 1260, but the name of the founder is unknown. It was placed under the Custody of Nenagh in the year 1260. About the year 1589 it was occupied by the heretics and ruined, and thus remains to the present day.†

XXVIII. CLANE.—The convent of Clane, called also the Garden of the English, was built in the year 1258, in a village of that name in the diocese of Kildare, in Leinster, and was placed under the Custody of Dublin in 1260. In the invasion of heresy in the third year of Edward VI., king of England, it was first suppressed and afterwards ruined, and so remains to the present day. The first founders of this house are supposed to have been the illustrious family of the Shertons;‡ and when they were extinct, the noble family of the Wogans became its protectors, and after them the noble family of the Rochfords. Fourteen knights of that family in succession were buried in this convent, and it was not only the burial place of that family, but of many more of the nobility of the neighbouring country. A provincial chapter was held here in the year 1345.

XXIX. WICKLOW.—The convent of Wicklow, in a maritime town of that name, in the diocese of Dublin, in Leinster, is supposed to have been founded about the year 1260, by O'Bruinne (O'Byrne), chief of Brenagh Toracham, as it was placed in the Custody of Dublin in that year. When heresy and the destruction of churches were the order of the day, it was laid in ruins, and so remains to the present. In the year 1598 the body of one of the friars was found whole and entire in this convent.

XXX. FEORE.—The convent of Feore, which Pisanus calls Mortoal Totmoy, but is now called Feore, from the name of the founder, is situated in the diocese

of Kildare, in Leinster, and is supposed to have been built before 1260, as it was placed in the Custody of Dublin in that year by the general chapter of Narbonne. It was ruined by the heretics at the time of the suppression of the convents, and remains so to the present day. The illustrious family of Birmingham, otherwise called M'Meomrus, laid the foundation of this convent. This family has since branched out into several other noble families, and their tombs are in this convent.

XXXI. ROSS.—The convent of Ross was built in a maritime town of that name, on the River Barrow, in the diocese of Ferns, in Leinster. It was built some time previous to the year 1300. It was at first placed under the Custody of Cashel, but was afterwards transferred to that of Dublin in 1345. It was endowed with many privileges by several kings of England; Edward I. granted privileges to it in 1306, Edward II. in 1309, and Henry VI. in 1429. When the time of persecution came, the friars were expelled and the buildings ruined. It remained in this state till the year 1615, when Father Daniel Mooney being provincial, a residence was built in the town, and from that to this the friars labour diligently there for the salvation of souls. This place was formerly remarkable for the tomb of a certain friar who was considered a saint, also for various miraculous appearances of persons in the habit of St. Francis, who would not allow the heretics residing there to keep undisturbed possession of it. The first founder of this convent was Sir John Devereux, and he built a tomb for himself and his family there, but it is now destroyed. A chapter was held here in the year 1308.

XXXII. KINALAGHEN.—The convent of Kinalaghen, or as Pisanus calls it, Leighlin, was built in a solitary place in the diocese of Clonfert, in Connaught, and belonged to the Custody of Nenagh. It was destroyed in the time of the late wars, and so remained till the year 1615, when a residence was built there, and the friars began to restore it as far as the persecution permitted them. The house was first founded by the Burkes of Cloghine, and the tombs of that noble family, as well as of many other nobles, are situated in this convent. A chapter was held here in 1609.

XXXIII. ROSCOMMON.—The convent of Roscommon, in a town of the same name in Connaught, was first occupied by the friars in the year 1268, but the following year was burned down, and thus perished in its very infancy, for the founder died soon after, and there was no one to restore it.

XXXIV. CAVAN.—This convent was built in the town of Cavan, in the diocese of Kilmore, in Ulster, in the year 1300, and was given to the Observants in 1502. Notwithstanding the wars and persecutions, the friars held on by the convent till the year 1609, when it was occupied by the English and burned soon after, so that the walls alone remained standing. It was afterwards totally ruined, and remained desolate till 1616, when a residence was built in the neighbourhood, and Father John Gaffry, an excellent preacher and holy man, was appointed superior. His life and labours were of great advantage to the Catholic cause in these parts. The first founder of this convent was John O'Reilly, the chief of Breffny. He erected a sepulchre for himself and his posterity in this convent, and his example was followed by many more of the nobility of the country. It was in this convent that formerly dwelt the celebrated Father Eugene O'Dubhay, an apostolic preacher, a most strenuous defender

* The founder is supposed to have been Thomas, Lord of Offaly.

† The founder is supposed to have been John De Cogan. A Franciscan establishment is nestled amidst the ruins at the present day.

‡ Others say that the founder was Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice. The Jesuits' College of Clongowes is in the vicinity.

of the faith against heretics, and a man of most holy life. A chapter was held here in 1557.

XXXV. CARRICK-ON-SUIR.—The Convent of Carrick was built contiguous to that town in the diocese of Lismore, and on the banks of the Suir, in the year 1336. When the persecution began it was destroyed and ruined, and remains so still. The founder was James Butler, Earl of Ormond, who “converted a castle of his in Carrick into a convent of Friars Minors.” His descendants subsequently became Earls of Ormond, Barons of Dunsany, of Cahir, and branched out into many other noble families.*

XXXVI. BANTRY.—The building of the convent of Bantry, in the diocese of Ross, was begun about the year 1320, and it was reformed by Father David Harly in the year 1432. When wars and persecution arose, it was seized on by the English in the year 1508—two of the friars being killed and the rest obliged to fly for their lives. Subsequently, in the year 1602, Daniel O’Sullivan, Earl of Beerhaven, having driven out the English in the year 1602, partially destroyed it, lest it should again become a stronghold of the enemy, promising, at the same time, to rebuild it as soon as possible. This, however, he never was able to accomplish, for he was obliged to fly into Spain and there met an early death. The founder was O’Sullivan, who built a tomb in it for himself and his posterity. O’Mathgansan, Fiorin, and many other families of the neighbourhood were also buried there.

XXXVII. IRLAGH.—The convent of Iralagh (Muckruss, Killarney), was built in a solitary place in the diocese of Ardfert, in Munster, about the year 1340, and the friars held possession of it till the year 1589, when it was occupied by the heretics, partially ruined, and some of the friars put to death. It remained uninhabited till the year 1612, when, under the provincialate of Father Maurice Ultan, it was once more occupied by the friars, and Father Thadeus Howlan appointed superior; but the persecution being violent, they were again obliged to fly in the year 1629, leaving the church in part and the dormitory entirely repaired. The first founder of this convent was Donald Thadeus M’Carthy More, Prince of Desmond, whose posterity, divided into many noble families, were buried, some here, and some in other convents of Franciscans. O’Sullivan Mor was also buried here, as well as both the O’Donohoes and many other noble men.

XXXVIII. ROSRIEL.—The convent of Rosriel was built in a retired and solitary place on the banks of a river in the diocese of Tuam, in Connaught, about the year 1351, but the name of the founder is unknown. It passed into the hands of the Observants in the year 1470. It was not destroyed in the persecution like the rest, and though the friars were several times obliged to fly from it, they always returned, and inhabited it at the present day. Chapters were held here in 1474 and 1618.†

XXXIX. KILLISH.—The convent of Killish, in the

* The first guardian of this convent was the annalist, John Clyn, who left Kilkenny in 1336, to undertake this office. He returned soon after to his own convent of Kilkenny, and died of the plague, it is supposed, in 1349. A beautiful church of the Franciscan order, built by the present Bishop of Newfoundland, Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, is one of the principal ornaments of the town of Carrick at the present day.

† In the year 1687, a Chapter was held in this convent, in which a code of new statutes was promulgated for the organization of the province. Conventual life was established, the habit was to be publicly worn, and, in fact, everything put on the same footing as in the Catholic countries of Europe.

diocese of Kildare, in Leinster, was built about the year 1393. It was suppressed in the reign of Elizabeth, and remains so to the present day. The founder of this convent was O’Cnochorir Faigly, whose descendants subsequently branched out into many noble families, were buried there. Many chieftains of the name of O’Doijin, as well as other noble personages from that neighbourhood are also buried there.

XL. KILCONNEL.—The convent of Kilconnel, in a village of that name in the diocese of Clonfert, in Connaught, was founded about the year 1353, at the instance of Malachy O’Reilly. It was transferred to the Observantines in the year 1467; and notwithstanding that heresy raged around, was always preserved entire, so that although for a time it was turned into a stronghold by the Protestants, and the friars were obliged many times to hide in the neighbourhood, still they always returned soon after to the convent, and under the protection of God, remain there to the present day, labouring diligently in the salvation of souls. The first founder of this convent was William O’Kelly O’Mayne, who there built a tomb for himself and for his posterity, and many more of the nobility of that neighbourhood did so likewise.

XLI. QUIN.—The convent of Quin, in a village of that name, in the diocese of Killaloe, in Munster, was built about the year 1402 or a little earlier. In the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, while the persecution was raging, it was suppressed, and remained so till the year 1626, when under the provincialate of Father Francis Matthew, it was again occupied and repaired. Father Francis Gorman, a preacher, was appointed superior. Some years previous to this, the friars were in the habit of visiting this place and preaching there. The founder of this convent was R. M’Namara, chief of Clancolain, who built a tomb there for himself and his family, as did many other nobles of that neighbourhood.

XLII. MONAGHAN.—The convent of Monaghan was built in a village of that name in the diocese of Clogher, in Ulster, in the year 1407. It was constantly inhabited by the fathers till the year 1589, when in the midst of war and persecution it was taken by the heretics and laid in ruins, and the guardian and five of the friars cruelly put to death. A few years afterwards an English Protestant of the name of Edward Blany, built a hall for himself out of the ruins of the convent. M’Mahon, chief of Uriel, was the founder of this convent. His posterity was divided into many noble families, and many other nobles of the neighbouring country are buried there.

XLIII. ASKEATON.—The convent of Askeaton, in the diocese of Limerick, in Munster, near the banks of the Shannon, was built about the year 1420, and was a sumptuous edifice. It was given up to the Observants under the provincialate of Father Patrick Healy, in the year 1513. It was ruined in the day of persecution in 1575, and some of the friars were caught and put to death. It remained desolate till the year 1627, when Father Francis Mathew being provincial, some friars, at the instance of many of the nobility, went to live amidst the ruins of the convent, and repaired it as far as the persecution would allow them to do so. The founder of this convent was the Earl of Desmond, who erected a tomb for himself and his family in it. M’Namara of Thomond, and many other noblemen of both families, as well as of the neighbouring county, made this convent their burial place.

[To be continued.]

The Battle of Benburb.

Give glory all to the Lord of Hosts ! O'Neill is at Benburb,
The high-souled chief, who ever scorned the Saxon yoke and curb.
Atween two hills his camp is pitched—a goodly sight and a stern !
And his own fair tent gleams in the midst as afar ye may discern.
Behind him rise the dense, dark woods ; while on his flank, anear him.
The great Blackwater sweeps along, and seems to greet and cheer him.

'Tis a glorious morn in glowing June, the bright sun beameth high,
The banners of either army flout in defiance the sapphire sky.
O Scotland ! thou hast chosen the side of our unrelenting foe—
Now prove thy prowess, as best thou mayest, in the person of Lord Munroe,
For a dauntless host, and a mighty Leader stand in array against him,
And he needs all panoply of help and hope wherewith his gods have fenced him.

Ho, so ! look yonder ! hither he comes : he crosses the crested wave,
How many who leave Kinard this morn ere night shall find a grave !
But such thoughts trouble his warriors not—the hell-engendered gloom
Of a fierce and frenzied zealot-hate hath blinded all to their doom.
They march to o'erthrow the "idols of Gath," "the accurst confederate legion."
And they vow to redder in Irish blood "the sword of the Lord and of
Gideon."

But, Owen Roe ! proud Owen Roe ! a nobler task is thine—
To wrest from a two-fold alien foe the dominion of hearth and shrine,
Thy name is a spell-word in the ranks of thy country's gallant youth ;
Thou combatest, thou for Fatherland, for Freedom, and for Truth
Lead onward now thy marshalled bands, and pray them to help each other.
The victory lies in the mighty hands of God and His holy Mother !

What myriad interests crowd this hour—what fear—what hope—what hate ?
What dread results lie poised upon the balances of Fate !
Another day, and this long-trampled land may still redeem
That name of NATION ! now erased from History's page and theme ;
Or heavier chains may gird, and darker dungeon-bars environ
Her whose transpierced soul hath drooped for ages under the iron !

The trumpets' peal an inspiriting charge, but the shout of "O'NEILL, AROO"
Rose even above their clangorous tones, and rang through the welkin blue.
"On, Cunningham, on !" Lord Ardes cried, "let not thy valour be vain,"
And the flower of the Scottish cavaliers came swooping down amain ;
'Twas a moment like to that when lightning cleaves the heavens asunder,
And ye wait in awed suspense to hear the crash of the coming thunder.

Now, Owen Roe, thy kernes—thy bushmen !—whither have they fled ?
Hurrah ! that shower of shot from out the thicket ! well it sped !
The startled cavalry rear up—fall back—wheel round—retire ;
And the volleying cannon vomit forth their sulphury smoke and fire.
But, praise to the All-protecting God, who guards His chosen in danger,
Of the Catholic host but one man falls by the engines of the Stranger !

Again to the charge, Munroe, bold Chief !—nay, fear not the "bushes and
scrogs.*

Faint not though the river lies to thy right, and thy left is flanked by bogs !
And, in sooth, he cometh gallantly on ; but the Fabius of the West
Well skilled in strategy, still reserves his troops for the worst or best.
The red artillery flasheth in vain, or standeth spent and idle,
And the war-steeds prance around the plain, and foamingly champ the bridle.

The long day wanes—the westerling sun descends the empurpled skies—
And the smoke and glare no longer blind the Catholic champions' eyes ;
The Scotsmen, baffled and balked all day, they scarce wist why or how,
Gaze with misgiving hearts upon their enemies' columns now ;
And Munroe, astounded and appalled, beholds O'Neill preparing
To bear down on him with horse and foot ! Hurrah for Irish darling !

It is even so ! the Hero rides at the head of those glittering ranks :
"Brave brothers-in-arms," he cries aloud, "give God and the Vii gen thanks !
The hour has come to strike the blow that shall rive your country's chain,
And make her, with Heaven's help and yours, a free-souled NATION again !
Your foes have already spent their strength, while you are scatheless and
scarless !
And your swords may now make day dawn burn through Erin's midnight
starless !

"Remember all the wrongs and fame of your stalwart sires of old !
Remember, too, that you play for a stake more precious than gems and gold,
And strike in the holy name of God for your land's redemption and weal !
I lead you on, as well I ought, for I bear the name of O'Neill ;
And may remorse, as a fanged asp, for ever prey on the hollow,
The coward heart of the traitor loon who fears or fails to follow !"

A wild shout rends the azure air, and at once from van to rear
Of the Irish host each soldier grasps his matchlock, sword, or spear ;
The colonels hast their steeds away, and spring upon their feet,
That every chance be thus cut off of an ignoble retreat,

* Vide Rev. Mr. Meehan's History of the Confederation of Kilkenny, p. 148.

And, "Onward ! Forward !" swells the cry in one tumultuous chorus :
"By God's all-powerful help we'll drive these hireling Scots before us !"

'Tis "body to body, with push of pike," 'tis foe confronting foe—
'Tis glaive to glaive, and gun to gun—'tis blow returning blow.
But the arm of Heaven is bared against the proud Oppressor at length,
In vain the enemy's lines put forth the very soul of their strength ;
They are forced to fly, pell-mell ; and the mass, to escape from bloodier
slaughter,
Plunge headlong, frenziedly to death in the waves of the deep Blackwater !

And they who survive—what fate is theirs ?—to gasp for a brief hour's breath,
And then in the woods from spear and skein to meet the stroke of death.
Three thousand and two hundred forty-three lay corpses on the plain,
And the Scots bewailed, of their cherished chiefs, Lord Blaney among the
slain ;

While of patriot Catholic men that day there fell some twice three dozen,
So wondrously the Almighty Lord sustains and saves His chosen !

What great rejoicings followed this brilliant and famous fight—
What glee and gladness filled the land—what overflowing delight—
What hymns were chanted unto God—what masses in His praise—
The historian's pages well describe, nor less the poet's lays.
All felt that to triumph in such miraculous wise, their own best bravery
Had bootied nought, and that He alone had broken their bonds of slavery !

And truly Heaven hath not been backward many a golden time
To aid our land to retrieve the glory that marked her palmy prime ;
But, alas ! the fiercer passions boiling within the Irish breast
For ever mar their gracious aims, and our struggles are aye unblest.
Man curseth man in the name of God ; and, for love and a meek reliance
On Him, we nourish but mutual wrath, and a spirit of demon defiance !

Shall the bitter ashes of the Past, then, never find an urn ?
Shall the ancient heart-wounds never close ?—the old jealousies ever burn ?
Forefend such fate, oh pitying Heaven !—we must, we will combine,
Through union alone can we hope to make our cause entirely thine.
O cradle within our breasts the dove, and banish thence the adder ;
Soon then shall rise, on the land of our love, a brighter day and a gladder !

* Rinuccini.

Saint Columbanus.

"Quidnam dulcius quam majorum recensere gratiam, ut eorum acta cognos-
cas, a quibus acceperis et rudimenta fidei et incitamenta bene vivendi."—
William of Malmesbury.

SOMETIME in the year of our Lord 575, a youth, of
noble mein and rich apparel, asked admittance as a
cloister-student into the monastery of Cluan-inis, in
the lake of Erne. Though, evidently, of high rank,
no relative or friend introduced him, and no corbude
(carriage) or troop of Gallowglachs attended him to
the shore. The lord abbot, a venerable man in the
decline of life—who, indeed, was no other than St.
Lindlus, the founder of the abbey—charmed with his
personal beauty, and interested by his eagerness, gave
him a long audience.

"Pater Abbas non nega me propter Jesum Christum et Mariam dicit puer."
But the circumstances are peculiar, and holy pater
Abbas having no easy part to play with those rough-
handed neighbouring chiefs must be cautious and con-
siderate.

The young man was born heir to a small chieftancy
in west Laighean, is now about 16 years of age, has
made considerable progress in classical and theological
learning, and earnestly desires to devote the remainder
of his life to God, as "Monachus," very earnestly—
for his eye fires, and his cheek flushes when he speaks
of it. Very earnestly—for having already experienced
some of the dangers of the world "because of his
personal beauty," he has resolved, by the advice of a
holy woman, to fly them ; relinquishing, at the same
time, all his bright hopes of power and fame. Very
earnestly, indeed—for he has persevered despite his
mother's wish, and presents himself to us now, cursed
by her, though, as he hopes, blessed by God. Had
the lord abbot guessed the temptations stoutly com-

batted and overcome before he came there that day, he would not have hesitated; but he could not guess, nor could we either but for good Abbot Jonas, who, ninety years after, wrote, in his far-away Appenine Monastery, the history of this same youth.

Nevertheless, St. Lindlus admitted his claims and led him into the cloister.

Perhaps the monks deemed it well-omened that their new pupil and companion was called Columbanus, or Columba, a name then in every one's mind, as that of the wonderful northern Abbot who, after colonizing Leath Cuinne with saintly ecclesiastics and planting it with flourishing monasteries, changed the field of his labours to Scotia Minor, and was now hailed on all sides its great Apostle. At any rate they must have seen very early that this was no ordinary youth whom God had intrusted to their care.

And here, in this sequestered retreat, under the guidance of those holy men, young Columbanus spent the quiet, studious years of his youth, concerning which, as a matter of course, giddy history tells us scarcely anything. The chief fact about them is, that by God's grace he discerned the true "reality of things," and learned to act as one so discerning—that religion became to him a *life-thought*—so to speak—its truths the facts, its obligations the duties, its counsels the guide, its consolations the aid, and the ends it proposes the aim of his existence. In short, during those years he became a saint. He pursued his studies also with the vigour and success of a great and deep soul, contriving not only to master, in a short time, the Latin tongue, the Psalter, and the mysteries of the Trivium and Quadrivium, but to attain a remarkable proficiency in the Greek and Hebrew languages, and the Aristotelian Philosophy. And he was a POET, nay, a fresh, earnest, and loved one! His vernacular songs and anthems were preserved for ages; not in mere clasped books, but vivid in human memory, and musical in human ears—chanted by those brave monks in recreation-time, by maidens in sunny shielings, and festive peillice, and by warrior Mac Guire and O'Donnell, in halls and merry-makings. We believe they have without exception, perished, but this fact is the proof and commentary of their merit. Columbanus wrote more learned compositions, in learned tongues—Latin, and Greek and Hebrew—some of which have been preserved and lie before us now. With much trying, and no little faith, we can discern in them some corroboration of biographical accounts, and catch some glimpse of this gentle, sunny, genius of the olden time; but written as they evidently are, for scholastic exercises, or scholarly recreation, they are far *too* scholastic and learned. They, indeed, evidence the poet-spirit; but they show it shackled and paralyzed in the Nessus-garb of foreign language and learning. When first produced they attracted some notice on the continent. It was a strange, pleasant thing, for men struggling to preserve a perishing literature and a *moribund* civilization, to see proofs of the revival of both in the cells of this western island. Strange, too, it seemed to Mr. Moore, and other modern enquirers, that the prize-verses of Eton or Trinity should be so far surpassed in grace and polish, at a time and in a place, like this; and it is, if we think of it, a pregnant fact, that towards the close of the sixth century, a young man could be taught the languages and sciences of the ancients in an islet of Lough Erne, yet it is clear—undeniable—one of the many corroborations of which analogous enquiry so often presents in confirma-

tion of a truth of history or science. Could we exchange the "Apostle of the Teutonic race" for ANY poet, we might regret that Columbanus, did not write more studiously and frequently. As it was, he wisely preferred, according to the expression of Göthe, *acting* to writing, an epic. And a noble, varied and thrilling one, he did enact, as we shall see! True to his poet-nature he loved David's Psalms, and wrote a commentary on them, praised by judicious critics. He also wrote about the same time, a tract on the commandments, with many other useful essays and discourses. That mind must have been no shallow one which could, in so short a time, acquire and dispense so much knowledge.

Thus studying, praying, and writing, Columbanus might have perhaps remained his life-long, did not another purpose take possession of his soul and urge him to rougher labours. To explain the reason of this determination we must glance for a moment at the condition of Ireland and of Europe, and the comparative necessity for missionary or monastic exertions.

In Ireland, from Doire-Galgaich (Derry) in the north, where Columba had reformed a province, to Corca-leigh (Cork), where St. Findbarr had just founded a great monastery, Christianity was almost everywhere quickly gaining ground, advancing the social conditions, penetrating the private life, influencing the public polity, and taking deep root in the affections and sympathies of the people. The sacred isle of the Phœnicians had, already, nigh become the metropolis of western Christendom. Of course the Devil, though worsted, was not defeated, and the field was vast and the difficulties numerous and mighty that yet lay before the bold missionary; but there were thousands in every nook and corner of the land, trained and training, armed with knowledge and fired with zeal, already in the encounter or preparing to enter it. True saints were swaying crook and crozier throughout the country, and rearing, by word and example, the young generation; all things bade fair for a progressive present and a glorious future.

Not so in Europe—there, amidst confusion and ruin, din and war, rough uprooting of old institutions, and rude attempts to order new; one of the most serious and weighty struggles in the history of the world was going forward. It is past twelve hundred years, and even we can see THAT. Christianity, after an existence of five centuries, seemed about to die out in the shock and whirl of invasion and was only saved by the heroism of some of its children, who stoutly upreared its falling standard, preached its divine authority to the conquerors themselves, and made them its bounden servants. Since twelve fishermen assembled under our Lord's cross, and vowed to preach to all nations the doctrines he was crucified for announcing to a provincial peasantry, never was there made a resolve more bold and fraught with danger. Yet this, nevertheless, they bravely attempted, and this, thank God, they nobly effected. Even now, when so long done, and we of the nineteenth century look upon it, as it lies dim and mysterious in the back-ground of European history, it seems incomprehensible. But in Columbanus' time, when only half done, and difficulties hydra-headed stared the workers in the face, and obstacles, mountain-high, towered in their path, it must have appeared to many nearly hopeless. A comparatively small body of priests, monks, and laics of the vanquished race were weakly battling here and there, throughout the length and breadth of distracted

Europe, against the sympathies and convictions, the venerated prejudices, and cherished hopes, the loved customs and apparent interest of barbarians, intoxicated by success and rampant in the possession of supreme dominion. Nevertheless, impeded by whatever obstacles, guarded by whatever dangers, the path of duty did lie there stretching out into the future, clearly and unmistakably, for all Christian men to walk.

In the mean time, vague rumour was bringing the stirring incidents and sad details of the contest to the little far-away monastery of Erne, and, at length, aroused the energy and shaped the destiny of that one of its inmates in whose fortunes we have an interest. Surely, surely in this emergency, when Christianity and civilization were alike imperilled, and the church was trembling to its extremities, and its children were everywhere fighting, almost, a life-battle; the pursuits of dilettante scholarship, or even the quietude of ascetic retirement, did not befit a true monk; no, in God's high name, and with Mary's invocation, he will fling himself into the contest and give what aid he can, and be of what service he may. With some such thought it must have been, assuredly, that the young Laighean chief, the poet-student of Cluain-inis, became the *Saint Columbanus* of history. Every attentive reader of his biography must see that this was not what, under other circumstances, he would have chosen. Throughout the bustle and labour of a more than ordinarily eventful career, we can always discern by some trifling incident, in some scarce-describable way, the gentle, studious monk; as perceptibly in the stern missionary demanding "monastic peace" from abashed King Theoderik, as in the friendless youth seeking a retreat in the monastery of the western lake.

In furtherance of his project, we find Columbanus, towards the close of the year 585, receiving the priestly tonsure—of course the Irish tonsure, "a semi-circle shaved all round the forehead, but not reaching to the hinder part"—at the hands of St. Comgall, the founder, abbot, and bishop of Ban-choir, or, as we call it, Bangor. A busy, remarkable place that Ban-choir must have been then! Founded, if we mistake not, the very year of Columbanus's birth, it was already what it continued for four or five centuries, Regina of eastern Irish cells; its children were thus early known in France and Germany, and its fame had spread throughout Europe. We are told, by the great St. Bernard, that Ban-choir and its friaries contained no less than 3000 monks and students; so that in Columbanus' time their number must have been very great. St. Comgall was a noble Dalriadan, who, after studying at Clononagh and Cluain-mac-nois, returned to his native province and established this great institution. It was the dream of his boyhood the labour of manhood, and the dear and glorious reality that blessed his declining years. Perhaps one of the choicest favours God conferred upon it was the power of claiming as its child the earnest, noble-looking young man, who, in his twenty-fifth year now entered it.

After four or five years of student, monastic life, during which he became endeared, in a surprising way, to the monks and the venerable lord Abbot, he deemed it full time to take the missionary cross. A great work needs a great preparation; but life is short, and preparation must at length give way to accomplishment. The monks, at first, tried hard to induce him to remain with them, but, seeing his resolution, desisted at length; nay, some of them, inflamed by

his example and urged by his motives, resolved to accompany him. A chapter met—a sorrowful chapter—with eyes tearful and lips stern-compressed, Columbanus bade them all farewell. And Comgall, having blessed him, gave leave to any so bold or zealous who would leave country and friends to meet, with him, in the chaos-contest of Franks—Gallic society, certain danger and possible death. Lo! outstepped twelve, by name, Gallus, Deicola, Legisbertus, Columbanus, junr., Cummin, Eunoe, Ecconan, Culian, Domitialis, Neemias, Lua, and Florentinus, and proclaimed their readiness. The abbot gave them all his benediction, the monks embraced them, and the chapter separated.

The missionaries were soon in a Bordeaux skiff, on their way to France, and soon after in the ancient city of Rouen.

Perhaps there is no period in the history of France, so interesting to the historian and philosopher as this; and there is certainly none concerning which vaguer opinions and more mistaken notions are current. Looking at its condition about this time (590) you would think, at the first glance, that the antagonism we have described as agitating Europe, had nearly ceased, and that the church had completely triumphed—that she was more influential in councils, more popular with the masses, and more respected by power, than in any country in Europe; but a closer examination will prove this estimate false. It is true that religion was professed by all classes and every grade, but it is also a fact that such profession was in general a known and acknowledged farce, and that from the seraglio of the monarch to the hut of the peasant, its precepts were openly violated and its punishments notoriously contemned. Churches were in every city, crowded by worshippers and attended by holy priests, but it is sadly apparent in all, there was the spirit of a heathen formalism, rather than the earnestness of new belief. The clergy, though in general of Romanic birth, were universally respected—already saluted as "Patres," permitted to sit in the councils of the nation, entrusted with the government of cities, allowed to hold civil courts of their own, chosen umpires between princes, and acknowledged representatives of the poor; but they held not only those immunities, but their very lives and fortunes at the will and by the favour of the temporal prince. The right of Sanctuary, the most effective safeguard of the humble in those rough and dangerous times, was, at first, pompously conceded, and then daringly violated. The church of France was strong in the holiness of the great body of her clergy and prelates; reckoning amongst them some of the sublimest instances of sanctity which history records; but about this time it was sensibly weakened and even fearfully endangered by the induction among its members of the younger sons and nominees of princes, men with barbarian blood yet boiling hotly in their veins, dazzled by the splendour of the priestly and prelatic power, and resolved to grasp them irrespective of the obligations of the state and the ordinances of the body they would enter. More than once, in the pictured pages of St. Gregory of Tours, we are presented with that most melancholy anomaly, a profligate and slavish barbarian sitting on the throne, and swaying the crozier of one of the ancient saints of the land. The matter is almost too frightful and hideous to think of, but it proves, in conjunction with the rest of what I have stated, that so much of the churchman's work was not done, as would at first sight appear.

To give some notion of the time and its necessities, it is also necessary to remark that, independent of this antagonism of the church and the world—which, after all, though prominent here in a rougher form and promising a sterner encounter, is co-existent and will be co-eval with the church itself—another antagonism distracted the social and political state, I mean the antagonism of race. This was still maintained with vigour and destruction. The distinctions of Romanic and Teutonic birth were yet retained, and yet almost synonymous with those of conquerors and conquered. The barbarians, as those who longed for the olden civilization loved to call their masters, were the lords, the rulers, and the defenders of the soil. The ancient population, except such as were exalted through the church, or by literary or consummate military talents, were its enslaved tillers, or, as the charters of the period had it, its “live clothing;” they were also employed in the trades and manufactures which their lords deemed unworthy of their attention. It may be imagined to what innumerable broils and unceasing turmoils this vicious relation gave rise.

Perhaps no analization or description could convey a more vivid idea of the condition of the church and the country, than a brief resume of a story burning on every lip in Rouen, when the Irish missionaries entered it, and which Augustine Thierry has given in a detailed form from St. Gregory of Tours, in his “*Recits des Temps Merovingiens*.”

THE STORY OF SAINT PRÆTEXTATUS.

WHEN Sighebert, king of Austrasia, was assassinated on his triumphal march to take possession of the crown of Neustria, his beautiful but vicious queen, Brunchilda, was placed in imminent peril by the approach of her brother-in-law, Hilperic, the rightful heir of Neustria. But by the exertion of her arts, which were in those days unrivalled, she not only, to some extent, disarmed the brutal rage of the king, but captivated his young and self-willed son, Merowig. She was sent immediately under close confinement to Rouen, and he was despatched with an army towards Austrasia, to follow up the successes of his father. The wily Brunchilda, seeing of what advantage this circumstance might be to her, fanned the young man's flame so well, by letters and messages, that he deserted his army on the banks of the Loire, and fled to make her his bride at Rouen. But this was not to be effected easily. Such an union was, of course, prohibited by the church, and Prætextatus, the Archbishop of Rouen, steadily refused to grant a dispensation. It so happened, however, that the young prince was his god-child, and loved by him with all the affection of a parent. Whether out of weak compliance with his wishes or to avoid a greater scandal, he at length consented to unite them. This act, as may be supposed, brought on him the anger of the king; but for some cause, of which we are not told, it was, for a while, suspended.

In the meantime Brunchilda escaped, and Merowig pursued by the vengeance of his father, and prohibited Austrasia by the council of Regency, wandered an outcast among the heaths and forests of Champagne. In his misfortunes none had the courage or the love to aid him but the bishop of Rouen. He openly proclaimed himself his friend, sent him assistance, interceded for him at court, published his reverses on all sides, and distributed presents in his name. A malicious and exaggerated account of these proceedings

reaching the king, threw him into one of those fearful paroxysms of rage and passion to which his family were subject, and confirmed in his cruel queen, Fredegonda, the hatred with which an old grudge had inspired her. At first they thought of assassination—no unusual instrument of royal vengeance in those days—and at length determined on an equally certain but more legal proceeding. They summoned a synod of Neustrian bishops, and accused Prætextatus before it. It is a pregnant “sign of the times” that by a series of mean subterfuges and bare-faced falsehoods, too numerous and tedious to detail, and notwithstanding the bold and determined resistance offered by St. Gregory and others, Helperik succeeded in procuring his being solemnly censured, deprived of his bishopric, and soon after hurried away secretly to an island on the coast.

After an exile of more than seven years, during which, taught by misfortune and solitude, he became a true saint, and purified himself from the stains that disfigured his otherwise zealous and loving character, the exiled bishop was summoned to retake possession of his see. Changes had taken place in many things. “Dear son,” Merowig, had been assassinated by command of his father; that father had perished by the poison of his queen; and that queen had been deprived of almost all power since the accession of her son Clothar, or Clotaire. This young prince wisely placed himself under the guidance of St. Gontramm, king of Burgundy, his uncle, and by his advice, probably, had acceded to the prayer of the Neustrian prelates, that their sentence should be reversed, and their brother recalled. Prætextatus, accordingly, resumed his old position, and swayed the crozier of Rouen with all saintliness, until the year 587, when Fredegonda, his implacable enemy, came to reside in that city. The Bishop and the Queen soon came in contact. She publicly insulted him, he publicly rebuked her. She resolved on vengeance, and, before long, found an instrument and an opportunity.

On Sunday, the 24th day of February, while the Saint was bent in prayer at his desk, before the high altar of his cathedral, he received a mortal wound in the back, and was scarcely able to stagger up the steps, grasp and drain the sacred chalice, when he fell back, reeling and bloody, among the priests, amidst the cries of the people and the suppressed rage of the “Lendes.” He was conveyed to his pallet. Here the queen had the almost incredible effrontery and malice to visit him, and here she received a rebuke so solemn and fearful, that she fled dismayed from the place, and let her victim die in all the rapture of anticipated glory. Notwithstanding the rage and grief of the people, and the magnitude of the crime, the royal culprit was suffered to pursue her ways unpunished. A magnificent shrine was erected to Prætextatus, and his memory was venerated as it deserved. All might have passed away thus, had not Fredegonda the hardihood, two years after the occurrence and just before the visit of Columbanus, to deliver to the authorities, to be beaten to death, the wretch who had executed her orders. He, of course, revealed the transaction and renewed the public excitement. The queen, nevertheless, after some threats and some danger, passed with impunity a second time.

This strange story, meeting Columbanus on the very threshold of the country, and demonstrating at once the existence of a state of things, of whose reality he could scarce assure himself in his quiet cell at home, must have had a startling effect. Perhaps,

knelling at Prætextatus' shrine, he received new light to guide his efforts, and new enthusiasm to pursue them.

Having viewed, steadily and carefully, this condition of things, and weighed attentively its various causes and components, Columbanus determined it should be his work to introduce therein the new element of monachism. Now, I say, for though there were a good many monasteries in France, which, a century ago, were powerful and famous; the monastic spirit, proscribed and neglected, had lost much of its early vitality, and ceased to exercise any great influence in the country—needed being animated by a higher example and quickened by a fresher spirit. We have seen, in another paper, that it was almost invariably the policy of the Irish missionaries to introduce or revive this saving institution, and that to them is ascribable, in good part, the wide-spread monachism of the middle ages. In no country was this policy more applicable and beneficial than in France, and in none did it meet a fitter or more zealous advocate and exponent than Columbanus. He was the father of French, if not of Gallic monachism. And let us keep in mind that this was his mission.

Whether by chance or direction, the monks, leaving Rouen, proceeded slowly, preaching and confessing as they went, visiting, on their way, Chlodowig's Paris of "the triple hill," and spending some time with holy King Gontram, at Challons, across the whole breadth of France to the wild forest tract, east of Alsace, called "Les Vosges." And here, in the bosom of this solitude, in the silence unbroken by the city's din or the castle's bustle, but musical with nature's harmonies, the bird's song, and the stream's ripple, the tree's murmuring rustle, and the insect's hum—here, away from man and man's strife, they commenced their work, determining to go back, as much as possible, to the ancient oriental model of monastic life. On the ruins of an old Roman fortification, called Anegrates or Anegrays, near the ancient border-lands of Alsace, they erected a few huts, agreed to the rudiments of a monastic rule, made Columbanus Abbot, and laid the foundation of the great Vosgian Institution.

At first they suffered some privations—being at one time nine days living on the herbs of the forest, and only rescued from starvation by Carantochus, abbot of Salic, a monastery not very distant—but they quickly surmounted these difficulties, and, having made arrangements, they published through France that they had opened a monastery, where they would receive any anxious to embrace the strict monastic life, a retreat where they could afford to ecclesiastics, busy with the world, a brief interval wherein they might study "Mary's better part," and a seminary, where they would teach all the learning of the Scotie schools.

And Columbanus could, not only boldly conceive a project, but vigorously execute it.

Before twelve months had passed away, crowds of each class broke the solitude of the forest, crowned the experiment with success, and made it, already, a great practical utility. From the most distant part of the country, holy men came to the solitude of the Vosges, and the instruction of its saintly abbot; scholars arrived to be guided to "learning and science," by so experienced and able a conductor; and even tradesmen and agriculturists came to learn the improvements of the laborious missionaries. So flourishing did the institution, in a short time become, that Co-

lumbanus was obliged to found another monastery, at a place about eight miles distant—since famous in the history of the church, as Luxeu. To this he afterwards removed his principal school and primate seat. Nor was this sufficient. Two years after he founded the abbey, or, as it was at first, the priory of Fontaines—another name remarkable in monastic annals. Almost every succeeding year of history, an abbey, priory, or cell, more or less celebrated, arose under his auspices and by his directions, in some part of France. The influence of the institution spread through the land on all sides and made the desert as it were "a great heart" to the whole of France. Missionaries went from it to towns and cities—scholars spread the learning taught there in distant lands—clergy, who had retired there, went forth animated with warmer zeal and stouter courage—agriculturists, instructed in its farms, spread cultivation over bleak hills and barren morasses—and men who had never visited it, and princes, to whom its name was not familiar, were guided by its counsels and acted on its principles. The writers, who treat of the period are lavish in its praise.

"Les grandes hommes" (write the cautious Benedictines), "qui en sortirent en bon nombre tant pour gouverner des Eglises entières que de simples monastères répandirent en tant d'endroits les maximes salutaires de ce sacré désert que plusieurs des nos provinces parurent avoir changé de face."

M. Mezeray contends, that it was to these "Missionaires Irlandois" we must attribute the great advance in civilization, made about this time. But no historian, nay, no observer, ungifted with an angel's ken, could appreciate the *practical* value of their labours. In the midst of busy, smoking cities, in the gloom of mountain ravines, on smiling village uplands, and in quiet country nooks far away, churches and cells, schools and hospitals, the appliances and adjuncts of religion sprung up because of their teaching: and no one thought of them. Lives were well spent and deaths happily met by men unknown to their pupils. Through troublous years, stout battle was done for the Right, by men made strong and hopeful by their instruction: and their names were unmentioned. In truth, none can tell or guess the good effected by a great Missionary. Rivers or seas do not bound it. It grows with time, and spreads on through long, long ages, wide and far, until, before the judgment-throne, *myriads* arise and bless it's great originator.

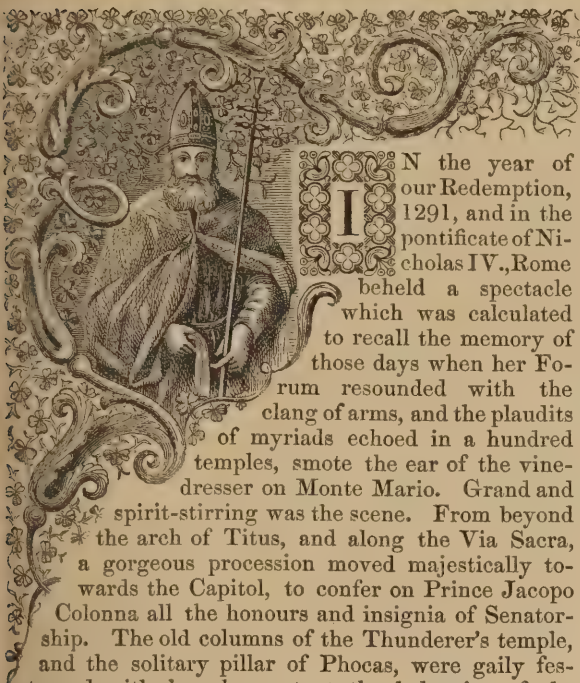
And Lord Abbot Columbanus, to suit so vast and remarkable an institution, framed a monastic rule, that it might be permanent. This is, altogether, a remarkable document, and quite a convincing proof of the vigorous, practical, *constructive* genius of the man. It was the crowning of his great work. It was approved by the Council of Macon—at one time followed by a vast number of French and Italian monasteries—praised by St. Bernard, and St. Benedict Anian, and considered worthy of being incorporated with, and modifying the Benedictine rule.

And now, dear reader, that we have tracked the footsteps of our holy countryman of ancient times, thus far, say, do you not love and honour him? do you not honour him as a true saint? do you not love him for all his high practical labours in God's vineyard? was not that store of learning, so vast that it brought the scholars of Europe around him, a great achievement for ten years' study at Cluin-inis and Bangor? was not this wonderful Vosgian Institution a surprising attainment for ten other years in France?

Some other time you shall hear more of him.

Pope Celestine the Fifth.

CONSPIRACIES AT ROME.



IN the year of our Redemption, 1291, and in the pontificate of Nicholas IV., Rome beheld a spectacle which was calculated to recall the memory of those days when her Forum resounded with the clang of arms, and the plaudits of myriads echoed in a hundred temples, smote the ear of the vine-dresser on Monte Mario. Grand and spirit-stirring was the scene. From beyond the arch of Titus, and along the Via Sacra, a gorgeous procession moved majestically towards the Capitol, to confer on Prince Jacopo Colonna all the honours and insignia of Senatorship. The old columns of the Thunderer's temple, and the solitary pillar of Phocas, were gaily festooned with laurels; out at the balconies of the citizens were suspended rich embroideries and storied tapestries, and so still and breezeless was the day, that the arras and the laurel leaves stirred not till the voices of the mighty multitude pealed out in one great chorus. Cardinals in their purple robes, bishops with cope and mitre, friars in their motley habits, and men-at-arms glittering in burnished steel, crowded round the Colonna's triumphal chariot; and ere the last man had passed under the arch of Septimius Severus, the chanting of the priests was succeeded by one simultaneous burst of enthusiasm, of which the only intelligible burden was, "Lo! Cæsar! lo! Cæsar!"

One heart of all that then beat in Rome was insensible to the shouting of the multitude and the splendour of this pageant. Other thoughts occupied the mind of the aged Pontiff, Nicholas, and little did he trouble himself with the internecine contests of the Ghibellines and Guelphs—one of those parties claimed him as their patron, while the other rejected him because he did not hurl the censures, with which he was armed, against their antagonists, but little did he heed the mischievous policy of either. One all-absorbing passion swayed and ruled him—from his earliest youth he dreamed of nothing but the delivery of the Holy Land. By every means within his power did he seek to keep alive the old chivalric spirit in the hearts of the European potentates, and for nothing did he yearn save the ransom of Jerusalem, won by Christian valour from the infidel, and then again snatched from their grasp, as though the "crucified" waxed wrath at the sins and excesses of his degenerate followers. Sorely did that old man mourn over these disasters—bitterly did he lament the corruption of those, who, unlike the single-hearted swordsmen of St. Bernard's day, took the cross, not for the purpose of doing it honour, but of making it subservient to their sordid interest and passions. But hearken, O holy

father, at thy chamber door stands an impatient herald, he brings thee bitter tidings from Palestine, and the last of a long series of griefs and disappointments must crush thy old fervent heart, more efficaciously than the bloody struggles of Guelph and Ghibelline. Hear the messenger in meek resignation, and then commend thy broken spirit to the Christ whose vicar thou art.

"Alas! Pope Nicholas, I bring thee news of sorrow and disaster, Acre has fallen—miserably fallen! and long before the scimitar of the infidel struck down the cross, Christianity abode not with those who fought under its ensign. Lust and rapine fired and motived the Crusader, and the viciousness of the Christian was only equalled by that of the Mahomedan. Not the conquest of the Holy Land, O blessed Father of the faithful, did these mailed marauders ambition—covetous as the Hebrew, wanton and lascivious as the followers of the Koran, was it not meet that the son of God should withdraw the shield of his protection, and leave these apostate Christians to perish in the walled towns and on the sandy desert? Witness it Acre, where Saladin, on the eighteenth of April, with sixty thousand cavaliers and a hundred and sixty thousand fantassins smote more than sixty thousand Christians with the edge of the sword—arise in thy bloody shroud, O Nicholas, patriarch of Jerusalem, slain in that day's indiscriminate carnage, and bear witness to the sins of the false Christians cut off in their iniquity by the sword of the infidel. Tyre and Sidon, too, O holy father, have fallen! the curse of the prophets has twice lowered and burst upon these guilty cities, and the men who dreamed of exalting the one, and making the other a mighty emporium for their argosies and merchandize—these men of the cross have perished—their strong places are level with the dust, and henceforth the fisherman may spread his nets upon the rock, and point to the grey ruins as monuments of God's unspeakable vengeance. The blood, the treasures, the chivalry of a hundred years, have gone for nought; and of all Palestine the Christians do not now possess a rood—nay, not as much as Gabriel pressed under his feet when he saluted our blessed Mother, '*Gratia plena*.'"

Bitter tidings, these, for good Pope Nicholas, and alas! too true. The long cherished dream thus soon to vanish, and for ever—the cross trampled under foot, and the crescent-moon displayed even above the sacred hill of Calvary! But there is a hope. May not the Christian princes rally their serfs, and wipe out this foul disgrace? Alas! no. The spirit of chivalry wanes—internecine feuds are wasting energies and resources—the eloquence of Bernard could not rekindle the spirit of old—Guelph and Ghibelline are tearing Italy to pieces, Germany, too, shares their fiendish policy. The king of England, not content with the slaughter of the Cambrian bards, is whetting his sword's edge against his brother of France; and in the whirl of human passions, there is no thought for the land where Christ was born and crucified. Close thine eyes upon this recreancy, holy father, a year ago thou didst flatter thyself that ere 1292 came to its close, thou might see Palestine in the hands of the faithful; but the hope that fed thy brave old heart has gone, and life no longer has an object worth the living for. Need we wonder if the termination of a year so fraught with disasters witnessed the funeral obsequies of one whose sole thought was the conquest of the Holy Land? * Laid in his grave, and all the funeral honours

* Villani, the Florentine historian, alluding to the renegade

over, active are the intrigues, and energetic the councils of the Ghibelline and Guelph factions to influence the cardinals in the election of Pope Nicholas's successor. One would think that his death and obsequies should have made the rival hosts sheath their swords for a brief space; but no, both parties lived in an atmosphere of blood, and had resolved to hunt and worry each other to the death. Meantime twelve cardinals held conclave at Rome, and of these purpled dignitaries six were Romans, four from various parts of Italy, and two from France. Pending the interregnum, two senators were elected, one a Colonna, the other an Orsini, both representing the two great factions. During their first days of office they came to blows, and the partizans of both met hourly in sanguinary feud. Blood flowed in torrents, the cultivated lands were laid waste, and after a few days sitting, the cardinals came forth to astonish the Christian world with the announcement that they could not decide who was to wear the vacant honours and dignities of the Papacy. In fact, they were sadly divided amongst themselves, and like the princes and barons without, swayed and influenced by the same passions which worked so fearfully in the breasts of the laity.

At no former period* was Italian society in more marked transition. The very language was fast undergoing a marvellous change, and then, as at all other times, the arts themselves were flourishing despite the shock of conflicting opinions and jarring elements. Great occasions have ever brought forth great men—in the darkest and dreariest times great intellects have arisen, and fixed themselves like radiant stars above the gloom which the bad passions of ignoble minds evoked. Some men there have been whom circumstances have made great and renowned, but there are others, who in making circumstances their creatures, stand out in bold relief independent of them, and theirs is a glory which shall not decay. Amongst the latter might we name many to whom even at this distance of time fair Italy can point as amongst her most honoured sons. Arnolfo di Lapo, the far-famed architect, Cimabue the painter, Brunetto Latini the rhetorician, and Casella, whose viol accompanied the grandest strain that ever fell from the lips of man. But towering high above these master minds, there was one pale, melancholy youth, on whose temperament and mysterious soul a sudden bereavement had wrought a wondrous effect, as though the stroke had freed his intellect from its clayey prison, and sent it to soar into the empyreum or roam the realms of everlasting night. That youth was he whose immortal verse has been writ in characters of flame, and she the fountain-source of his inspiration, the daughter of Folco Portinari, canonized by her lover "Beatrice," and swathed by him in an effluence of glory only excelled by that of the blessed in heaven.

In the year of our Redemption, 1274, Dante Alighis-Christians who assisted the Saracens to take St. John D'Acre, thus expresses his regret for that great loss (l. vii. c. 144)—"From this event Christendom suffered the greatest detriment: for, by the loss of Acre, there no longer remained in the Holy Land any footing for the Christians; and all our good maritime places of trade never afterwards derived half the advantage from their merchandize and manufactures. So favourable was the city of Acre, in the very front of our sea, in the middle of Syria, and as it were in the middle of the world, seventy miles from Jerusalem, source and receptacle of every kind of merchandize, as well from the east as from the west, the resort of all people from all countries, and of the eastern nations of every different tongue, so that it might be considered as the aliment of the world."—*Cary's notes to the Inferno.*

hier had attained his ninth year, and the daughter of Portinari her eighth. It is said that the first meeting of this unparalleled pair occurred at a banquet given by Folco to Ugolino Della Gherardesca, at which were present some of the most celebrated men of their day. From that hour Folco Portinari's daughter became the day-star of the young poet's existence, and she, the young and beautiful, listed his deep mysterious strain, as though he were one of the celestial choir exiled to earth, and weeping for the day when God would call them both to heaven. It was at this festive meeting that Dante being asked to sing to the accompaniment of Casella's viol, poured out that immortal strain in praise of Beatrice, which has since been echoed by posterity as unrivalled even by the genius of Petrarca.

"Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare
La donna mia quand ella altrui saluta,
Ch'ogni lingua divien tremando muta,
E gli occhi non si sazian di guardare."

At this banquet, too, Count Ugolino, seized with admiration of the poet, and as if prescient of his dreadful fate, addressed the melancholy boy, "O Dante, whatsoever be my lot, be thou not unmindful of me in thy verse!" "throughout all times shall thy memory be sacred," was the reply, and till Dante's strain is forgotten shall hapless Ugolino's memory survive. In the pontificate of Pope Nicholas, Beatrice died, but the mysterious influence of her spirit and form still worked and wrought in the poet's soul, nor came there a vision of glory to his imagination wherein Beatrice was not the blesseddest of angelic visitants; ten years did his spirit "thirst" for her, and whether fighting on the plains of Campaldino, or yearning for that ungrateful Florence, which banished him, she was never forgotten, for

"As wax by seal, that changeth not
Its impress, now was stamp'd his brain by her."†

But those ten years of sorrow and thirst were amply assuaged, and he, the great master-mind of Italy, would have lived over again those days of anguish and frustrated hopes, could they have brought him such another revelation as this:

"A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
Green mantle, rob'd in hue of living flame,
And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
Had from her presence felt no shuddering drear,
Albeit mine eyes discerned her not, there mov'd
A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within me."‡

But, along with the loss of Beatrice, Dante had to mourn the departure of another order of spirits, and the cruel destiny to which Italy had been consigned. Thomas, "the angelic teacher," had been poisoned when going to the council of Lyons;* and Albertus Magnus, resigning his bishopric of Ratisbon, died,

† "Si come cera da sugello,
Che la figura impressa non trasmuta,
Segnato è ôr da voi lo mio cervello."

Purg. c. xxxiii.

‡ *Purg. c. xxx.* Cary's translation.
Villani, l. ix, c. 218. Bucer, writing of the angelic Doctor, said, "take away Thomas, and I will overturn the Church of Rome." St. Thomas was poisoned by a physician, who thought thus to ingratiate himself with Charles I., king of Sicily. Dante thus describes this great and holy man:—

"I then was of the lambs, that Dominic
Leads, for his saintly flock, along the way
Where well they thrive, nor swollen with vanity."

Parad., c. x.

as it became the disciple of St. Dominic, in his humble cell. But of all, the most mourned and lamented was he whom the poet had vowed to immortalize at Portinari's convito. The Ghibelline, Archbishop Ruggieri, having charged Count Ugolino with betraying Pisa to the Florentines, caused Dante's early friend to be arrested and cast into the tower, called "La Muda," and when reminded that a Bishop shedding blood incurred a canonical censure, coldly remarked, "si muore ancor senza Spargerlo;" and dreadfully did he carry out his cruel evasion. Ugolino, with his two sons and grandsons were nailed up in a living sepulchre, the keys cast into the Arno, and the five, having been starved to death, were then dragged forth and committed to the burial place of malefactors; the dark and dreadful hours of their famished existence escaped all but the poet's eye, and no matter what the misdeeds of Ugolino may have been, we may well ask him who weeps not over his sad story:

"E se non piangi di che pianger suoli?"

The greatest effort of the poet's genius is clearly visible in the delineation of this terrible scene. The struggling light piercing the narrow grate of the "mew," where the victims crouched together—the dream of Ugolino, awaking before dawn, and hearing his children crying to him for bread—the strokes of the hammer, barring up the living charnel house—the agonized parent gnawing his flesh, and the appeal of the sons and grandsons:

——"Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us; thou gav'st
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear,
And do thou strip them off from us again."*

Such a picture of despair and agony hath never pencil of poet painted since or before, and as long as Dante's verse remains, so long shall men revert to that moment, when in Folco's house, and in hearing of Beatrice, he vowed to eternalize the name of Ugolino.

But let it not be imagined we have strayed away from our subject. It has been our desire to lay these facts before our readers, in order to throw some light on the state of Italian society and Italian parties a short time antecedent to the demise of Pope Nicholas. We, too, thought it expedient to dwell at some length on the history of one man, who was a living witness of the times we would fain depict. So now return we to our theme.

We have said, already, that the Cardinals left the conclave without electing a Pope, and this scandalous conduct of theirs is to be attributed to the rabid spirit of the factions who then literally preyed on each other. During 1293 Rome was the battle-ground for innumerable parties, who violated all laws of God and man in their sanguinary quarrels; for six months the citizens could not agree on any one worthy of being senator, and this one fact is demonstrative evidence of the lawlessness and brigandage which then reigned paramount.† The Cardinals, scared away from St. Peter's capital, betook them to Perugia, towards the end of the year, and the Christian world anxiously looked to the new conclave for the head of the church. What rendered the election certain was the state of the Pisans and Florentines, who growing weary of slaughtering each other, agreed to peace. The poorer orders of Florence begun to discover that the aristocracy traded on their blood and sweat, but to no peace

would they consent, till the Pisans consented to dis-card Guido da Montefeltro, the great leader of the Ghibellines, anent whom thus writeth Dante.

"When I was numbered with the dead then came
Saint Francis for me; but a cherub dark
He met, who cried: wrong me not; he is mine,
And must below to join the wretched crew,
For the deceitful counsel which he gave.
E'er since I watch'd him, hov'ring at his hair.
No power can the impenitent absolve;
Nor to repent, and will, at once consist,
By contradiction absolute forbid.
Oh! mis'ry! how I shook myself, when he
Seiz'd me, and cried, 'thou haply thought'st me not
A disputant in logic so exact.'

Hence, perdition-doom'd, I rove
A prey to rankling sorrow in this garb."

At the beginning of the year 1294, Charles II., of Naples, accompanied by his son, Charles Martel, king of Hungary, arrived at Perugia, where the Cardinals received them with great pomp. Anxious for the election of a pontiff who would be identified with his own interests, the king rebuked the cardinals for their neglect—when one of them uprose, and, with a boldness that characterized his after life, peremptorily protested against kindly interference in the spiritual concerns of the church. He who had the manhood to beard royalty thus was Benedict Gaetani, afterwards Boniface VIII. King Charles interfered no farther, and left the Sacred College to mind their own affairs.

Now, a short time before the arrival of the king, a youth, who was brother of Cardinal Napoleon Orsini, had met a sudden death, on which commenting, the Cardinal Boccamazza remarked, "if fate warps the web thus rapidly for the young, how should not we, who are grey in years, provide against contingencies? may not this be a warning to us not to defer, any longer, the election of a supreme pastor, that the sheep, so long without a shepherd, be properly tended?" "thou hast spoken with good reason," said Cardinal Latinus Malabranca, Bishop of Ostia, "for it hath been revealed to a holy solitary, that if we elect not a pontiff before All-Saints' festival, the anger of God will, of a certainty, wither us;" "and is this, think you," asked Benedict Gaetani, "one of the revelations of Pietro da Morrone?" "yea, my lord," replied the Bishop of Ostia, "and here is a letter from him, in which he says, Heaven will not fail to visit our remissness."

Now, this Pietro da Morrone was a man of austere life and great virtues, and dwelt in the mountain territory of Sulmona, a province of the kingdom of Naples. Without the experience or learning of Saint Peter Damian Dante's description of the latter in many respects was applicable to Pietro da Morrone, for he, too, like the other who bore the same Christian name, inhabited a lonely cell;

"And there so firmly to God's service he adher'd
That with no costlier viands than the juice
Of Olives, easily he passed the heats
Of summer and the winter frosts; content
In Heav'n-ward musings."—*Parad.* xxi.

The cardinals proceeded immediately to an election, and early in July, 1294, Pietro da Morrone was declared Pope. Three bishops were sent to make the announcement to the anchorite, and after some time he consented to take on him the great, and high office. "By what name shall we call thee Holy Father?" asked the ambassadors. "I will be called," answered the Pontiff, "Celestine the Fifth."

* *Inferno*, Cary's translation, c. xxxiii.

† Muratori, *ad an.* 1293.

Scarcely was the news spread abroad, when every man, from the puissant baron to the miserablest villain, was struck with wonder at such an unprecedented election. Surprise was succeeded by curiosity, and thousands, who hitherto would not venture beyond their own borders, hurried away to Sulmona, to see the anchorite who had been chosen to govern the Christian republic. The cardinals pressed him by repeated messages and supplications to come at once to Perugia, to be invested with all the dignities and emblems of the Popedom. But he preferred remaining where he was; and, by mandatory letters, ordered them to journey to the city of Aquila, where he resolved to be consecrated. King Charles, with his son of Hungary, repaired to the cell a few days before the solemnities were to take place, and when all was in readiness they took the reins of the mule, which the Pope rode, between their hands, and entered Aquila with a concourse of two hundred thousand persons.

Right glad was King Charles at this election of one who was not only his liege subject, but of such great simplicity as to be moulded according to his caprice. Many appointments of great moment were to be made, and many vacancies to be filled up. In the management of all such matters Celestine proved himself the instrument of the king, and gave little heed to the suggestions of the cardinals;* thus, on the 18th of September following his elevation, he created twelve cardinals, all of whom, with the exception of one, the nephew of Benedict Gaetani, were the slaves and creatures of his Sicilian Majesty. The inexperience of the Pontiff brought with it its own troubles, for he daily found that he had thought too charitably and too highly of those who surrounded and fawned on him; so much so that Jacopo da Varagine, a living witness, remarked, Pope Celestine had done much "*de plenitudine potestatis*, but more *de plenitudine simplicitatis*." To make matters worse, the simple Pontiff resolved to take up his abode at Naples, and abandon Rome to the factious barons. Insensible as the cardinals had been during the two years' vacant see, they were now stung to the heart and begun to dream of undoing their appointment. But all too late; their dissensions had brought about a state of things which could be remedied only by the deliberate abdication of Celestine, and much indeed did they desiderate that he, who was the slave of a despot, would retire from an eminence for which he lacked all and every requisite save sanctity. Writers of fabulous legends, says Muratori (*annal. d' Italia*), assert that Benedict Gaetani caused trumpets to be sounded in the night-time to impress the simple Pontiff with the notion that the day of judgment was nigh—and thus induce him to give up such a great responsibility. Such, however is not the fact, though tis certain that the cardinals never ceased to preach to his Holiness his utter incapacity for so great a trust. At all times remarkable for humility, and candid conscience, Celestine did not turn a deaf ear to the hints which were given him, and resolved to abdicate in favour of some one who, with steadier eye and hand more skilled, could steer St. Peter's barque. In vain did King Charles remonstrate against the waverings of his Holiness—in vain did he call together the entire population of Naples, who, on bended knees under the Pope's windows, cried aloud, "Hearken not to the advice of your cardinals—resign not, O Holy Father!" His resolution was fixed—he called a consistory and on the 13th of December stripped himself

* Muratori.

of the Tiara and other insignia of the popedom, and then resuming the hermit's habit with staff in hand returned to that lonely cell, where he communed with God, far away from the cares and troubles of power till death closed his career of solitude and humility. An example, says Muratori, to be admired by all, yet, rarely imitated by the great-ones of the world. A great man succeeded him in the person of Benedict Gaetano of Anagni, and thus closed the reign of CELESTINE V.*

We were induced to lay before you, good reader, this brief narrative of a brief reign, on reading some statements which the antipapal Austrian papers have been circulating, concerning our Holy Father Pius IX., *feliciter regnans*.

It has been at one time stated that his Holiness was about to resign, and at another that he was mad. Vilifications of this sort are not without their object. Thank heaven, they are false, sinful, and slanderous. Were his Holiness the creature of any crowned despot, no matter what his policy might be, he would find prompt support from German swords, and Muscovite savages. But he who is intent on liberalising institutions, and granting constitutional freedom to his subjects, can be little less than an abomination in the eyes of continental tyrants. His recent acts are calculated to disturb them not a little. A national flag, and a national guard are great guarantees for a people's freedom, nor in this do we detect any symptoms of lunacy. He who has made himself conversant with the policy of two hemispheres lacks not the experience and enlightenment, so visibly deficient in the character of Pope Celestine. Yet, but a short time at the head of the church, he has acquired more fame than any of his predecessors, and though false friends desert him, and imperialists mutter threats, the God of Freedom will stand by him in the evil day, and those who owe their lives and liberties to his magnanimous and enlarged policy, will cover him with an impenetrable shield.

Surely, if all the statements which we read in the papers of last month, describing the plans and failure of a band of conspirators who meditated effecting a reaction, be true, the heart of the wise and liberty-loving pontiff must have been sorely distressed. For our own part we have a thorough contempt for the word conspiracy†—a familiarity of eight years with that meaningless sound engendered that contempt—nor would we now waste ink writing it, if we had not ample evidence that Austrian intrigue and duplicity had given it a value. Hitherto the word *congiura* was stereotyped in the vocabulary of the *Carbonari*, and to that grim fraternity exclusively appertained. More heartless scoundrels than these did not blacken society in any part of the globe; ever ripe and ready for the most truculent misdeeds, whether by the cowardly agency of the stiletto or the poison-bowl, there was no atrocity which they were not capable of committing. We were beginning to believe that the race was extinct, that the stiletto and coltello were going to rust in ignoble obscurity, but we now think that Austria has flung open the doors of Spielberg and Milan's dungeons, to patronize and foster the very men who so

* The allusion in the third Canto of the *Inferno* "*e vidi l'ombra di colui che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto*, (And saw the shade of him who to base fear yielding, abjured his high estate)," cannot be understood of Pope Celestine V., whose act was if anything too magnanimous to be ascribed to base motives.

† There is a volume of truth in the pithy sentence of Nicolini: "*Un popol non congiura*."

long retarded the march of liberty. O'Connell was wont to say that the midnight assassin and incendiary marred many of his early struggles—nor will we ever forget his scathing denunciation of the remorseless villain who coolly awaited his victim, behind some hedge, and sent a bullet through his brain. The figure of the tribune, execrating these blood-shedders, is even now before us in all its impassioned majesty, and the tones in which he invoked the red arm of God's vengeance to smite the murderer, are still ringing in our ears. That such agents have done sore evil to this wretched land, we are firmly convinced, and that similar agencies will do lasting evil to Italy we are not the less certain. 'Tis enough to make one shudder to contemplate the fearful loss which must have resulted, had the late attempt succeeded in Rome. How, in the name of God, of liberty, and right reason, can Italians lend themselves to the satellites of Austria, if a shred of remembrance be left them? Do they forget that Lombardy has to sustain 100,000 Austrian troops? can they shut their eyes on the history of the Bandieras, fusilladed by the sbirri of Vienna? do they remember the fate of Cracow, the massacres in Galicia, and the fiendish treachery practised on the brave Poles, the damnedest and eddest stain on the annals of Hapsburg tyranny? Oh! if they be insensible to all this, they are unfit for liberty, and should be excommunicated from its blessings; slaves and hirelings of despotism—parricides, with whom love of country is a cant word, or a sale word—may you soon receive fitting retribution in the drear caverns of Silesia, and the living charnel houses of Venice. We have to thank an ever-watchful Providence that these machinators of evil did not succeed—and we blush for Ireland when we read that the name of Nugent† was soiled by a participation with those mercenaries who were ready to stab Italy to the heart. We are justly proud of the Irishmen who, going into foreign services, have done honour to their country at Fontenoy or Valmy, but for those modern Dalgettys, serving every one save the Turk, and ready to serve even him if offered a good bounty, we have only to avow our heartiest contempt and scorn. Now, however insignificant our advice may be, we would fain give the inhabitants of the pontifical states the benefit of it; our words will reach them, and some friend will translate them. If they be wise they will shun, as a pest, all foul conspiracies and hearken to the voice of their monarch. The citizen-soldier will be jealous of his country's honour, turn a deaf ear to the Austrian tempter, and, when the occasion offers, be ready to seal with his blood the charter of his independence. Pius the Ninth is too great a treasure to be sacrificed in an emeute, and young liberty will grow up stunted and ricketed if unwholesomely nursed. By all the memories of your glories, wrongs, and oppression. By all the sacred and sainted remembrances with which your annals teem, cherish religion, guard the pontifical throne, even as you would the bones of your Prince-Martyrs, and be assured that you will be a glorious people—the heart-centre of the world, and the saviours of Italy. 'Tis not by internecine feuds of parties or factions that you will ever get rid of the "*pellegrine spada*," which have stained your soil with the blood of thousands of your countrymen—division and mutual antagonism have perpetuated centuries of misrule and damning bondage—your pulpit-orators have told

you, that when the devil would thrall you in his service, he teaches you to rebel against the dogma, and ordinances of religion. This same devil, the author and promoter of discord and brotherly hate, will prompt you to shed each others blood, and then employ German agencies to rivet your chains. Be united, and renounce him—be resolved and resist him, and now or never be counselled by the words of one in whom you glory

"La mansueta vostra e gentil agna
Abbatte i fieri lupi; e così vada
Chiunque amor legittimo scompagna.
Consolate lei dunque, ch' ancor bada,
E per Gesù cingete omai la spada."

The Closing Scene.

I shall pass from the glorious earth—
I shall rest on the fatal bier;
My life is of little worth—
And none will regret me here.
What, if within my breast
A world of love is burning;
Silent and unconfessed,
It meeteth no blest returning.
Here, in my lonely room,
No friends are around me trying
To snatch from the silent tomb
The few last thoughts of the dying.
Perhaps it is better so;
Yet were it at my choice,
I'd look on the friendly brow,
I'd list to the friendly voice.
Oh, for the by-gone day,
Oh, for the life departed,
Oh, for a hopeful ray
To the weary and broken-hearted!
Oh, for one hour of rest;
Fruitless and sick endeavour,
How should the life be blest
That soon is to close for ever.
Can I not look on Death
As on some calmer morrow?
Can I not yield a breath
Held with so much of sorrow?
Where is the joy of life—
Here in this chamber lying?
Fool! there is pain and strife,
And struggle and fear in dying.
Oh, could my heart be still—
Feel its past sins forgiven—
Then might I change my will,
And fix it on right and Heaven.
But the heart clings below,
Do what I will to cheer it;
And it is cold to know
Death is so early near it.
"Raise up my thoughts," in vain:
'Twere a too wild endeavour;
Earth hath a mighty chain
Binding them down for ever.
As I have lived, to die—
Such is the doom before me;
And my despairing eye
Reads the dark judgment o'er me.
Say not that Heaven is bright—
Set not my heart lamenting:
Never shall dawn its light
On the eyes of the unrepenting!
Not of God's mercy preach;
I were a late beginner—
Would you such lessons teach,
Wait not the dying sinner.
Well I have known God's love—
Much has my life abused it;
Dare I ask grace above,
I who so oft refused it.
Death is upon my brow,
Who shall resist his power;
Why have I ne'er till now
Thought of this closing hour!

M. G.

* July 16. Nugent, at the head of 1600 Austrians, marched into Ferrara.

O'Connell.

ON the 3rd of August the mortal remains of IRELAND'S LIBERATOR reached their natal soil. Had he been a crowned monarch, greater honour could not have been done by the faithful and devoted people, who, during the preceding night, kept anxious vigil for the arrival of the sea-chapel, and stirred not from the quays till they accompanied the body of their chieftain to the cathedral, in the afternoon of the following day. No greater Irishman, since the days of King Dathi, gave up the ghost in a foreign land, and of all our illustrious countrymen not one has gone down to the grave, accompanied with such intense sorrow and bursting hearts as the great and all-but-worshipped Tribune. When the O'Donnell died in Valadolid, a king on whose dominions the sun never set was a mourner in the funeral train—when Hugh O'Neill surrendered his soul to God, in the city of Rome, a pope marked out his place of sepulture and wept the loss of him whose right hand wielded sword for the Ancient Faith—but neither Rome nor Spain could honour the memory and mortality of departed chief, as did the faithful and enthusiastic people of Ireland the remains of DANIEL O'CONNELL. Hierarchy, clergy, gentry, and people gathered round his bier, praying for the repose of the mighty soul summoned to its final account; but we miss the names of those who ought to have been there, as in duty bound. Where were you, ye Catholic aristocrats, for whom he opened the way to place, power, and high station? where would ye be to-day were it not for that immortal spirit which has taken flight, and that giant voice which thundered on your oppressors and tyrants? We know right well you were not where you ought to have been—outside the chancel, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, when the prelacy and priesthood chanted over him who unshackled you,

“Dies irae dies illa!
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce Deus.”

Was it by your absence from this dread solemnity you honoured the memory of him whose grand spirit the Lord of heaven and earth “clothed with skin and flesh,” that he might rive your chains and set you free? Ah! verily you have filled up the measure of your ingratitude, nor shall it be forgotten. Whoso is anxious to know your whereabouts, needs but look into the *Court Circular*, or *Gazette*, and find you fawning on every serene highness and imperial despot who visits London to forget the scenes of desolation he has made, and the cries of agony and execration he has wrung from Catholic people upstanding for the liberty of their altars and homesteads. But we fearlessly tell you, were it not for him who is gone “to a land that is dark, and covered with the mists of death,” you would, even now, be whining at the castle gates, or stretching out your delicate arms, pinched and galled with penal manacles, to excite the compassion of your masters. But there is no generosity in your hearts, there are no memories in your souls, and henceforth the people—the masses—the remnant of our decimated peasantry, will know how to appreciate you and your devotion. Shame upon your ingratitude, and may it be long remembered by those, to whose blood and sweat you owe whatever of this world's luxuries and dignities you possess. After all, perhaps we have not acted wisely in thus exposing your want of common feeling: the man, on whom death has laid his leaden hand, was never loved by you, although he raised you up; and it was fitting that he who in life received no laurel at your hands, should go down to his last resting-place without a cypress-wreath from your parterres. And well have the people done their duty without your intervention; they sought not a maravedi from your coffers, nor your presence at the bier: without a contribution from your hoarded wealth, or the glitter of your worthless coronets, a few honest, earnest men of the trading class—of that class

you affect to despise—the companions of the illustrious deceased in his early campaigns, and the tried friends of his chequered life—these honest, earnest, and pious representatives of the people honoured O'CONNELL's remains with more than regal splendour, and assembled round his coffin such an array of piety, intelligence, and integrity, as all your dead ancestors, risen from the grave, could not bring together. From that cold and studied neglect, which characterized the Catholic aristocracy of Ireland on the occasion of O'CONNELL's obsequies, we turn to give a brief outline of what was done by better citizens, and more patriotic Irishmen.

When the announcement of O'CONNELL's decease was made public, the committee of the Catholic cemeteries—which owe their existence mainly to the indefatigable zeal of the Liberator—unanimously resolved that no expense should be spared in conveying his remains to the city. For some time 'twas a question where they should be entombed, till the O'Connell family, yielding to the earnest solicitations of the Committee, complied with the desires of many of his old friends, and signified their assent that they should be interred in Glasnevin Burial-ground. Owing to the illness of O'CONNELL's youngest son, the remains did not arrive for a considerable time after they had been expected, and when certain intelligence of their approach was published, the Cemeteries' Committee took prompt measures to fit and furnish the Cathedral, according to the rubrics, for the mournful and solemn ceremonies with which the Church honours and blesses her deceased, ere she gives back to earth the bodies sanctified in the waters of baptism. Everything that art could do was scientifically accomplished; the columns of the Cathedral swathed in mourning—the altar attired in the sombre vesture prescribed by the ritual—and the light of day carefully excluded, while the glare of funereal torches glistened on the catafalque which sustained the sarcophagus of him who emancipated prelacy and priesthood. A sight more solemn, ceremonies more princely we have not witnessed even under the dome of St. Peter's, and, as we have already said, had O'CONNELL been a crowned monarch, greater honour could not have been done his mortal remains. And well did he deserve and earn them; never did the lustral water asperge the coffin of a greater Catholic—and never did more earnest aspiration stir within the hearts of men than at the moment when the officiating prelate looked down, with tearful eyes, on the “Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world,” and implored our Lord Christ to be mindful of his servant DANIEL. That memento shall be perpetual; in ages to come it shall dwell in the hearts of the Catholic priesthood, and generations yet unborn, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, shall implore “eternal light and rest” for him who, Onias-like, defended the sanctuary, and scattered its oppressors. No former age hath witnessed the departure out of this world of a greater man: who like him was so CATHOLIC in genius, influence, and ability? truly, none. From Kenmare river to the most distant regions of earth, the name of O'CONNELL has gone abroad, and along with it the memory of wrongs redressed, prejudices trampled in the dust, and the outraged honour of religion avenged and vindicated. The sympathies of Irishmen have been sadly awakened from the Alps to the Himalayah mountains—nor of Irishmen only, but of every human being who revolts at oppression and injustice. In every creek, islet, and roadstead of this habitable globe, that man's ingenuity can reach, the account of his death will be received as that of one preeminently great, who leaves none like behind him—a pleiade gone from the political firmament, whose re-appearance none may witness. The Irish outcast, who acts pioneer to civilization where immemorial forests overshadow hill and plain, shall read of his decease and obsequies with tearful eyes; and well he may, for who now can stand so boldly between the tyrant landlord and the kin and companions of his early years? In Canton and Hindostan, the Irish soldier, whose necessities have compelled him to follow the unholy career of arms, contributing to the aggrandizement of the British nation, will muse

on all this as he paces his lonely round, and many a brave peasant, who listened enraptured to the voice now hushed in death, will lean upon his musket and murmur, "Lord have mercy upon his soul." And you, ye representatives of the Apostles, who carry the light of the faith where ignorance and error have reduced fallen nature to the level of the brute—you, ye true philosophers of Christianity, chivalrous crusaders, who, disregarding the carpet comforts of home and its associations, have gone abroad on the glorious mission of life and love, you will not fail to pray for him by the rushing river and "in the grand old woods," where you have been the harbingers of truth and religion. The obsequies commenced in Rome, suspended till the mortal remains reached this city, will be resumed wherever Catholicism has a habitation, for the heavens over-arch no spot in which O'CONNELL'S name is not revered and revered. As in duty bound, we pay this feeble tribute of our respect to the illustrious dead—and without presuming to criticise the panegyric pronounced in the Cathedral, we assert, without hesitation, that no place could have been more properly selected for the entombment than Glasnevin. A man so passionately fond, and so eminently master of classic antiquity as is the Rev. Dr. Miley, must certainly know that Athens and Rome raised the monuments of their great men, almost invariably in the city, or at least not far from it. Augustus and Hadrian had their mausoleums in Rome, and the Greeks erected the statue of Demosthenes in the centre of Athens. Here it may be remarked, that the latter died when the women of Greece were keeping the feast of the Thesmophoria, and fasted all day in the temple of Ceres—O'CONNELL died when this country was famine stricken, and thousands fasted in their hovels, making bitter lamentation over the unburied dead. Irrespective of any hints we may borrow from pagan antiquities, 'twill be at all times remembered that Dublin was the centre and focus of O'CONNELL'S life, agitation, and fame. Dublin was to him what Paris was to Napoleon; if the latter was content to sleep by the banks of the Seine, we do not see how we honour the remains of O'CONNELL less, by depositing them near the banks of the Liffey. Without assuming any right to dictate on the subject, we would as lief see the statue of the Liberator carried away from our deserted Exchange, as the mortal spoils from the Campo Santo, whither they were followed by myriads of the Irish people, and where Irish Pontiffs prayed to Him, who is "the resurrection and life," that "Angels would lead to paradise, and crowned martyrs would welcome in holy Jerusalem" the great and illustrious Leader of the Irish people. Were our own wishes carried out, we would gather the bones of all our great men who have received sepulture in foreign lands, and deposit them within the same precincts; we would not allow Grattan to moulder in Westminster, nor Hugh O'Neill on the Janiculum; we would do for them what the Cemeteries' Committee have already done for Curran, and that reflects honour on their piety and patriotism.

We will not conclude before adjuring our countrymen to forget and forego the dissensions which have so long, and alas! so fatally, doomed this land—for which O'CONNELL lived and would have died. Now more than two hundred years ago, Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, dying in exile, implored our ancestors to cast away all bickerings and antagonisms, that they might rally for the rescue of Ireland; the lesson was unheeded—justice triumphed, and blood, rapine, and desolation swept their homesteads. From-out that tomb where O'CONNELL lies, comes forth a voice of dread warning, to chide our disagreements and allay the storm of our passions. 'Twould well become us to hearken to it and act like men who feel the truth of Seneca's maxim, "Stultum est somno delectari, mortem horrere: cum somnos asiduus sit mortis mutatio." This land demands our union, our love, our conjoint efforts to save her from perdition; if we go down to our graves bequeathing an inheritance of hate and animosity to our offspring, they will curse us; let us not lend truth to the beautiful fiction of the ancient poets, which tells how the flames, kindled to consume the

bodies of Eteocles and Polynices, would not unite on the same pyre. Oh! rather let us bury our feuds and anger in O'CONNELL'S grave, and thus rear to his departed spirit the grandest monument man's genius can design—a monument testifying our reverence for the holy inculcations of charity and love of country.

King Simnel and the Palesmen.

A STORY OF IRELAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

[Continued from page 138.]

CHAPTER XII.—FIONUALA.

THE Earl of Kildare, now deeply involved in the plot for reviving the wars of the Roses, according to the impetuosity of his nature, neglected almost every other concern, and, especially, the daughters of his house; to them Thomas-court was daily becoming a less agreeable abode, on this account, and from the number of military guests arriving daily, and the clamour they occasioned. Sir Morrogh M'David and Sir James Fleming were seldom suffered to escape employment by the earl; and much to the chagrin of one of the recluses, nothing had been heard or seen of Sir Piers Barnwall. To inquire openly she durst not venture, and in the present bustle of preparation, the absence of a single knight was not remarked on by others.

To add to her other anxieties, Sir Gibbon, the fop, was untiring in his attentions to Fionuala.

It was a June evening, and the three friends sat in the arbour of the earl's garden, looking and talking very gravely.

"In a few days, as I have heard, they are to sail for England," said the gentle Alison. "First, they are to hold their tournament, to show us, bide-at-homes, what manner of thing war is—the volts and demivolts, the tricks and the artifices by which our friends are to be slain."

"It will be a glorious show," said Eustacia, "the lists and the pavilions—the knights in armour with shield and spear—and the archers in russet or in green—the trumpeters shining in gold, and you, Alison reigning queen of beauty over all."

"I do not long for such sovereignty; for ye know the day of my accession would be the last of that noble host in Ireland—God guard them in their adventures elsewhere."

"I do heartily wish this young king had never landed on our shore," said Eustace, "he will take from it, and spend afar, I fear, some of its noblest blood."

"God forfend it."

"How brave and beautiful is a host, dight and bound for battle. Like summer trees they spread their arms and rustle their bravery. How high they hold their heads, as wooing the storm that is to come. And lo! it comes, sharp and breem. The tall comrades are parted, rent, and laid low—naked and helpless they fall upon one another, never to be replanted on the earth."

"Eustace! 'tis a woful picture. Eustace [to Sir Gibbon, who now entered] has been talking of this new war, impending, for your valours, in the realm of England."

"Perdie! a murky theme enough. But you look pale, madam; do not fear; he will not be there."

"Who will not? Sir Gibbon."

"The Knight of Drimnagh—that is, he of the fine feathers—has flown away."

"Sir Gibbon, speak me true—whither has he flown?"

"By're lady, lady, how should I reckon of that. Into the land of Offally, perhaps."

"Knight, you do not look like a true man. Your lip quivers and your eye is not at rest; you know more of him than you care to tell."

"Gads, so! we young fellows all know more of each other than it would be wise our lady-loves should have a knowledge of. Thus I, in a sense, know Barnwall."

"I beseech you, Sir Gibbon—come this way, a little farther; now—if ever you do hope to have my love, answer me uprightly: where is Sir Piers Barnwall?"

"He is safe."

"But where?"

"In a castle, that, in a sense, he may call his own, for he has taken possession of it."

"Come, come, you play with me."

"Play with you, lady Nuala. I would fainly, but—"

"Go on."

"I would I could go on in my wooing. Fionuala, you are very fair."

"Now, Sir Knight, this is not the news I asked of you."

"And all the warriors of the court are pining to have a sight of your grace's loveliness. I am envied of all, that I can approach the divinity."

"Sir, my question—do answer me my question."

"I have heard wagers waged that you would be queen of the lists; you have cost their worships, our knight's guests, much gold for adornments, I apprise you."

"Yet, you, Sir Gibbon, will outshine them all."

"Perdie! think you so!"

"Who can sing with the lark, or run with the deer of the mountains, and—who can vie with Sir Gibbon Fitzgerald for grace and air?"

"Fionuala!"

"In all but courtesy you are a matchless gentleman; and in that, until this hour, I never knew how unhappily you lacked."

"I do not remember me—pardon me, I do not, how I have failed."

"Oh! I asked after a poor gallant of mine—one that I had seen for a week or more in the court, and who had fled without so much as 'God's blessing,' and you balk my woman's curiosity, and will not answer me."

"Well, then, I will."

"Speak, sweet Sir Gibbon."

"If—if I may kiss your dear—hand."

"Both, courteous knight, both; now, out with it."

"He is in the castle!"

Fionuala heard this announcement with wonder and fear, for, in her mind, and that of all her nation, the castle sounded as in latter times did the Bastille in the ears of the French. Yet she did not scream, and scarcely started. Her hands dropped by her side, and her eyes fell, yet her fortitude did not fail her.

"Rise up, Sir Knight," she said, "and farewell—I will see you in the lists."

"Certes yes! since you desire it. Oh! yes, I will be there."

"Do not fail—farewell."

She turned into another walk, now covered over

with summer foliage, and advanced lost in thought. At that moment she was the slave of love, and yet she felt not the nature of the power that ruled her mind. A vague and harrowing fear agitated her breast and darkened her brow. The danger of Barnwall, threefold magnified, frowned in her face. Then arose the woman's question to her lips—what can I do to save him? Yea! lady, what? You are beautiful, Fionuala, beautiful as the morning, as your own island, as a penitent painter's image of the Madonna, but beauty, I fear me much, will not draw the dungeon bolt, or turn the fetterlock. Yet lady, fear nothing. The power of beauty, and still more of courage and purity, has wrought marvels in other ages, and why not again.

"I will go to the Lord Deputy," exclaimed the Irish maiden; "I will know from his own lips the cause of this poor captive's durance; and if he does not set him free I will stir him up enmity in Offally."

She entered Thomas-court, and winding through many corridors came at last to the earl's apartments. The door to his ante-room at which she stood was not the same by which guests usually entered, but was reserved for the owner of the mansion and his family. She knocked gently and the door opened.

Long accustomed to mix with grave and powerful men—chiefs of lineage old as the oaks, and brehons learned in the laws as the magii of the east—it was less the greatness of him she approached, than the nature of her errand which excited alternately the fears and the blushes of our heroine, as Kildare himself stood before her. Handing her a seat, he motioned her to sit, and walked up and down, anxious and curious to hear the subject of her errand. There was a long pause, and at last the earl himself broke silence.

"I am glad, madame, to see you here. My little girls and you must have been of late very lonely and comfortless in this hostlerie of a court."

"Very, my lord."

"Well, I regret it. I was about to propose that they should go to Maynooth, taking you with them, if my old friend, your father, will do them that advantage."

"My lord, you are too kind."

"No, no, girl, no. You must know I have my designs upon you; you are to wed my kinsman, Gibbon."

"I! my lord."

"You lady! Is't not a good plot?"

"My lord, it may be well drawn, but it will never come to a head."

"By Earl Richard's soul! Is not the knight a good man and a peaceable. Would you wed a broiling chieftain, always in war and strife, to have your marriage bed spread in a camp—your nuptial torch a brand snatched from the fire of some sacked castle—to lie down with armed men and swords around your pillow, and wake up only to see days of bloodshed and havoc?"

"No! no, no, my lord!"

"Would you wed a ruler in the state, and pine away your life like my dame of Kildare, while your lord was deep in plots and stratagems, to be disturbed at midnight by feverish dreams of conspiracies exploded, risings quelled, the dungeon, and the headsmen's axe?"

"Still less than the other, my lord."

"Well then, fair maid of Offally, my cousin Gibbon is not a warrior—though, being a Geraldine, he is no

coward—neither is he like to be disturbed at nights with remorse for working revolutions in the state. He is fair and trim in his attire—a true carpet-knight, and, therefore, the very manner of man for your hand and home.”

“My lord, we will talk of this another time——”

“No, no; no time like to-day.”

“My lord, you but lose time; and I also, for I come to you an humble suitor.”

“Say your suit, fair Fionuala.”

“My lord, you are a father, and have been a lover. If you were in captivity, as in the hands of King Henry, from which God shield you, would you think it wrong of Alison, or your wife, to petition, even as I now do, on my knees, the liberation of one they—*they*—loved?”

“No, lady.”

“Then, my lord, will you send forth, free of your castle of Dublin, Piers Barn——”

The earl’s face grew darker than a thunder cloud, as he muttered forth, “Piers Barnwall! the traitor Barnwall! By Earl Richard’s soul——”

“Ah! do not swear, my lord, it is an evil habit, abhorred in heaven. And do not be wroth, that, too, is forbidden to us. Good, my Lord Deputy, my father and our sept have done you service—if I may say it—in other days, and would again, I know, at the risk of life and limb. If this great enterprize that now engages you fails—as what human device may not fail; if your fleet is scattered by the storm in crossing the sea. If, landing in England, you are beaten by Henry, or by fortune; if you are endangered—the forests of Offally are broad and dense—its castles are strong and many, and its people, my kins——”

“Stay!” shouted the choleric earl, “I will hear no more. Your traitor-minion, shall never leave the castle alive.”

“My lord, do not look so angrily——”

“Rise up, I have sworn.”

“I will arise, Earl of Kildare. I will go and remember that I knelt at your feet craving a boon, and that you spurned me. Me! the child of your best friend, without whose aid you could not for an hour lord it over your rivals of “the Pale.” Me! the friend of your dear daughters, who hath walked and lived with them so long, sleeping, as one might say, on the same pillow. It is stern usage, but, mayhap, I deserved it. Adieu.”

“Stay!” said the earl, still chafing with anger, but with a more emphatic and determined intonation, “you love this prying gallant?”

Fionuala half turned round, her face glowing with indignation, and slightly bent her head.

“Bethink you what you do. He is but lord of a few ploughlands—his household stuffs have been mortgaged to Dublin merchants—his——”

“My Lord Deputy, I do not come to counsel with you as to my choice of a lover. When that is needful, I will first go to my father; but, I came to ask you a boon. You have denied me—I am gone.”

“Do not go!” replied the earl, as if the sight of the proud bearing of the offended girl gave him pleasure. “Promise me, if he is liberated, you shall not speak to him within the English Pale, should you chance to meet with him.”

“Will you then set him free?”

“And that if you do, it shall be with the knowledge of either Sir Gibbon Fitzgerald, or me!”

“Will you free him, then?”

“Do you promise me on your word and faith?”

“My lord, though it is a strange provision you make, I will promise, provided you at once perform your part.”

“He shall be free this very night, adieu—be true.”

With a sigh, and a slower step than when she entered it, Fionuala left the chamber of the earl, and took her way to her own. Her dissatisfaction rose chiefly from her wounded pride, bent by the exacting and ungracious reception she had met. However, after a few moments’ thought, this cleared away, and she reflected only that she had accomplished her object, and set her dear friend at liberty. With a smoother brow and a more assured step, she entered her own chamber, where she found her father awaiting her.

The O’Connor Faily was a pious and wise man, worthy to co-mingle the blood of Murrough of the victories and Margaret O’Carroll. In earlier life he had been a fierce and, indeed, a reckless warrior, but years, that fetter the foot and cramp the knee, force many thoughts, not of this world, on the souls of men. Now the only care of this prosperous chief of Offally was to fit his own soul for the judgment, and to leave his daughter happily wedded—as to his two sons, they he knew would provide for their own safety.

As Fionuala entered he rose from his seat, and, walking over, kissed her on both cheeks, according to the fashion of his people, and then drew her to his side.

“My child,” he said, while his right hand rested on her head, “in a few days it will be the feast of the blessed St. Kevin of the valley. Earl Geritt is going to war with the Ard-righ of the Saxons, and ’twere time we had returned into Offally. Will you come to the holy valley, and celebrate with me the feast of the saint.”

“My father, as you will, I act. I long to leave this crowded, babbling court, and to be again in the open country.”

“You are a wise girl, oh! daughter, and I must match you with the best man in Ireland. He will have a cunning tongue who can coax you from me.”

Fionuala hung her head, and then began to talk of their pilgrimage to Glendalough.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE TOURNAMENT.

WHILE the Lord Deputy was busied at Thomas-court, completing the arrangements for the invasion of England, and the German troopers and men-at-arms were carousing in that portion of the castle in which they were lodged, the knights and cavaliers of England and “the Pale,” as also those of Germany and France, were anxiously preparing themselves for the passage of arms. The armorers in Neve-street, at Thomas-court, and around the Coombe, were plying their difficult trades, from evening, through midnight, till the grey hours of morning. And many a fair lady, engaged in a gentler craft, had forgotten her pillow, in the promise of the pleasure to come. There was a strange scene, whoever could have beheld it, in the long hall of the castle, where the Germans had spent their night. On the low, broad tables, from which they had feasted, lay stretched the hardy followers of Martin Swaart, some bare-headed and uncovered, others wrapped up in woollen cloaks. Trenchers and bowls, in great confusion, were scattered around, swords that had fallen from loose scab-

bards, mingled with helmets and pieces of armour. This hall, lighted at the top with a row of loops, was now shrouded, for it was near day, in an almost perfect darkness. Two doors, one at either end, gave entrance and egress, and through these, usually, was the passage to the cells of the prisoners. Near one of them lay the friendly German who had been the companion of Captain Myrtle, and another German, warmly muffled, with their swords by their sides.

The gray light of the morning fell upon the floor, and against the low door, which led to the department of the captives, like the light of mercy struggling into a tyrant's soul. The heavy breathing of all around spoke their profound repose, when the door towards the court-yard opened, and Captain Kenelbreck softly entered. Proceeding through the sleeping ranks, he came to the second door, undid its fastening, and entered, leaving it ajar. He had no sooner passed than the companion of the German, we have already noticed, rose to his feet, and gave his fellow a hearty shake, which failing to awake him he threw the contents of a water-jug, that stood near, upon his face. The trooper, with a "mine Got," leaped up, and followed his comrade through the open door, in pursuit of the captain of the Earl's Guard.

Through many dark and devious passages, they reached the base of a stone staircase, at the head of which they heard this conversation.

"You are ordered to remove privily?"

"This dungeon is dark and hard enough, and worse service has seldom been rendered to a captive, but I will go with you if you tell me three things. Is Sir Murrough M'David still at the court?"

"He is, but he is about to sail for England."

"False friend!" said the knight bitterly, "if he were in prison, I would wind my horn at every fortress gate in Christendom, or find him out. But, mayhap, he knows nothing of the matter. Is the O'Connor Faily and his daughter at Thomas-court?"

"Yea, both."

"And how doth the lady Fionuala pass her time?"

"Very cheerfully—'tis said Sir Gibbon of the Valley wears her favour."

The knight smiled—"is it so said? Well then lead the way to my new dungeon."

The Captain of the Guard, taking the end of the chain by which the fettered and manacled knight was bound, requested him to descend the stairs, while he followed, holding fast by the chain. The passage beneath was, fortunately, entirely dark, so that the two Germans could not be seen. As soon then as Sir Piers reached the ground, the stouter of the two troopers grasped Kenelbreck in his arms and threw him on the ground, while the other snatching from his hand the fetter key, proceeded to liberate the knight.

"No more scruples, now," said a well-known voice in Barnwall's ear, "put on this trooper's dress, and follow me. But stay."

The prostrate Kenelbreck was making many desperate attempts to rise. "Mine friend," said the German, "have some patience—we are all but things of clay and subject to manifold falls and fortunes." Then taking up the manacles, fetters, and chain, he fastened them upon the discomfited captain, turned him round upon his face, so that he could not cry out, and left him to his reflections. The knight and his two companions passed into the castle-yard. The guards at the gate, seeing them dressed as Germans, did not question them, neither were they stopped at the

walls, through which they also passed. When they were at a good distance beyond them, one of his liberators, letting down his cloak, revealed to the eyes of the knight the brave Captain of the Bachelors.

"Fly," said the friendly Myrtle, "we must take care of ourselves; do you keep wide of Kildare."

"Gallant Bachelor and friend," said Barnwall, "you have done me good service—may the saints reward you now, and I will hereafter."

"Got's beard!" said the German, "no, do you reward him here, and the saints will attend to him in the hereafter."

"Truly; I believe that were the better way," said the knight, "Will you come to me at Drimnagh, when these wars have blown over?"

The Bachelor promised faithfully to do so, and the knight, shaking them both heartily by the hand, walked briskly away in the direction of his own castle.

It was his first thought to return to his home, to follow Ormond to Kilkenny, and await in arms the issue of the war. But the sight of the lawns and woods of Priors' Park turned his thought to another object; recollections of the hawking party, and of the glorious maiden whom he had then in charge, and he resolved to retrace his steps into Dublin, and to see her, even at the risk of life. But, he would not put his friend the Bachelor in further peril, for him—so, skirting the verge of the Park, he returned by way of Oxmantown, and stood at the gate of St. Mary's Abbey.

The porter, a hip-shot, stooped, and sour-looking fellow, enquired his errand.

"I seek the Infirmarius," said the knight.

"If you are one of the Germans, you speak English glibly enough," said the porter, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Oh! I learned that in the wars of King Edward, whom Got rest," replied Barnwall.

"And what may be your business with brother Celestine?"

"I have heard of his skill in leech craft," said the knight, "and would fain have his advice on an old wound that troubles me very much at night."

"You do not look as one who was mortally taken," said the inquisitor, "albeit, enter. Cross the court, turn into the arch yonder, and follow the way you will find there—it leads to Celestine's cell, and the place of the sick."

The knight did as directed, heartily rejoiced to escape from the questioning of the gate-keeper, and observations of the passers-by. In a few moments he found himself at the cell of the infirmarius, at which he knocked, and was bid to enter.

Entering, the knight beheld the venerable man, who had just risen, preparing some medicaments, in a rude mortar. The furniture of his room consisted of a pallet, a small altar, a fire-place, and shelves covered with vessels containing various drugs and medicines, and a few old, soiled books, a table, and two rude chairs. The good father scarcely raised his head from his work to give the intruder his blessing, but Barnwell, after closing the door of his cell, approached him, and letting down his cloak, said, "father, do you not know me?"

"My dear son! Sir Piers Barnwall! What chance has brought you here, and in this disguise? I pray God you have met with no hurt; though if you have, you have happened to come to the right place for a cure."

"Good father, you behold before you a perplexed and troubled man. One fettered in love, escaped from fetters. Whose heart and idol are at the court, among his enemies, and who slept last night in irons, in the castle."

"And, my son, how can I serve you, in this strait."

"To-day there is to be a tournament without the city, and I desire to be there. Can you aid me?"

The Infirmarius paused. "'Tis a rash undertaking," he said, at length, "consider, knight, I beseech of you, whether I could not serve you without endangering your safety."

"No, father, no! I will be at the tournament in some guise or other."

"Well," said the leech, "young blood and mountain torrents will not be stayed. There is here in my charge a sick knight of the Almain, whose horse and armour may serve you for the nonce."

"Thanks, excellent father. Hear you not the crowing of the cock? Does not that presage victory?"

"The cock," said the Infirmarius, "is a bird renowned from antiquity for courage, watchfulness, and nobility. It is an especial favourite with Pliny, whose history, this book, I hold to be my richest possession on earth, saving God's grace. It is here set down that there is no bird looks up so often to the sun and the sky; and that even the lion, the bravest of the beasts, is awed by him, and will run amaine from his noise. The best breeds were from Rhodes—now happily possessed by the knights of the hospital—Tenagra, and Chalcis. Indeed, Pliny hath set down some things of cocks hard to be believed by a Christian, as that, when Marcus Lepidus was consul, the cock of one Galerius spoke. What cocks may have done before Christ's birth 'tis hard to say, but I know of none that hath spoken in our age."

The knight smiled at the volubility of the aged scholar, and added, "if this one lies not, I will have a solemn cock fight yearly at Drimnagh, as they had of old at Pergamus."

"Ha!" said the leech, "you have read Pliny."

"Somewhat, at Oxford, where I was almost his sole disciple."

"'Tis a sorry university enough," said the Infirmarius, "yet it hath bred good scholars, as Duns Scotus, and Ockham."

Sir Piers, fearing that the Infirmarius having got on his hobby would ride out of sight of the tournament, asked to see the horse and trappings of the sick knight. The Infirmarius consented, and, telling him not to walk so erectly, he led him to the stall.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE

Right Rev. John England, D.D.,

BISHOP OF CHARLESTON, UNITED STATES.

THE subject of our consideration in the following pages once wrote:

"More than forty-five years have passed away since a man, then about sixty years of age, led me into a prison, and showed me the room in which he had been confined during upwards of four years, in consequence of the injustice to which the Catholics of Ireland were subjected in those days of persecution. On the day that he was immured his wife was seized by fever, the result of terror; whilst she lay upon her bed of sickness she and her family were dispossessed of the last remnant of their land and furniture: she was removed to the house of a neighbour to breathe her last under a stranger's roof. Her eldest child had completed his seventeenth year a few days before he closed her grave. Two

younger brothers and two younger sisters looked to him as their only support. He endeavoured to turn his education to account. It was discovered that he was a *Papist*, as the law contumeliously designated a Roman Catholic, and that he was guilty of teaching some propositions of the sixth book of Euclid to a few scholars that he might be able to aid his father and support his family. Informations were lodged against him for this violation of the law, which rendered him liable to transportation. Compassion was taken upon his youth and misfortunes, and, instead of proceeding immediately to the prosecution, an opportunity was given him of swearing before the Protestant bishop that he did not believe in the doctrines of transubstantiation, of penance, and of the invocation of saints; and the certificate of the prelate would have raised a bar to his prosecution. The youth knew no principle of his church which could excuse his perjury. He escaped and fled into the mountains, where he remained for more than a year. Subsisting upon the charity of those to whose children he still communicated the rudiments of learning, but in the most painful anxiety as to the state of his father, brothers, and sisters.

"The declaration of American independence, and the successful resistance of the colonists, having produced some mitigation of of the persecutions which the Catholics endured, this fugitive returned by stealth to the city, and was enabled to undertake the duties of a land surveyor, to have his parent liberated, his family settled—and he became prosperous."

This brave man was the father of John England. The latter was born in the northern part of the city of Cork, on the 23rd of September, 1786.

Another existence, very important to Ireland and remarkable to the world, commenced not long before, at a place not very many miles distant. Somewhere about this time, a large-limbed merry-hearted boy sat in an ancient Elizabethian chair, in an old Kerry mansion, listening to a conversation in which the political movements of the time were vehemently discussed, and the character of Grattan dilated upon with the warmth of Ciaran enthusiasm. Awakening from a long fit of abstraction, the child exclaimed—"Uncle Maurice! Uncle Maurice! perhaps even I, little Dan O'Connell, will be a great man, and serve Ireland yet." Soon after—boyish ambition defining for itself a purpose—he was sent to St. Omer's.

The son of the fugitive scholar had all the advantages of a religious education, and was early trained to the practice, and instructed in the principles of the church, whose champion and ornament he became. His teachers were the most moving of all instructors, a fond and pious mother, and a father who well knew the importance of inculcating the faith for which he had suffered. Such instruction was not lost. If matters of more importance were not lying before us, we might fill some pages with anecdotes of the first fervour of young John England's piety, and the early dawn of his great intelligence. It is sufficient to let you know that his life but realized the promise of his boyhood. Notwithstanding the petty tyranny of a pedagogue in whose school he was the only "Papist," and the effects of a disease in the throat which rendered the removal of one of the tonsils necessary, he was singularly successful in his first studies, and grew to be a robust, hardy youth, with a peculiar keen grey eye, a winning and prepossessing, though not handsome countenance, and a manner that gained the affection of every one. He was early devoted to God. The state of life to which his parents wished inclined, and his own desire emphatically pointed, was that of the holy ministry. In his fifteenth year he was placed, by the venerable Dr. Moylan, under the special care of one of the most saintly and enlightened priests that ever ministered at an Irish altar, the Very Reverend Dean Robert Mac Carthy. The guidance and example of such a man had, no doubt, much to do in forming the character of his pupil.

On the 31st of August, 1803, in the seventeenth year of his age, Mr. England entered the College of Carlow. Here his great qualities first became matured and first made him remarkable. Touched in his youth with the fire of zeal, he was chastened and aroused. Even at College he was a vessel of election, strengthened with the bread of life, anointed with the chrism of suffering, signed with the sign of the cross. Even in those days he set out bravely, and with a high heart, to do his work on earth. No *diletante* was he to be, but a rough fighter. No sleepy respectable man, but one burning with heavenly ardour, and combatting with all his might, in every place, at every risk, the devil and his works and ways. John England was to be of the leaders rather than the led—one of the great ones of God, vouchsafed us in those times—a member of that band which He has always sent from the commencement of the covenant for his own glory, man's weal, and the church's benefit. Even in College, as we have said, our young Cork man was remarkable, and a leader. Some of his fellow-students live yet, who love to tell of that extraordinary youth, "*dux*" in the class, first in the chapel, merriest in the playground, with piety profound, as his talents were brilliant, winning the respect of those who saw, and the deep love of those who knew him; and who not content with the performance of the ordinary duties of collegiate life, imposed upon himself others, quite without the bounds of custom. It not being very interesting to detail the successes of study, we shall glance at these latter more characteristic exertions. The people of Carlow and the neighbourhood were, from peculiar circumstances, at this time, remarkably uninstructed and even vicious. To their reformation and enlightenment, Mr. England applied his mind, and contrived to devote a good deal of time. True; it was not his province—he had nothing to do with them—he was engaged in other and important avocations. None of those excuses answered him. Those people were his brethren. They were redeemed by Christ's blood. They shall not perish if he can help it. He can do very little for them, the ordinary easy-going man would say. Yes, but he *can* do a little, and he will. So, student though he was, he flung himself with hearty good intention into the matter, and, like most practical hard-working people, did, by God's grace, a great deal. First he instituted catechetical instructions in the parish chapel, which, aided by his ready talent and prepossessing way, prospered, and in time were attended by old and young. Then seeing that this after all was but poor help, he besought, wrote, toiled, begged, threatened, until he had the inexpressible joy of seeing extensive male and female poor schools established, mainly by his exertions. Well, this was not half; Carlow was somewhat famous—infamous, rather—as an abode of that wretched class of the community against whom, the Angel's curse is levelled. Our young apostle resolved that should not be. With a charity daring as it was intense, he braved calumny, encountered suspicion, suffered contumely, and succeeded in forming a female penitentiary. Still more; there was in Carlow a body of militia, as degraded and ignorant as well might be, and to whom were attributable many of the moral evils of the place. Mr. England threw himself in their way, won their confidence, gained their respect, and very gradually but very certainly effected a considerable reformation in a great part of the troop. His success was so great that it drew upon him the enmity

of the fanatics of the town. Thinking to touch him at the sorest point, they prevailed upon Colonel Longfield to bring to court-martial some of the men who attended him. The anxiety of Mr. England may be conceived, but fortunately the officers were not corrupt. The soldiers were acquitted, and the exertions of their teacher sanctioned. Mr. England, it is said, used to congratulate himself, that like St. Francis de Sales, his first mission was among the military. These things, surely, with a very successful and laborious collegiate course, were no ordinary attainments for a young man leaving College at two-and-twenty—a meet first act of a life-drama like his.

He did leave College at two-and-twenty. In the October of 1808, Dr. Moylan, his diocesan, having been intimately acquainted by report and observation with the character of his young subject, procured a dispensation for his immediate ordination, and summoned him to Cork. The grief of students, professors, and town's-people on his departure was great and vehement, as in fact, well it might. On the ninth day of the month we have mentioned, he was admitted to the order of deacon, and on the following day ordained priest.

Now he was indeed enrolled a professed soldier of Christ. The mystic character imparted—the mystic words repeated—the mystic power bestowed, he was bound by a triple covenant to the service of Him who was the joy of his youth. We may be sure the student of Carlow did not surpass the priest of Cork. Having paid a valedictory visit to the latter place, he applied himself with more than accustomed heartiness and unwavering zeal to the labours of the mission in his native city. The bishop discerning his talent for conveying instruction, appointed the young priest lecturer at his cathedral. This post the Rev. Mr. England retained for many years. He was always remarkable as a preacher. His exertions in the pulpit of the "North Chapel" (the cathedral) of Cork, were not among the least successful of his labours in this way. Old men yet refer to them with tearful eyes and thoughtful mien as they sit among their children, as the proximate cause of their conversion to God. Holy people of fewer years think of them as the most impressive lessons of their youth. Worldlings remember them, and sigh as they compare the present with the brightness and innocence of the past, when kneeling with young, joyful hearts, at the holy table they promised, with youthful fervour to obey the injunctions of the pulpit. Newspapers tell us how they were attended by crowds—what a "sensation" some caused, what a change others—and how flocked to many of them, the high and lowly, rich and poor, learned and uninstructed, the Protestant merchant, and the "Papist" tradesmen. This is the proof of their value. Mr. England was a truly apostolic preacher. He combined strict logical accuracy with a diction simple as ordinary conversation, and lucid as the wording of an axiom. He had a singular facility of stripping a question of all encumbering details, and placing it before the audience in the strongest light and in the most impressive way. Disclaiming entirely the tricks of a spurious rhetoric, neglecting even the legitimate ornaments of eloquent composition, depending solely on the justice of his appeal and the resources of his own mind, aided by a noble sonorous voice, a tall and dignified appearance, a bold and distinct enunciation, he plunged into his subject with the earnestness of alarmed friendship and the impressiveness of inspired

fervour, poured forth in rich profusion, solid thoughts, striking arguments, thrilling entreaties, and at length, absolutely forced conviction. Listening to him, you saw at once that an extraordinary man stood before you, and marking that he thought not of himself but of you—you were obliged, also, perforce, to think of yourself and not of him. The thought or fact, not the word or the man, startled you and irresistibly claimed your attention. Zeal, combined with natural talent, was the secret of his eloquence, as, indeed, it is of any worthy of the name.

Mr. England was also appointed chaplain of the North Presentation Convent of Cork, of which his sister is and has been for a very long period one of the most efficient and respected members. Not confining himself to the mere duties of a chaplain, he took the whole establishment under his care, devoted much time to the improvement of the system of education pursued in it, frequently found leisure to teach in the schools in person, spared no exertion for its advancement, and took the deepest interest in all that related to its regulations, circumstances, and working.

Nor did he forget in Cork the unfortunate class whom he so boldly took under his protection at College. The Christian's Charity extends even from the purity of the cloister to the nameless horrors of the house of infamy. The Magdalen Asylum, then building, claimed his good wishes and most earnest labour. He preached, toiled, begged, and went in debt for it. Nay, so important did he esteem the least delay in the matter, that before the time of its opening, in January, 1809, he assembled six of the future inmates, placed them under the superintendence of the matron, and supported them at his own expense for a considerable period.

The City Jail was another scene of Mr. England's exertions. The wretched inmates were often exposed to danger and subject to neglect, in consequence of there being no regularly-appointed chaplain, and no government salary. The harassing, and in a worldly sense, totally unrequited toil of this position, Mr. England ambitioned and obtained. From the nature of his mind he was peculiarly fitted for such a post, and he attended to it almost as if he had no other occupation. The result was correspondant. The instances of his success furnished topics for conversation at the time, and some of them might have presented subject for a romance. The guilty hearts he chastened, the reckless spirits he startled, the wild criminals taught by him to accept the felon's chain as a welcome penance, and the despairing wretches he bade hail the gallows-doom as the gate of life, are known but to the great God alone. We cannot resist the temptation of giving the following striking and well-told incident, from the memoir of Mr. Reid:

"A gallant youth, of noble frame, of joyous soul, of previously blameless life, and steady piety, and who supported by his labour a widowed mother, had been inveigled into robbing an arsenal, and possessing himself of some public arms; detection followed, he was tried, convicted and condemned to die. The arms, however, had been effectually concealed, and with delusive casuistry, persuading himself that his forfeit life had purchased the property of the oppressor, he communicated his secret to his now doubly bereaved and destitute mother, who fell under the same temptation, to retain the miserable profits of his crime.

"Mr. England proffered his ministry; but the Catholic doctrine of restitution—the stumbling block to so many alarmed, but half repentant souls—was in the convict's way. He announced publicly, in the prison, that he should not restore the arms; and his desperate associates animated and confirmed him in his resolution. In vain Mr. England argued, expostulated, entreated—the prisoner was obdurate. The day for execution came. It dawned

on the shepherd still struggling to reclaim his wandering sheep. 'I am going to say mass, will you attend?' 'I will, but you will not give me communion.' 'Then it will avail you nothing to attend the sacrifice.' 'I shall not restore the arms'—and they relapsed into a gloomy silence. At length the sheriff arrived. The case had excited more than usual sympathy, and a strong military force was in attendance. The convict received the grim executioner of the law with the calmness of a martyr. The fatal rope was placed about his neck. Not a nerve trembled, not a muscle shook, not a drop of blood forsook his cheek, not a sparkle of his eye was dimmed. He simply remarked, 'You have allowed me very little *jerk*—but 'tis of no great consequence,' bowed to the sheriff, and moved towards the door. At that instant Mr. England stood before him, and glaring on him with an eye that could penetrate the inmost soul, exclaimed. 'Stop, Sir! you shall not go to hell for half an hour yet!' The prisoner staggered back, 'what did you say?' 'I said you should not go to hell for half an hour, yet!' 'How could you speak so to a dying man!' 'You know I speak the truth, and that I should not do my duty if I did not!' The culprit turned away, and crouched in the corner of his prison, as hiding from the wrath to come! 'Indulge me, Sir, for half an hour,' said Mr. England to the sheriff. 'My warrant,' he replied, 'extends till five, P.M., you can have till then, Sir.' 'I shall do whatever I am to do in the time I ask.'—And here the impenetrable veil of the confessional falls around the penitent and minister of reconciliation. But this we know, that within that hour passed forth to die, without defiance as without fear, a weeping Christian; and that he who marshalled him through the dark portals of eternity, and has stood by many a death bed, assured me that he never commended a departing soul to the mercy of his Saviour with better hope than he did on that sad day."

All this while he was editing, and, to a great extent, writing, a small monthly periodical which he had originated himself, called "*The Religious Repertory*," for the purpose of diffusing more widely and putting in attractive form the dogmas and practices of religion. He was always sensibly alive to the importance of making literature a medium of religious instruction. Seeing that it was, and would be henceforward to the end of time, a great motive-agency to man, he recognized the vast utility, the vital necessity that such power should be an instrument for the church to use, not a weapon for the devil to wield, and he always, with that practical spirit that distinguished him, endeavoured to carry out the principle in his own way and his own sphere. The little periodical we speak of is before us. In those days of farthing pamphlets it would scarcely "take;" in its time it affected its purpose well.

Let it not be forgotten, that in the midst of those varied and multiplied avocations, he was performing zealously and punctually many of the duties of an ordinary missionary. He seemed to have found the Gorgon secret of ubiquity.

But he had yet another avocation more engrossing more important in its results, and one which conferred more lasting honour on his name. We have yet to contemplate another phase of his character—we mean his political life. We believe that the value of his services in this way, though long recognized in private, and fully acknowledged by those who worked with him, has never been sufficiently stated in public; and we are in a position to know that the only deficiency found in the admirable sketch of his life that appeared in a periodical some years since, was in this respect. For we owe not a little to Mr. England's political exertions, nor were they the least important of his life. In other portions of his career, we see him boldly effecting great though particular benefits; in this we view him successfully working for a still enduring national, nay, European principle and practice. We find he visibly propelled—we had almost said originated—a movement which ever since has been his country's chief resource, and is still her brightest and

most rational hope. It is scarcely necessary to run over the history of the time. The "upper nation," after long centuries of provincial strife, had caught a glimpse of the loveliness and sweetness, the glory and rich dowries of *nationality*—had wooed her manfully, won her bravely, felt her beneficence, and seen the wonders of her presence, and then had lost her basely. At the commencement of the century its members were palsied or corrupted, disheartened or sold. The land groaned, once again, under the evils of doubly-riveted servitude. There was no hope from her upper classes. Then the breath of political life, the fire of manful energy was breathed for God's purposes by a few true men, into the crushed and sluggishly-suffering heart of the "lower nation," the great Catholic masses. Sole representatives of the proud Celtic race, and children of the Scand-descended knights, who scorned to trample Christ's cross at the word of a king or the dictum of a parliament. They uprose and demanded in *religion's* name, first of all, freedom from political disabilities, and liberty to worship unpunished before their own ancient altars. Guided by those who aroused them, they worked not only in religion's name but by means which religion sanctioned. Disclaiming alike brute force and mean chicane, they were joined by the pious and the good, and sympathized with by all honest men who looked on or heard of them. To struggle for liberty was no longer considered Jacobinical, or to attend a public meeting a sign of Gallic indifference. This movement, to a great extent, succeeded, and will achieve with God's blessing further triumphs. Its principle has been adopted in almost every country in Europe. It is one of the great notabilities and lever-powers of the age. We need not name him for whom our very heart aches and a tear has already fallen on our page, who has just been hailed with sorrowful acclamation and honoured with requiem praises, as the chief originator of the movement and the principle. But the position and merit we claim for Mr. England is of this sort, that he was one of the first, perhaps one of the greatest, certainly one of the most earnest, who early and almost instinctively espoused the cause, stoutly worked for the movement while it was yet young and much contemned, boldly adopted and preached the principle while it was still despised and unacknowledged, generously hailed the genius of the man before he was yet widely honoured. And now, a word in deprecation of the sneer we can fancy rising on some honest face, that we should wish looked lovingly on John England and kindly on us; and in brief reply to the cold dogma—"A priest should not meddle with politics." Good friend, we honour you, and we hold in deepest reverence the judgments of that section of our hierarchy and clergy, who have decided with you now as well as then; but we claim equal respect for that larger section who have decided otherwise, and who then as well as now acted as Mr. England did. We will by no means allow that they outstepped the priestly character, or sullied their lawn, or culpably exceeded their legitimate function. We must hint, also, that they followed the example of the Augustines and Gregories of the primitive, the Dominics and Bernards of the mediæval, the Liguoris and Pii of the modern church. Holding this opinion, believing that such interference was justifiable, Mr. England was soon convinced it was necessary.

Believing this, the fiery zeal of him who in his youth revolutionized his collegiate town, was too ardent to

let him stand idly by, while his brothers and fellow-countrymen, the children, stamped with the image and redeemed by the blood of God, were at once starved and corrupted; his heart beat too warmly to allow him to witness unmoved, the disappointment of honourable ambition and the prostitution of the energies of youth; and his religious feelings were too strong to permit him to withhold from a struggle in which the dearest interests and most useful safeguards of his church were involved and imperilled.

So Mr. England became a political man.

We believe from the time of his coming on the mission, he joined zealously, though not ostentatiously, in political affairs, and pledged his right loyal allegiance to the new movement; but it was only in the year 1812, at the time of the great election in Cork (in which Colonel Longfield, Sir N. C. Colthurst, and C. H. Hutchinson were the candidates), that he appeared prominently in political life. He became one of Hutchinson's committee, and ablest of his most active supporters. As a Christian priest and as a politician, he exerted himself with his accustomed activity to put an end to the scandalous system of bribery and consequent perjury, that at this time disgraced every electioneering contest. He contributed much to the general discountenancing and partial discontinuance of this nefarious practice. His chief success was with the poor forty-shilling freeholders. Although the election was over, "he laid," says a late well-informed writer, "the foundation of the independence and public virtue of the constituency, which so often since has caused the principles of freedom to triumph in his native city."

But his most remarkable and successful effort, the great act and chief service of his political life, was the determined and talented resistance offered by him to the Veto proposal. His success in this would alone vindicate his political activity. Nothing can better illustrate the salutary change in the opinions of the Catholic party than the way the Veto was received. At this period, when no Irish Catholic would bestow on such a proposition aught but a contemptuous smile, it is difficult to imagine that five and thirty years ago the church should be placed by it in so dangerous a position, or that the highest courage and the most delicate tact would be required by those who opposed it. The Catholic party, even when united and putting forth its utmost strength, was as yet comparatively unimportant. It was still but a young and exotic existence in the political world. On the Veto question it was divided into two violently opposed sections. The government were abetted, not as is sometimes said, by the corrupt or worthless only, but by much of the honesty, some of the ability, and all the aristocracy of the party. The measure was accepted in high places, hailed by the nobility, gentry, and merchants, sanctioned by a supposed Papal rescript, received by some of the prelates and clergy, and promoted more than all, by some of the tried and influential leaders of the people. It was supported too by a party who spared no expense, neglected no exertion, despised no meanness, scorned no falsehood to carry it, and so acquire the controul, or be enabled to subsidize a body felt to be the chief obstacle to governmental designs. Thus the peril was more imminent than would at first seem possible. On the other hand, the clergy as a body stood firm, and were its most consistent and

active opponents. Mr. England, amongst the rest, was alarmed to the utmost. He became the very genius of anti-Vetoism in the south—he would not hear of the proposal—he gave it no quarter. He boldly denounced those who accepted it, however high in station or rich in popular reverence. He protested against it at public meetings—spoke against it in private society, wrote against it in newspaper and magazine, and preached against it from the pulpit and the altar. “What!” he would exclaim, “to put the appointment of our prelates into the hands of an intriguing Protestant minister. It would be madness—it would be treason!” In Cork he had much to oppose. There existed a *soi-disant* “Catholic board” holding its meetings in a private drawing-room, to which the gentry only were admitted. This aristocratic club declared in favour of the Veto, and exerted all the influence it possessed for the acceptance of the proposal. Now this club was rotten in its constitution, stood in the way of a better organization, and was effecting evil only in its working. Its principle, declared in an express resolution, was that “Property should be the standard of opinion”—words long notable in Cork. Such a body would be a disgrace, an anomaly, and a clog to any political movement for freedom. By long continued exertions, Mr. England succeeded, with the help of O’Connell, in creating a more healthy and popular organization, and sweeping away for ever this emanation of genteel stupidity. This was a great propeller to the cause; but it was not the greatest of Mr. England’s anti-Veto exertions. The *Cork Mercantile Chronicle*, the only organ of Catholic opinion in the province, had been for some years on the decline; the proprietor, Mr. Haly, being involved in difficulties, it was about being given up. So intense was Mr. England’s zeal, and so little did he spare personal sacrifice, that against the advice of his friends, and at considerable and ill-afforded pecuniary loss, he assumed and for a long time conducted the editorial management of this paper, worked it into great and deserved popularity, and by a long series of stirring articles—in his own peculiar vein, informed with varied knowledge, pregnant with vigorous thought, and racy with sound practical sense—alarmed the south into active resistance.

On the whole, as we dispassionately review the movements of the time, we are disposed to agree with those who assert that to Dr. England, with O’Connell, is due the honour of having preserved the freedom and vindicated the privileges of our church in this vital and perilous matter.

Mr. England’s political articles, letters, and essays, published about this time, are, as we have said, of a very high order of excellence. It is evident the writer is a man of strong, solid, mental *calibre*. Sometimes rough in diction, they are always valuable in thought; often careless in execution, they are invariably well conceived; vigorous ratiocination distinguishes them more than imaginative beauty. They are more substantial than elegant—more thoughtful than artistic. A vein of genuine hearty eloquence runs through them all. We cannot trust ourselves to quotations, lest we should soon find ourselves at the boundary of our prescribed space.

Mr. England early acquired the friendship of the great Catholic leader. There were some points of similitude between them. They were each distinguished—of course, in different degrees—for that solid mental *physique*, that ready practical way of working, that unwavering zeal, that burly frame of body, and

that sound sense. The one revered the other as his political chief; that other recognised in his clerical friend the ablest of his colleagues. When O’Connell was in Cork, he not only spent a great part of his time with Mr. England, but, it is said, attended regularly his morning lectures.

And now that the times have gone by, with their generation—now that the priest and the agitator have both passed away, and taken their places among the dear shadows of the past, it is no breach of confidence, no disrespect to the dead, no dishonour to the living, to mention a circumstance familiar to many in private, but, we believe, never stated in any public way. It is, that John England was the instrument, under God, of making Daniel O’Connell a practical member of his church. The well-authenticated circumstances are these: the latter came to Cork soon after the unfortunate affair with D’Esterre, and the threatened encounter with Mr. Peel. Mr. England who never forgot in the politician the anointed minister of God, remonstrated with him sharply. O’Connell tried to reply, but was soon answered. They held long conversations together, of which nothing is known, save that the result was favourable. The priest followed up his advantage by long earnest letters and a visit to Dublin. He was at length successful. *Ave Maria!* They were great souls; may they rest in peace.

It would be impossible, in the space we can command, to detail at further length Mr. England’s political labours. Their general character and efficacy we have indicated, and we can do no more. But we must keep in mind, to estimate the man, that they were merely corollaries to his clerical functions, and that no brother-clergyman excelled, and few equalled him in punctual discharge of such of the latter as he undertook. In 1813 we find him appointed president of the diocesan college of St. Mary’s, lately opened by Dr. Moylan for the education of candidates for holy orders.

The following year, 1814, brought two heavy losses to Mr. England in the deaths of his earliest benefactors and best friends, Bishop Moylan and Dean Mac Carthy. They left few men in the church like them. Not long after Dr. Murphy, the late prelate (whose life was so ably sketched in the *CATHOLIC MAGAZINE* for June) succeeded to the episcopate.

In 1817, the thirty-first year of his age, Mr. England was appointed parish priest of Bandon, to the deep regret of his friends and admirers in Cork. There could scarcely have been a more judicious selection than such a man for such a position. It is almost unnecessary to say that for centuries this town was the chief stronghold in the south of the most virulent of the Protestant party: nor need we remind the reader of that inscription on its ancient gate, become symbolic of stupid intolerance wherever the English literature has spread. The “sounde and holy towne” of the *Pacata* had not lost its characteristics when this young parish priest, with right good will and power, if any man had, determined to effect a change in it. For a year or two he gave up almost every other avocation to devote all his time and talent to this object. Stories are yet afloat of his unshrinking boldness, and ready presence of mind, in encountering the ruffian underlings of the dominant sect, who, caring little for the decencies of life, published concerning him the vilest calumnies, and, knowing nothing of moral restraint, endeavoured to stop the progress of improvement by taking the life of its Apostle. He remained

in Bandon until 1820, and succeeded to a great extent, in this brief period, in arresting the torpidity of his own flock, checking the arrogance of their masters, and uniting in mutual brotherhood, as in affection for himself, the wise and good of all classes and each denomination.

At the urgent request of the popular candidate, who remembered his services on a former occasion, Mr. England took a leading part in the affairs of the election in 1818. As chairman of Hutchinson's committee he contributed much by his eloquent addresses, vigorous exertions in canvassing, and ready expedients in difficulties, to this first great electioneering triumph of the Catholic party. Mr. Hutchinson, on the day of his return, publicly thanked him from the hustings, and pronounced on his character an eloquent eulogium.

But now that such successes are frequent, and that not only the parties but the objects of those days have passed away, it is a dearer and a prouder thing to remember of Mr. England, that he had a considerable share in organizing the new Catholic movement, and was one of those nine men who sat in that back-parlour of the bookseller's shop, immortal in a nation's memory, calling themselves a "Catholic Association," forsooth, and discussing quietly the best method of wresting an obnoxious measure from the hands of the most powerful and united ministry that ever swayed the councils of the empire.

But he was not to be an Irish "agitator;" nor was it his destiny, crozier in hand, to wrestle with tyrant power like the prelate of Kildare and Leighlin. Not on Irish land was he henceforth to toil, nor for Irish interests. And more's the pity! We don't know exactly why he accepted the prelate of Charleston: we can only tell what everybody is aware of, that he did. He did leave Ireland to join that latest succession of the Apostolic choir, whom it has been the fate of this land to nurture and send forth for thirteen centuries. From preserving the faith in an ancient Christian country he went to preach it in a new—from defending a crushed majority, to rear a despised minority—from labouring manfully for popular liberty to resisting steadily popular licence. After the 21st of September, 1820, poor Ireland saw little of her illustrious child and valiant champion. On that day he received the grace of episcopal consecration at the hands of Dr. Murphy, in the church of St. Finbar. The general regret manifested on his departure was as great as might be expected. He was presented with valedictory addresses on all sides, and entertained at one of the largest public dinners ever given in Cork. Few men have left their native city for whom their was more sorrow. It was not a matter of addresses and dinners only, but a genuine, downright grief of those who knew him. He was accompanied by his sister, Joanna England, who would not part him, and left all for him. She supplied the immediate wants of his see by a surrender of her little dowry, and resolved to be the support and sharer of his wants and dangers. After having narrowly escaped shipwreck, they arrived in Charleston on the 30th of December, when the bishop immediately took possession of his church, and received the resignation of the vicar-capitular of the Archbishop of Baltimore.

And here an entirely new scene opened before him, in deep-vistad prospect. Quite a strange, unfallowed field stretched in wide expanse to claim his labour, his courage, his skill, and his perseverance.

He was the first bishop of his see. It had previously formed part of the see of Baltimore, and was now suffragan to it. His jurisdiction extended over three states of the Union—North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia; each of which is as extensive as some European kingdoms. Over this vast tract his flock, consisting of about 60,000 souls, was thinly and at long intervals scattered. It was composed chiefly of exiles from his own country of the poorest and most ignorant class, and of refugees from St. Domingo, yet more ignorant and more difficult to manage because more familiarized with guilt. Ecclesiastical matters were in the utmost confusion. The Catholic population had given up almost all religious observances through unwillingness to renounce formally the faith of their fathers, and inability to adhere to it practically. Except in one or two places they had no house of worship, and seldom saw a clergyman; while they were at the same time so uninstructed as scarcely to know the dogmas or understand the observances of the church in which they were born. Their moral conduct was on a par with their religious knowledge. To them the church seemed no watchful mother: what wonder if they proved disobedient children. She did not hallow their occupations, or make their homes happy, or their hearts pure. She neither blessed their unions, baptized their children, ministered by their death-beds, nor prayed over their graves. They needed all that a numerous and zealous priesthood could do to win them back to her arms, and they called imperatively on all sides, every one, to their new pastor for succour immediate and plentiful. This that pastor could not afford. He brought with him two priests, a little money, a courageous spirit, talent and zeal: but no more. To convert this vast diocese we have described into a well-organized and flourishing see he found on his arrival, four clergymen and two small chapels! We think we can see from his diary (lying before us) that at first the difficulties that presented themselves astonished and appalled him: but we can discern, also, that after a while they only kindled his enthusiasm and fired his energy. With undaunted courage, and in his old resolute practical way, Bishop England went about the work before him.

That God who seeth all things and penetrateth the hearts of men only knows the labours and privations encountered by this bishop. Every year he made it an indispensable duty to visit every Catholic settlement in his vast diocese, in doing which he was obliged to travel often 2000 miles, perform the greater part of the journey on foot, encounter almost inevitably a terrible fever, and suffer constantly and habitually, not mere poverty but downright want. In each place he remained one or two days, endeavouring to revive religious observances, making arrangements for their future regular performance, and trying to arouse something like Catholic fervour by public preaching and private remonstrance. His eloquence was quite a novelty in those parts. We find him (in his diary) after a day of labour, and a night of travelling, preaching to his own congregation in the morning, to the Presbyterian at mid-day, and to the Episcopalian at night; filling the intervals by receiving deputations, organizing societies, hearing confessions, administering the sacraments, and the like—and after all, snatching a little repose and setting off at day-break for some other place. He had the unutterable satisfaction, however, of knowing that those exertions were

not unsuccessful—that his own flock were improved, and his erring brethren beginning to think less harshly of his faith.

His chief want, that of clergy, he at first endeavoured to supply by drafting young men over from the south of Ireland. Few came, and those who did soon fell victims to “the stranger’s fever.” But his resources did not fail him. He opened an ecclesiastical seminary in Charleston, where he resolved to educate a priesthood for himself, and from among his own spiritual children—thus effecting the double advantage of rendering his clergy innocuous to the disease that swept away strangers, and making Catholicism an institution naturalized in the country. His funds proving insufficient for this project, he added to his seminary another school for elementary education, then very much neglected even among the upper classes, and so supported the one by the revenue derived from the other. This temporary expedient produced results very lasting and important. Other schools were opened in opposition or emulation: attention was generally attracted to the matter, and a great educational movement was originated.

The greatest obstacle to the progress of Catholicism in the Carolinas he soon perceived to be a kind of delicate aristocratical prejudice. Those states having formerly belonged to the crown had been endowed with a more splendid and organized variety of Episcopalian Protestantism than most others, which the inhabitants had come to view as an ancient and venerable institution—emphatically the church of intellect and reason—consecrated by the usage of their fathers, and by the virtues and sufferings of the first missionaries of their country. Worshipping in handsome churches, amidst the high born, wealthy, and educated, they contemned that faith whose temples were sheds, whose worshippers were mechanics, and whose antiquity in the land was only a few years old. They had taken up some wise notion that Catholicism was the religion of vulgarity and stupid ignorance. Partly to meet this prejudice and partly in indulgence of his own pious inclinations, Dr. England endeavoured to produce in his little wooden cathedral, consecrated to St. Finbarr—the best edifice that his poverty permitted him to erect—some faint image of the holy magnificence and touching ceremonial of European altars—supplying the deficiencies of circumstance by the splendour of an eloquence which the proudest chapter might envy, and which drew around him, in wondering admiration, and doubting thought (“as if the nadir had kissed the zenith”) the wealthy and refined of the laity, telling them of a faith more ancient than tyrant Henry’s—figuring to them a ceremonial more beautiful than Latimer’s—describing a heroism more dauntless than Halden’s—preaching a religion professed by the wisest and most learned men that ever lived or were then living. He made all respect—many doubt and not a few—change.

In pursuance of the same policy, and to counteract the influence of the diluted and bigoted literature that prevailed—by creating another, Catholic, vigorous and healthy, fresher and less exotic, the bishop devoted a great deal of time to literary matters—indeed more than would at first appear desirable for one with so much sterner work on his hands. He started, and for a long time edited, a periodical called “*The United States’ Catholic Miscellany*,” the first of the kind ever published in the Union, but which soon called up around it a host of imitators and rivals. To the

time of his death he constantly contributed to this publication. He put before the public in its pages a vast number of essays, letters, and sketches, always valuable and healthy in tone; but *not* always as careful or artistic, as if they were not dashed off at midnight after a hard day’s labour, or penned in a sick bed, when more active employment was prohibited. The “*Miscellany*,” is before us and we can easily recognize the bishop’s papers. We are not surprised at the effect they produced among his “erring brethren,” who, despite their affectation of *diletante* refinement, appear to have had much hearty reverence and honest looking-up to talent and worth, when they saw them. We hope Bishop Reynolds, the successor of Dr. England, has not relinquished his project of republishing these and his other productions. Even at this sad time, we are certain such a work would find purchasers in Ireland. It would be melancholy if all that was left us of John England, save the stirring memory of his deeds, should be cast into an oblivion, which intrinsically would be a vandalism, and, relatively, a mark of stolid ingratitude.

With the same views Bishop England joined and, of course, infused new vigour and fresh utility into a literary and philosophical association for some years existing in Charleston. Discouraging the quirps of rhetoric which the members thereof styled eloquence, and the vapid and puerile declamation they considered argument, he introduced a taste for his own plain vigorous manner, simple statements, and close reasoning. The admiration of some had scarce a bound, when they found this poor, Irish priest surpassing their first men on their own ground, and proving himself almost as intimate with literature, art, and science, as with the matters of his own peculiar study. Some of his addresses have been published, and we understand were well worthy of it.

He also delivered a fine address before the Congress, which, perhaps, did more to raise the estimation of Catholicism than any other of his literary labours.

The practice of duelling, so stupid and so unsupported by the shadow of a principle, so traitorous to the ordinances of man and the laws of God, Dr. England always had a special horror of. In his new diocese it prevailed to a frightful and most alarming extent. He determined to check it, and, as usual, effectually did. Striking the matter at its root he called the proud gentry of the Carolinas around him—organized an anti-duelling society—induced General Pickering of revolutionary renown to be its president, and so produced a discouragement of the system from the very class whom it most affected. “I have listened to him,” writes one who knew Dr. England well, “as, with merry triumph, and unsparing though playful ridicule, he talked over, with a gallant officer, the preliminaries of an ‘affair,’ rejoicing the while in his opponent’s baffled love of mischief.”

Vide alteram partem. See another phase of this wonderful man’s character. It is an August noon in Charleston. The terrible fever-plague rages. The sun, hot beyond our conception, makes the very pavement scorch. The streets are empty, for none dare stir out for love or lucre. The air is even as the breath of the destroying angel. Infection is in every inhalation you draw: death is in every house you pass. The water is dried up or foetid. Not even the funeral car patrols. Yet, staggering along the silent streets, a tall man makes his way. His cheek is flushed unhealthily: his eye flashes omniously. You look at him, and

mutter his doom is nigh. That man is the Bishop of Charleston. He is carrying religious consolation to some dying wretch. He ministers at the beds, not only of his own congregation, but of all who suffer friendless.

He labours thus every day, and all day long. In a higher than an episcopal sense, he is, those sad times, true "angel" of a God, merciful to man. For the good of all, he dares a danger too imminent for any to despise—encounters and endures a torture at which one must shudder who contemplates. Nor does this long day end his labours. At midnight, when the dew, cold and clammy, far more fatal than the heat of morn, falls thickly, he may be seen again unhesitatingly threading the pestiferous streets—entering houses marked with the fatal yellow—kneeling by some humble member of the church—aiding him with the church's helps in his last struggle, and pouring into his ear the church's words of consolation as the world, dream-like, fades away, and the terrors of eternity loom present and awful—inhaling the while that breath, so hot and stifling, not a symptom of death only, but a herald. His clothes, damp with the dew, and stained with the terrible black discharge, the last sign of the disease—his head reeling, and skin scorching—he kneels for a while before the crucifix in his humble home, and flings himself exhausted on his bed to gain strength to recommence his labours.

This, we need scarcely assure the reader, is no fancy-sketch. Such was the routine of prelate duty in Charleston during the continuance of the occasional plagues. We, Catholics of Ireland, can well understand this: we in some sort expect it. But to the proud, easy-going Carolinians it seemed totally incomprehensible—a mystery, or rather a visible returning of the Apostolic times. In their category of impulses they knew none to direct—in their annals of heroism they read nothing to surpass deeds like those. Above all other things, they won for the bishop the veneration of the good of every denomination. And when at length, as must happen from the nature of things, the poor body was outworn, and the pastor himself was stricken, and he who aided needed aid—deep, and healthy, generous and unbigoted was the sympathy felt for him throughout the states he ruled.

But even in ordinary years, when no plague afflicted and no public applauded, the life of our dear countryman was one of incessant privation, hard struggle with circumstances, and brave self-denial. In the mere matter of revenue, he was in constant want and subject to continual privation. His bishopric was indeed no sinecure. His mitre was an Etrurian crown—heavy and hard to bear—a mark of suffering, a sign of endurance. Contemplate, if thou canst, oh! worldly-minded man, that lookest upon church promotion as the grand object of ecclesiastical ambition—the prime reward of priestly merit, and thou, oh! "philosophical historian," that assurest gaping readers that it is in the pomp of Catholicism lies its elixir of sway, that the gracefully-flowing chasuble wins the mind more than the pure heart beating so warmly beneath it—that it is the shadow men love, and not the substance—the type, not the typified; contemplate with mind's eye the prelate of the Carolinas as he performs his ecclesiastical visitation, trudging along the hot sands of that burning clime, with no carriage or servants—for he cannot pay for them—with his vestments and books bound on his back, with his clothes in tatters—for he has given his last dollar to those

starving tradesmen in the town he has left; nay, *barefoot, for he must save his broken shoes*—and thou thinkest of a thing which was indeed a fact, in those parts, some twenty years ago, and which we have on the authority of those who witnessed it, and of others who forced the admission from the bishop's own lips. Whatever thou thinkest of it, or, you oh! wiser readers, it is a picture which since we first saw often occurs to us, and which gives us a clearer notion than almost anything else of what this venerable Dr. England in all truth was—a picture we are not likely soon to forget.

It is also known that the bishop of Charleston was sometimes in want of mere food, often in want of decent clothes, and more than once punished for debts incurred in his ecclesiastical foundations. He at one time told a dear friend of his, that he has frequently walked the streets of Charleston with his feet to the ground, though the upper part of his shoes appeared still whole.

This was apostolic poverty indeed.

But amidst his privations and dangers he had for a long time the sweet support—more soothing than any thing else earthly—of that gentle, loving sister, who had left home and country, and broken those domestic ties which with her were tendrils of the heart, to follow him. Joanna England undoubtedly possessed many of her brother's high qualities. No danger appalled—no failure disheartened—no privation ruffled her bold, trusting spirit. She had his fervent piety, and his practically-working zeal. Her love of him was unsurpassed by any feeling save her love of God. She resolved to be, and was the consolation of that busied prelate's home. Much of his talent she shared also, in a quiet, feminine way. Extensively acquainted with the literature of her own language, of France, and of Italy, read in Latin and Greek, having a considerable share of scientific knowledge, and possessing altogether a vigorous and highly-cultivated mind, she, who in any society would have been an ornament, in Charleston was an unheard-of phenomenon. When to this was joined a merry, cheerful disposition, excellent sense, attractive manners, and sincere amiability, the charm was complete. After a while she became leader of "*ton*" in Charleston, with its aristocratic dames, and led it to some purpose by introducing a taste for educational advancement. She was of great service to the bishop in bringing him in close contact with the wealthy and high-born—"constituting," says Mr. Reid, "a golden link between him and the higher classes in the community." But even this consolation was taken from the missionary of a crucified God. On the 17th of November, 1827, this sister died, a victim to the "stranger's fever." We did not read unaffected the following passage in a private letter, from Dr. England to his mother, announcing the sad intelligence:

Charleston, November, 24, 1827.

"I had lately prepared to write you a very different letter from what this shall be. I had hoped, even but a week ago, that Joanna and I had passed safely through the trying ordeal of the summer months, now closing. But God has been pleased to order it otherwise, and it is our duty to bow in submission. May his holy name be praised, as His will has been done. To you and her other relations in Ireland it will indeed be an afflicting communication, but to me what must it be, to know that the body of my darling Joanna now lies mouldering at my vestry door. Seven years have passed away since you saw her, full of life and hope, and affection, but then she was little more than a good, innocent child, though almost a woman in her age. Seven days have not yet passed since I joined in her dying prayers, and re-

signed to God a sister, whose genius was my delight—whose information was my resource—whose taste was my safeguard from criticism—whose affection was my solace—whose hand often protected me from death—whose eye was the star of my hope in my long nights of suffering—whose smile was the beacon of my recovery—whose playfulness was the winning of my soul from oppressive care and corroding disappointment. . . .”

Dr. England's zeal for the instruction of the blacks was another very interesting feature in his episcopal character. While he recognized and defended the present expediency of the constitution, that consigned them to slavery, he never forgot that they were a portion of his flock—that they were children of God and heirs of heaven—that Jesus' commission, whereby the missionary holds authority, was “to teach *all* nations.” Being the most despised by all, they were the most loved by their bishop. They were his “dear children.” He frequently was accustomed, in his leisure hours, to gather them in his own home to impart to them the lessons by which they, as well as the proudest, were to be judged. His own mass at the cathedral was always offered for, and attended solely by his coloured friends; and we are told that sometimes, when he was unable to preach his usual three sermons, he, in general, disappointed the wealthy, and addressed their slaves. His exertions proved in the highest degree successful. So apparent became the improvement in their moral conduct, and so much more efficiently did they perform their duties, that the planters, who before were so alarmed by the intrusion of baptist incendiaries under the guise of missionaries, used beseech him to visit or send a priest to their plantations.

In the year 1832, on the 13th of August, Dr. England revisited his native city, after an absence of over twelve years. The public enthusiasm, and the delight of his friends on again seeing their beloved pastor, after the trials and dangers he had passed through, were as great as we may suppose. He was entertained at a public dinner and invited to some others. But he was now a foreign bishop, not a Cork priest, and he was obliged after a very short stay to proceed to Rome, whither he was bound. He took with him a nephew, then a very young man, who has since proved himself worthy of his illustrious relative, and whose name is already important in the political history, known to the literature, and dear to the friends of his country. Passing through France and the Austrian dominions, having stopped on his way a short time at Lyons, where he had some business to transact, and at Vienna, where he was received in a very flattering manner by the late Emperor, he arrived in Rome on the 16th of December, and quickly acquired the respect and gained the confidence of Gregory. His suggestions, with regard to the American church, were all received with consideration, and many of them adopted with promptitude. As a recognition of his services, he was elevated to the rank of assistant prelate to the Papal throne. He was also named legate to Hayti, with full powers to investigate the disordered affairs of the church in that island. While at Rome, so great was his mental activity, that not content with conducting a number of important negotiations, he preached several orations—one especially for the Irish Franciscans of St. Isidore, which has been published—and wrote an exposition in English of the ceremonies of the holy week, which has proved of great utility to the visitors of the Eternal City.

Having returned, by Ireland, to his diocese, he proceeded in the autumn of the following year to Hayti,

in his quality of apostolic legate. Since the revolution there, ecclesiastical matters had been in the utmost confusion. The Spanish priests having been expelled with the rest of their countrymen, the inhabitants ceased to hold communion with any church. The “Code Napoleon” was introduced, and a very ludicrous variety of Gallicism had taken the place of Catholicism. Dr. England having had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the dangerous condition of the island, had long wished to devote some time to its interests. At first he was received by the authorities with distrust, but he soon won at least their respect. He spent several months in endeavouring to negotiate their return to the church, and at one time was so certain of success, that he despatched some young men to Rome to be educated for that mission; but suddenly the government became alarmed, obstinately refused to dispense with the obnoxious conditions of the “Code Napoleon,” and obliged the bishop to return discouraged, but not disheartened.

On his arrival in Charleston, he had to encounter a storm of obloquy as unexpected as it was confounding. During his absence, his enemies—for even he had enemies—spread a report that he was arranging a general revolt of the slaves, in which the free blacks of Hayti were to assist their brethren in attaining their freedom and slaughtering their masters. The recent violence committed in a partial “rising,” instigated by Baptist fanatics, had considerably alarmed the planters—this rumour terrified them. The bishop's character, the improbability of the matter, his past services, were forgotten for awhile in the excitement of the moment. Apprehension became almost a certainty, when a letter, purporting to be from a slave to Dr. England, couched in the most ferocious language, was audaciously published and disseminated. In the midst of the alarm, and to the surprise of every one, the bishop returned. He would probably have fallen an immediate victim to popular fury, had he not, with characteristic resolution, at once sought an interview with the leaders, and soon convinced them of the hastiness of their conviction and the injustice of their charge. They were ashamed and abashed, but the mob was not satisfied. The latter came to the barbarous resolution of “capturing, tarring, and feathering” their venerable benefactor. The bishop had to fly to his house. The crowd surrounded it, and after various efforts to break in, were about to set it on fire. The magistrates not being able to act, nothing remained for Dr. England and his friends but to surrender, when a party of Irish militia, brought in through a back way by an old female servant, stationed themselves at the windows, and prepared to resist to the utmost. The determined look of the fellows, and the ominous clicking of the musquetry made the cowardly multitude pause. Lead proved a cogent argument—and a few bullets, as oil upon the waters. The mob dispersed, and the bishop was saved.

Heaven knows, if Dr. England much valued worldly praise or blame, this must have been a heart-rending return to him for his long years of toil, his sacrificed health, and the leaving of his home and country. But this is what all, of every age and land, who bravely followed Christ must bear; and we may be sure that the strong heart of Bishop England did not shrink from that which Jesus loved and suffered.

The excitement in Charleston, of course, speedily cooled down, and was succeeded by a hearty sorrow, and a vehement desire to make some reparation. Ge-

neral veneration, or rather love for Dr. England, was increased by the circumstance tenfold.

But he did not forget Hayti. Next spring he went to Rome again, to explain what he had done, and obtain further powers. Feeling his health much on the decline, and being directed by the Holy Father to continue his legatine labours, he procured the appointment of the late Right Rev. Dr. Clancy, late Bishop of Oriense, to be his coadjutor in the see of Charleston. On the 10th of November, 1834, he arrived in his diocese, accompanied by four members of the Ursuline community of Cork, whose establishment in Charleston he had long contemplated, and at length, with much difficulty, effected.

After several ineffectual attempts in Hayti, and some journeys through the States, he went to Rome in the autumn of '36, on matters connected with the American church.

Once again, and for the last time, he visited his native city in June '41. Having stayed a few weeks at Lyons, and a short time in Cork, he left Ireland never to return. The voyage was particularly bad—dysentery raged frightfully on board. The bishop, after being for a long while the consolation of all, was at length violently stricken, and most alarming symptoms ensued. On his arrival in America, however, he rallied, and for some months continued his accustomed duties. But his day had nearly come and his reward was nigh. The rigours and exertion of the ensuing Lent prostrated him. Symptoms of the most violent typhoid appeared, together with a complication of other diseases. Fiery zeal and a robust constitution may defy hardship for a while, but in the end poor human nature must yield, as it ought. The bishop's fight was fought out even unto the close. His death-sickness was borne as we might expect—the last of the ills of mortality, the painful prelude to the opening of the gates. In his last moments he summoned his clergy around his bed, and addressed them in the quick starts of a dying man, a last advice so touching and so solemn, that the memory of it shall never leave our minds. We intended to give the entire, but it is with difficulty we insert the opening passage:

"Gentlemen of the Clergy.—It is now many years since I was called by God to administer the affairs of his church in this diocese. Throughout that period I have encountered great difficulties; but He assisted me with strength and graces for the performance of my duties beyond my natural capability. On some occasions, fortunately for me, I have corresponded with those graces: on others, unfortunately, I have not. I commit all my deficiencies to the 'advocacy of Jesus Christ, the just: who is the propitiation not for my sins only, but for those of the whole world.'

"Some of you have borne with me 'the burden of the day and the heats:' others have more recently joined us in labouring in the vineyard of the Lord. The relations that exist between you and me are now about to be dissolved. On reviewing our connexion I remember many things I deemed myself obliged to say and to do, which to you may have appeared harsh or oppressive. I can truly declare that in many of those circumstances I acted (however mistaken) from a sense of duty, and in that manner which to me seemed most adapted to the end I had in view—your good. Let the motive extenuate whatever was unnecessarily severe in my judgment, or conduct. I confess it has likewise happened, owing partly to the perplexities of my position—chiefly to my own impetuosity, that my demeanour has not always been as meek and courteous as it ever should have been, and that you have experienced rebuffs when you might have anticipated kindness. FORGIVE ME.

"Tell my people I love them—tell them how much I regret that circumstances have kept us at a distance from each other, my duties and my difficulties have prevented me from cultivating and strengthening those private ties which ought to bind us together: *your* functions require a more constant intercourse with them. Be with them—be of them—win them to God. Guide, govern, and instruct them—'watch as having to render an account of their

souls, that you may do it with joy and not with grief.' There are among you several infant institutions which you are called on, in an especial manner, to sustain. It has cost me a great deal of thought and labour to introduce them—they are calculated to be eminently serviceable to the cause of order, of religion, of education, of charity—they constitute the germs of what I trust shall hereafter grow and flourish in extensive usefulness.

"I COMMEND MY POOR CHURCH TO ITS PATRONS—ESPECIALLY TO HER TO WHOM OUR SAVIOUR CONFIDED HIS, IN THE PERSON OF THE BELOVED DISCIPLE: WOMAN BEHOLD THY SON: SON BEHOLD THY MOTHER. . . ."

He continued to speak in this strain for about fifteen minutes, when, exhausted by the effort, he sank back on the pillows. The holy sacrament of extreme unction was solemnly administered. And there, in the dimness of the evening-time—his clergy kneeling around him—angelic spirits, unseen by all save him, ministering—the crucifix reared before his dying gaze—his countenance irradiated as with the rapture of anticipated bliss—then, and there, and thus, the APOSTLE expired.

Reviews.

A SHORT ADDRESS TO ALTAR SOCIETIES. By the WYKEHAM BROTHERHOOD. London: F. A. Little.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF CHURCH BELLS, WITH PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING THEM. By Walter Blunt, M.A. London: Masters.

WE have already intimated, that one of the main objects of our Periodical is to assist in reviving a taste and feeling for art—for art not as a thing of mere curiosity or insensate gratification of the connoisseur or virtuoso, but for art dedicated to its highest and holiest purpose, the adornment of God's earthly temples. The field is a wide one, and at present the labourers are few in comparison to the importance of the work, nevertheless we entertain no misgivings as to our ultimate success, for where the end to be arrived at and the means used are alike honourable, the cause must prosper. Christian art is not limited to architecture, painting, and sculpture—those arts which have been called *fine*—but embraces many minor accessories of a less striking character, which should be as carefully guarded and as judiciously directed as their more important allies. For it is not sufficient that the great frame work of the house of God should proclaim his glory in lofty spires and gorgeous sculptures, but the smallest decoration which the piety of the humblest Christian might offer should harmonize with the spirit of the majestic pile, of which it is a part.

The works above-named treat of some of those details of Christian art, for which reason we notice them in this place. The first is a publication emanating from the "Wykeham Brotherhood," a society composed of some of the most learned and eminent Catholics, lay and clerical, in England, whose object is to investigate and revive ecclesiastical art, and to show its intimate connexion with the doctrines and ceremonies of religion. The second is from the pen of a member of that portion of the Established church of England, which in latter years has been remarkable for its Catholic tendencies in doctrine, as well as for its labours for the revival of ancient Catholic art; for which we can scarcely be too grateful. For although we must pity the delusion of those who would substitute the externals of Catholicity for true Catholic faith, of which the externals are but the natural and material manifestations, we are still compelled to acknowledge that their labours seem to be the means by which an all-wise Providence is gradually leading the minds of erring men back to the one true-fold.

We shall, in the first place, notice the tract by the Wykeham Brotherhood, as it relates to the holy of holies, the altar, the seat of the great Christian sacrifice, and the chief object of a Christian's love and veneration in every church, we must premise that the arrangement, form, and decorations of an altar, like everything else appertaining to the material church, are not matters depending on individual taste and private judgment or caprice, but should be regulated by ancient Catholic examples and symbolism. The neglect of this principle has caused the many tawdry and tasteless decorations, often almost of a profane character, with which the altars of many of our churches have been, and unfortunately are still bedizened. After a few prefatory observations, the writer of this earnest address says,

"Above all things, improper carving and vulgar devices should be avoided. For instance in altars for the dead never use the inverted torch, as it would imply the extinction of hope, and, consequently, disbelief in the resurrection. It is far better to have an altar perfectly plain than ill-adorned. Hearts transfixed with darts, Cupids toasting hearts, and other devices of the Valentine's day style are to be eschewed. Never think of defiling the Holy of Holies with such vulgarities as these, now, alas! too often found there. The proper ornaments for the altar are, sculpture and colouring. The figures of our Lord, our Ladye, angels, saints, the Agnus Dei, the pelican, the sacred monogram, the ichthus, the symbols of the Holy Trinity, or the Evangelists, are all fit and appropriate ornaments, and may be placed in arches, panels, niches, trifolia, quadrifolia, or otherwise, as may be most convenient. Flat columns, with angels in bold alto-relievo, form beautiful divisions for the compartments. Paneling of simple arches or quadrifolia is always beautiful. The three primary colours, red, blue, and yellow (gold), are all that are needed (except in cases of mortuary altars, where black is desirable); and it should be observed that in altars for our Blessed Ladye blue, in those of the holy Sacrament, white should predominate; but all should be well relieved with gold, as, without this precaution, the colours will not harmonize well, but will produce a very heavy effect. The colours should always be of the richest—the silica colours are said to stand better than others; and in sculpture, beauty of form should always be attended to, as quaint, distorted, and ill-proportioned figures excite ridicule rather than devotion. Altars having been generally destroyed, we cannot point to ancient specimens; but most of the old churches contain old altar-formed tombs, which may be taken as models for altars. Many altars, especially those on which the holy Sacrament is reserved, have over them a rich canopy in marble or wood, which may or may not be gilt and coloured. Such canopy is called a ciborium."

Modern tabernacles have exceeded all just proportions. The ancient tabernacles were small metal towers for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. Indeed, where they are not required for this purpose, they should not be used as merely ornamental, and had better be substituted by a floriated cross. Anciently the blessed sacrament was reserved in a golden pyx or dove, suspended over the altar, or in a rich tabernacle in the side wall of the chancel. The latter is to be preferred, as the former is liable to accidents. The Wykeham Brotherhood here give us two very simple and characteristic examples of tabernacles in the form of towers, which may be placed on altars, and observe,

"The tabernacle being the place in which the holy Sacrament actually resides, should be as rich as our means enable us to make it, but in keeping and propriety; not with heavy and unmeaning profusion of ornament. Gold, silver, jewels, and enamel are the proper means for its adornment, and where these are too costly to be had, it may be carved and gilt, or otherwise beautified, only in correspondence with the architecture and ornaments of the church."

With the writer's observations on the "Screen and Altar-piece," we entirely coincide, not only because we are aware that these features have been wretchedly treated in modern churches, but because of the liberal spirit in which the author treats this part of his sub-

ject, and which is a complete answer to the votaries of Pagan art, who pretend to believe that those who wish to revive the ancient spirit of Catholic art, also desire to preserve the imperfections in drawing which some remains exhibit.

"The best and most appropriate back for an altar is a screen of tabernacle-work, in wood or stone, composed of niches filled with statues of saints and angels. These, however, are expensive and cannot always be had. A good picture is always appropriate; but it should be made with judgment and good taste. It is best to place it in a triptic, so as to shut up in Passion tide. The subject of the picture may be some event in the life of our Saviour, his blessed mother, or of any saint connected with the altar or the place. But care should be taken that the drawing be good, and the forms beautiful. Above all things, those burlesque, distorted, and disproportionate figures which are sometimes used to represent Him who was 'fairer than the children of men,' and Her, who was "among the daughters of Adam as a lily among thorns," are to be studiously avoided. To borrow the language attributed to Pope Adrian the First, 'our blessed Saviour is to be represented with all the attributes of divine beauty that art can bestow upon Him;' and surely the same may be said of his blessed mother. It is a grievous and mischievous error to suppose, because some of the productions of the middle ages, that have escaped the devastations of Protestantism and revived Paganism, are ill-designed and ill-executed—and, perhaps, were spared on account of their very worthlessness, that such was the general school of those periods. In the works even of Cimabue, Nicolo, Pisano, and Guido da Sienna, and much more, in the magnificent compositions of Giotto, Ghiberte, Masaccio, and Angelico da Fiesole, the greatest beauty of form and draping is always aimed at, and generally obtained without any sacrifice of the devotional character of the picture; and prints of many of the works of the great masters may be had at a moderate price, and will be found the very best models whereby to form a really good and devotional taste. Ghastly, misproportioned, and skeleton-like crucifixes should be altogether banished from the church as rather ludicrous than devotional."

After some other pointed observations on the tastelessness too frequently shown in the decorations of the altar of our Blessed Lady, the writer says:

"All such monstrosities, as well as drunken-faced wax or clay figures to misrepresent the stations of the Passion are quite inadmissible in the sanctuary—all that appears there should be noble, sublime, and good. And good, like the Divine Being whose attribute it is, is triune in its essence—a harmonic triad snatched from the music of the heavenly spheres, whose notes are virtue, beauty, and truth. Beauty, then, is essential to the good—and out on the irreverence that would put what is not good into the Holy of Holies."

We are not aware that sodalities, such as those addressed by the Wykeham Brotherhood, exist in Ireland, but we know that many ladies interest themselves in the decorations of altars, and truly a holy and glorious work it is, the highest they could be engaged in, but we regret that their taste and knowledge are not compatible with their zeal and piety, and that the results of their pious exertions are too frequently repugnant to good taste, and often provocative of contempt. Part of the Wykeham tract relates to those decorations and furniture of an altar, which may be the immediate work of a lady's own hands, and claims their especial attention. Respecting altar cloths, it is observed that they should be of the finest linen, and the borders elegantly worked, though not in "point-lace of the last new ball-room fashion." Two plates of examples of borders are given, and many more of a similar nature may be found in Pugin's "Glossary of Ecclesiastical decorations and costume."

Every altar should be provided with a set of antependia or frontals, corresponding with the canonical colours. These afford great scope for a lady's talents in embroidering decorations. The ground should be of rich velvet or silk, and the various ornamental devices wrought with gold, silver, and coloured threads.

No amount of decoration in paneling, gilding, painting, or sculpture on the front of an altar should dispense with the use of antependia, which are its proper vestures. The *Archæological Journal* contains some very useful hints on "Medieval Embroidery," and the *Ecclesiologist* (third number, new series) contains many practical suggestions on needle-work as applied to altar hangings. An embroidered hanging would also form a suitable back ground for an altar, where the more expensive decoration of a reredos or good painting could not be obtained.

The address contains many useful recommendations with respect to the sacred vessels and other furniture of the altar, and concludes with remarks on "adventitious decoration," amongst which the very chaste and appropriate ornament of flowers—"the spontaneous offering of external nature to the church"—is recommended.

"It has always been customary to decorate the altar with flowers and green boughs at certain of the great festivals. A carpeting composed of the leaves of flowers arranged by their colours into a kind of mosaic design is truly beautiful, and the flanking of the altar with boughs and flowers, with lights tastefully disposed among them has always a pleasing and festive effect. For doing this well, no rules can be given—good taste, and the form and conveniences of the place must be the sole directors. But we may remark that trumpery artificial flowers in trashy plaster of Paris vases, are things fit only for the dust-hole, and should never be placed in the Church."

Artificial flowers (no matter how elegant imitations of natural flowers) are, of course, to be excluded as unrealities from the sanctuary of the Most High, where all should be good and true. Lists of the flowers which may be appropriately used on the different festivals are given in the 18th and 21st Nos. of the *Ecclesiologist*, new series.

To all who love the splendour of God's house, and who wish to give expression to their devotional feelings by contributing to its adornment, we recommend the attentive perusal of this earnestly written tract, and praying that our Lady may prosper the good work which the Wykeham Brotherhood has taken in hand, we venture to express a hope that the day is not far distant when a similar association for similar purposes may be established in Ireland.

We now turn to Mr. Blunt's pamphlet, which treats of a subject by no means so important as the foregoing, but still of great moment as a matter of religious æsthetics. There are few persons who have not felt the influence of the sound of bells as they have heard them peal out from steeple-top the glad announcement of some high festival of holy church, or day consecrated to some hallowed association; or listened with delight to the solemn peal of the "Angelus," borne from the cloisters of a convent on the gentle breeze of a summer or autumnal eve, over far-spreading planes or up the wild glens of a mountain district. There is in the sound of a bell a harmony with nature in all her varied moods, and well did the ancient churchmen know and value this, when they associated it with so many of the important offices of the church, and memorable events in the lives of the faithful. And beautiful is the language used in the office of their dedication, when the church prays, "that as the voice of Christ appeased the troubled sea, so God would be pleased to endue that sound with such virtue that it may intimidate the enemy and encourage the faithful people, and that as the Holy Spirit formerly descended upon David when he struck the chords of the harp, and the thunder of the air repelled adversaries when Samuel

offered up the lamb, in like manner at the sound of that vase passing through the clouds, flights of angels may surround the assembly of the church, and save the minds and bodies of the believers with an everlasting protection." So sacred were bells esteemed in the Ages of Faith. Thus sanctified by the prayers of the church, they became objects of especial care, and were frequently dedicated to saints whose names they bore. With other legends, too, they were inscribed, but not of a frivolous or profane character, but conceived in the Catholic spirit which so eminently characterized the middle ages. A few of those ancient inscriptions yet remain, of which the following are examples:

"Laudo Deum verum, Plebem voco congrego clerum,
Defunctos ploro, Pesem fugo, Festa decoro.

Trinitate Sacra fiat hæc campana beata,
Det veniæ munus nobis Rex Trinus et Unus.

Sit nobis grata Virgo super astra levata.

Sit nobis portus ad vitam Virginis ortus
Ortus solamen det nobis Virginis. Amen.

Fons Evangelii repleat nos dogmate cæli."

Many other inscriptions of a similar character remain on bells which fanatic rage long ago rendered silent, and which are now preserved in the Museums of the curious.

Cardinal Bona devotes a long chapter to the history of bells, and to the description of the ceremonies of their consecration; and Durandus at length explains their various kinds, and the mystic meanings attached to them.

Mr. Blunt's pamphlet commences with a review of the various abuses to which church bells have been subjected by the Protestantism of the last three centuries, but as we are not immediately interested in this part of the subject, we pass over to that which is of more importance, the use of church bells. The writer observes:

"The bells are to the whole parish what a church organ is to an assembled congregation. They wake up the heart's affections and lead us in our praises to God. But they have a holy use and purpose of still broader character—They call us to the church, and bid all come who can. They warn, too, those who cannot come, that it is prayer-time now, that they may raise their hearts with us in our prayers though absent in body. They preach to all continually of death and judgment, of heaven and hell; and while they invite the willing, they warn those who will not come. They remind us all, amid our busy occupations, that this is not our continuing city, that we are but pilgrims and sojourners upon earth; and while they warn the slothful Christian thus continually to "gird up his loins" and haste heavenwards, they preach to those who never hear another preacher and tell them of a judgment to come. Again: they wake the heart to gladness on all the holy feast days of the church, loudly calling upon us to 'rejoice in the Lord;' and in times of fasting and humiliation, eloquent by their silence or by their mournful sounds, they call us to penitence and sorrow. Again: if any of our neighbours, rich or poor, be joined together by holy church in marriage, the bells ring out their cheerful peal of joy, bidding us all to raise up our hearts in thanksgiving with our brethren (whose marriage 'represents unto us the mystical union which is betwixt Christ and His church'). . . . Again: when any is passing out of this life the 'passing bell' is tolled, acquainting us with the awful circumstance, warning us that our own time may even now be at hand, and calling upon us to pray for our departed brother. . . . And when the soul is departed and delivered from this death-bearing body, the bells ring out in notes of solemn cheerfulness their peal of chastened joy calling on us to thankfulness for our brother's deliverance from trial and difficulty and peril—this sinful, tempting, ever dangerous world. . . . And when the body is deposited in the tomb, the bells ring out their note of praise, bidding us "to sorrow not as those who have no hope."

These are a few of the important and significant uses of church bells, and should be carried out in every church which possesses a bell, as far as possible. The

writer briefly alludes to cases in which church bells may be abused, as follows :

"Thus holy are the church bells—and thus great is their holy usefulness to us. If, therefore, they are used for any common purposes—if upon occasions of mere worldly joy—if when the church would call upon us to gladness, her bells are made to sound the note of sorrow—if their sweet voices should be bought and sold, loudly proclaiming the rich man's weal or woe, and silent or almost silent about Christ's poor—then is their usefulness destroyed, their holy purpose abolished or reversed, and a grievous sin is committed against the church, and against God to whom they are dedicated."

The pamphlet concludes with some practical suggestions on the management of bells, and the arrangement with respect to bell-ringers, and recommends "that the use of bells be confined strictly to ecclesiastical purposes"—a recommendation in which we heartily concur, for surely few things can be more painful to the ears of a Christian than to hear those instruments which are, or should be, solemnly dedicated to the service of the God of peace, ringing out the triumphs of political parties, or proclaiming the joys of this world.

Biographia Miscellanea.

SAINT COLUMB-CILLE.

On the seventh of December, in the year of our Lord's era, 521, at Gartan, in the district of Kilmacrenan, in Tyrconnell, was born a child of the line of the local princes, who became afterwards an eminent author, and living a life of untarnished purity, has long been accounted a glorified saint in heaven. The happy parents of this favoured man were both of noble birth. His mother, Aethena, was a daughter of the Leinster House of Macanava; his father, whose name was Feidhlim, was fourth in direct descent from the monarch Nial Neigallach. While in his mother's womb, it is related that his future greatness was announced to her by several angelic visitations, in one of which, a spirit clothed her with a shining garment, and then disrobing her, spread it out in the air until it covered all the visible landscape.* On enquiring into the meaning of the vision, she was told by this angel it was typical of the fame of the son she was soon to bring forth.

The child being born, was, we are told, baptized Crimthan. But in early boyhood he received either from his parents or teachers the name of Columb, which signifies a dove, and in after life his disciples added to this *cille*, or, "of the churches;" hence his historical name.

From his earliest youth he seemed marked out from the common crowd for some great mission. The son of a Milesian Prince he was, doubtless, taught in his seventh year, according to their custom, to mount a horse and fling a javelin; and ordained, perhaps, a knight of the Red Branch. But mildness, wisdom, and poetry were even then visitants in his bosom, where afterwards they fixed their unchanged habitation. The mountains and the sea-shore of his father's principedom, and the conversation of the holy priest of Kilmacrenan, had for him greater charms than the warlike sports of the court or the battle songs of bards.

The first school to which the young Columb was sent, was that of Moville, on the western shore of Lough Foyle, within a few miles of its junction with the North Channell. St. Finian presided over this seminary, which enjoyed the countenance of the O'Doherties, dynasts of Innishowen, in whose terri-

tory it was. The site was one of the most sheltered in all Leathuinn, and certainly not the least picturesque. Behind it towers Carrignamagdy, the broad and beautiful lake stretched over from it to the fertile side of Magilligan, and near to it is the rocky sea-coast of Innishowen. Here the young O'Donnell was first educated. He was here admitted an acolyth, in which capacity he was remarkable for the fervour and sweetness of his chanting in the divine office; and doubtless the grand hymns of Sedulius, so often on his lips, had the greatest share in forming his poetical tastes. Here, also, he was admitted to deacon's orders. It is told, that while with St. Finian, the wine of the monastery was exhausted, so that none could be had for the service of the altar, and that he being despatched for it, finding none, taking water and blessing it, the miracle of the marriage-feast at Canaan was re-wrought there. It is also told that a priest of the monastery passing him one night as he lay sleeping, saw a ball of fire, as it were, burning before him, which cast on his face a seraphic lustre, awful in its beauty. From Moville he went into Leinster, probably, to the place of his mother's people, where he continued his studies under the direction of one called Germanus.

Here, it would appear, the spirit of prophecy first manifested in him. Reading in the fields with his master, a girl, pursued by an infuriated ruffian, ran towards them, and was killed almost at their feet. Inspired with a holy horror of the deed, Columb foretold a terrible retribution for the murderer, which came to pass in the very mode he indicated. Whilst in Leinster he wisely profited by the opportunity of attending "the Lectures" given in Clonard, already famous for the erudition of its teachers. St. Finian, its founder, still presided over that institution. In 546, being then but a deacon, he returned to Tyrconnell. He had now gained some inkling of his mission. A fair hill above the Foyle, then crowned with ancient oaks, he obtained from his relatives, and there he founded his first church and monastery. Around these, in lapse of time, a city grew up, and that city stands till this day, and bears the name of Derry. Having witnessed the completion of this work, he resolved to make the tour of Ireland, on which he started accordingly in '48 or '9. On this journey he is said to have erected many monasteries and churches, such as those of Drumcliffe, in Derry, Rachlin Island, and Swords, but these, I think, must be attributed to his times rather than to him. It is, however, certain, that in 550 he founded the famous abbey of Durrow, in the King's County, the profanation of which, six hundred years later, cost one of the chiefs of our English invaders his life.* Kells, in Meath, had formerly a monastery also attributed, on good grounds, to his hands.

It was about this time he was ordained priest. Of this ceremony, Adamnan and O'Donnell tell us a strange story. He was "sent," they say, to a holy bishop of East Meath—called St. Etchen—who lived in the locality now known as Clonfad. On arriving at the episcopal habitation, he was told that the bishop was out ploughing in the fields, whither our church-builder went, and thence returned home with the saint in the evening. Those who sent him to St. Etchen,

* 1186.—"Hugh de Lacy, while superintending the erection of a castle on the ruins of the abbey, was killed by one of the labourers, who, indignant at the profanation of the sacred spot, struck off his head with an axe while he was stooping down to give directions."

* Lanigan, Eccl. History, vol. ii.

intended to have had him ordained a bishop (for a single prelate, according to the discipline of the Irish church in that age, could confer such a dignity), but by mistake the saint read the office for the ordination of a priest, instead of that for a bishop. Columb-cille would never afterwards permit himself to be invested with the mitre. Thus, from his earliest youth, marvels and adventures seem to have arisen at every step he took onward in life.

His career as builder and poet commenced about the same period, namely, at his twenty-fifth year, which coincidence betokens that his meditative powers and practical designs must have reached that early maturity, through much mental study and self discipline. Over both these ambitions the spirit of faith presided, and as his first erection had been a church, so his first poem was a hymn. Of this composition a living author has given us the following translation :

"Hear us, O God, whom we adore,
And bid thy thunders cease to roar;
Nor let the lightning's ghastly glare
Affright thy servants to despair.

Thee, mighty God, we humbly fear;
With Thee no rival durst compare;
In loftier strains than earth can raise
Thee angels choirs unceasing praise:
Thy name fills heaven's high court above,
And echoes tell thy wondrous love.

Jesu! Thy love creation sings,
Most upright, holy, King of kings,
For ever blest shalt Thou remain,
Ruling with truth Thy wide domain.

The Baptist who prepared Thy way,
Ere he beheld the light of day,
Strengthened with grace from God on high,
Rejoiced to know thy day drew nigh.

Though strength was gone and age prevailed,
God's aged priest by prayer prevailed;
A son was given—a Prophet came
The great Messiah to proclaim.

The gems that shine with dazzling light
Upon a cup of silver bright,
Resemble, faintly though it be,
The love, my God, I bear to Thee."*

In the interims of his more active labours, if we can receive several concurrent traditions, Columb also found time to transcribe the two copies of the Four Gospels, known severally as the "Book of Durrow," and the "Book of Kells,"† and also to compose several other hymns in Latin and Irish.‡ The free exercise of his industry as a transcriber, is related to have been the cause why he first left his native land. He had borrowed from St. Finian a psalter, of which he took a copy for himself before he returned it. But the owner of the original claimed both as his, and the case was referred to a Brehon, who adjudged that as to the owner of the cow belonged the calf, so to the proprietor of the psalter belonged the copy. Columb refused to admit the legality of such a decision, and retreated into Ulster, where on hearing his tale, the Clan Connall resolved to sustain his quarrel. The monarch of Ireland, who still abode at Tara, espoused the claim of St. Finian, and the belligerents meeting at Culdremne, in Sligo, fought a battle, in which the

Clan Connall were victorious and the copyist kept his book.* This broil rendered his longer abode in Ireland undesirable; Durrow and Kells were in the territories of the monarch, and his residence in Tir-connell might furnish at any future day a fresh *casus belli*. He resolved, therefore, to emigrate. But before he left his relations he gave them in charge a finely adorned case, in the form of a relic-box, which he charged them to carry before them in battle, but not to open. This they preserved. Through all their varied fortunes the O'Donnell's held fast by it. They carried it with them in their banishment; and it is as it were but yesterday that an heir to their name recovered it, in an obscure town on the Continent. Tradition had annexed to its opening some fearful penalty, but the present Ulster king-at-arms not being credulous in such matters, caused it to be opened, and lo! an ancient copy of a Latin psalter, written on vellum, and plainly bearing all the clearest signs of antiquity.† This, then, was the ancient talisman of Tir-connell!

The year 563 was a happy one for the souls of the Picts and Minor Scots, and the people of the western islands. It was that in which Columb-cille with his chosen twelve companions crossed the northern channel, and landed amongst them. At that time Bridisius was king of the Picts, and Connall ruled in the Dal- aradian colony. Since the cessation of the Roman wars their country had enjoyed repose; but the Christian missions of Palladius, and others, had prospered but indifferently. In the highlands and the western Isles, more particularly, the cross was yet to be planted, and the planter was come at length. The two kings gave him every facility for the prosecution of his mission, and such success crowned his labours, that all Britain resounded with admiration. Having done his work on the mainland, he coasted among the Hebrides and Orkneys, where the veneration in which he is held to this day testifies best to the verity of his apostleship. Sailing by one of the former islands, he resolved to procure it for his retreat. Its dimensions were limited indeed—three miles long by one wide. The western side of it was rocky and stern, and beyond it "the rude Corbrechtan roared." Small hills, like the backs of a shoal of dolphins, ranged along its centre; its eastern shore, which faced the coast of Ross, was low and accessible. The purple flowers of "the beautiful sea-bugloss," garnished the shore, the sturdy sea-holly grew among the cliffs, and beneath "the fatal Belladonna." Luxuriant grasses and daisies spread over the loamy fields, and sheeted the central vallies; the gannet fished along its verges, and the wild geese rested their wings in flight, or led their callow brood along its slopes. This little island, which was called Hy, the Scottish king, bestowed upon him cheerfully, and here he forthwith erected that seminary, which Johnson justly called "the great school of theology."‡ The island he called Iona. He also erected

* A battle for a book in those times was no rarity. Whoever would understand the enormous value attached to a single copy of a work then, may consult Warton, *Hist. Poetry*, vol. i., *Dissert. ii.*

† It is at present in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

‡ I cannot here refrain from copying that noble passage in which the great English moralist of the eighteenth century speaks of his feelings on landing at Iona. "We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. What ever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes

* Todd, *Hist. Irish Church*, pp. 43 and 4.

† Both these copies of the Gospels are in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. *Ibid.*, p. 43. The latter has been pronounced by Westwood, the finest MS. in Europe.

‡ Also, in the University Library, Dublin. The readers of the Irish Library scarce need be referred to the translation of that "On the Creation," in "The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland."

two or three small churches upon it, and a residence for himself and his monks.* The place appears to have been uninhabited at this time. He covered its pastures with sheep, but would allow into it no black cattle.† He used to say, that “wherever there is a cow there must be a woman, and wherever there is a woman there must be mischief.” His monks tilled the fields with their own hands, and from the inlets of the isle easily obtained their lenten fare. In the process of time this romantic establishment attracted students from all parts of the north-west, and many princes vied with each other in deference for its founder, who passed many of his days sailing in a rude corrach among the isles or along the shores of Scotland, baptizing, preaching, and adjusting quarrels. He was, in real truth, the father of that people, and we little wonder that their posterity at this day should believe that he still looks around the sea from Iona, after every storm, to see that no harm has been done them or their boats or flocks.

When not on his missionary tours, he superintended the school he had established, or busied himself in multiplying copies of the Gospels or of the Psalms. He also composed many occasional hymns in Irish and Latin; among them one in praise of the Blessed Trinity, and two laudatory of St. Kieran of Clonmacnoise, and of the holy virgin, St. Brigid. He is likewise believed to have written “A Life of St. Patrick,” which is now either lost or is no longer known as his. These compositions are to be assigned to the period of his life between 570 and 590. On one of the central hills, or elevations of his island, we are told that he had a sort of cairn piled, whence he used to resort daily to look in the direction of Ireland. This spot—Gaelic—tradition still points out as “the place of the back turned on Ireland.”‡ In the list of poems ascribed to him, Colgan mentions one, on “His passion of looking back to Ireland.” Indeed, he appears to have loved Ireland with all the devotion of an unstained soul. No mother ever so watched her child—no child so trembled for its mother’s weal, as this venerable man watched and trembled in his anxiety for Ireland. Among his poems are two others which sustain this exalted idea of his patriotism. One is called “An Epistle to some holy men of Ireland,” and the other, “A dialogue with St. Cormac, his disciple, on his return from his first navigation through the ocean.”§ Yet, amid all this care, labour, and contemplation, no moroseness ever crossed his heart or brow. “His countenance,” says Adamnan, “resembled that of an angel. In conversation he was brilliant, in work holy, in disposition excellent, in council distinguished. Although he lived on earth, yet he himself was furnished with heavenly manners. Every hour of his life was passed either in prayer, or reading, or writing, or

some useful occupation. His fastings and watchings, also, were unwearied. Yet in the midst of all these austerities, he ever preserved a cheerful countenance, and was beloved by all who were brought into intercourse with him.”*

Such was Columb-cille, in the seventieth year of his age, when he was called upon to take part in two affairs of the highest public importance, in his native country. Most of his former opponents were now no more, and many also of his friends had been gathered to the dead. St. Finian and his royal champion slept the sleep of peace, and the memory of the bloody fray of Cuilidremne was forgotten, or recalled only to be regretted. The fame of the exiled covvist had been yearly wafted over from Iona to Ireland, by those who were educated there, or had adventures there to visit so renowned a personage. Hence, he was well fitted for the character of a mediator between the conflicting parties. The immediate causes for his interference were these: the Scottish colony in Caledonia were now in the second or third generation, yet laid claim to the Irish district of Dal-aradia, in Antrim, which their fathers possessed at the time of their emigration. Aidan, their king—himself one of the Clan Clonnall—advanced this claim, and Aadh, the Irish monarch, refused to admit it. The second cause of his interference arose from the number and insolence of the Bardic profession in Ireland, which the lampooned chiefs had entered into a confederacy to annihilate by legislative act, at the earliest opportunity. To decide these difficulties, an assembly of the states of Ireland was held, at Drum-ceat, in Derry, in the year of grace, 590; Columb-cille as mediator on the part of King Aidan, consented to attend.

It was the first Christian congress in Ireland. The chiefs of almost all the kingdom, with their companies of retainers, marched to the north. The new priesthood, with its host of bishops, led the procession to the hill of council, where the monarch of Ireland was to meet these representatives of the spiritual and temporal orders of his subjects. Nor can we suppose that the bards, so deeply interested in the result, were absent. The seanachies also were there, and not inattentive spectators of the scene, to judge from the fulness and the enthusiasm of their relations of what was enacted.

Columb-cille, on the Dalaradian dispute, gave counsel that it be referred to arbitration, and proposed that Colman, a learned, aged, and holy person, should be the judge of the matter, which was consented to. Colman accepted the task, and before the assembly was yet dispersed, he decided that the colonists had no right to the land of their progenitors in the mother-country, but that they could claim the right of co-operation or clanship from the Dalaradian’s in every just case of war. This decision was at once ratified, and it continued in force, apparently, until the days of Edward Bruce, who seems to have been the last Caledonian Scot who fell in maintainance of its condition.

In the dispute about the bards, Columb-cille was

the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.” *Johnson’s Journey to the Hebrides*, works, vol. vii. p. 385.

* In the foregoing sketch of the island and its produce, I have followed Pennant.—*Vide Voyage to the Hebrides*, pp. 278, et seq.

† In one of the prophecies attributed to him, he is made to express this touching description of the latter state of that place—

“In Iona, in the island of my heart, instead of a monk’s voice shall be heard the lowing of cattle.”

‡ Pennant. *Voyage to the Hebrides*.

§ Colgan, *Acta*, vol. i. p. 36.

* “Præf. ad vitam S. Columb.” Todd’s “*Irish Church*,” p. 42. This Adamnan was Abbot of Iona, in the middle of the seventh century, and is praised by Bede for his scriptural knowledge and personal sanctity. He was one of those who most contributed to adjust the paschal dispute which existed between the Celtic and Latin churches in his time. Another who also materially advanced that union of celebration, was Cumnán of Durrow, also St. Columb’s monastery. The Saint himself is said to have foretold the controversy, and to have declared for the authority of the Roman calculation, and to have prophesied its final prevalence.

equally, though not so easily, successful. He proposed that laws should be made limiting their numbers, and defining their just privileges. He contended that their proper management, and not their extirpation, was the desirable change; and, finally, the assembly of the states concurred with him, and the bards were saved. Henceforth they were to exist, subject to the laws, an element in the sphere of society, not its arbitrary and self-willed scourges. In the Danish wars of the ninth and tenth centuries, they were found on every field in the thickest of the danger, in every camp the most watchful of sentinels, and there was no scene of victory or of defeat where the blood of the bard and of the soldier did not flow together. The harp as well as the sword might then be found in the cold hands of lifeless heroes. When, after the decisive battle of Clontarf, more peaceful times dawned upon our island, their fortunes also brightened, and the current of their lives ran smoothly among festival greens and glad castles. The harpers of Wales, of Caledonia, and Britain, came to them to learn "the gentle craft" of sweet sounds, and the same part the troubadours of Provence, and the minnisingers of Germany played in civilizing the tastes of continental feudalism, the like they achieved for the people of these western isles. Such were the fruits of Columb-cille's diplomacy at Drumceat.*

After the assembly had risen, he remained for some months in Ireland. He seems to have made "a circuit" of his old foundations. He found them all flourishing and likely to flourish. Derry and Kells were dear to his heart, as his first creations, and not less so was Durrow, to whose holy inhabitants he addressed a poetical "farewell," says Colgan, when about to return to Iona. And so famous did that island grow, that many kings resigned their thrones and retired there to dwell in peace. Three sepulchres still exist among its ruins, which contain the ashes of several of those illustrious men who living bore the majesty of Norway, Scotland, and Ireland.

The death of this great good man was beautifully fitting for one who had lived such a life. He was engaged in copying out a psalter, and had reached to the 10th verse of the 34th psalm, where it is written—*"They who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good."* It was on the ninth day of June, in the year 597. He was then advancing to four score; and the summer that smiled over the isles and shores his clear eye could see from Iona, was congenial to the repose his own heart contained. Foreseeing that he could not complete the work on which he was engaged, he said to those near him—"Let Baithen (meaning his chosen successor) finish the rest," and so, laying down his *stilus*, his soul departed in peace from its earthly tabernacle.†

His remains were interred with reverence and grief, among those of his departed companions and disciples, but in after times were transferred to Downpatrick, of which it was long ago written :

*"In Down, one grave three Saints do fill,
Patrick, Bridget, and Columb-cille."*

The character of Columb-cille is beautifully simple, yet on that account more difficult of explanation, to

* The best account of this assembly, and of the part St. Columb-cille bore in it, is given in Prince Manus O'Donnell's *Life of his illustrious predecessor*. This work, written in Irish, was completed in the year 1520, and reflects credit on the industry and piety of its eminent author. Colgan has translated the greater part of it into Latin, in the second volume of his *Acta Sanctorum*.

† Adamnan, O'Donnell, Lanigan, and Todd.

the understanding of this day. A poet by nature, and a missionary by a providential necessity, his life exhibits him as the possessor of an imagination thoroughly disciplined, a fancy obedient to the commands of faith, and a heart teeming with affection and patriotism, feelings so generalized by the circumstances of his destiny, as to include his scholars, his converts, his habitation, the very birds of the air themselves. In the original constitution of his mind, the poetic element appears to have preponderated; this, as an apostle to nations wrapt in heathen darkness, he was obliged to curb and keep in bounds. But it would not always be restrained, and, doubtless, most of the many beautiful legends of him which yet exist, in Ulster, Scotland, and the Western Islands, have originated in real occurrences, which took place while he was under the influence of its inspiration. All the best virtues of our nature seem to have been his—piety, perseverance, cheerfulness, charity, and patriotism. His "holy Isle," his great success as an apostle, his last visit to his native land, and the manner of his death, illustrate these qualities as his characteristics. His services to learning as an author, and as founder of the Ionian school, were surely considerable. His rescue of the bardic order from extinction, entitles him to an honourable place in the history of Celtic literature, and his success as a pacificator between Ireland and her only colony, gives his name a title to be enrolled with the first of our patriots.

SKETCHES OF

The Lives of Great Christian Artists, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NO. II.—FRA ANGELICO DA FIESOLE.

In the year of man's redemption, 1447, Tomaso Calandrino, the son of an humble physician of Sarzana, was elevated to the chair of St. Peter, with the title of Nicholas V. New glory was added to the church, and the fair land of Italy was again hopeful, and rejoiced in the advent of a tribune, sent by an All-wise Providence to rule his heritage on earth, and to direct the extraordinary intellectual and classic enthusiasm of the age to the glory and usefulness of the church. The fierce political conflicts which accompanied the rise of the Italian republics, had in a great measure subsided before the close of the first half of the fifteenth century. A wholesome balance between the rival claims of the democracy and aristocracy had obtained, and the feuds which had for centuries divided nearly all Italy and Germany into two violent factions, had now subsided. The scholastic philosophy of the middle age was in its decline, and the new enthusiasm for Pagan antiquity was beginning to diffuse itself all over Europe, and to manifest its influence on every department of intellectual cultivation. The church once more, for a short space, appeared to enjoy repose in her own patrimony. Avignon was for ever abandoned, and the successors of St. Peter had returned to the Eternal city. A man of enlarged views and of knowledge and prudence, in accordance with the spirit of the age, was required as visible head of the church, to gather together her apparently scattered forces, and to demonstrate again to the world that the divine promises of her founder were unfailing. This head was obtained in Nicholas, who rose from the humble sta-

tion of a transcriber of manuscripts and arranger of the Medici Library of San Marco, at Florence, to the supreme dignity of Pontiff. His only recommendations were his extensive erudition, his enthusiastic love of ancient literature, and his unaffected piety. On his elevation to the Popedom, however, he displayed talents of no uncommon kind as a statesman and ruler, while his munificent encouragement of scholars and artists has endeared his name to posterity.

While engaged in the foundation of the celebrated Vatican Library, Nicholas also turned his attention to the re-edification and embellishment of various buildings, religious and civil, in Rome. He recollected having seen, during his occupations in San Marco, a youthful and humble brother of the Dominican order, who was as remarkable for his humility and modest bearing, as for the unwearied industry with which he laboured in decorating the walls of his monastery with suitable frescos. This brother's services the Pope was determined to obtain in decorating the chapel of the Vatican; and so well was he pleased by the humble Dominican, that he offered him the Archbishopric of Florence then vacant. The friar declined this mark of his Holiness's favour, on account, as he said, of his own unworthiness, at the same time recommending Frate Antonio, an unknown brother of his convent, who was thereupon elevated to the Archiepiscopal dignity, and became the most distinguished prelate who had ruled in Florence for many centuries.

This monk-artist was Guido Petri de Mugello, known in his monastery as Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, to whom has been given the name Angelico, as expressive of his sanctified life and of the purity and devotional feeling of his works. He was born in the ancient and romantic little village of Fiesole, situated on the side of a hill overlooking Florence, of which city it was the parent, about the year 1387. His parents are said to have been persons of distinction, and were enabled to confer upon him a liberal education as well as a patrimony, by which he could have passed an easy and probably an influential life in this world. In his earlier years he had devoted himself to the illustration of missals and other ecclesiastical manuscripts, by which occupation a love for the contemplative life was imbibed; and in his twentieth year he sought and found a retreat from the tumult and distractions of this world, within the cloistered shades of San Marco, in Florence. Henceforth his life was a continual course of religious exercises. The art which he practised, and by which he has obtained the appellation of the "Painter of Paradise," was a continual hymn of praise to the sovereign Being, to whose inspiration he attributed every effort of his pencil. He never left the precincts of his monastery, except on the occasion of his visit to Pope Nicholas V., till a short time before his death, when he undertook another journey to Rome, where he died in 1455, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva.

The life of Angelico was therefore diversified by few of those external stirring events, which cast an exciting or romantic interest over the lives of the great of this world. What internal conflicts this good man endured, no one, of course, can surmise; but let not the slothful and timid in this active life of ours suppose, that the man of internal life is free from trials and temptations peculiar to his vocation, and frequently as difficult to surmount as those which beset the worldling, or attempt to excuse their own shortcomings by pleading the greater ease of the contemplative state.

From the time Angelico assumed the habit of the order of St. Dominic, he was a child in obedience. He never painted but by the order or permission of the superior of his monastery, and his works, when completed, became the property of the convent, so that thus the fame of the individual became absorbed in the community of which he was a member. This was the almost universal practice of the artists of the middle ages, and may account for the names of the architects of the stupendous piles raised for religious worship in the ages of faith, being, for the most part, unknown. Angelico's preparation for the painting of a picture was by meditation, fervent prayer, and the reception of the holy sacraments, with earnestly beseeching the blessing of heaven on the work which he was about to undertake. After this preparation he made the design of his subject which he never could be induced to alter, either by the after reflections of his own mind, or by the advice of others; and those who have seen his works, and are capable of appreciating their beauties, acknowledge that they are in harmony with this earnest faith and devotional feeling. He is described to have been a man of the most amiable temper; and it is said that he was never seen angry. Amongst his other admirable qualities, his willingness to impart the knowledge he possessed to others was conspicuous, so that during his lifetime he had many pupils who were devotedly attached to his person and his principles, and who, as far as possible, preserved the style and sentiment of his works after his death. Amongst the most distinguished of these was Benozzo Gozzoli, who was enthusiastically attached to his master, and who assisted him in some of his latter works. He enlarged on Angelico's style by the introduction of landscape backgrounds, and other accessories in his pictures, but he never equalled him in the grace and purity of the composition of his figures.

While seeking to be unknown of men, and labouring only for the honour of the church, the salvation of his own soul, and the renown of the order of which he was a member, Angelico secured an undying fame, and earned the glorious title of "Prince of Christian Artists." Little deemed that simple monk, as he laboured from early morning till the vesper bell warned him that the time for repose had arrived, that the works which were then glowing, and becoming animated as it were, beneath his hand, should, after the lapse of four centuries of neglect, be esteemed precious models for the revival of Christian art. His sole ambition (if ambition it could be called) was to leave, not memorials of his artistic powers and skill, but salutary lessons to his companions and to the future brotherhood of his house; lessons that might recall their wandering thoughts and aid in fixing them in the contemplation of eternal truths, as they paced the silent cloisters of San Marco, or worshipped beneath the proud towers of its glorious church. Yet while labouring with this singleness of intention, and confining his thoughts and exertions to a sphere apparently so narrow, his works produced under the influence of those feelings have given him nearly a world-wide celebrity, and will continue to be daily more and more appreciated, as just views of the end and scope of art are developed.

In the *style* of Angelico's pictures, the mere connoisseur, whose *taste* is formed by academical notions and models of Pagan antiquity, will find little to interest him, but the Christian who esteems the legitimate sphere of art to be the power of exciting faith and

hope and love, will find much to please his imagination as well as to interest the best feelings of his nature. The sublime terrors of Michael Angelo, 'tis true, are not to be found in his works, nor the gracefulness of Raphaelle's great productions; but a wonderful combination of art and purity, which speak a more mysterious and consoling language to our hearts, and in which it is impossible, as Goerres says, not to recognize a still higher beauty, evincing all the characteristics of mystic vision. We are not challenged to admire the artist's skill in anatomy and the mere imitation of uninspired nature, but the simplicity and chasteness of the style of his drapery, and the profound symbolism of his decorations; not the expression of rude passion in the faces of his men and women, but rather the poetical and religious fervour of his saints and martyrs. His power lay not in the expression of the evil tendencies of man's fallen nature, but, in the words of Baffalmacco, "in representing saints, holy men, and holy women, on walls and over altars, in order that by their means, men, to the great despite of demons, might be more disposed to piety and virtue." His representation of the Blessed Virgin so affected Michael Angelo, that he declared "it was humanly impossible to paint such a blessed form as he composed of Mary, in his picture of the Annunciation; the painter must have beheld her." In the mechanical treatment of his subjects, Angelico has been excelled by artists who have existed since his time, and who have applied themselves more directly to the study of animate nature, but in the purity of expression and beauty of the heads of saints, and in the embodiment of feelings of faith and hope and divine contemplation and resignation, he has never been surpassed, and perhaps will never be approached in excellence till another spirit like his shall arise. No matter how much the egotistic philosophy of our times may slight the influences which religious observances exercise over intellectual labours, the life of this prince of mystic painters, demonstrates that a spiritual communion with a holier world is a portion of the blessing which has been promised to the pure of heart. That it was under the influence of this divine blessing he was enabled to produce his admirable works, we can entertain no doubt; and we must admit, with Vasari, "that such an extraordinary talent as he possessed could only be the attendant on the highest sanctity—for to succeed as he did, the artist himself must be religious and holy."

The works of Angelico are very numerous, and are to be seen in many of the picture galleries of Europe, but it is said that none of them has reached any of the public collections in England. Passavant attributes to him, however, a small pen and ink drawing at present in the British Museum, which he describes as "a youthful saint in the costume of that period, with long hanging sleeves, supporting himself with both hands upon his sword. He is standing in a richly-ornamented tabernacle of Italian architecture, with a gable in the Gothic style; drawn in Indian ink, with the pen, upon white paper." He also says there is an "Herodius dancing at the banquet," in the collection of Mr. Samuel Rogers. His greatest works are the frescos on the walls of his own convent of St. Mark, in Florence, in the church of St. Maria Novella, and in the chapel of Nicholas V., in the Vatican. The collection of the late Cardinal Fesch contained one of his easel pictures, representing the last judgment.

The Louvre is fortunate in the possession of one of

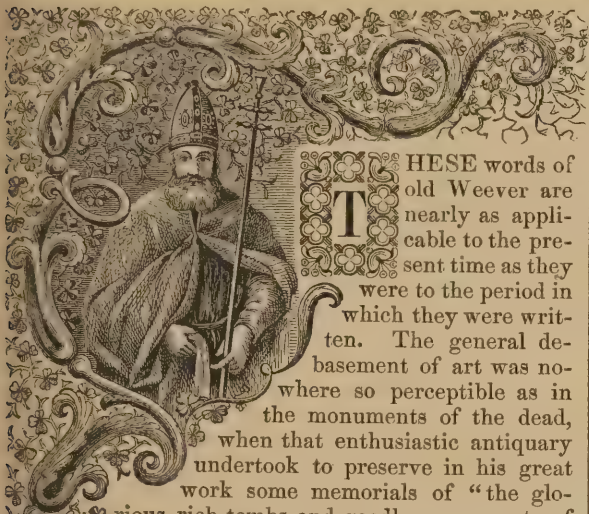
the most beautiful of this master's easel pictures. The subject was a frequent and favourite study with the artists of the middle ages—the coronation of the Blessed Virgin by her Divine Son—and was peculiarly adapted to the genius of the blessed Angelico. It was painted for the church of St. Dominic at Florence, and continued to adorn it till the commencement of the present century, when it was obtained by the French government and placed for the first time in the Louvre in 1815. A. W. Schlegel published outline illustrations of this work, with explanatory notes. Recently a very beautiful collection of lithographs, consisting of half figures from the picture, has been published by Debost and Des Mottes of Paris. These plates include three angels with musical instruments, figures of St. Agnes, St. Augustin, St. Laurence, the Blessed Virgin, and our Lord. They are accompanied by an abridgment of Schlegel's description, and a short notice of the painter's life, compiled from Vasari, Lanzi, and Bottari. Mrs. Jameson, with her usual accuracy, describes this admirable work, "It represents a throne under a rich Gothic canopy, to which there is an ascent by nine steps; on the highest kneels the Blessed Virgin, veiled, her hands crossed on her bosom. She is clothed in a red tunic, a blue robe over it, and a royal mantle with a rich border flowing down behind. The features are most delicately lovely, and the expression of the face full of humility and adoration. Christ, seated on the throne, bends forward, and is in the act of placing the crown on her head; on each side are twelve angels, who are playing a heavenly concert with guitars, tambourines, trumpets, viols, and other musical instruments; lower than these, on each side, are forty holy personages of the Old and New Testament; and at the foot of the throne kneel several saints, male and female, among them St. Catherine with her wheel, St. Agnes with her lamb, and St. Cecilia crowned with flowers. Beneath the principal picture there is a row of seven small ones, forming a border and representing various incidents in the life of St. Dominic. The whole measures about seven and a-half feet high by six feet in width. It is painted in distemper; the glories round the heads of the sacred personages are in gold; the colours are the most delicate and vivid imaginable; and the ample draperies have the long folds which recall the school of Giotto; the gaiety and harmony of the tints, the expression of the various heads, the divine rapture of the angels with their air of immortal youth, and the devout reverence of the other personages, the unspeakable serenity and beauty of the whole composition render this picture worthy of the celebrity it has enjoyed for more than four centuries."

A series of thirty-six plates, engraved in outline, from the pictures in the Academy of the Fine Arts in Florence, has been published by G. B. Nocchi of Firenze. They illustrate several scenes and passages of our Lord's life, and of the holy Scriptures. Amongst them is the celebrated Last Judgment, which the Count de Montalembert esteems the *chef-d'œuvre* of Christian painting. The same artist was engaged some time ago in engraving in outline a series of full-sized heads from the frescos in the convent of San Marco, which are probably published by this time.

The frescos of San Marco have also been illustrated in chromolithography by M. Henri de Laborde, and are not only accurate copies of the outlines of the magnificent works which they represent, but also fac-similes of the original colouring.

Sepulchral Monuments.

"If any one shall seriously survey the tombes erected in these our days, and examine the particulars of the personages wrought upon their tombes, he may easily discern the vanity of our minds, veiled under our fantasticke habits and attires, which in time to come will be rather provocations to vice than incitations to virtue; and so the Temple of God shall become a schoole-house of the monstrous habits and attires of our present age."—*Weever's Funeral Monuments.*



THESE words of old Weever are nearly as applicable to the present time as they were to the period in which they were written. The general debasement of art was nowhere so perceptible as in the monuments of the dead, when that enthusiastic antiquary undertook to preserve in his great work some memorials of "the glorious rich tombs and goodly monuments of our most worthy ancestors, of which few remains through the malignetie of wicked people, and our English profane tenacitie will be shortly left to continue the memory of the deceased to posterity."—Since that time the work of violent iconoclasts has ceased, but it has been succeeded by a barbarous taste which has proved as great a foe to antique art. The opinion which some had, "that tombs and their epitaphs taste somewhat of Popery," could not prevent that work of humanity which affords comfort to the mourner in the commemoration of the dead, by the erection of material monuments; a practice most in accordance with one of the deepest and, perhaps, most amiable feelings of our nature, and which consequently has existed at all times and in all countries, but at no time and in no place with such tender feelings and holy sympathies as in those which have been blessed by the influence of Catholicity. We find, therefore, that when Christian symbols were forbidden as "Papal," the emblems of Paganism quickly took their place, so that modern cemeteries and churches present rather the appearance of the burial grounds of heathens than of the resting places of the bodies of departed Christians. In churches and church-yards pertaining to the "establishment," all Christian symbols have been carefully excluded as "Popish;" and revived paganism, as "Protestant," has been allowed to run riot. With those abominations we have no concern at present, but our own churches and cemeteries, having felt the influence of the depraved taste of our neighbours, demand our attention. 'Tis true we never abandoned the precious symbol of the cross, but then we have associated it with emblems of paganism not a few. Weeping figures, cinerary urns, and inverted torches, too often enjoy a more conspicuous place on the tombs of Catholics than the emblem of their faith and hope.

Let us attempt to picture a church-yard of the ages of faith with its monuments and those of the adjoining church, and contrast them with those of our days.

You are probably a way-farer, on a pilgrimage of devotion to some ancient shrine, or to a scene which has been hallowed by the presence of some saint or sage of whom you have heard and read and dreamed till his very being became familiar to you, and every scene which he loved, every object with which he was associated in your memory, was some manifestation of his spirit. Starting from amongst lofty and wide-spreading trees, a tapering spire, surmounted by a gilded cross and cock,* announce that you are in the neighbourhood of a village church. You pause awhile; slowly and solemnly the tower bells peal out their mournful tones, and anon a "merrie peal" declares that a Christian warrior, who has "fought the good fight," is about being laid, more in triumph than in sorrow, in his last consecrated bed. You piously resolve to assist at this corporal work of mercy, and having arrived at the lych gate,† you await the approach of the funeral train. The "merrie peal" you had heard awhile ago, is succeeded by a slow and solemn toll. At length the procession arrives; a cross is borne at its head, then follows a priest in cope with his attendants, reciting portions of the office for the dead; then the coffin, supported on a bier covered with a pall of rich material embroidered with a goodly cross, and borne by some of the brotherhood of the guild of which the deceased was a member. Then follow the mourners bearing lights, emblems of joyous hope. The members of the guild follow close after, and the villagers, in processional order, close the train. The coffin is laid under the lych gate, and the funeral train rest till the clergy and choir approach from the church. The first peal of triumphant bells announced the approach, a second peal now shows that the church is welcoming the actual arrival of one of her children whose work is done. The coffin is again taken up, and the procession moves forward and enters the church by the south porch, where the departed had long years ago renounced "Satan and all his works and pomps," and had by the waters of holy baptism become a living temple of the Holy Spirit. The bier, with its burden, is then deposited in the centre of the nave, the attendants reverentially kneel around, and

"The mass is sung, and prayers are said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells toll out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal."

Then the procession moves to the grave—dole is distributed amongst the poor—and the Christian hero is committed to his last earthly resting place, and "no more his bed he leaves ere the last angel-trumpet blows."

And now having assisted at this last corporal work of mercy, let us survey this sacred precinct, which contains the earthly temple of the Most High, and the hallowed spot where Christian bodies have reposed through long ages. It is situated on a gently-rising ground—its form is that of a parallelogram, stretching from east to west. No building adjoins it, except the simple parsonage of the parish priest, and the still less pretending dwelling of the *fossarius*, or grave digger. The church stands in the centre of the length of the plot of ground, but is situated more to the north than to the south side. It is observable that there are few graves on the north side of the church, and no memorials whatever to the persons there interred. They

* Every ancient spire was terminated by a cock, the emblem of vigilance—see Durandus' *Rationale*.

† The ancient name for the entrance of the church, *garth* or yard.

have been all strangers, and the parishioners here, as elsewhere, entertain a traditional dislike to sepulture in that position. The precinct is surrounded by a low fence-wall, of that class of work known in the country as "rubble," about four feet high, and surmounted by a plainly-moulded coping of dressed stone. Within this fence yews, poplars, and firs are skilfully intermixed, and almost intercept all view from within or without. Towards the east there are yew trees,* and around their bases are arranged circular wooden or stone seats for the accommodation of those who come hither to meditate, to commune with the memories of departed friends, or to pray for their souls' weal. The entrance to the church-yard is by a lych gate, and a stile—the latter for foot passengers, and the former for funeral and other processions. It is a solid yet ornamental structure. Its jambs are of stone, appropriately carved with heraldic forms of the cross and monograms of the Holy Name. The canopy is wide, spreading towards the north and south, and is elegantly carved. Beneath this canopy the coffin is always laid down till the arrival of the priest and choir. The gates are of oak, strongly framed, swinging on floriated hinges of iron, and fastened with a padlock, which in itself is a wonder of the smith's art; the key, too, is worth observing—the wards form the monogram of our Lord's name. There is no path but one within the sacred precinct, and that conducts you from the lych gate to the south porch of the church, by a route a little circuitous, because the gate is placed to the south-west. The first object that arrests your attention is the large cross placed mid-way between the entrance and the south porch, and to the east of the path. It stands on three graduated steps above a strong plinth of rubble masonry, which form what is termed the *calvary*. Its height may be about twenty feet. Its arms and head are surrounded by a circle. Its sides are elaborately carved with various Scriptural and mystic devices. On one side is the fall of Adam, with minute sculptures illustrative of the Old Testament, tending upwards, and terminating with the figure of our crucified Redeemer. On the other sides are various subjects from the life of the saint under whose patronage the church is dedicated. A gently-rippling stream, running in a south-westerly direction, attracts our attention; we trace its source and find it to be the "well of our Ladye," situated in the south-eastern angle of the precinct. It is covered by a beautifully-carved wellcot, exhibiting *fleur de lis* and the letter M in antique character, which was erected, as a quaintly carved inscription informs us, by one of the former parish priests—"Hanc turrem in honore sanctae Mariae Virginis construxit et dedicavit Eugenius quondam Rector hujus ecclesiae." It is ever clear and cool; it supplies the water for holy baptism, and all the necessary purposes of the church, and affords refreshment to the weary pilgrim. Let us try its efficacy. Miraculous cures have also been attributed to it, the memory of which is transmitted amongst the worthy parishioners from generation to generation.

Let us now walk through the green turf, treading reverentially, for we are on consecrated ground, and trace the affecting memorials which filial piety or brotherly love has raised to the memory of departed friends and kinsmen. You will observe, that the little green mounds which mark the graves are all turned in one direction towards the east, except in the case of the

graves of priests, which are all made to regard the west. Here and there low and simple oaken crosses mark the resting places of the more humble parishioners. There are head-stones varying in height from a foot and a-half to three feet, and embodying some heraldic form of the cross; but, perhaps, the most usual forms of these memorials are the coped coffin-lid and the flat Lombardic slab. The former is about seven feet in length, in the shape of a coffin—whence its name—and sloping downwards from the centre to throw off rain; and a slightly relieved cross, with floriated stem and calvary, extends from the head to the foot. The Lombardic slab is an oblong, flat stone, with a floriated cross in low relief or incised, and a marginal legend surrounding it. These comprise the four classes of church-yard memorials of the departed faithful. Their legends or epitaphs are in the same spirit, and in structure differed little from those on the monuments in the interior of the church of which we shall soon have more to say.

It is now noon-tide, and we had better retire to the church and investigate its lore; but ere we enter let us rest within the porch, while we hold some conversation as to the time when sepulture was first permitted within the church, for doubtlessly you are aware that the ancient canons forbid any one to be buried within the church itself. "At first, indeed, even the bishops, saints, and martyrs were buried *near* the church, '*juxta ecclesiam*,' as Bede says of St. Augustin's body. This was in the front court, the *Paradisus Ecclesiae* as at Rome, or in France '*Ecclesiae Parvium*.' Thus, before many of the churches of Ravenna, as at the cathedral, and before the Basilica of St. John the Baptist, stand vast sarcophaguses in which great personages were buried, before it was permitted to entomb any one within the church. Constantine was buried in the porch of the Apostles' at Constantinople; Honorius in the porch of St. Peter at Rome; St. Augustin, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, was interred in the porch of St. Peter and St. Paul, which was a church of his foundation, near Canterbury, and together with him, six other archbishops who next succeeded him, whose relics were afterwards removed into the abbey church. In the fourth century, bishops were buried within the church; though, for a long time after, only bishops, abbots, holy priests, and laics of the utmost sanctity were allowed to be buried in churches. By degrees, however, this salutary discipline was broken through, and persons of all ranks, without regard to spiritual qualifications, were admitted to be buried within the church; the only distinction required being that laymen should be placed with their feet towards the altar, while ecclesiastics should have their heads next it, as if fronting the people. Still the memory of the former discipline prevailed, so far as sometimes to induce great princes, through humility, and as an expression of penitence, to command that their bodies should be interred without the walls. An instance of this occurs in the history of Suger; for we read, that when he proposed to rebuild the Abbey church of St. Denis, the entrance was obstructed by a great massive porch which concealed the portal. This had been built by Charlemagne, from a pious motive. Pepin, his father, was buried under that spot, not laid on his back like other dead men, but prostrate, with his face against the ground, in order to denote, as he had said, that he wished to make amends for the excesses committed by his father, Charles Martel. Charlemagne, not enduring that his father should be buried

* From these trees the "Palms" blessed and distributed by the church, on Palm-sunday, were taken.

without the church, had built this huge porch, that by this contrivance he might be within it. Suger, however, had the body removed to another place, and the porch destroyed."

At a later period it became the practice to bury distinguished personages under the very foundations of the walls of a church.

We shall now enter the church. It is a solemn scene, still and awful, yet not oppressive; we feel that a Holy Presence fills all around, and a bright light, flickering in a *corona lucis*, indicates the actual presence of the Most High, under the sacramental veil. We kneel in lowly reverence for a brief space and then rise doubly impressed with the sanctity of the tabernacle. Although it is little past mid-day, a dim, "religious light" pervades the consecrated pile—a few scattered worshippers kneel around; some at altars, others before niches filled with images of the blessed Virgin and other saints. The church consists of nave, and aisles, and chancel, of the best period of Gothic architecture. The south door, by which we entered, appears to be very much older than the remainder of the building—in fact it is a portion of the ancient and simple church, erected here many centuries previous, and which, with this exception, had been entirely removed to make way for the new structure. The nave is divided from the aisles by arches, supported on ranges of piers alternately circular and octagonal, with bases of elegantly-formed mouldings, and capitals of delicately-wrought curling foliage. The arches are deeply moulded, and over them are small quatrefoil and trefoil openings, forming clerestory windows. The aisle-walls are low, and pierced with windows of geometrical and flowing tracery at irregular intervals. There is a large door at the west end of the nave, opening in two folds or leaves, stoutly framed of oak, and ornamented with iron hinges, covering the surface and forming the most curious devices; the jambs are formed of deeply-sunk mouldings and columns, and the arch is elaborately moulded and decorated with wall-flower and other ornaments. At the east of the nave, a triumphal arch opens into the chancel, the very glory of the pile; eastward of the aisles, too, are chapels of our Ladye and St. John, and at the west end of the north aisle stands the massive bell-tower with its lofty broach spire, containing a peal of eight bells, each one of which bears the name of a saint and an appropriate legend. The east window of the chancel is a glorious object to behold; it is composed of seven days or lights separated by monials;* its head is formed of graceful flowing tracery, and the entire is filled with stained glass of the most exquisite design and execution. The central light contains three subjects, the lowermost, the crucifixion, within a circlet of ruby; over it a large *vesica piscis*,† containing, on a blue ground, a representation of our Saviour enthroned in great majesty; he holds a globe in one hand, the other is raised in benediction, his head is surrounded by a golden cruciform nimbus; over this is the ascension. The adjoining lights contain representations of several passages of

our Lord's life, and the annunciation and assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The outermost lights contain the Apostles, St. Patrick, St. Augustin, St. Edmund, and other fathers, martyrs, and confessors. The other windows of the church are filled with pictures of saints and holy personages, the example of whose virtues, thus brought conspicuously before the faithful, might afford them inspiration and courage to follow in their steps. Some of those windows also serve as memorials of the departed, by the use of marginal legends, such as this: ✠ "Orate pro anima Henerici rector hujus ecclesiæ qui hanc fenestram fieri fecit."

The interior of the bold oaken roof is painted with a deep azure ground, spangled with stars; the mouldings are relieved with gold and vermillion; and the intersections of the timbers are adorned with gilded bosses of various designs, some the monogram of the holy name, others, crosses on shields, heraldic achievements, &c., fully emblazoned. In the west bay of the nave-roof, are several shields, or, bearing-crosses, gules, and shields, gules charged with crosses saltier and moline, argent. One large achievement, in the vertex, exhibits a full emblazonment, parted per pale, the dexter argent, a stag statant, proper, attired, or, sinister gules, on bend, argent, three trefoils, vert. In the south aisle-roof, are shields, gules with sword erect, in pale, argent, surmounted by two keys, and in the north aisle are shields argent, with talbot's head, tenné, seme of billets. The walls are decorated with subjects from scripture and local traditions done in fresco, and pious texts, so that no space is left unoccupied or uninteresting. In the chancel, the miracle of the loaves and the fishes, the last supper, and the text "Sanguis meus novi Testamenti pro multis effunditur in remissionem peccatorum;" in the chapel of our Lady, St. Anne teaching the Blessed Virgin, the annunciation, and the flight into Egypt, and the assumption, with the "magnificat" are represented. The nave is adorned with portraits of the early saints of the church, a goodly throng of bishops, priests, abbots, monks, nuns, and other holy personages, and with such texts as "Domine dilexi decorem domus tuæ." Over the chancel arch, on the west side, is a magnificent painting; it is the last judgment, or "doom." Enthroned in awful majesty, is the Saviour of the world, accompanied by our Lady and St. John the Baptist. It is a miracle of art;—observe the throng of all nations and peoples—on the right the just, on the left the unjust are arranged, each one bearing his badge, by which alone you distinguish his earthly rank; for emperors, kings, politicians, and heroes have here only precedence by their positions amongst the just or unjust—the sentence is passed—the doom is irrevocable. It is one of the last things to be remembered—lowly kneel, and meditate upon it.

You are near the great Rood, with its loft and screen, situated in the chancel arch and beneath the "doom." It is a magnificent work of the most perfect period of Christian art. That large central compartment of the screen, with doors opening inwards to the chancel, is called "the holy door;" there are four narrower compartments at each side, separated by slender monials. The lower part of these is formed of solid panelling; the upper part is overhung by a series of beautiful canopies, enriched with crockets, crops, and crisp foliage wonderfully undercut. The loft is an ample space, and supported by a wide-spreading canopy rising from the screen. The entire is painted and gilded in the most costly fashion. The monials are

* The ancient name for the mouldings dividing the days or lights of Gothic windows; they are now called *mullions*.

† A figure formed by the junction of two segmental curves at their points, often enclosing a representation of our Saviour or the blessed Virgin. It was also the shape of most ancient monastic seals, examples of which may be seen in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. We are glad to perceive that the stamp on the school-books of the Christian Brothers, containing the arms and motto of the order, is in this ancient form. For its antiquity and the supposed derivation of its name, see Dr. Rock's *Hierurgia*.

enriched with small statues of saints ; the lower panels are filled with paintings of saints, done on gold diaper ground, in lively colours. Rising high above the loft is the great "rood," the chief object of veneration ; on the cross is the figure of our Redeemer—not represented as an agonizing sufferer or criminal, but with a countenance beaming with heavenly love—his arms outstretched as if embracing mankind, whom, by his sufferings, he has redeemed. At the extremities of the head, foot, and arms of the cross, are the evangelistic symbols, and on each side stand figures of the Blessed Virgin and the beloved disciple, St. John. Thus the worshipper has constantly before his eyes two of the greatest mysteries of religion, the atoning sacrifice of his Redeemer, and the final judgment at which he will have to render an account of the use or abuse he has made of that sacrifice ; and the nature of the veneration to be paid to the representation of so awful a subject is conveyed in the following lines :

"Effigiem Christi dum transis pronus honora
Sed non effigiem sed quem designat adora."

The floor contains its appropriate lore, and harmonizes with the general effect of this rich pile. It is entirely covered with small square encaustic tiles,* forming varieties of geometric and heraldic devices, some of which are similar to those on the bosses of the roof.

The font, near the west door, we shall not forget, with its symbolic representations of death and sin overpowered by the waters of the sacrament of regeneration, and its beauteous illustrations of the sacraments, its massive cover, surmounted by a golden pelican, and its curiously-wrought surrounding railing of bronze.

Let us now return to the rood-screen ; and having obtained permission to enter the chancel, let us reverentially examine its costly furniture. Ascending three steps, which mark the commencement of the sacrarium, we reach the altar, a slab of marble, marked with five crosses on its upper surface, and supported by four pillars ; beneath this slab, or "*mensa altaris*," in a costly "*feretrum*," or portable shrine, are the relics of martyrs, deposited here at the time of consecration. The front of the altar is furnished with an antependium of rich stuff, elegantly embroidered, enamelled, and set with precious stones ; in the centre is a pelican, within a *vesica*, and at the angles are the emblems of the evangelists. At the sides of the altar hang curtains of costly stuff, also embroidered, and, like the antependia, changed to suit the canonical colour of the day. On the altar reposes the missal, a manuscript richly illuminated in colours and gold, and massively bound with painted boards and golden clasps. The altar-cards are *very small, unobtrusive charts*, containing the "*lavabo*," beginning of St. John's Gospel, and parts of the canon of the Mass. No tabernacle occupies the centre of the altar, but a large and exquisitely-wrought cross, adorned with enamel and jewels ; at each side of this cross stand two massive candelabra of solid gold, elaborately chased. At the back of the altar, and under the great east window,

* These are small squares of baked earth, generally of a brown colour, and impressed with some pattern, generally of a yellow hue. They are about six inches square, and four of them usually form some complete device. There are many examples remaining in the south transept of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Mr. Oldham has published a short account of Irish encaustic. They are very extensively manufactured and used in England at present, and form the most appropriate and beautiful covering for the floor of a church.

is a triptic,* containing an admirable copy of Hubert and John Van Eyck's picture of the adoration of the Lamb ; it is like all other triptics, composed of a central compartment and leaves or doors by which it may be closed in passion-tide ; it is also divided into lower and upper pictures. The lower picture represents the "Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world," standing upon a vested altar ; his blood flows from his breast into a chalice ; he is surrounded by kneeling angels bearing the cross in triumph, with censers in their hands, and saints robed in white, bearing palm branches in their hands. Beneath the Lamb is "the fountain of living waters," surrounded by apostles, martyrs, bishops, and priests "who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb." On one of the leaves is a representation of St. Christopher, accompanied by groups of pilgrims ; and on the other, troops of mail-clad knights with banners and trophies. Over the Lamb is the Holy Spirit, under the semblance of a dove. In the centre of the superior part of the altarpiece is represented God the Father, enthroned as sovereign pontiff of the church ; he is robed in a rich cope with embroidered orphreys, and wears the tiara ; in his left hand he holds a sceptre, and his right hand is raised in benediction. On his right hand side, is seated the blessed Virgin, reading, richly attired and crowned ; on his left hand is represented St. John the Baptist, dressed in the skins of beasts, covered with a cope, with a book resting on his knees. On the folds are represented St. Cecilia, sitting at an organ, and accompanied by choiristers. On the ends of the folds Adam and Eve are represented, as symbols of the origin of sin ; and over them are depicted the sacrifice of Abel and his murder by Cain, to show the depravity of fallen man, and the necessity that existed for the sacrifice of the Lamb.

In the wall, on the Epistle side of the altar, you observe three arched recesses—these are the *sedilia*, in which the priests and deacons sit while the choir chants the "*gloria*," and other parts of the mass ; they are elaborately wrought in harmony with the remainder of the building. East of the *sedilia* is another and a smaller recess. It stands about three feet over the chancel floor : this is the *piscina*, it contains a credence shelf, and a ground drain.

But we are greatly digressing ; our object is to investigate the sepulchral monuments, and we have nearly scanned every part of the church ere we commence our task. Some other day, and, with the kind permission of the sacristan, we shall examine the treasures of his ambryes, with their splendid chalices, crosses, thuribles, pyxes, and tabernacles ; and of his strong, iron-bound cedar chest, with its chausables, copes, dalmatics, stoles, orphreys, and other priestly vestments.

Ere we leave the chancel, let us see this beautiful recess on the gospel side of the altar. It is the "Founder's tomb," and also serves as the "Easter sepulchre." We shall call it a "canopied tomb," to distinguish it from other recesses of a somewhat similar nature. It is about two feet high and eight feet long. The front consists of a series of beautiful canopied niches, or tabernacle work, filled with figures of the apostles. The "*tabula*," or upper slab, is of dark marble ; and upon it reposes the figure of the founder, clad in knightly armour, the hauberk covering the entire of the body, with *coif de mailles* for the head and *chausses* for the legs and feet, surmounted by a

* For the ancient origin and use of triptics, see Dr. Rock's *Hieurgia*.

plain surcoat, with sleeves, fastened round the waist with a girdle. His hands are clasped, as if in hopeful prayer, on his breast; his sheathed sword lies by his side, typical of his having died in peace and not in the field of war; his legs are crossed, and his feet rest on a lion couchant. The following simple legend, in quaintly carved characters, on the margin of the "*tabula*," informs us not of his military prowess or his worldly distinction, but of the fact of his having been a benefactor to the church.

"✠ HIC JACET CHRISTOPHERUS DE BARNIVALLE, MILES, QUI HANC ECCLESIAM ÆDIFICARI FECIT. CUJUS ANIMÆ PROPICIETUR DEUS."—AMEN.

The canopy is richly cinquefoiled within crocketed resant arches; each cusp or point of the foliations is adorned with the figure of an angel, bearing shields, with the arms and quarterings of the deceased knight; panelled buttresses with pinnacles, finials, and tracery, flank the sides. In the spandrels between the arches and buttresses are shields emblazoned with the armorial achievements of De Barnivalle, parted per pale, baron and femme—first argent, five sheaves of wheat,* proper; second, parted per fess, in chief two dogs courant, in base one dog courant. The under groining of the canopy is painted deep azure, spangled with stars. The back is richly diapered with colours and gilding. On the wall at the head of the tomb, is a representation of the guardian angel with overspreading wings and long severe drapery, the hands outstretched, quite in the style of Giotto's school; and at the foot a portraiture of St. Christopher, the knight's patron saint, with an uprooted tree in his hand as a staff, and the infant Saviour on his shoulders. Both paintings are executed in the most brilliant colours and gilding.

Under a low arch in the south wall of the Lady chapel, is another enriched recess, within which is a low shelf or ledge of masonry, surmounted by a slab of marble, containing an inlaid floriated cross and calvary of brass enamelled. On one side of the stem is an incised chalice, showing that the individual commemorated was a priest, and around the margin is the following epitaph:

"✠ IN GRATIA ET MISERECORDIA JESU HIC REQUIESCIT CORPUS EUGENII, QUONDAM RECTOR HUIUS ECCLESIE: CUJUS ANIMÆ PROPICIETUR DEUS."—AMEN.

Around the walls of the aisles you will find many such memorials of the departed faithful, both laics and clerics; but on the floor there are several mementos worthy of your attention. One is a slab of grey marble, incised with a cross, and bearing no name, date, or other inscription, save

"✠ O CRUX SANCTA ADJUVANS NOS."

Another is a brass or latten† plate, containing incised figures of a knight and a lady; at the feet of the former lies a lion, the emblem of courage and generosity; at those of the latter a dog, the emblem of fidelity and affection. The costume of the female is that of the time in which she lived—a long robe covering the whole body, showing the tight sleeves of an under garment, and surmounted by a mantle; a wimple surrounds the neck and chin. The following epitaph is on the margin:

"✠ HIC JACENT JOHANNES DE BOTELERUS, ET BRIGIDA UXOR EJUS QUI QUIDEM JOHANNES OBIIT IN FESTO EPIPHANIE ANNO DNI, MCCCCLV: ET PREDICTA BRIGIDA OBIIT IN FESTO S. MI-

* In heraldic language, "garbes."

† The mixed metal of which these plates were made was called latten or laton.

CHÆLIS ARCHANGELI ANNO DNI MCCCCLVII. QUORUM AIAS ET OMNIUM FIDELIUM DEFUNCTORUM MISEREATUR DEUS."—AMEN.

Here again is another variety of memorial, commemorative of the "*cementarius*" or chief mason from whose "*plats*" and directions the church was erected. It is laid near the south porch door, and consists of a "floor cross" or slab, with cross and calvary in very low relief; the margin is inscribed with the following legend:

"✠ ORA PRO ANIMA JACOBI HUIUS ECCLESIE CEMENTARIUS."

To this text is added:

"DOMINE, SECUNDUM DELICTUM MEUM NOLI ME JUDICARE."

A little to the east of this you perceive a small brass commemorative of a priest—the figure is represented in the eucharistic vestments, holding a chalice in his hands; from his mouth proceeds the legend:

"SANGUIS CHRISTI SALVA ME."

Around the margin is written:

"✠ JOHANNES GOWANNUS, CLERICUS, CUJUS AIE PROPICIETUR DEUS.—AMEN. CREDO QUOD REDEMPTOR MEUS VIVIT."

This being the memorial of a clergyman, you observe its head is turned towards the east, while the memorials of the laity extend from west to east.

Near this priest's memorial is a large brass, measuring about six feet in length, and inscribed with a figure in the costume of the early part of the fourteenth century, a straight robe reaching to the feet, under a mantle buttoned on the right shoulder; on the girdle is hung a rosary; the beard is long and pointed, but the head is bald. The inscriptions in Lombardic character are in Latin and French. From the mouth of the figure proceeds the legend:

"VIXI, PECCAVI, PENITUI: DEPRECOR MAJESTATEM TUAM UT TU DELEAS INIQUITATEM MEAM."

And on the margin:

"✠ ICI GIST EDUARDE DE CUSACKE, LYMNERE DEKI ALME DIEU CIT MERCI.—AMEN."

This, probably, is the memorial of the artist whose works in fresco, on the walls of the church, we have so much admired.

Another very simple and affecting memorial is the sunken effigy in the floor of the north aisle, commemorative of a female. It is a thick slab of marble; a quatre-foil opening at the head reveals the face, bound with a wimple, and the upper part of the closed hands, as if the entire figure was enclosed and but partially revealed from the stone.

There are many monuments, brasses, and floor crosses yet to be seen, but their varieties are few and definite—I mean that they may be all classified under about six different heads; the differences of embellishment are more numerous, but one spirit, and a harmonious style, pervades all. You observed some canopied brasses in the nave, of various degrees of ornamental character and excellence.

The sun is now declining gloriously in the west; the evening shadows begin to fall fast and deepen within this consecrated pile. Pause awhile 'neath the arch of the west door—a solemn gloom involves the chancel, still every object is visible. The beams of the setting sun dart their bright radiance through the storied glass of the great western window, casting its various tints on pillar and pavement of nave and aisle. The villagers pass and repass as they enter to perform their evening devotions: "*Te lucis ante terminum.*" All will soon be darkness, save where that solitary light burns brightly, on its "*corona*," before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. Let us retire. The

amiable old parish priest is a dear friend of mine—as you are a pilgrim I shall introduce you to him; he is ever hospitable to the stranger and wayfarer—I was such myself when I first made his acquaintance—and as we walk to his parsonage we may awaken some solemn and devout feelings, and profitable reflections from a day spent amongst ancient sepulchral monuments.

We have been indulging in reminiscences of things as they existed four centuries ago. But, alas, alas! times have wofully changed since then; and ruined chancels, desecrated altars, and shattered way-side crosses speak eloquently of the spirit which animated the centuries which have just elapsed, but whose evil reign is terminating we trust. “In the ages of faith,” says a vigorous writer, “men visited and knelt by tombs and graves; now they would shun them, and try and banish them from their sight as things odious and dreadful; and, in accordance with the spirit of the times, which strives to make churches like assembly rooms, gay and comfortable, with carriage drives and covered porticos to set down the company—the very remembrance of death is to be excluded, lest the visitors to these places might be shocked. Hence, burying the dead is become a marketable matter, a joint-stock concern, an outlay of unemployed capital; and a large pleasure ground, sufficiently distant from the town, is staked out by some speculators, in which, according to the prospectuses issued, every religion may have its separate parterre, with any class of temple from the synagogue to the meeting-house.”

A modern cemetery needs little further description; it is familiar to every one. There are few who have not visited Kensal-green, Prospect, or Mount Jerome; and, perhaps, some of our more fastidious readers have revelled in the *luxuries* of Pere la Chaise, its intricate and maze-like walks, its elegantly flowered parterres, its easy seats, and pagan associations. They are all of the same type. A vast area surrounded by high walls, a huge entrance gate, with comfortable lodges for mercenary porters and their wives and families, supply the place of the precinct or garth enclosed by a low embattled fence and lych gate, with the residence of the ostiarii and fossarii, lay brothers from an adjoining monastery or other establishment of ecclesiastical persons. The fine old church with its tower and spire is not to be found, but in its stead a Doric portico or Pagan temple neatly done in Roman cement, and opening to the east. There is a mortuary altar within, covered with plaster of Paris urns, and so situated, that when mass is celebrated at it, the priest faces the *west*. The grey stone cross, “rising high above the lowly graves, and protecting them with its arms,” and “beautiful to the eyes of him who loves to meditate amongst the tombs—beautiful in its moonlight loveliness, beautiful in its sunlit brightness as it peers through the foliage of the green trees,” is entirely abandoned. The simple oak crosses, the low head stones, and coped coffin stones pointed eastwards, are supplanted by forests of tall slabs of painted stone, with lengthy eulogistic inscriptions, enumerating the virtues, real and fictitious, of the departed, and couched in such phrases as “affectionate wife, beloved child, tender and attached husbands,” and so forth.

It not unfrequently happens that one headstone is the tribute of “love, affection,” and all that sort of thing, on the part of *one* “tender and devoted wife” or “husband” to *two* departed wives or husbands. The top of this memorial is adorned with sculpture in

low relief, exhibiting an ill-conceived and worse executed monogram of the Holy name, inscribed by a series of spikes, flanked by angels’ heads, with expanded cheeks and wings. Sometimes a more extensive subject is essayed, like that which we saw some time ago in Prospect cemetery, representing the crucifixion with all the instruments of our Lord’s passion, accompanied by SS. Peter and Michael the archangel; the whole so repulsive and abominable in conception and execution that we are surprized the Cemetery Committee permitted its erection. Amongst these absurdities are mixed monumental piles of the strangest and most extravagant varieties. Here you will observe the ponderous slab supported on four or six enormous balustrades. Again, the debased copy of the *Roman warrior Scipio’s* tomb, covering the ashes of the great *Irish orator*, meets your eye. What association can there be between the two? and did it not strike the *artist* of this memorial, that the marble tomb under the sky of a sunny clime, could not be effectively worked in granite, and would be out of place in a northern climate? Here again you behold a left-handed imitation of a French general’s monument which graces Pere la Chaise. The square pedestal, with inverted torches, lyres, &c., and surmounted with an urn, is a favourite design. Pyramids, obelisks, broken columns, complete columns, and innumerable other trash of that kind, are fitting complements of those. But it would be impossible to go through a catalogue of the vagaries with which cemeteries and church-yards are deformed now-a-days.

Wherever you find monuments within churches, they are of the same character as those in the cemetery. There again you find the heathen symbols of annihilation, the cinerary urn, the inverted torch, and weeping figure, with pediments, pilasters, and all the details of pagan architecture, instead of the altar-tombs, with the effigy of the departed sleeping in peaceful hope, and enshrined within a goodly canopy with consoling portraiture of saints and angels. The prayerful appeal for the suffrages of the faithful, gives place to laudatory and often profane inscriptions.

It is time that these abominations should be abandoned. Happily a taste for ancient Catholic architecture is beginning to revive amongst us. Sepulchral monuments form conspicuous objects of artistic decoration in the material church, and their proprieties are involved considerably in one of the great dogmas of the church Catholic. They should, therefore, engage the attention of all who are in earnest about the restoration of ecclesiastical art and ancient customs; as well as of those whose office is to see that religion takes no detriment from the ignorance of the multitude, and that epitaphs and memorials contain nothing heretical or profane, or likely to bring the faith into contempt. The author of “*Mores Catholicæ*” says: “the Church, in several synods, proposed to restore the ancient discipline respecting sepulchres, and strong measures were enforced to correct the abuses which time and the pride of family had introduced. In the council of Rheims, in the year 1583, it was decreed that no tomb should be erected higher than the ground, and that no statues, or military standards, or trophies, should be placed upon them, and that the dead were only to be praised in becoming language. ‘*Quæ ad pietatem et preces pro mortuis faciendas spectent potius, quam defunctorum, enarrandis laudibus insumantur.*’ By the council of Tholouse, in the year 1590, no inscriptions or emblems were to be placed in the

church but such as were approved of by the bishop or archdeacon. The occasion of these statutes was the pagan taste which had begun to affect even the ancient style of sepulchral architecture." We see from this high authority, that sepulchral monuments, like all other portions of the material church, are not matters to be directed by individual taste or fancy, or caprice, but that their character, their accessories, and the nature of their inscriptions, have long ago been decided by authority and ancient precedent. It is highly desirable that those ancient decrees were now enforced.

It will be seen, from what we have said of ancient Catholic monuments, that they may be classed under three heads for church-yard memorials. 1st, Oak head crosses. 2nd, Head stones, in the form of an heraldic cross. 3rd, Sculptured and coped coffin stones.

The varieties within the church are: 1st, Canopied tombs, bearing recumbent effigies or brasses. 2nd, Plain, low, sepulchral recesses, with or without effigies or brasses. 3rd, High tombs, often bearing brasses or effigies. 4th, Floor crosses and Lombardic slabs. 5th, Brasses with incased effigies or crosses. 6th, Slabs, showing part of the figure.*

It may be necessary to make a few observations, as to the different classes of persons for whom these may be respectively appropriate. The first of the church-

* We add the following note from Mr. Pugin's work on "the present state of Ecclesiastical architecture," by which it will be seen that revived Catholic monuments are much less expensive than those we have been in the habit of erecting.

"As it is very probable that many persons erect those pagan and Protestant-looking tablets and emblems to the memory of their departed friends, in consequence of their ignorance of ancient design, and inability to procure correct models, it may be useful to insert the following list of the various sorts of monuments anciently employed, and the average cost of executing them at the present time:—

A high tomb under a canopied arch, crocheted and pinnacled with effigy of deceased, vested, of natural size, angels or weepers, in niches, around the tomb, with scriptures, emblems, &c., from	£	£
	150	to 500
A high tomb, with the effigy natural size, with weepers or tracery in panels,	50	to 100
A plain arch in a chancel, with effigy, natural size.	30	to 100
Ditto, with a slab and monumental cross and inscription	25	to 50
A plain high tomb, with inscription round edge and monumental cross on top	20	to 30
A whole length brass under a canopy, with evangelistic symbols and inscriptions	100	to 200
Ditto without canopy, &c., &c.	50	—
A half brass, with inscriptions and evangelists	25	to 50
A ditto, small	10	to 20
A quarter size whole-length effigy and inscription	10	to 20
A chalice, with hand over in benediction; a very simple but ancient emblem of a priest's tomb	3	to 5
A brass, of a cross fleury, with inscription on stem, and effigy in centre	25	to 50
A stone slab, with cross fleury engraved in lines, and inscription, shields, &c.	10	to 15
A ditto, raised in Dos D'Ane and cross fleury carved in relief on it; these are well calculated for external monuments in church-yards	10	to 14
Stone crosses (heraldic), with inscriptions set up at the heads and feet of graves,	5	to 10
Plain Oak crosses, with painted inscriptions, for the same purpose	1	to 3

Of course the exact cost of all these different monuments will vary in proportion to quantity of detail and enrichment about them, and the materials in which they are executed; alabaster will be more costly than stone, and Purbeck marble than Yorkshire slabs, and so on; but the above list of monuments, which are strictly in accordance with Catholic traditions, has been drawn out to show that the pious memorials used by our forefathers may be revived at the present time by all classes."

yard memorials is very suitable where the person to be commemorated belongs to the humbler classes, or to the poor and humble in spirit; the other forms are appropriate for members of almost every class of society.

Before speaking of monuments within the church, we must observe, that sepulture there is not necessarily implied by the existence of the memorial. A monument, in its true use, is not intended to mark the precise place of sepulture, but to excite the devotion and prayers of the faithful for the person commemorated. Indeed it is desirable that sepulture within the walls of the church was entirely forbidden; but, for those who value privileged sepulture, a custom of the middle ages might be revived—we mean the formation of arched recesses in the foundations of walls of new churches. This was frequently done in the case of founders, whose tombs were erected immediately above their graves.

For founders of churches and great benefactors, bishops, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, the canopied tomb or low-arched recess, with their recumbent effigies, seem the most appropriate. With respect to these effigies, "we may notice," says an eloquent writer, "this important peculiarity, that the figure is always represented lifeless, while the modern statuary aims at positions significant of energetic action, or at least of vitality. I would rather call the ancient figures *dormant*; for the clasped or raised hands imply only a torpid state of devotional repose, a transitional slumber, and never pourtray the relaxed, nerveless prostration of death. How perfectly this embodies the Catholic idea of departure in the Faith; how exquisitely symbolical is the dormant and prayerful attitude of Christian sleep!"

Priests, and other ecclesiastical persons, may be commemorated by brasses, either bearing an incised floriated cross with a chalice, or the effigy vested in alb and chausable, and holding a chalice in his hands. Brasses may be also used as memorials for the laity, and Mr. Pugin has shown, in his "Apology," that modern costume may be arranged to harmonize with the ancient drapery which so characterizes the old brasses.

Floor-crosses, Lombardic slabs, and sunken effigies, may be used in any case, and are very effective and appropriate. A beautiful example of an incised floor-cross remains in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and is engraved in Brandon's Analysis of Gothic architecture; at the base is a calvary or three graduated steps, and the head and arms are beautifully floriated.

For distinguished members of the church, no more suitable memorial can be erected than a *chantry chapel*. This may be embellished with the utmost degree of magnificence. Several examples of this once general memorial yet exist, as that glorious fane at Westminster, where, as Lord Bacon says, "Henry VII. dwelleth more richly dead in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive in Richmond, or any of his palaces," and which yet, popularly, bears the name of him by whom and for whose sepulture it was erected, although dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

This may be a proper place to express an opinion as to the most appropriate monument to the memory of O'CONNELL. A church has been already suggested, and, abstractedly, no more fitting memorial could be erected to the memory of him, who was mainly instrumental in raising Catholicity to its present position in this country; it might, moreover, be made the opening of a bright day for Christian art in Ireland; but the idea

of entirely devoting a church to this purpose is quite untenable—every church being dedicated to God, under the invocation of one of His saints. Wherever the remains of O'CONNELL finally repose, the metropolis of Ireland, without question, is the proper place for his monument; and there, many a parochial and conventual church is wanted. If the funds, raised for the O'CONNELL testimonial, be artistically managed, a beautiful church, complete in all its embellishments, could be erected; to it might, and ought to be added a chantry chapel, and endowments made for one or more priests, whose duty it would be to offer the Holy Sacrifice, daily, for the repose of the soul of the great benefactor of the Irish Church. This *chantry* would of course bear the name of O'CONNELL, while the *church* would bear that of its patron saint; but the entire would, by association of ideas, form the great memorial of the Liberator of Catholic Ireland. Thus the monument would be made useful in the highest sense, by supplying a spiritual want of the people, and by giving an impulse to Christian art; it would be in strict accordance with the spirit of Catholicity and the example of ancient times, and would be altogether, we are convinced, the tribute of respect most appropriate, and upon which, we believe, the spirit of him whom it would be intended to honour, would look most approvingly.

The Brothers.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT MELLERAY.

THERE is a lone chapel all tranquil and blest,
And stately the sentinels guarding its rest,
For no city beholds it, no village is nigh,
But it springs from the mountain right under the sky;
With the free winds around it—its foot on the sod,
And its face looking up to "the blue eye of God;"
With its banner of piety sweetly unfurled,
And hid, like a nun, from the gaze of the world.
Oh! once on the Sabbath day lingering there,
I heard the low vesper-bell calling to prayer,
And bowed down adoring, when grandly the sound
From the mellow-toned organ came winding around,
While a peace and a rapture I could not control,
Like a breathing from Heaven, came into my soul,
And I thought if God called me to dwell with him there
How gladly I'd serve him in labour and prayer.
Now the vespers are sung and the feeling is o'er,
And mine eyes may behold the lone chapel no more;
But I love to remember the smile on its face—
Like the blessing of God on that desolate place—
To hush my wild heart with the memories dear
That twine round the vesper-bell tinkling and clear,
And though far from the mountain-church still would I glean
And sing every legend that's linked with the scene.

The setting sun fell grand and fair
Upon the mountain's breast,
When full of labour, peace, and pray'r,
The monks lay down to rest,
Short hours of slumber soon to cease,
But felt and prized the more,
For shadowing forth the Heavenly peace
When all life's toils are o'er.

And calmly fell the winter ray
Upon their foreheads bare,
And calm the sainted brethren lay,
As if they slept in prayer;
Or if a smile unconscious stole
Upon some sleeping face,
Twas dream of Heaven that sought a soul
So full of bliss and grace.

Yet one with brow contract and stern
Seems wrung by sudden pain:
Perchance his thoughts have yet to learn
The peace that shuns the vain—
Perchance the countless links that bind
Each human heart below,
For mastery o'er the sleeper's mind
Are striving wildly now!

God comfort him if he have come
To that lone mountain's breast
And found within his convent home
But sickness and unrest!
God aid him if he turn away
With many a vain regret,
And shrink from every weary day
That must await him yet!

But God's good angels hovering there
Could tell another tale,
Of what has knit that forehead bare
And worn that cheek so pale.
Oh! he may toil like fettered slave,
And pray with seraph fire—
One sinner's soul he cannot save
From God's avenging ire!

He had a brother, in his youth,
Dearer than aught but Heaven,
And still against God's light and truth
That brother's soul had striven,
Till he had left him drunk with wrong,
When, to that mount ascending,
He knelt, amid the cowl'd throng,
In prayers for the offending.
God! how he fixed his eyes above,
When—hands clasped in each other—
With the strong voice of human love,
He pleaded for that brother,
And every hour with fervour new,
For his whole soul was in it,
He prayed for him with love as true
As in that tearful minute.
Oh! Thou who wept beside the grave
Where Lazarus lay sleeping—
So slow to smite, so swift to save—
Take pity on his weeping:
If ever one heart's prayer could win
Thy mercy for another,
Look down on his, so dark within,
And spare his erring brother!
Oh! how his sad life wore away
In toil, and prayer, and sorrow,
And still, the grief of every day
Was fresh upon the morrow.
And still, his wak'ing sighs were shed
In painful dreams, whenever
He sunk upon that weary bed
Where his heart rested never!

The mild rays of the autumn moon
 Fell on the mountain's breast—
 A brother's soul will pass full soon
 To its eternal rest.

The holy hymns are chanted there,
 The holy lustre shed—
 The abbot kneels, in grateful prayer,
 Beside the dying bed.

"My Father, one distracting thought
 Haunts me with vain regret;
 Another's grace from Heaven I sought,
 And have not found it yet:
 I had a brother, young and dear,
 But guilty-proud away—
 Pray God would guide his footsteps here,
 Before his dying day.

My Father! with a ceaseless prayer—
 A vigil never done—
 One human soul was worth the care
 Of God's Eternal Son!

Dark was my life with ceaseless thought,
 Though I in Heaven might dwell,
 How black the cup, with anguish fraught,
 Which he must drain in Hell!

But now I look to Heaven above,
 And half forget my cares,
 Commending him to God's sweet love,
 And your most holy prayers."

* * * * *

"Lift up thine eyes," the abbot said—
 He gazed enraptured there,
 For, even beside his dying bed,
 That lost one bent in prayer!

No clasping now of kindred hand—
 No close and dear embrace—
 Enough to see the pardoned stand
 In God's redeeming grace.

What now the thrilling pain and fear—
 The vigil long and dim?
 Oh! how he blesses every tear
 That he has wept for him!

* * * * *

Yes, o'er that brother he had sighed,
 With sighs that would not cease,
 While he was kneeling by his side
 In piety and peace.

M. G.

Reviews.

ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES OF DOWN, CONNOR, AND DROMORE, CONSISTING OF A TAXATION OF THESE DIOCESES, COMPILED IN THE YEAR MCCCVI., WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS. By the Rev. W. REEVES, M. B., M. R. S. A., perpetual curate of Kilconriola, in the diocese of Connor. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

THERE is no one conversant with the history of Irish literature in the seventeenth century, who does not look back with pride on the array of talent and erudition which this country exhibited at that period, notwithstanding war, persecution, and outlawry. The secular priest, the cowed friar, and studious layman then toiled with an intensity which resulted in the production of these splendid works now so anxiously sought after as models of classic elegance, and grand repositories of great actions, and illustrious memories. The men who laboured with such earnest love seem to have anticipated a time when their works would be absolutely necessary as records of a race scattered to the four winds, and doomed to hopeless destruction. The patrimonial inheritances of chieftains and tribes, wrested from their rightful owners, were fast passing into the gripe of Scotch and English undertakers, who could

have no sympathies in common with those they dispossessed. The ancient religion of the land was to make way for a new creed, and as its apostles had vowed to maintain it with fire and sword, every vestige of Catholicism was to be uprooted from the soil, all efforts failing to dislodge it from the hearts and souls of those whose fathers cherished and treasured it as their proudest heirloom. To make conquest complete in all its details, it has ever been the policy of invaders to exterminate the conquered, and tear to pieces every record of the races over whom the fortunes of war have given them unbridled power. This policy was older than the days of Machiavelli, nor has it seen its finale in our own times. Ireland ever since the Reformation, and particularly in the seventeenth century, has been made the battle-ground whereon Saxon swordsmen, and Saxon legists have tested this policy, and all but succeeded in carrying out. An undying love of nationality, a devoted attachment to the old faith, and the special charge which divine Providence has had of this country seem to have averted our utter destruction, and reserved us for higher destinies. But the craft and policy employed by England in the days of our weakness have since furnished lessons for despotism, wheresoever man is cursed by its withering influence. The old instruments of coercion have passed into other hands—the Russian autocrat rekindling the fires of persecution in unhappy Poland, has availed himself of all the star-chamber policy of Elizabeth and King James. The religion of the people furnishing a pretext for spoliation and massacre—the churches with their revenues, and the monasteries with their termons, have been transferred to savage clans who, countenanced by the apathy and unchivalrous bearing of European potentates, now hold and enjoy the titles, lands, and shrines of a people who once saved the western world from impending ruin. If Poland had not great historic memories—if her priests, heroes, and law-givers had not left deathless records, happily rescued from destruction, in vain would we now look over the map of Europe for such a nation; if she had not the light of her history irradiating the past, and still shining into the souls of her dispersed children, what would now remain to stir their hearts, or nerve their arms to strike once more for their faith and fatherland?

But barbaric hordes, thank heaven! have not been able to sweep away the memories of a people. Phlegmatic Germanism, and French ingratitude may for awhile retard the emancipation of a prostrate race, but there still live within their bosoms, remembrances which no tyranny can blot out—hopes fed and sustained by God himself, which, in fitting season, must teach the descendants of Europe's saviours that theirs is a higher and holier destiny than to toil and moil as serfs for Tartars and Calmucks.

And, as with Poland to-day, so fared it with Ireland in the seventeenth century. 'Twas the great crisis of her destiny, and the remnant of the Celtic tribes, with their priests, bishops, and swordsmen, prepared them for the worst. They struggled gallantly, if not wisely. They taught the thieving Scot, and burghers of Clan London that they should have no easy conquest; and in many a red field, from Kinsale to Aughrim, gave proofs of undaunted, but unavailing heroism. If they fell beneath the strong hand of tyranny and injustice, they still maintained a claim to European respect and veneration. The battle they waged was for their faith and independence. 'Twas for those grand objects that the Desmond had risen in the South, and O'Neill in the North; nor did the admiration of the Catholic world for their devotedness grow mute on the Janiculum, when the latter was laid in a foreign grave. But it was not the chivalry of O'Neill, nor was it the Italian devotion of the Geraldines which entitled them to this respect—for their religion, and attachment to it, they deserved the title of martyrs. The history of English savagery and persecution reveals facts which challenge competition with the most fiendish barbarities of Nero or Domitian; nor will you find in the Martyrologies of Rome patience and fidelity surpassing that of Diarmid O'Hurley; nor brutality more revolting than that of the primate and chancellor, Adam Loftus. In the person of the Irish people, Christ was mocked, scourged, crowned with thorns, and crucified. The whole land was converted into a wide Aeldema; nor did Pilate and Herod lack representatives, if we look to the days of Parsons, and Borlace. They differed upon many points, but in hatred to the Catholic people they were sworn friends, and when the body of the faithful was broken, and blood-clotted, they sat down at the foot of the gibbet, and gambled for the vestment. Even so, the people did nothing more than their duty. Struggling against the robber, the incendiary, and heresiarch, they achieved no right to praise which would not be accorded to any other people. Resolved on maintaining their faith and possessions, the abandonment of such a principle would have sunk them in the esteem of mankind, and would now bring a blush to our cheeks. But, as we have said, they had still higher claims on the respect and gratitude of Europe.

In the ages of faith, the clergy of Ireland carried the light of religion and literature into the black forests of Germany, and the

wild passes of the Alps. When ignorance and vandalism prevailed even north of the Humber, Ireland kept alight the lamp of religion and science. Her schools were the resort of students from the shores of the Danube and Euxine, and her priests had won titles of distinction in the knowledge-halls of Christendom. None of all the crowned monarchs who have ruled this world did greater service to religion and arts than Charlemagne, and his counsellor and bosom friend was an Irish teacher. To the genius of Alcuin may be attributed the foundation of the first University, the fame of whose scholastic philosophy has not died away. Soon after, when Alfred sought to diffuse learning amongst his people, he eagerly availed himself of the aid and guidance of an Irishman, and the elevation of Oxford to the dignity and dimensions of a University is mainly attributable to the genius of Erigena. Proud memories these—honourable to the old land, and well worthy the respectful imitation of us even in the nineteenth century. 'Tis perhaps a national vanity which leads us to attribute whatever kindness we have received at the hands of foreign nations to the fame and bravery of our countrymen, so distinguished at Viterbo, Campo Santo, and in many other battle-fields. But we regard it otherwise. The gratitude of a people is more lastingly secured by services fraught with more serious results than a victory won by blood. The remembrance of religious and literary enlightenment is treasured by a people when dynasties are dead and buried—a revolution may destroy the one, but the other defies all influences and accidents of time. Long before the name of an Irish soldier was respected on the Continent, the Irish priesthood had secured their country a high place in the esteem of mankind. From lone Iona to the gorges of the Appenines—from the vineyards of Fiesole to the icy shores of Scandinavia our missionaries won honour for the land and the schools that sent them forth; and 'tis to their high merits we must ascribe the respect and sympathy which it has been our good fortune to experience in the days of our bondage and weakness. 'Tis universally acknowledged that the Irish priesthood cultivated letters with éclat and assiduity in the ages of faith; nor need we adduce proofs where such are not wanting. The taste for literature, sacred and profane, did not cease to be cherished when imperial enactments came in rapid succession, from the English parliament, to retard the march of mind and brutalize the people. In spite of Elizabeth and James the First, schools flourished in Ireland, and, notwithstanding all the restraints created by a narrow-minded policy, we can now point to men who, educated in these seminaries, have since acquired a European celebrity. Wadding and Harold are in themselves a host. In the year 1608, Galway gave education to 1200 scholars.* That great seminary inflicted a shock on the nerves of Primate Usher, as great as if he had met the Pope with the college of Cardinals in the metropolis of Connaught. Out of that school, in the most disastrous times, came many men of the most profound erudition, the greatest of whom was Lynch, the author of *Cambrensis eversus*.† In conclave with the principal of that school, M'Firbis stored up much of that great historical and genealogical learning without which Sir James Ware would not have been able to work so successfully. In the cloisters of our monasteries, too, though the din of war fell upon their ears, our friars were not unmindful of literature. The O'Clerys gave whatever time they could snatch from the duties of the choir to the compilation of their annals. When their sojourn in Donegal abbey was rendered hazardous by the marauders of the pale, they betook them to another quarter, and found a scriptorium in the silence and solitude of Kilbarron. They laboured like men who thought that the old Celtic race was about to be exterminated, and would fain leave behind the record of their civilization and nationhood. At length, when the strong arm triumphed—when the monastic abodes were laid desolate, and the Irish priesthood sought a *refugium* in distant lands they did not cease to toil and labour. Hugh Ward commenced, and laid the foundation, of one of the greatest works on hagiology which this or any other country possesses; when he died, Colgan took up the materials collected and reduced them to form, earning for himself the title of the Irish Bollandus. Amid the disasters succeeding the short lived era of the Catholic league, 'tis marvellous to look into all that the Irish priests accomplished in literature. Had we nothing to refer to but Walsh's *History of the Remonstrance*, or Callaghan's *Vindicie Catholicorum Hibernia*, we might be justly proud of the scholars furnished by the clergy. Some of their books were meant to be read not only in Ireland but at Rome, as they had to deal with Italian as well as Irish politics, and the elegance of the latin in which they were written must even now excite the admiration of every scholar. Ward, Hickey, and O'Clery, left a void which we regret to say has not been filled up, and we would

anxiously impress on the brotherhood of St. Francis's order, the necessity of editing some of the works which Colgan and his predecessor have left unpublished. Time and opportunity cannot be wanting, and if the Irish friars of St. Isidore's only knew with what anxiety the educated classes, in Ireland, look to them for the translation and publication of the works lying in their archives, they would not fail to emulate the industry and abilities of their predecessors. Beyond all doubt, the nineteenth century is more favourable to literary pursuits than was the stormy era of the seventeenth, with its pillagings and burnings; nor need we fear that the men who boast of Wadding, will undervalue the claim which the Irish people has on their literary as well as priestly ministration.

The man who, next to Colgan, did eminent service to his order and country was a Dominican friar, subsequently Bishop of Ossory. In a thatched cottage, in the poorest region of Kilkenny city, this learned man sat down with all the earnestness of fond enthusiasm, and compiled that great repertory of information—*The Hibernia Dominicana*.

In the year 1723, the illustrious author of this grand work proceeded to Rome, where he soon distinguished himself in the College of S. Sixtus. His early proficiency won him the admiration of Benedict XIII., who saw that the seeds of literature broadcast in the Dominican seminary, had taken deep root in the young novice's soul. In 1759, the humble friar was promoted to the episcopal dignity; and, as if jealous of his order's old renown, laboured with incessant toil to produce his great work.* Tradition tells how he travelled on foot to visit many of the remarkable remains which, even now, attest how grand were the Dominican foundations in this country before the spoliation of the monasteries. It is related, that he used to put on the garb of a sailor, in order to screen himself from injury and insult, at a time when every underhead squireen was privileged to trample on "a mere papist." The thatched house, with its little parlour, and sculptured mitre, emblematic of the dignity which borrowed a reflected splendour from its illustrious wearer, is worthy a pilgrimage to Kilkenny; and we will never forget the fond prayers uttered in that humble abode by some enthusiastic young Irish laymen, for the repose of him who did such lasting service to his religion and country. Since the days of De Burgo we have had only one priest eminently distinguished in Irish historical literature, and we may well boast of the research and high attainments of Dr. Lanigan. Had J. B. Clinch given more time to archaeological pursuits, or if he had adopted the clerical profession instead of the legal, we might now possess some additions. O'Conor, too, was well calculated to do his religion and history eminent services, if the genius of Columbanus had not been sacrificed to vapid controversies. They were all educated at Rome, and two of them, at least, did honour to the Irish College.†

However painful must be the admission, we cannot now disguise the truth that none of the Irish clergy has arisen to prosecute the study of Irish literature, successfully continued, or we should rather say, revived by Lanigan.‡ Looking across the channel, we have reason to be jealous of Milner, Wiseman, Lingard, and Tierney. Each and all of them have done much for the antiquities and history of their native land—what may we expect when the learned converts return from beyond the Alps, and give English Catholicism the benefit of their acquirements? This, in our judgments, should act as a stimulus to the Irish Catholic priesthood, and fix their attention. The secular clergy it is true have incessant duties to perform, but

* De Burgo was appointed, in a provincial chapter, Historiographer of the Dominican order, A. D. 1753. We know not whether the chapters make such appointment now.

† We deem it almost superfluous to remind the reader of Abbé M'Geoghegan's "History of Ireland," written for the Irishmen serving in the Brigade. 'Tis more to our purpose to mention another illustrious name, less familiar to the generality of readers. We do so for the purpose of showing one of the many obligations we owe to Rome. O'Molloy, a Franciscan friar of St. Isidore's, published his "*Theologia Sacra*" in 1666, and ten years afterwards brought out the "*Lucerna Iohannina*," a book of devotion, in the Irish language, with a Latin title. The same year he published a grammar of the Irish tongue, "*Grammatica Latino-Hibernica*." This he dedicated to Cardinal Camilli, telling him that the Irish language was proscribed by the English government, which occasioned the loss and neglect of domestic records, and endangered the existence of the language itself. (*Anth. Hib.*, vol. iv. p. 314.) The Roman Government ordered type to be prepared for these works, and an Irish friar, at a distance from Ireland, laboured to keep alive the language of his fathers. What a grateful reminiscence!

‡ Of course we do not forget the labours of Dr. Carew, Archbishop of Madras, who has made an abridgment of Lanigan. The late Rev. Mr. Brennan, O. S. F., has given us two volumes of Irish ecclesiastical history. But these works fall immeasurably short of what they ought to be. We are aware that many of the Catholic priesthood have given time and talent to collecting valuable materials for church history, and in honest candour we do not fear to chide them for not publishing. Out of many; we may name Rev. J. T. Mullock of Dublin, and Rev. Mr. Russell of Cork, who have made this subject their study, both at home and abroad. In fact, the Catholic priesthood has, in our own time, given many most valuable writers to periodical literature, and we feel justified in blaming them for not giving us the result of their labours in the other departments. No men are better educated or more passionately fond of literary pursuits than the young and over-worked curates of this country.

* "O'Flaherty's West Connaught," by Hardiman, p. 420, et seq.

† We are rejoiced to learn that a translation of this most valuable and rare work, with copious notes, from the pen of a learned professor in Maynooth, will be shortly presented to the public.

the regulars are exempt from most of these painful occupations. With the exception of wearing the habits of their respective orders, there is not a single duty of their calling which they may not discharge as uninterruptedly in Ireland as in the city of Rome. They are, no doubt, seriously interested for the progress and advancement of religion; and, having abundance of time, we flatter ourselves that they will not rest content with the fame, and high repute of their predecessors but rather strive to emulate them. Since the days of the confederation, when in 1646 the supreme council ordered Father Stephen White's book, *De Sanctis, et Antiquitate Ibernæ*, to be printed, not one of our Jesuits has acquired fame beyond that of a pulpit orator. Usher, with all his bigotry, said of White that "he was a man of exquisite knowledge in the antiquities not only of Ireland but also of other nations."—*Primord.* p. 400. Though this eulogy may be applicable to many Irish members of the Society now living, we lack the works which would deserve it. Not so, however, can we speak of the Italian Jesuits; they are above all praise. Marchi, and our old grammar master De Vico, not to speak of Perrone, are names familiar to all—Ireland too had just reason to be proud of Arsdekin, who distinguished himself as a theological writer and illustrator of St. Patrick's labours. The religious orders have it in their power to raise the character of their country, making literature and science ancillary to religion. In the olden time they were the constituted guardians of the learning and enlightenment of the world, and every library gives evidence of their zeal and industry. Our Most Holy Father, in his late encyclical to the superiors of the religious bodies, touchingly alludes to this fact when exhorting them "to labour that their orders may resume their ancient dignity and the glory of their original splendour." This, says Pio Nono, is to be done by "cultivating, defending, and snatching from ruin letters, sciences, and arts," and "thus," continues our Holy Father, "you are to use all your efforts that your subjects apply themselves with perseverance to the *belles lettres*, since the principal and most brilliant glory of the religious orders has always been the study and the assiduous cultivation of letters, the composition of so many learned and laborious works."* With the most profound respect we would, therefore, conjure the religious bodies to walk in the footsteps of their predecessors and turn their regards to the literature of their country. They need no example to urge them on in this glorious pursuit, and they are not, as were their brethren in days gone by, hunted down like wolves, but in a position to work as peaceably as though they dwelt in the Roman College St. Isidore's, or the Minerva. Toiling thus, they will preserve, undimmed, "the light trailing down," and give us reason to love them as we now cherish and revere the memories of Wadding, White, and Dominic O'Daly. Above all, they will not leave the work of CATHOLIC CLERICS to be accomplished by Protestant divines. Heaven help us in the nineteenth century if we could not boast a few Catholic laymen like Hardiman, O'Donovan, and Eugene Curry, to whom we owe a large debt of gratitude; for, in the department of archæology, we have not competed with Protestant writers.

Any body reflecting on the vast quantity of polemical works with which this country teems, need scarcely desire that another volume be added to that collection, save when some new heresy puts forth its arms to do battle with the church. 'Tis plain to our comprehension that the Italian, French, and English controversialists of the eighteenth century have left us theological weapons wherewith to guard and defend the doctrines of our holy church against all assaults—be they feeble as in the flimsy novel, or backed by the perverted ingenuity of abler writers. The works of the fathers, with their profound erudition and lucid development of the faith delivered to the custody of Peter's successors by our Lord Christ, need not be called into our service when the church, confronting sectarianism and false teachings, stands out in battle order with the "vexilla Regis" in her van. No power of despotism—no serried array of brute force, with its flashing artillery of might or mind, can weaken or overwhelm the invulnerable phalanx that guards the frontiers of the church when the genius of Augustin is evoked, or the pealing voice of Chrysostom, stirring the hearts of her children, bids them forth to fight her fight, and make her terrible as an encampment.

'Tis time, then, that we bestir us in the prosecution of studies that have been neglected, and are still so important to the progress of religion. The Irish Catholic priesthood have been hitherto, necessarily, mixed up in political and polemical quarrels for the vindication of their rights as citizens, and the protection of the altars which they have so faithfully served. One or other of these causes, or both combined, must account for their non-appearance amongst those who have given time and talent to the investigation of ecclesiastical antiquities—the very mention of which should be dear to a Catholic. There is no branch of

* Encyclical Letter of His Holiness to the superiors of the religious bodies.

study more enthusiastically cherished by the authorities at Rome. Aringhi spent his life burrowing in the catacombs, and consigning to paper the results of his mole-like existence. Marchi, a Jesuit, has followed his example, and consecrates his whole life to the disinterment of the Christian fossils which escaped the observation of his predecessor. Piranesi and Pistolesi have done for Rome, above the surface, what the two former have been effecting in *latebris terre*. Guibert and Cochet,* two learned French priests of our own times, have rendered their religion great services by their close attention to the study of Christian art and ecclesiastical monuments. In Belgium and Germany the Catholic clergy do not lag behind their neighbours, nor shall the Irish, if words of ours can cheer them on. When we consider the immense amount of talent that exists amongst our reverend confreres—their identity with the people—their knowledge of the legends and traditions of the classes amongst whom they live—we cannot but anticipate most favourable results, if they turn their attention to the study of Irish antiquities. The impulse ought to come from Maynooth. At no former period could that great establishment boast more truly learned men than its present corps of professors, many of whom have given brilliant proofs of their abilities in our periodic literature. If our honest suggestion could be adopted, we would advise the immediate formation of a museum (what great ecclesiastical college should be without one?), and that the professors would communicate with the clergy throughout the land, begging them to collect whatever remnants of Celtic or Anglo-Norman Catholicity have escaped the hands of English purchasers. Monumental inscriptions might be found in the various churchyards, and the priest of the locality need only be asked to transcribe them. Manuscripts and reliquaries might be thus rescued from destruction and profanation, and preserved in our national college. Every priest throughout the land would gladly co-operate in such dignified work as this, and we need not say how greatly their conjoint efforts would tend to strengthen and beautify our faith. Once some regular organization is set on foot, we may be likely to obtain valuable records from Italy and other Catholic countries. Spain, France, and Belgium would not refuse us the valuable parchments which have been there preserved, and a proper application to our Holy Father would enable the Irish friars of St. Isidore's to publish what they preserve as dumb curiosities; or, in case this was not feasible, we do not see why the whole body of the Irish priesthood would not collect a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of some learned scribe to make copies of them. A proceeding like this would insure beneficial results, and stimulate Catholic Clerics to do that work which by right is theirs.

An anxiety for this consummation has made us prolix, and we now turn to Rev. Mr. Reeves' splendid volume.

Living in the very centre of a population, the descendants of the men who swelled the ranks of Munro and orange William's armies, the Rev. Mr. Reeves has doubtless many serious and laborious duties to perform, ministering to the spiritual wants of his flock. From these cares, he has contrived to snatch sufficient time to compile a mass of information on purely Irish history, local, traditional, and antiquarian. This research has, necessarily, obliged the learned gentleman to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the early ecclesiastical and civil records of that portion of Ulster in which are situate the dioceses of Down, Connor, and Dromore. 'Tis to us inexplicable, with what zeal such distinguished Protestants as Usher and Ware have prosecuted the study of Irish antiquities—nor can we cease to admire that persevering industry with which Mr. Reeves has applied himself to the same task. To our judgment, Mr. Reeves has had greater difficulties to overcome than any of his predecessors in the field of Irish history. A few fragments of a taxation-roll, as old as the days of Pope Nicholas IV., or as Mr. Hunter, keeper of the records at Carleton Ride, would have it, of the time when Clement V. swayed Christendom (A. D. 1306), furnish the meagre text upon which the reverend gentleman has accumulated such an immense body of information.

There is something of perplexity regarding the precise date of the taxation, for the author leads us to believe that it was imposed during the pontificate of Pope Nicholas IV. (A. D. 1291), and subsequently, bowing to the authority of Mr. Hunter, makes it some years later, under the pontificate of Pope Clement V. After all, this is a matter of little importance, since we may ascribe its real date to one or other of the two pontificates. Pope Nicholas IV. laboured with might and main to recruit the armies of the crusaders, and when he found that the Saracens were likely to drive

* L'Abbé Cochet has written, amongst other works, a most charming volume on the churches in the department of Dieppe. Speaking of the church of Saint Remy, this learned ecclesiastic thus expresses his love of such priestly pursuits: "J'avais attaché mon cœur aux murailles mêmes de l'édifice; j'aimais ses grands arceaux et ses hautes colonnes. J'étudiais avec tant de plaisir les sculptures de la renaissance et les archives de la fabrique! les unes après les autres, j'ai déroulé toutes les pages de son histoire, et je me proposais de l'écrire."

the Giaours of the middle ages out of Palestine (they lost Tripoli A.D. 1289), determined to appeal to the generosity and chivalry of Christendom. Muratori (*annal d' Italia*), speaking of Pope Nicholas's anxiety for the fate of the Holy Land, says: "Non ommise il Pontefice Niccolò diligenza veruna per soccorrere quei Cristiani, con far predicare la crociata non solamente per tutta l'Italia, ma anche per tutti i regni Cristiani, e intinar decime per quella sacra spedizione." Without entering, however, into the controversy we incline to believe that Mr. Hunter has led Mr. Reeves into an error, for if we may attach credit to Muratori's account of Pope Clement's taxation, we have no reason to believe that it extended to Ireland. Pope Clement, 'tis true, exhorted the Genoese and Venetians to contribute to the support of the crusades; but the monies so levied, far from being expended in equipping fleets or armies for Palestine, were pocketed by the kings of France and Naples. In fact the only good resulting from a four year's war was, the capture of Rhodes by the knights of Malta; and, according to Muratori, Pope Clement had little concern for the conquest of the Holy Land, as the very name of crusade was nothing better than a *specious pretext* for raising money. We have no sufficient reason then to believe that the taxation in question was imposed in the time of Pope Clement, as Muratori regards the latter as a fraud, and does not make mention of any portion of the church protesting against it save the French. In his own blunt style, the Italian annalist, speaking of Clement's taxation, treats us to this quaint narration: "Ma *pelando* con tal pretesto il Papa e i Cardinali le *Chiese di Francia*, si gialiardi furono i lamenti di quel clero, che lo stesso Re s'interpose per metter freno agli abusi." From which we infer that the taxation-roll, which forms the foundation of Mr. Reeves' work, belongs to Pope Nicholas, whom all annalists describe as in right earnest about the holy war, and doing the very opposite of fleeing (*pelando*) a portion of Christendom, as did his successor, Clement V. To corroborate this view of the matter, we have still extant the letters of Pope Nicholas to the Bishop of Meath, and the Dean of Dublin, appointing them collectors of a tax of one-tenth of all ecclesiastical revenues for six years, "*in subventionem terræ sanctæ*."

Having disposed of this part of the subject, we deem it well to make the reader acquainted with the esoteric and undated manuscript, which we believe to have been written about 1291. 'Tis a bare catalogue of the various churches, having opposite to them their annual revenues, and then the tax payable out of the yearly income, as thus:

"(Dunen's Dyoces.)

Capella de Burestona	xviii. s. liii. d. decia xxi. d.
Capella de Balliboran, abbot gge,	xvi. s. decia xix. d.
Eccia de Kirkeleth	xii. m. r. decia xvi. s.
Eccia de Rathcolpe	liii. m. r. decia v. s. liii. d.
Eccia Cnokengarre	xii. m. r. decia liii. s. viii."

This specimen of the taxation of Down will give the reader a fair idea of the difficulties with which Mr. Reeves had to contend. The catalogue furnished him with nothing more than the names of the churches and the sums to be paid by them. Without any clue to the history of these churches save local tradition (in many instances fast dying out), or the information derived from the diocesan archives, and ancient annalists, the learned author sets out to investigate the actual state of the ruins, if such exist, and appends, by way of note, as much of the history of these venerable foundations as he has been able to bring to light. Let us take for example the church of Kirkeleth, above mentioned, to give an idea of Mr. Reeves' erudition.

"Kirkeleth, now Killeief parish. By the country people it is generally called Killeeth. Colgan reckons this church to be one of those founded by St. Patrick, and, on the authority of the *Sanctilogium Genealogicum*, represents Eugenius and Niellus as its first ministers. In the annals of Tigernach, at the year 1008, and of the Four Masters, 1001, it is called Cille-Cleith, and in 1034 was annexed to the see-lands of Down. About the year 1171, John de Courcy confirmed the possession of Killeeth to the bishop. About the year 1183 Bishop Malachi granted the church to the abbey of St. Patrick. The name Killethe signifies 'the church of the hurdles,' probably in reference to its original construction: 'more Scotorum, non de lapide, sed de robore secto atque harundine tecta.'—*Bede*, H. E., iii, 25."

The taxation of Down, Connor, and Dromore extends over 119 pages, and from the brief abstract we have made the reader will easily perceive that we cannot give anything like an analytical criticism of such an immense mass of information. As well might we think of doing so with the *Hibernia Dominicana*, or any other great repository of learning, wherein the text is elucidated by most copious notes gathered from Irish, Saxon, Latin, and Anglo-Norman authorities. Every page we turn over gives sufficient evidence of Mr. Reeves' unwearied research, and intimate familiarity with the manners and customs of the times when a Pope could rouse the flagging spirit of chivalry, and draw supplies from edifices, many of which we would not now be able to recognise were it not for the learning and industry of the reverend author. To accomplish such a work as this, teeming with the civil and ecclesiastical history of Ulster, the gray legends of mouldering oratories

and wayside churchyards, we can more easily fancy than describe the amount of etymological erudition that was required to produce such valuable and interesting information, worth all the guide books and tourist's notes that have ever been written. 'Tis apparent, too, that Mr. Reeves must have visited on foot every ruin he describes, whether situate at the roots of Slieve-Donard, or crumbling in some unfrequented glade. Nay more, wherever modern vandalism has uprooted the early evidences of our ecclesiastical history, and barely left the trace of their existence, an accurate measurement is made, and the result enables us to form a very concise notion of the dimensions of the church, chapel, or cell, whose name is still found on the taxation-roll, or in the muddy traditions of the people. Let us take for example Rathcolpe, in the diocese of Down:

"Now Raholp, in the west angle of Bally-culter parish. In a subdenomination called 'Benagh,' about 100 yards to the right of the road leading from Downpatrick to Ballyculter stand the ruins of a church called Churchmoyley. They are 33 feet 4 inches long, and 21 feet 4 inches wide. The south wall is overturned; the east and west walls are about 12 feet high. The east window is 4 feet 6 inches high and 10 inches wide, splayed inside to the width of 3 feet 2 inches. In building the walls, yellow clay has been used instead of mortar. The plot of ground, which the ruins and cemetery occupy is about half a rood, and seems from its elevation above the surrounding field, to have been at one time a 'rath.' The voice of antiquity ascribes the foundation of the church of Rathcolpe to St. Patrick; and at the hand of St. Tassach, its bishop, according to the hymn of St. Fiech, he received the communion shortly before he died."

Thus, page after page, we learn facts of which we have been hitherto ignorant, and in ignorance of which we were likely enough to remain, on many important subjects touching local and antiquarian lore, if this valuable work were not by us. We are free to confess, too, that we attached implicit faith to the etymologies of Sir James Ware and the learned Colgan, nor thought of questioning derivations till such notes as the following met our eyes. (*Appendix*, p. 199).

"The name Bangor is popularly supposed to mean '*Whitechoir*.' Even Colgan interprets the Welsh Bangor by Ban-chora, 'idem quod pulcher chorus vel albus chorus.' (*Acta*, SS., p. 439). The same derivation is given by De Burgo, in his *Hibernia Dominicana* (p. 21). This fanciful origin of the name was probably suggested by Jocelin's narrative of a vision, which St. Patrick witnessed near the site of the future abbey: 'Divertit aliquoties quiescendi gratia ad quandam monticulum, non longe situm a valle, in qua postea constructum est Beannocho-reuse cenotium, cōsentes ergo conspexerunt de colle vallem illam *etherea luce*, ac multitudine *militia celestis repletam*.' (c. 98). To this legend may be fairly traced the Latin appellation '*vallis Angelorum*.' But the name Bangor is of a very different origin: it is only a modification of the word Banagher—the root of the word being 'Beanna,' the Irish for horns. Thus 'Banna Barche,' the old name for the Mourne mountains, signifies the 'peaks of Barche.' Keating, who traces the name of Bangor to its proper root, has preserved the following curious tradition to account for its application: 'Kennafold, son of Blathmac, son of Hugh Slaine, enjoyed the sovereignty four years. In his reign, Bangor was burned and its congregation slain by the foreigners. The reason why that place was called Bangor was this: Breasal Breac, King of Leinster, went with an army to plunder Scotland: and he brought many cows and herds of cattle with him into Ireland. And after he and his forces landed they formed an encampment in the place which is now called Bangor, and slaughtered a great number of cattle until a considerable number of the 'Beanna,' i. e. the horns of the cows were scattered over the plain, so that the place ever since bore the name of 'Magh Beannochoir.' A long time after that, when the holy abbot Comgall erected the monasteries of Bangor in the same spot, he gave the name of the place in which it was erected to it, viz., Beannchar, so that it has retained it ever since."

As may be supposed, holy wells and forgotten shrines, once frequented by pious pilgrims, and fondly revered for all the dear and sainted remembrances associated with them, are amply treated in this volume. The early haunts, and last resting place of SS. Patrick, Columba, and Brigid, become familiar to us as we turn over these learned pages, detailing the life and exit of our patron, and the holy men who raised such glorious monuments in Ulster. How the heart stirs within us as we read of the translation of the relics of Patrick, Brigid, and Columba, and the vicissitudes of the shrine which held the canonized bones of our apostle. What weeping and wailing may there not have been in Down when a political expedient, devised by John de Courcy, caused the relics to be exhumed and removed from "Dunum ubi erat mea resurrectio!" Fancy bodies forth all the actors in that memorable scene of 1186. Cardinal Vivian, arrayed in his purple robes, followed by the Irish priesthood—who cursed his base truckling to English domination—and the mailed soldiers of De Courcy, marshalled to do honour to the holy remains as they were borne off.

"From Dun-da-leth-glas of the Cassocks,
It is the royal cemetery of Erin,
A town wherein the clay of Columba was covered.
In the same grave was buried
Brigid the victory of females."

Passing over the narratives of the saints who founded the sees of Dromore, Down, and Connor, and the succession of the bishops down to the Reformation, we must bring this meagre notice to a close by giving a brief outline of the history of "St. Patrick's bell." "This ancient reliquary," Mr. Reeves informs us (p. 369), "is preserved in an elaborately-formed shrine remarkable at once for its beauty and antiquity. Its age, which might be presumed, from its style of workmanship, to be very great, is determined by the in-

scription which is evidently coeval with the construction of the case . . . the inscription runs thus: 'Oratio pro Domnallo O Lachlainn per quem facta est campana hæc, et pro Domnallo comarbano Patricii apud quem facta est, et pro Cathalano O'Maelchallain pro custode campanæ, et pro cudulig O Imonai-nen cum suis filiis qui cooperuere.' This inscription, Mr. Reeves tells us, is undated, "but possesses two historical notes by which its age may be ascertained with considerable precision; thus determining that the inscription belongs to one of the fourteen years immediately succeeding 1091. At that early period, Cathalan O'Maelchallain was keeper of this bell; agreeably to the custom of the country, which vested the custody of venerated relics in particular families, and associated with the keeping certain emoluments or immunities. In the middle of the 14th century, this relic, according to the Four Masters, was in the hands of another family. At the year 1356 they have the following entry:

"Solomon O'Mellan, keeper of the Bell of the Will, died. He was the general patron of the clergy of Ireland.

"Again, at 1425, they make mention of

"O'Mellan, keeper of the Bell of Patrick's Will."

Mr. Reeves does not inform us how the O'Mellans became the hereditary custodians of this relic, but we are indebted to his research for some curious documents preserved among the Primatial records of Armagh which throw great light on this most interesting subject. Thus we find John, Archbishop of Armagh (A.D. 1471), excommunicating and interdicting John O'Mellan, keeper of the bell, and transferring the custody to another "propter demerita custodis." This sequestration involved loss of fees and lands, enjoyed by the custodes in virtue of the sacred deposit. And here let us remark that so much were our ancestors interested for the preservation of venerated relics and manuscripts, that certain lands were allotted to those whose duty it was to take special charge of matters pertaining to the altar and literature. Thus the Mac-Moyres, "keepers of the book of Armagh," held the eight town-lands of Bally-moyre, "on tenure of its safe preservation," and Colgan,* explaining the nature of the office, tells us "that in progress of time the word scribe denoted any ecclesiastical person whose duty it was to copy ancient monuments and edit new books." "For," says that most learned friar, "every celebrated monastery and cathedral church was accustomed to furnish some monk or cleric of singular erudition, on whom devolved the duty of not only instructing the people by lessons, but also of elucidating national antiquities, and chronicling their country's history."—Trias, Th. 631, 632.

God grant we may soon witness the revival of such dignified pursuits, for which not eight town-lands, but the whole island would be everlastingly grateful.

But let us return to the "magical, musical bell."† Transferred from the custody of the O'Mellans, this venerable relic passed into the hands of the O'Mulhollands, with a strict order under the seal of the Lord Primate, that it should not pass thence "quousque super his aliud a nobis specialiter habueritis in mandatis." According to Mr. Reeves, who has examined the primatial *Registra* with minute accuracy, the family of O'Maelchallain was then residing in that part of Tyrone which is now transferred to the County of Derry under the name of the barony of Loughisholin. The same family is mentioned, in 1458, in a monition from Primate Prene; and a year before the rising of the north several families of the same name were settled in the parish of Killead. Three centuries and a-half after the faculty granted by Primate Prene, the same bell is discovered in possession of the same family. But let us hear Mr. Reeves:

"In the year 1758, Bernard Mulhollan died at Moy nagoll, in the parish of Maghera, and County of Derry, aged seventy-five years. His son Edmund lived at Shane's Castle, in the capacity of under agent to the O'Neill family. His son Henry, being designed for the priesthood, received a liberal education, but, failing to enter holy orders, he became master of a grammar school, and, towards the end of the last century, followed his vocation in the now obliterated village of Edenduff-Carrick. Among his pupils was Adam M'Clean, who in after life cherished a lively feeling of regard for his preceptor, and was enabled to afford him assistance in his declining years. To testify his gratitude for the kindness he received, the old man, when on his death-bed, consigned to Mr. M'Clean the possession of this venerated relic, which was found, together with a copy of Bedell's Irish Bible, in an oak box, buried in the garden, where, for safety's sake, it had been deposited by the last of his hereditary keepers."

With this extract we must close our meagre notice of Rev. Mr. Reeves' splendid work. There is not a single page in the entire volume from which we might not gather extracts vying with each other in erudition and interest. To any one making Irish history his study we hold this book to be indispensably necessary, and we trust every Catholic clergyman in Ireland will make himself

* Every one reading Mr. Reeves' book cannot but be astonished at the vast and minute learning, historical and topographical, contained in the multitudinous notes selected from Father Colgan's works.

† For a beautiful rhythmical description of the ceremonial used in blessing church bells, see *University Magazine*, September, 1847.

familiar with its contents. We want words to describe the great amount of learning and research it combines, and the spirit of generous impartiality which characterizes it. No man, valuing the early history of this country, should fail to have it by him, and we recommend it with all our hearts to our reverend brethren. Any work coming from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Reeves, if it be but half as good as this, must ensure him a large circle of readers, and we hope soon to have his promised volume on the history and antiquities of Bangor. In this, as in every other literary undertaking, he has our most earnest wishes for his health and success. We should not omit to mention, that we never saw anything superior to the typography of this volume.

PARISIANA. A FEW NOTES ON THINGS IN GENERAL, AND PARIS IN PARTICULAR. By SPECTATOR. Richardson and Son, Derby, and Capel-street, Dublin.

SUCH is the title of a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, published by an English Protestant, who has deemed it expedient to establish himself in this city as publisher and vender of Catholic books. Now, as far as this *brochure* is concerned, we will briefly remark that its rhapsodic narrative, of all that came under the observation of Spectator, may be very entertaining to the folk who can expend a few days, and a few pounds on an excursion from Cockaigne to Paris, but there is no one of common sense who, having perused its contents, will not very naturally ask himself why he threw away his shilling on such a miserable production. Had the pamphlet been brought out by a publisher of Protestant books, we would have no reason to complain of the epithets and references it contains; but, good Mr. Richardson, you must be sorely blinded to your own interests, when you expend ink and paper insulting the feelings and religious sentiments, not of French Catholics alone, but of English, Irish, and Scotch. A short time ago we noticed in a public journal some well administered animadversions on a spelling-book printed and sold by you, in which you entertained your juvenile readers with a story of a Priest and a Jester, and to the story was prefixed a grotesque wood-cut, which would have suited *Temple's History of the Rebellion*, or any of those lying productions designed to caricature and misrepresent the religion of the Catholics of this Empire. We thought that the lesson then taught would have prevented a recurrence of all such over-sights for the future, but we have been grossly deceived, as we will now make it appear. At p. 13 of *Parisiana*, your Spectator, in a burst of proud indignation, informs the public that a Frenchman, dazzled at the sight of an Englishman's equipage, "fawns like a very parasite;" and that all this "is a mere mask, a jesuitical tactic for gaining an honest livelihood and keeping the wolf from the door." Now we do not pretend to be so good a judge of character as Spectator, but we do believe that fawning on Englishmen is a phasis of the French mind utterly unknown to all save the writer of *Parisiana*. In any case, we have a right to expect that Mr. Richardson, as a seller and publisher of Catholic books, would not allow any writer in his service to bandy such epithets, or perpetuate the old, rotten, cant-words which adorn some English dictionaries, to the edification of the elect who associate the very name of Jesuit with everything "shuffling—artful—deceitful." Doubtless, you thought you were doing good service to the Fathers of the Society, who, as in duty bound, will acknowledge the compliment. At p. 18 we are entertained with a short jeremiad on the laxity of French morals, and Spectator tells his readers, "I speak not of the crafts of priesthood, the delicious delusions of the pious 'directors,' for these important details the reader is referred to the able and popular work of Michelet (*Priests, Women, and Families*, translated by Cocks)." And, again, at p. 33, Spectator, gravely moralizing on French marriages, tells us that they are bonds forged by the hands of interest—a union cemented "by the callous words of priesthood." Now, Mr. Richardson, without meaning you any disrespect, we solemnly assure you that if you contemplate serving the Catholic Religion in England or Ireland by such works as this you are grievously mistaken. You, have printed, and, no doubt, sold a great number of books containing practical instructions for the penitent and confessor. The speculation, in a temporal point of view, was doubtless a right good one, else you would not have embarked in it; but do you not see, that by referring your readers to the lucubrations of such a traducing infidel as M. Michelet you are depriving your own mouth of bread—commending and upholding books which, if read by the credulous and sensual, will leave all your ascetic works a dead weight upon your shelves? So far you have been standing in your light, and doing the very reverse of what your Protestant fellow-countrymen deem thrifty and wise. But what are we to think of you? or rather, what do you think of us? Do you imagine that any Catholic to whom the guidance of youth is committed will seek your shop to purchase books, when you

did not scruple to advertise a pamphlet like *Parisiana*, with its sarcastic innuendo against a Society recognized by the Universal Church? Can you think that the Catholic priesthood will encourage you if you publish shilling pamphlets describing the sacrament of matrimony as a bauble cemented by the "callous words of priesthood;" or that any Catholic will feel an interest in the publications of a man who, not being a Catholic himself, can have no means of using that discretionary power so much required in a publisher of Catholic works? Verily, we thought you had too much common sense, and worldly knowledge, to commit yourself by such a contemptible production as your Spectator has cumbered you withal. As for him, he has done well concealing his name; but, good Mr. Richardson, henceforth employ some Catholic to edit your books, and do not outrage the religious feelings of those by whom you hope to make a fortune.

Saint Columbanus.

PART II.

"Quidnam dulcius quam majorum recensere gratiam, ut eorum acta cognoscas, a quibus acceperis et rudimenta fidei et incitamenta bene vivendi?"—*William of Malmesbury.*

WE have now seen this young monk of Erne, by sheer force of zeal and intellect, originate a great ecclesiastical movement in Europe, and found a monastic institution, whose benign influence had already begun to be felt in every province of Franke-Gaul. We have wondered at the fervour of the zeal, and the vigour of the intellect that could, in so brief a period, effect so much; and we have determined with ourselves, that Columbanus was no ordinary man, but one worthy a high place among our proudest national remembrances. The remaining portion of his life was not less active nor less admirable, though the immediate effects of it are not so strikingly appreciable. But, in truth, it is very uncertain, groping in the dark to compare the effects of a great man's deeds. What know we of effects or causes in any order? The most trifling acts beget the greatest. The mightiest things may be traced to causes unremarkable. Princes are not the sole legislators, nor mighty lords-abbot the only apostles of the world. It is sufficient if, through the dimness of time past, we can discern a holy one working and suffering unflinchingly, we may be quite certain such working and suffering proceed very effectual indeed. So, we must not, after the shallow fashion of some, esteem the latter part of Columbanus's life less worthy than the first, because his path was rougher and his visible progress less. Hitherto we have seen him radiant with *prosperity's* sunny light, doing great things in the name of the Lord Jesus, amidst the plaudits of a startled nation; now we have to portray a character more noble and befitting—a man thorn-crowned as his master was, disappointed and heart-weary dragging through life a heavy cross, even unto the death.

And the first form of that cross was hard and sore to bear. His brother-ecclesiastics in France, children of the same mission, comrades and superiors in the same harassed force, visited him with their displeasure, censured his proceedings, and grievously obstructed the working of his dear institution—for some envied, and many misunderstood him, and all agreed that his adhesion to the paschal usage of his country and his church was a legitimate ground for censure. Oh! it is a strange and mysterious thing in the annals of the church to read of saints at variance. Oh! it is a thrilling proof of the weakness of all human judgment, of the folly of expecting the scales to be adjusted before the accounting day. We have not now space nor

fitting opportunity to enter at length into the paschal controversy, or to rebut the sneers of those who treat the matter as puerile, or the misrepresentations of some who denounce the conduct of the Scotch ecclesiastics as heretical. The subject is one of the most interesting, and at the same time perplexing, in the antiquities of western Christendom, and would need, and probably shall have, a paper to itself. These facts demonstrate the close and loyal connexion ever maintained between the church of Ireland and the mother-church of Rome—the holy earnestness of men who risked so much for what we would esteem trifling, and the generosity and unworldliness of a contest in which the leaders of either party were revered as saints by the other, in which Paulinus, Saserian, and Wilfrid were invoked at Armagh and Iona, while Colman, Aidan, and Columba were blessed at York and Lindisfarne; in which all were hailed and canonized by the universal church of God, as most holy followers of that Saviour who bequeathed peace unto men. Columbanus's share in the controversy was small, confined almost entirely to writing some gentle, firm, and learned letters—a few of which have been preserved in the 12th volume of the *Bibliotheca Patrum*—to the French bishops and the Roman Pontiff, in defence of his position, in deprecation of the scandal and trouble caused by the foreigners, and in entreaty "to be allowed to labour undisturbed with them as brothers in the vineyard of Christ." After four years of much suffering and some danger, the persecution was discontinued, and the storm blew away—blew away only to return with a rougher violence.

Hitherto the abbot of the Vosges had lived in amity with the temporal power—a circumstance not very usual with the earnest ecclesiastics in those times. While the monarch, St. Goutramm, reigned in Burgundy, all was well. During the short reign of the Austrasian chief, Hildberb, the monks were undisturbed. In the early years of young Theodrik's rule, everything promised favourably, Columbanus was his most honoured friend and venerated teacher, guide in his political councils, and director of his religious progress. Days and nights used the young monarch spend in retreat in the choir of Suxen; days and nights used the abbot devote to the conduct of the admirable little court of Challons-Sur-Saone. Burgundy was about to be ruled by a wiser Goutramm; the attention of France was cast upon it, and the bold heart of the lord abbot swelled with exultation. But the scheme of God's providence who shall unravel? The mother of the king's father, one who had risked much for him, an aged woman, who, it was said, was endeavouring to expiate a life of crime by an old age of penance; a grey-haired queen, who having outlived her power and her friends, had been just expelled, by a casualty of those rough times, from the very court of which she was for long years the mistress—now sought in the name of charity, of affection, and of gratitude, a refuge in the dominions of Theodrik. Who would resist such a claim? She was received with all the honour that a queen might wish, and all the lovingness that a warm, young heart could proffer. Sad was the day she entered the Burgundian court! For no penance was the aged miscreant doing, but plotting new schemes of guilt—no repose did she seek at Challons, but a fairer field for her ambition—no chance of royal whim was it that expelled her from her grandson's court, but

a foul murder done with her own palsied hands. She had scarcely taken up her stay when she commenced her fiend-like labours. Discerning that the ruin of the young king's character would be the only secure basis for her power, she directed her exertions to this effect. Of noble and venerable appearance, child of the most illustrious race in Europe (the proud princes of Spain), of undoubted talent and seldom-rivalled dissimulating powers, she was peculiarly fitted to sway an inexperienced and unsuspecting mind. She began by ridiculing the advice of Columbanus, and the pious practices of the young man, when cautiously withdrawing the restraints of religion, and insidiously introducing temptation, she encouraged Theodrik, with fatal success, before long, to enervate by luxury and debase with precocious debauchery, a mind naturally vigorous and virtuous. With very fatal success, indeed. Alas! human nature is weak, and the devil is wily. Alas! youth is variable, and Meerovingian blood was hot. Theodrik was strongly tempted, and he wretchedly fell. He plunged into crime of all kinds with a wildness, a vehemence, almost unknown to those stoical times. The counsels of the abbot were rejected, and himself despised. The lessons of youth were forgotten, and the hopes of manhood thrown away. The model court of Challons became a scene of the maddest crime—the kingdom of Goutramm the holy, a theatre of riotous broils. Plundering excursions took the place of visits to Luxen—the gaming-table was substituted for the council-board—the banquet-hall for the church; and all that Columbanus had laboriously effected in the political affairs of the country, was desperately reversed. What could the poor monks do? They prayed and remonstrated, entreated and threatened. Columbanus several times visited the king, brought him to repentance and left him, only to hear of his more dangerous relapse. His very appearance was sufficient to bring the unfortunate young man to contrition—the very presence of temptation was enough to make him forget it. On one occasion the abbot produced a stronger impression than usual, remained a considerable time in court, and prevailed upon Theodrik to dismiss his mistresses, as an initiatory step towards permanent reform. After his departure, it required all the art of Brunchilda to remove the effect he had produced. The latter now determined that at all hazard he should never again have an opportunity of exercising his magical sway over his former pupil; and she dexterously endeavoured to bring this about by creating in the king's mind an angry feeling against his monitor. The next time Columbanus came to court, she received him in great state, and presenting the king's illegitimate children, asked his blessing for them. The stern missionary refused to bless the fruit of sin. This was what Brunchilda expected and desired. Feigning the utmost indignation, she ordered his immediate and violent expulsion, and then flying to the king, so worked upon his parental feeling, that he permitted her to send a messenger to Luxen, announcing his high displeasure, commanding the monks to imprison themselves within the monastery until his will was declared, and forbidding any to afford them succour under a grievous penalty.

This was the *brochure* of tyranny—the temporal power was now fairly at issue with the man of God.

One summer evening, in the year 607, Columbanus and a few monks approached the royal residence of Spissia, between Lemur and Montreal, to remonstrate against this violent and, as it happened, illegal decree.

A strange place to us would this Spissia have appeared. It was one of the peculiar residences of the Frankish chieftains—then scattered somewhat thickly over the central and western parts of Gaul—where they made demonstration of their authority, collected their revenues, and lived in turn while the produce accumulated sufficed for their support. It was situated on the borders of one of those primæval forests that formerly overspread more than a third part of the country, portions of which are to be seen to this day. The buildings were partly of stone and partly of wood—long, low, irregular but expensive structures; the residence of the monarch of the court was in the midst of all; in its profuse ornament there might be noticed a strange intermixture of the rudeness of the northern warriors and the refinement of the Imperialized Celts; marble colonnades extended before timber palaces, fine statues stood in empaved apartments, and good paintings adorned walls which the stainer or tapestrier had not seen; magnificent couches spread their inviting folds for him whose throne was a three-legged stool; and primitive beer and stirabout was disposed in goblets of chased gold upon tables of marble; around this principal dwelling were grouped the habitations of the “Lendes,” and attendants; farther off, and encircling all, were the watch-houses of the guards and the tents of the Fiscalini, who, as their name imports, were the workers of the royal Fisc, and exercised, for its benefit, the trades of the weaver, armourer, tanner, smith, &c., still further were disposed the huts of the serfs and the enclosures for cattle; the whole was flanked and nearly surrounded by the royal demesne-land.

The confusion was considerable when Columbanus was announced; the utmost the queen could effect was, to have a haughty message sent that it was too late for an audience, and that the abbot should delay until the morning; poor Theodrik added that an apartment of honour should be prepared for him under the royal roof. Not accepting this latter, Columbanus took up his abode with a poor serf; late at night, on his return to this humble shelter, he was astonished to see a sumptuous repast laid out, and the king's servants waiting to serve him; but he well knew compromise would not suit the prince's temper. “Begone!” said he to the servants, “I reject the gifts of the impious,” and as he spoke the dishes were broken, the wine spilled and the servants fled in affright. The missionary retired to rest—meanwhile rumour of the matter spread—he was awakened before dawn by the joyful cries of the people as the king knelt, in penitential garb and with sorrowful mien, by his couch, promising, by all he held dear or sacred, to amend his life, revoke his tyrannical commands, and revive in Burgundy the blessed rule of Goutramm.

So the firmness of Columbanus was once more successful. But not long after the disorders of the court recommenced; as a significant token of the state of affairs, the Abbot was again forbidden approach to the king. The latter made a final effort, he addressed him a letter of ecclesiastical censure and excommunication “in sacris.” It was a bold step; it was a strange rescript in the Frankish court. The poor king, too deep in crime now to be affected much by its sacerdotal sternness, was too proud not to be enraged by its unaccustomed audacity; urged by the reproaches of the queen and the flattery of his venal companions, he took horse immediately and galloped with a small train to Luxen; but, so hastily was his

resolution executed, so vague was his original purpose, so confounding was the aspect—calm, serene, and dignified—of Columbanus when he appeared, that with true Meerovingian dignity, he forgot what precise charge he was to make. After standing abashed for a while, he roughly demanded admittance to the interior of the monastery. This was something to have hit upon; Columbanus calmly replied that he had suitable apartments for visitors, but that it was against rule to admit strangers farther.

"Ho!" said the king, anxious to redeem his indecision, "those places must be open to us."

And he sprung from his horse, drew his poinard, and moved with his party into the monastery. He had proceeded as far as the refectory, and no one dared oppose him, but the brave spirit of the abbot rose with the emergency. He stepped forward, opposed his person to the king's, and sternly bade him retreat; then there was clashing of swords among the minions and fierce looks from the soldiery—a deed of blood was near being done, but poor Theodrik paused, hesitated—fled! Columbanus followed him—a crowd had assembled outside—before the people, in the midst of the armed retinue, and to his very teeth, he resolutely denounced his conduct and prophesied his fate.

Writhing under his words, pale with rage, yet endeavouring to assume an air of dignity, the king replied, "I perceive you hope to get the crown of martyrdom by your audacity—I am not so foolish—but hear what I command; as your system differs from all others, return whence you came."

"If," answered Columbanus, his countenance calm and his port erect the while, "if you would have me leave my monastery, you must compel me by force."

So saying he withdrew, and his rude visitors rode away.

Not long after, two parties were seen proceeding in opposite directions along the forest highway between Luxen and Bourcherasse. The one was a small band of soldiers, such as were then attached to the persons of the more powerful princes, as a kind of body-guard, accoutered with habergeons, leathern helmets, light battle-axes, slight spears, and small daggers; they were commanded by Bandolfus, a Burgundian nobleman, a boon-companion and warm adherent of Theodrik's, and they chatted gaily, or caroled some rude soldierly strain, as they rode towards the abbey. The other party were moving in the direction of Bourcherasse, where court was then held, and consisted of monks, habited in the long white robes of their order, and chanting an ecclesiastical canticle, as the custom was with the stricter sort of clergy in that age. Clearly, cheerily, above all rose the voice of the lord abbot, when, grasped by the hand of Bandolfus, he was roughly hurled to the ground! With calmness undisturbed, with countenance unruffled he submitted to the indignity; remounting his palfrey he bade the monks return to Luxen as they were rudely commanded.

For some days after, he continued to go through his monastic duties as if nothing had occurred; the soldiers meanwhile kept watch and revel in a neighbouring house.

But at length a message arrived from the king, and Columbanus was escorted to Besancon, to await the royal pleasure; after remaining at this place some days he returned to the monastery, being unrestrained by any guard, and unbound by any promise.

Great was the joy of the monks on again beholding

their "father," but wild was the rage of the king when the abbot's disobedience was made known. Some advised instant assertion of the royal power by putting the offender to death, but the severest penalty Theodrik could bring himself to inflict, was the exile he had before decreed. A military force was accordingly despatched to Luxen; in the dead of night Columbanus "and all of his nation," were dragged forth from their brief repose—hurriedly were they mounted on their mean palfreys—hurriedly were a few valedictions uttered—hurriedly were they escorted away. As Columbanus departed he turned round, and with such calm dignity as was his wont in chapel-quiet, gave his abbatial benediction.

This was in 610, according to Mabillon and Fleury.

And "les Vosges," saw no more of him, but his work aided thousands to perfection; his name is remembered to this day—a sweet and solemn memorial of the past; and his spirit was a power mighty and swaying for long ages in the land he loved.

The missionaries and their guards now proceeded towards Nantes, whence Theodrik intended they should embark for Scotia. But this Columbanus did not intend; in his youth he had devoted himself to a foreign mission, and though years were crowding upon him, and the hand of power was heavy over him, he had not repented. Remembering all he had effected, neither his courage nor his ardour failed; besides, Abbot Jonas tells us he was warned, in mystic vision, not to depart from this wide vineyard of the Lord, while it lay all around untilled and weed-grown. He had resolved not to go—he has told his wondering monks his resolution—and he will not go, he swore, though Theodrik rave never so fiercely, or Brunchilda grow a-thirst for rougher vengeance, or Bagnemod, his guard, redouble his vigilance.

They stayed awhile at Auxerre, where no doubt they visited the shrine of St. German, and besought his intercession with more than ordinary fervour, for he, too, on earth, had battled stoutly in the cause of holy church, and suffered grievous things from the temporal power; and he had a stronger claim. Just 300 years before, when he was bishop of the place, there came hither, from the western isles, a strange, earnest man, with mind full of strange visions he had seen on lone hill-tops and in gloomy caverns far away; who, after being befriended in every way by German, instructed in his school, received as his disciple, and sent to Rome with his recommendation, had returned to the pagan island, whence he came, with mitred head and missionary power to achieve a work the most notable of the century, and leave a name venerated of every after age, and called by us—St. Patrick.

At Auxerre, Columbanus uttered his celebrated prediction, to Ragnemod, "remember," said he, "I tell you, that Clothar whom you now so much despise, will, before three years, be your master."

Clothar was the son and successor of Hilperik of Neustria, concerning whom we have had occasion previously to speak.

At Orleans, too, they made some delay. Being neither allowed to enter the city, nor supplied with provisions out of it, the monks were obliged to remain two days on the banks of the river (then a considerable way from the town) without eating; on the third day two of them escaped, and going in quest of food, were plentifully supplied by a Syrian woman and her blind husband. It is related that Potentanus, one of the monks, suggested to the latter, that if it was the will

of Providence, their holy abbot might do some good for him. Urged by a sudden hope, and full of a new faith, the hospitable blind man presented himself before Columbanus; the latter knelt in prayer for a long while, and then arising, he signed the sightless eyes with the sign of the cross, and, by the name of Jesus, bade the man see—in that all-saving name the blind saw.

Henceforward the monks did not need provisions.

Arrived at Nantes there was some difficulty in procuring a vessel bound for Scotia. During their delay they were entertained by two pious maidens, Procula and Dola, though the courtly bishop, Sopronius, refused to take any notice of them. At length they embarked, and the Burgundian guard left them; scarce had the vessel arrived at the mouth of the harbour, when the ship was encountered by a vast mass of water, and thrown back upon the strand. There it lay for three days. The master, alarmed, thought he discerned the finger of God in this, entreated the monks' pardon, loaded them with presents, and permitted them to disembark.

And once again the persecuted abbot and his monks were free—once again *right* triumphed in some poor measure on this earth. Whitherward shall the missionaries turn? At first Columbanus thought of returning to his dear Vosgian institute, but it was apparent that his presence would peril its existence and obstruct its operation, without any equivalent advantage. Enough had not been done to vindicate the authority of the church; it was time to recommence the active propagation of her doctrines. After writing a touching farewell letter to his Vosgian monks (preserved in the *Collectanea*, No. 31), he started for Soissons, then the capital of Clothar, of Neustria, with zeal as ardent and spirit as unbroken as when the gates of Bennchoir closed behind him, twenty-one years before.

Owing, probably, to his custom of continuing missionary labour on his journeys, so as to make them resemble ecclesiastical visitations, it was very late in the year when Columbanus met, under the gates of Soissons, a splendid cavalcade of priests and nobles, with king Clothar at its head, and festal banners waving in the breeze, and festal music swelling on its breath. For the fame of the Scotie recluse had penetrated hither, and fired men's enthusiasm and commanded men's love. Clothar, it appears, several times invited him to his court, and he now received him with honour seldom paid an ecclesiastic in those days. A lodging was appointed him in the palace, and afterwards, a more suitable one in a neighbouring cell. Columbanus did not disappoint his expectations. During his stay he was the king's confidential counsellor in political matters, his spiritual guide, and his beloved friend. Who can guess what influence this visit of the Irish monk, to the second father of the Meerovingian line, had upon the after destinies of France and of Europe? There can, at least, be no doubt that it affected very seriously this prince's character and government.

Nevertheless, for some cause of which we are not told, Columbanus relinquished his project of founding a monastery at Soissons; and, to the deep regret of Clorbie, left that city ere long. He next went to Paris, where he was entertained by the bishop, and then to Meaux, where he was prevailed upon to make some stay, by Channeric, a powerful chief, and Agneric, lord of Champagne in Brie. The fruit of this brief visit was very wonderful. Burgundofora, the

beautiful daughter of Channeric, was devoted to God by Columbanus, in a neighbouring convent, where she lived a life of surpassing holiness and became Saint Burgundofora. Faro, the son of Agneric, moved by his teaching, flung aside his arms and spurs, and every prospect of worldly honour, to study for the ecclesiastical state. Just ten years after the missionary's visit, he was received to the episcopate of his own diocese, and likewise, by the blessing of God, became a canonized saint.

From Meaux, Columbanus proceeded to Eussi, on the Marne, where he spent some time with the pious Autharius, and where, too, the influence of his instruction is in a remarkable way traceable. Ado and Dado, the sons of his host, we find soon after as founders and abbots of two great Columban monasteries. Verily, healing and blessing went out from him as he walked!

At Metz he was honourably received by Theodobert of Austrasia, and invited to found a monastery which would be munificently endowed and placed under the royal protection. Declining this latter, Columbanus asked, in stead, permission to travel amongst and preach to the king's wild subjects, in the Helvetian and trans-Rhenane provinces. The oddness of preferring to convert rude boorish heathens, to administering to the weal and reposing in the favour of a Christian and Meerovingian sovereign, excited Theodobert's merriment; but the small request was granted, and the arrangement was scarcely concluded, when the king found reason to rejoice in it. Before his departure, this strange Hibernian monk administered to him a warning and a reproof, in words so strong that they cut him to the heart, and so just, that they deterred his violence; so stern that they alarmed; so serenely uttered that they awed him. In pursuance of their design, the monks went on to Mentz, where they remained a short time at the request of the bishop, and thence continued their journey up the Rhine, stopping at various places, and making many excursions into the country on their way—sailed up the boisterous Limath, entered the lake of Tigurin or Zurich, disembarked on its western bank, and took up their stay in the southern extremity of Tug. Nor did they remain long here. Walafrid Strabo (*Vit S. Gall L. 1 cap. v.*) has a somewhat incredible story at this place, of their entering a pagan temple on a day of sacrifice, openly setting fire to it, and being compelled to fly from the vengeance of the people.

We next find them near Brigantium, the modern Bregentz, in the country of the Seine, where they built cells on the ruins of an ancient oratory of St. Aurelia, and went to work with all earnestness and courage to convert the people. These Suevi were a tribe of the northerns, who, after passing down through France and being tossed about for a hundred years by the various swayings of the tide of conquest, had at last settled down here, and betaken themselves to hunting wolves and bears in the forests, worshipping great misshapen idols and unseen weird spirits, and fighting lustily with one another—as was incident to their position. The singular feature about them was, that they had been, some time before Columbanus arrived among them, converted to Christianity, but had afterwards, for want of missionaries or some other cause, relapsed into the worship of their idols, "saying," quoth Jonas, "these are our ancient gods and protectors."

The missionaries' first step was, as usual with our Abbot, a bold one. At Bregentz, on a small island,

was a temple—very magnificent, according to Walafrid—built originally for Christian worship, but latterly used for pagan purposes. A great pagan festival was announced at this place; crowds, from the most distant parts of the province assembled, and the priests prepared all their artifices and displayed all their wealth; the great gilt Jotum was brought forth and presented to the reverence of the multitude. As all bent in adoration, a white-robed Christian priest appeared on the altar and demanded silence and attention; both being granted, he preached to them a thrilling discourse—he reminded them of their apostacy—he ridiculed their idols—he appealed to their reason and their feelings, and he ended by casting a stone against the idol and hurling its fragments into the deep waters of the lake. All were confounded for a while—scarce was the act done when Columbanus entered in solemn ceremonial robes, followed by a train of priests, waving censers, sprinkling holy water, and chanting loudly and unshrinkingly the service for the consecration of a church. Round the building they walked unhurt, blessing and singing as they went; and the ceremonial and the psalmody—unheard, unseen, since childhood's time, bringing back old thoughts and things—touched those savage people's hearts; round and round the fearless monks went, and no hand was stirred against them; deep in the wave the idol lay, and no bold diver moved for it; on high the holy cross was reared, and none were there to harm it; and when the ancient altar, so long thrown by, was raised—and the blessed relics of St. Aurelia, so long forgotten, were exposed, and the great Christian sacrifice, so long uncelebrated was once more said and sung, of the Jotum worshippers, some wept, some shuddered, and all declared they would be Christians.

This brave deed was but the prelude to success still greater, and, henceforward, there was no want of hopeful labour for the missionaries.

In the midst of this, Columbanus took a hasty journey to Austrasia, to remonstrate with king Theodobert, whom he yet thought to save by opportune advice. The long threatened war between the guilty brother-kings had at length broken out. In a vision, the abbot was forewarned of the result; both kings commanded in person. The Burgundian forces lay north of Toul—the Austrasian, south of it. The latter was found by Columbanus, as doomed troops often are, full of rash confidence, gorgeously equipped and wretchedly disciplined. At first he was received with courtesy, but when he made known his mission—announced that he had come to warn that proud army of its defeat and utter ruin, and to implore that braggart monarch to disband his troops, relinquish his crown, and enter a monastery, “lest with the loss of his kingdom he might also lose his soul.” Loud and long was Theodobert's merriment, and difficult was it found to prevent the soldiers from tearing to pieces the audacious prophet of evil. With heavy heart Columbanus returned to his cell, to await the course of events and the fulfilment of his prediction.

Everything happened as he had said. A few months after Theodobert was defeated at Toul and again at Tolbiac—obliged to fly, almost naked, to Cologne—taken prisoner there, and soon after put to a cruel death by his ferocious grand-mother.

This was in 612, according to Henault.

These occurrences inflicted another heavy blow on the poor lord abbot. Since he left Burgundy, his object seemed to have been to rear, in those forest wilds,

a monastic institution which should be a second Vorges to the Helvetian and trans-Rhenan provinces, and one more great fortress of religion and civilization to Europe for the present and the future. But scarcely had the victories of her grandson put the dependencies of the Austrasian chieftaincy in the power of Brunchilda, than, with a vindictiveness characteristic of her race, she tracked her victim to his retirement and recommenced her persecutions—the more actively that in the former instance she had been disappointed of the full measure of her vengeance. Soon Columbanus perceived that his presence would ruin all hope of establishing a powerful monastery in the country. Before long he had to determine to leave his poor Suevan people and his new mission, and proceed, with the greater part of his monks, to Italy. He left at Bregentz the most beloved of his disciples, Gallus, hoping that he, at least, might do something for the twice-deserted people. The name of the Gall almost tells the story of his success—or would tell it to any Helvetian peasant. Compelled to retire to a desert spot, upon the Stiemba (Stinace), he succeeded in establishing there a small number of cells, converting the surrounding population, and laying the foundation of that great monastery of St. Gall, so renowned in European history and the annals of literature. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the canton of St. Gall is now one of the most important of the Swiss-confederate states.

In the early part of 612, according to Muratori (*Annali d' Italia*, at 612), the Scotie monks arrived in the city of Milan, where, the fame of their virtues and sufferings having preceded them, they were received with great honour by Agidulph, king of the Italian Lombards, and his pious queen, Theodolinda; and in Milan there was a wide field for their exertions, in consequence of the disordered state of political matters and the encroachment of Arianism—the clergy were divided among themselves—the reins of discipline were loosely held or roughly sundered—the pious were scandalized and the poor were shamefully neglected. The reception of the heretical bishops at court, and the open propagation of their doctrines, also occasioned great anxiety to those who had the interest of the church at heart. In partial remedy of those evils the monks devoted themselves for about a year to ordinary missionary labour, knowing that until some degree of unanimity and healthy action was restored to the ecclesiastical body, no monastic foundation could prove immediately serviceable or prosperous. They seem to have been wonderfully successful in this project, to have quickly gained the confidence of every party, and become a link between all.

At this time, Columbanus addressed to Pope Boniface I., a very extraordinary and very characteristic letter on the subject of the three chapters. It is preserved in the *Collectanea*, No. 6, and, if we could give it space, would well deserve translation.

In the commencement of the seventh age there stood, in a noble spot, deep-embosomed among the Appenines, and about thirty miles from Genoa, an ancient church, crumbling and moss-grown—built some centuries before by an eremite saint, whose name the calendar has not recorded—but which had been now for a long time untenanted by priest and unblest by sacrifice; just resting on the brow of the wooded hill of Bobbio, it commanded a glorious prospect of the loveliest mountain scenery in Italy—it was at once neighbouring and secluded from the haunts of men.

On the ruins of this church Columbanus, at length, fixed his residence and built his monastery, recommenced once more that cenobitic life he had been so long deprived of, and found that retreat from the bustle of courts and the weariness of journeying he had so much ambitioned. It appears that he was now broken down in health by all his labours and sufferings; his task was nearly done, and the physical man had been worn out in the doing of it. Well-knit was the frame and stout the muscles of that west-Laighean man, but a life like his had too severely tested them; that physical beauty which had made him fly from the world some fifty years before, had given place to another of a more celestial kind—more touching and serene—that of the body out-worn by the fire of the spirit, and beaming, through every failing lineament, with an intelligence and a glory not human: all his biographers love to tell us of Columbanus's beauty—they can only find that one true word for it, "angelicus." And pleasant and solemn must have been "the active repose" of this retirement, half-like, symbolic of, and a prelude to that repose and love-labour that shall not know interruption. The eremited church was repaired; stone was quarried from the rock, wood hewn from the forests by the hands of the monks themselves, in the old Eastern way, and a goodly monastery was built after the fashion of dear, western Scotia. Christmas, 613, a large number of monks, some Scotie, some French, and some Italian, sang in the choir of the new cenobium—the nave of the ancient church.

Columbanus now put aside all political and literary business and devoted himself entirely to the rearing of his institution and the duties of his abbacy.

One day, in the following year, 614, the silence of the mountain was disturbed by the arrival of a large and magnificent company at the gate of the abbey; the leader of which, an ecclesiastic of high rank, demanded immediate audience of the lord abbot. Great must have been the old man's delight, and that of his French and Scotie monks, when they recognized, in the stranger, Eustasius, the new abbot of the Vosgian monasteries, and one of the most saintly of their old companions.

Abbot Eustasius brought momentous news from France.

Theodrik, having become, as we have seen, by the defeat and assassination of his brother, sole sovereign of the two kingdoms of Austrasia and Burgundy, and the most powerful prince in Europe, flushed with triumph, thought it full time to prosecute his old quarrel with Clothier of Neustria; all his preparations were made—a camp was formed—the "Lendes" of the united territories were assembled—savage and naked troops were summoned from the countries beyond the Rhine, and the enterprize was a-foot—when, seized by a fearful complaint, the unhappy king wretchedly perished in his royal town of Metz. The Confederacy of course fell to pieces, and Clothier, as next heir, proceeded to take possession of both kingdoms, but Brunchilda, with desperate folly, endeavoured to oppose him, and at length found a plan for his assassination. This exasperated Clothier to the utmost, he seized her person, and cruelly punished her long life of crime by condemning her to a violent death; by his orders, also, two of Theodrik's illegitimate children were executed, a third escaped, and the fourth was permitted to enter a monastery. The successful prince was crowned at Soissons, Metz, and Challons,

second monarch of all the Franks, by right of conquest, succession, and election.

Thus did it happen, that before the close of 613 (*Henault, &c.*) all the predictions of Columbanus, regarding France, were verified.

King Clothier observing this, and not forgetful in his prosperity of the friend to whose counsels he owed so much, determined he should have him, henceforth, by his side; he shall be tracked wherever he has gone; Abbot Eustasius must follow him into the Helvetian country, where report saith he hath settled, or into Egypt, where Augustin, bishop of Suri, maintains he hath gone; or, to the fair island of the western seas, whither false Leodomald, count of Nantz, swears he hath sailed; a noble equipage, moreover, shall Eustasius have, and twenty young nobles shall be his guard, and his expenses shall be defrayed from the royal treasury. Such an embassy accordingly started, and, after much travelling, traced Columbanus to Appenine Bobbio.

Yet he will not return with them. In truth he cannot. He assures the monks and lords they would bring to Clothier his mortal part only; and they see the justice of what he says, and do not press their mission. A letter—a noble and affecting farewell letter, the lord abbot penned to the king, with his own trembling hand. He thanks him for his wish to have him in his court, explains to him how impossible it would be, in the course of nature, to comply with it, and reminds him that God is always nigh and ever ready to counsel. He congratulates him on his success, reproves him in striking terms for his cruelty to Brunchilda and the children of Theodrik, and gives him a good deal of advice regarding his conduct in future, in the exalted position he had attained. He asks him, as a last request, to protect and forward his Vosgian institution. In conclusion, he imparts to him his final abbatial blessing.

Eustasius, after a short stay, returned to France.

Clothier was much disappointed. He received the letter with the utmost reverence, as the last earthly utterance of a veritable saint, in his regard, and ordered it to be enrolled among the most precious archives of his chapel. "Les Vosges" he took under his special care, bestowed on the community freedom of election, enriched the abbacy with large annual revenues, and the lordship of meadow and forest land for many "walds" around, that the institution might realize the promise of its first success, and be to him and to posterity a monument, and great tangible proof of the wisdom and zeal, the lore and the sanctity of "*le grand Missionnaire Irlandais*."

It is almost needless to say, that the saint's work at Bobbio was likewise blessed by God and crowned with enduring success. Even during his life its influence had begun to spread through the land, and its affiliations to multiply its benefits in distant provinces. To any informed student, it is only necessary to mention its name, to remind him of its after-importance in the history of Italy and of Europe, of art, of science, and of literature.

Just twelve months after the departure of Eustasius, the angel of death, after many warnings and much threatening, visited the lord abbot. And never, surely never, since the world began, was a soul found more triumphantly prepared for his awful advent! In the solitude of his cell, in the silence of the night, a flood of splendor, more gorgeous and lovely far than the rays of the noon-day sun, poured around the saint and flooded

the apartment. And then, plain for the attendant monks to see, did the Virgin Mother appear, supporting on one arm her awful babe, and with the other beckoning the dying mortal to join the heavenly host, smiling, at the same time, with a smile so ineffable that heaven itself seemed half-revealed in it—the while, angelic music, joyous and exultant, pealed in all ears, and angelic forms, visible and glorious, flitted to and fro; and there was wafture of distant wings and tinkling of soft cymbals far away. Anon, the vision fled, and all was dark and silent as before. Columbanus got himself removed to a bed of stone, and bade the monks be called, for he was dying fast, he said. Long he lay there, gasping half-articulate prayers, and struggling with unseen foes. The final moment came at length. His countenance lit up as with the first beams of approaching glory, and raising himself on his hard bed, he cried aloud in a sweet, tranquil voice—“*Gloria tibi, Domine!*” and died.

Yes; in that little cell of mountain Bobbio, one of the noblest spirits of that century passed from the earth to the bosom of God.

The life of Columbanus was one great act of worship—his death was the fitting consummation of it.

Reader, if the past pages have not given thee a notion of the vigorous individuality of this man, no words of ours now can do it. But if we have, indeed, rescued his memory from dusty clasped books, and made it live for awhile in thy mind, we shall not deem our little work in this CATHOLIC MAGAZINE un-availing.

Offering.

[From the French.]

BEFORE the Virgin's altar

A young man knelt in prayer,

And laid down, for his offering,

A withered May-flower there.

But there was one beheld him

Who whispered in his ear,

“The purse of gold thou bearest,

Were it not better here?

Our high and holy Mother,

Small need of gifts hath she;

Yet what thou hast most precious

Would thy best offering be.”

Then said the youth, faint smiling,

“That branch was offering meet,

For never miser loved his gold

As I have treasured it.”

And he laid the purse so weighty,

Down on the altar-stone,

Yet counted for his sacrifice

The withered leaves alone.

M. G.

The Martyred Sisters.

A CHRISTIAN widow, of Greek origin, lived at Rome under the reign of Adrian. This virtuous woman was called Sophia, and had three daughters, but little of this world's goods to cheer them with.

During the infancy of her children, this good mother provided every moderate comfort for them by her wisdom, her courage, and her perseverance. But scarcely had these young creatures arrived at the age of girlhood, ere they each contributed by their labour to the maintenance of the family; and Sophia, who was most piously resigned to her lot, found herself better off, and thanked God for his merciful care of her and her dear children, and felt that on this earth the greatest recompense a parent can receive is, the virtue and merit of those entrusted to her maternal care.

Pistis, the oldest of the three, did the most good by her constancy in combatting with difficulties. The disappointments, contradictions, and obstacles which she met with at every step she took, never shook her for a moment—she had the gift of faith, and that was sufficient to uphold her strength and her serenity. Having received from Heaven the gift of poetry, she had cultivated it in order to sing the wonders of the redemption. In a little time, the work, which was undertaken to please God, added to the prosperity of the family, the works of Pistis being sought after and purchased by all the Christian lovers of poetry.

In the same manner as Pistis was a poet, Elpis the second daughter was a musician; more lively than her sister, she found happiness in looking forward to the future—full of confidence, she rushed before time with open arms and smiling lips. Her taste was of the highest order and most brilliant character. She put to music the songs written by her sister, and taught them to the young Christian girls, who sang them in the church on the different feasts of their religion; and although she was happy at succeeding so well, yet she looked upon the present success as upon the steps of the ladder by which she was to ascend to the glory that is to come.

Agape, the third daughter of Sophia, was not gifted, like her sisters, with either the art of poetry or music. She was remarkable for her modest virtues, which made her continually watch over the happiness and comforts of those around her, unmindful of her own gratification. She was economical, active, and industrious in their little *menage*. But these qualities were not the only tribute which she brought to the family support. She embroidered; and when it was necessary, for the gratification of others, her needle produced with wonderful quickness works of extreme beauty, the price for which was no sooner received than distributed.

If the two eldest daughters of Sophia were beautiful, the young Agape was charming in the extreme. Her eyes of raven blackness gave to her countenance an indescribable sweetness, as if her soul was animated with that pure fraternal love which the disciples of our blessed Lord felt one for the other. All the Christian families felt proud of these young girls; they were the joy of the church in Rome.

Unhappily, the reputation of the muse-inspired Pistis, and of the matchless melodist Elpis, found its way from the interior of the church, and came to the

ears of Fabius Metellus, a young senator of very relaxed manners, and he rushed to see and hear these wonders. By the strength of gold, for alas! corruption has never been completely banished from this earth, he obtained through the care-taker of the temple, an introduction to it during the ceremony on Easter Sunday. The glory of Christ risen from the dead was celebrated by joyous halleluiahs. The daughters of Sophia could not be mistaken, as they were placed at the head of the young Christian maidens, clothed in white, their heads covered with veils, and surpassing all their young companions in beauty; but it was not those whom he had come to see—who had charmed Fabius. Agape had captivated him altogether. "By Bacchus, he must," he said, "draw out these exquisite beings from the obscurity in which they had been too long languishing. This beautiful daughter of the muses, and her melodious sister would have greater power in captivating the ears of the emperor, than they would of those obscure priests of so melancholy a religion. As to the young girl, whose name he never heard mentioned, her chaste beauty should never ornament other heart but his, and if," he continued, "my wife, the haughty Fulvia, murmurs at this, I shall remind her that as she has never, as yet, presented me with an heir, I have a right to repudiate her, if my caprice leads me to do so."

Fabius's mind became altogether occupied with these sinful thoughts; and the more he looked upon Agape, the more intense his admiration became; not the mere passing admiration of a capricious heart, but a sentiment profound and absorbing, and for the first time in his life the young senator understood the intense happiness that a young and virtuous woman's affection could yield to the object of her regard, and on leaving the church the wish of possessing Agape was secondary to the ardent desire of being loved by her.

From this day the slaves of Fabius wandered around the residence of Sophia. The report they made to their master of the simple and chaste life led by these four females ought to have turned him from his projects; but, incapable of understanding the charm of self-denial and mortification, he only saw in this rudest and retired existence the consequences of poverty and the securities imposed by a too strict mother on three young and beautiful girls. Strengthened by these impressions, he sought to introduce himself to their humble abode by extravagant praises of the talents of the two eldest daughters. These praises were accompanied by the most brilliant offers of fortune, fame, and all those things of which he thought this suffering family in need.

The spiritual and wise Sophia recognized at once the seducer by the brilliancy of his promises, and endeavoured to elude him by saying that the talents of her children were far beneath the description given of them by the young senator, and, therefore, their desire was to remain unknown and unobserved. Fabius, irritated by this defeat, sought to repair it by costly presents, but these were repulsed by this wise woman with equal dignity. Laying aside the character of protector, he assumed that of a man anxious to reward merit wherever it was found, and drawn to this family less by the sympathy for their surpassing talents than by admiration of their Christian virtues. There was some truth in this subterfuge, for although he spoke only of the two oldest, yet, in reality, his thoughts rested upon the mild and modest Agape.

Sophia repulsed this dangerous intimacy as she had formerly done his proud offers of protection. "My daughters and myself," said she to Fabius, "live according to the commands of Christ, and are content earning our daily bread. To desire more would be criminal. Our reason for refusing the offer of fortune, which you have made us, is that if we had accepted it our hearts would have become attached to the things of this world; and wo to those who raise idols in their hearts, and sacrifice them to the golden calf; the kingdom of Heaven is not for them, for they receive their reward here. You now demand our friendship, it is freely granted to you, in obedience to the commands of our blessed Lord who desires us to love each other, those who injure us, as well as those who hold out to us the open hand of honest protection; but you must acknowledge that a prudent mother is bound to keep from the society of her daughters a man who presents himself escorted by flattery, presents, and assumed benevolence."

Fabius Metellus, thus reprov'd, felt the most violent anger arising in his breast, and infuriated at the Christian religion by the wisdom and virtue of Sophia, he resolved to obtain by force what would not be granted to him by entreaty, and without further delay he sought the prefect of Rome, saying, "We have at our fetes poets and musicians of a very low order, whilst the Christians possess those of the most commanding talent; but the people of this sect are most impudent and arrogant—two of their daughters have refused the offers I have made to them to embellish by their talents the fetes at my villa. Assist me by your power to force them into obedience."

Lucius, prefect of Rome, was one of those men so perfectly satisfied with the present time that he laughed at the idea of regrets for the past, and any aspiration after a better future was in his mind a species of insanity if not a crime. A Roman by birth and an epicurean by nature, he was an unbeliever from weakness of intellect. He hated, in the Christian doctrine the dogma of God's perpetual presence, and that love and service of that God could alone conduct to eternal happiness. He regarded as dangerous subjects those men who hold out their hand to the poor and endeavoured to raise the slave from his state of complete abjection. He laughed at the faith that sought and hoped for other goods than those of this world, and saw in the paradise of the faithful only an exaggerated parody of the Pagan elysium. Such a man was happy in having it in his power to humble the whole sect of Christians in the person of two young, helpless, and unprotected females.

"As these virtuosos," he replied to Fabius, "are deaf to your entreaties and indifferent to earth's choicest gifts, we shall see what command and fear will effect."

In fine, the prefect sent to Sophia to desire that she would have her daughters brought to his palace. The fetes which Lucius here gave were veritable orgies. The female visitors were those of the most fallen and degraded characters. Sophia would have endured a thousand deaths rather than conduct her daughters to such a place, she therefore resolutely refused. Lucius threatened her with violence, but the virtuous widow, steady in the path of duty, felt no fear, for she knew that although she herself was of Greek origin, yet her husband had enjoyed all the privileges of a Roman citizen; therefore her daughters were free subjects, and no one had a right to use force but the emperor,

and it was on his power that Lucius and Fabius relied for vengeance.

Antonius, the favourite of Adrian, was dead, he had thrown himself into the sea in order to verify an oracle that promised to add to the days of the emperor those years that a friend voluntarily gave up, and Adrian, in the delirium of his grief and gratitude, had raised altars to this victim of Pagan credulity. Power is always surrounded by flatterers, the cities hastened one before the other to raise temples to Antonius, and Rome was about celebrating public games to his honour. It was to these fetes that Lucius invited Pistis. She must first sacrifice to this new god, and afterwards join with the other poets who were singled out to sing the virtues and beauty of Antonius.

Agape was alone in the house when the guards of the prefect presented themselves before her. Impressing, by a sigh, the necessity of silence to their only domestic, she gave herself up in the place of her sister to the high priest of Antonius, before whom they brought Agape. This man was touched to the heart at the extreme youth and candour of this young girl. "My child," said he, after having read the decree of Lucius, "so mild and so beautiful you will not rebel against our divine master, therefore the prefect will abandon his severity and you will thus give me speedily the pleasure of restoring you to your family."

"What must I do to accomplish this, my lord?"

"Very little indeed, charming Pistis, immolate these two sparrows on the altar of Antonius, and then compose in honour of this young god some of those verses the renown of which has even pierced the walls of this temple."

"Never," replied Agape, "I believe in one God, creator of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only son. He pities you, awaits you and will open his arms to receive you. He has taught me to pray to our Father who is in heaven for you, and for all those unhappy creatures who are still in the darkness of idolatry."

"Child," said the high priest, "risk not your life with these high flown dreams. You shall remain three days in my house, this is the command of our great emperor, by the lips of his prefect—you shall be with my daughters; they are as good and as charming as you are yourself, but at the same time they are too sensible to allow their minds to wander on questions that don't concern them. May their example open your eyes—and when the fatal time arrives, instead of giving you over to the justice of a severe tribunal, I hope I shall have to restore you to a mother who weeps for your absence, and to sisters who are calling you by their groans."

Agape, without undeceiving the high priest as to her identity, profited by the respite granted to her, to write to her mother to inform her of the dangers by which she was menaced. "Take care to make known these dangers," said Agape, "let not the zeal of our Christian brethren slumber, this would be to draw coals of fire upon their head. Fly, yourself, my beloved mother, profit by these three days to place yourself in security along with Pistis and Elpis, that by suffering alone I may not fail in the task which God has given me to perform."

The old servant had so well kept the secret of Agape that Sophia believed her child was occupied by her ordinary works of charity. Learning by this the abyss of evils the anger of Fabius might draw around

her Christian friends, she trembled from head to foot. "Oh! my God!" she cried, "is the persecution about beginning afresh with the Christians? Ought I to deliver up to the fury of the pagans my friends and my children—these dear children whom I have watched from infancy, and who were the objects of my tenderest love? Or shall I take the advice of my noble girl, and abandon this innocent victim in order to save her sisters? Agape, my beloved child, if she should sink under the tortures and deny thee, Oh! my God! What then shall I do? Here human wisdom abandons me."

"Her faith will save her, my mother," replied Pistis, "those who shall walk with a firm step in the midst of peril will be strengthened by God, and partake of the glory of his eternal son. Let us fear not, but go and see this high priest, tell him his error, and, if necessary, let us teach all by our example not to flinch in presence of those who would ask us to deny that by which we can alone expect life."

Elpis then said, "When God calls his servants to labour he prepares the reward which will be theirs at the close of the day. Let us partake of that which awaits Agape. I do not fear that my sister will show any dastardly weakness, but for my part I am ambitious to share the palm branches which she is about to gather."

Here the two young girls each taking a hand of their mother conducted her to the temple of Antonius, where they found Agape exhorting to patience an old slave who was covered over with ulcers, and from whose infected body a most noisome smell was emitted. This man, about to quit this earth, was abandoned by all the world, the young Christian alone lavishing upon him the most tender care and heavenly consolations.

The three days which were given for consideration were passed by. The prefect demanded of the high priest of Antonius if Pistis were willing to obey him, or if the utmost severity of the law was to be put in force against her. The high priest, who, as we before said, had a heart accessible to pity, was grief-stricken to find that he had four instead of one to deliver up to the tribunal of the prefect, renewed his prayers and entreaties in order to induce Agape, her mother, and sisters to obedience, "I do not want you," he said, "to renounce your faith, but solely to dissemble for a day, a single day, in order to save your lives. If your God is just and good, as you say he is, he will excuse you."

Pistis became flushed with indignation on hearing these words. "Our God," said she, "will not accept of a love so weak and wavering. What! are worldly considerations sufficient to restrain a soldier from rushing to the breach, and will not our faith uphold us in the hour of peril? To deny God, the supreme ruler, would be a punishment far beyond what the torture could inflict, and a scandal greater than the excess of his cruelty."

"You," said the gentle Elpis, "can only see the evils by which we are surrounded, but I am looking towards the recompense. Depart from hence you who would endeavour to place yourself between us and the sunshine of our glory,"

The high priest saw in all this only the wildness of fanaticism, and, addressing himself to Agape, whose sweetness and tenderness of heart he well knew, he pointed out her mother and her sisters who were about becoming victims to their obstinacy. "What will it

cost you?" he said, "simply a genuflection before the image of a god, or a young man if you will have it so, but who, god or mortal, was inoffensive, and died in believing himself a victim for his emperor and his friend."

"If the death of Antonius was an act of virtue our just and merciful Saviour would have strengthened his soul and awarded his faith, but never shall we bend the knee before the image of a creature subject, as we ourselves are to sin and death; already once have I wished to save my mother and my sisters in offering myself alone to the anger of Cæsar. God has shown to me the pride of my sacrifice in rejecting it. If our blood, shed for the honour of his holy name, will open the eyes of those unhappy creatures who are still in the darkness of ignorance, our duty is to shed it, even to the very last drop. Adieu! brothers in Christ Jesus! pray with us that our martyrdom may be fruitful, and that I may have strength while it lasts to keep my hands raised to heaven, calling down upon my unhappy brethren the grace of Christ crucified."

The wife of the high priest, taking Sophia apart, endeavoured to persuade her that a sensible woman, as she was, ought to put a stop to the enthusiasm of her daughters in throwing themselves so blindly into peril. "No," replied Sophia, "up to this day I have guided them—now I shall follow."

The high priest, feeling that his advice was useless, decided, with a deep sigh, upon giving up his prisoners. He wrote to Lucius that with the obstinate Pistis he also sent him the mother and two sisters, who appeared quite decided to brave the orders of Cæsar. But a cruelty which far exceeded the prison and the preparations of torture, awaited these unhappy females. Sophia was separated from her children, and transported to Corinth, her own country, where she was tried, and condemned to imprisonment for life.

Fabius had purposely avoided naming Agape to Lucius, when he had drawn the attention of the prefect upon this suffering family. Learning that she whom he loved was about being delivered, along with her sisters, to all the severity of the laws against Christians, he ran to the prison where the three young girls had just been placed; there, in a dungeon, the profound horror of which has no parallel in our cities, and in presence of instruments of torture fearful to look upon, he renewed his useless supplications. Pistis and Elpis withdrew themselves from him with visible disdain. Holding Agape, he exerted all his rhetoric to save her. "Accept of me for your husband," said he to her, "once honoured by this title, I know well my interest and my fortune will disarm the rigour of the law. I adore it is true the gods of Rome and of the civilized world, but that matters not—mixed marriages are common in our faith. Christians may people our ante-rooms without offending God. Dear Agape! you shall have liberty to build a chapel in my palace, if you will not allow your Christ to abide amongst the protecting gods of my domestic hearth. I solemnly swear to respect your faith, to cherish your mother as my mother, to love your sisters as if they were my own, and to hold out a protecting hand to all Christians through love of you. But why do you not reply?"

"Excuse me, my lord," replied Agape, "I have been asking myself if I were wide-awake, or was it in the wanderings of a dream that I thought I heard you propose to me to seat myself in the place occupied by the noble and austere Fulvia."

"Fulvia has never presented me with an heir, and the law allows me to repudiate her."

At this reply the blush of shame and indignation covered the brow of Agape. "What!" said she, "is it a crime you propose to me, as a means of saving myself? Is it to trample under my feet justice and humanity? To purchase my blood by the tears of the heart-broken? And this you call simple and natural to do. Oh! may God forgive me my sins, and give me grace to forgive you your offences against me. But leave me, and learn that not one of these tortures, the instruments of which you see before you, could be half so cruel as the thought of usurping the place that belongs to another."

Fabius, baffled and furious, saw only in the generous anger of Agape her profound dislike for himself, excited the prefect to exhibit the utmost severity towards this rebellious and fanatical sect.

The same evening the three sisters were conducted before the tribunal.

"Why do you refuse to sacrifice to the divine Antonius?"

"We recognise but one God, all-powerful and eternal, the creator of heaven and earth, and to adore any other would be a most horrible sacrilege," replied, successively, Pistis, Elpis, and Agape.

"You are Christians then?"

"We are Christians."

"What good can attend this folly?" exclaimed Lucius. "This powerful God, for whom you brave Cæsar, has left you to languish in poverty—this just God will not save you from death, whilst ours, if you bend the knee before them, will grant you life, and with life—riches."

Pistis, raising her head, said, "To believe in God, the sovereign good, and to die for him, is a glory preferable to all the pomp and grandeur of this earth."

Lucius, turning towards Elpis, said, "The pleasures of life are more suitable to your age than these haughty struggles against grief. Lips like yours were rather formed to lisp songs of love than to utter cries of anguish."

"You bid me fear, but I only hope," replied the young girl, "if man has prepared fearful tortures for us, the angels are reserving for us ineffable joys."

"But think that it is death that awaits you."

"Death!" cried Elpis, in an accent of triumph, "Death by the hand of the executioner, 'tis but heaven opening upon us. My sisters, let us praise God, who has thus deigned to show his bounty to us."

Lucius enraged, interrupted their thanksgiving by pronouncing the sentence that condemned them to the tortures.

The Christians were instantly conveyed back to their dungeon, and during the eight hours that intervened between the judgment and its execution nothing was spared in order to seduce them—neither menaces nor promises—but they remained firm and immovable. The thought of martyrdom had converted these fragile and feeble girls into all the firmness and strength of heroines.

The evening before the day appointed for the execution, the bishops of Rome, and all the principal Christians of the city came to communicate with them. The adieu which followed this holy ceremony were touching in the extreme. Conducted to the place of torture, their fortitude forsook them not. Pistis asked of God that he would preserve, whole and

entire, unto the end, that plenitude of faith which was a recompense for all her sufferings.

Elpis was radiant in hopes of futurity, and Agape prayed with charity for all those around her. Fastened to the instrument of torture, their limbs were broken one by one with refined barbarity. Elpis and Pistis did not allow a single murmur to escape them. Agape's tears fell abundantly; and, vanquished by her grief she cried out, addressing the executioner, "When will you cease torturing my unoffending sisters."

"And do you not feel the pincers burning into your bones?"

"No, I only feel the sufferings of my beloved sisters," replied Agape, losing all consciousness from a blow which she owed to the humanity of the executioner.

Fabius and the high priest of Antonius hastened to remove from the torture the delicate and mangled remains of this young and lovely girl. From the heat of the body, and from the blood flowing from the wounds, they hoped to recall her to life. Fortunately Agape recovered the use of her senses; her first words were to ask for Fabius Metellus.

"Let him come quickly," said Agape, "for I have but little time. My mother prays for me at Corinth, where my martyrdom has been miraculously revealed to her, my sisters await me in heaven, but I cannot leave until I have converted Fabius to our faith. God has told me that the breath from my lips will suffice. Bring him here. Bring him here. My God, if he should come too late," cried Agape, in a tone of anguish, and feeling life fast ebbing from her.

Fabius approached her, bewildered. "Fabius," said Agape, "we have purchased eternal felicity—touch this blood that you have caused to flow—receive the last breath which you have shortened, and note the feeble stream of this blood, and the imperceptible sigh which I breathe upon you—raise your soul and conduct it with ours into the realms of everlasting bliss."

"Yes, converted by so much charity," said Fabius, "I am and ever shall be a Christian."

"May God alike save all our enemies," said Agape.

The high priest, his wife, and his children embraced Christianity at the same time as the senator Fabius Metellus, and the church, which was a witness of these martyrdoms and these conversions, places in the rank of the elect, Pistis, Elpis, and Agape—figurative names which, in our idiom, we translate into FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY.

Columbille's Hymn to the Angels.

I.

Oh! which may be the brightest, best—
The fairer star beyond the rest—
Which ought I welcome to my breast?

Of all the seven Archangels.

Tho' each may choose his favourite own,
To me no brighter makes him known,
Than all together—all in one—

My favourite, seven Archangels.

II.

Michael, Raphael, Uriel—ye

To others may more welcome be,

But not one less than all for me—

Ye flaming seven Archangels.

Gabriel, Sariel, Romuel bright—

Let others woo your rapturous light,

But bend to me no less their flight,

Than seven sublime Archangels.

III.

True! Michael best repels the foe,

And Raphael heals the heart of woe,

And Uriel burns the breast of snow,

Among the seven Archangels.

True! Gabriel's tidings turned our doom,

And Sariel spreads his rich perfume,

And Romuel waves the proudest plume,

Yet equal all my Archangels—

IV.

Thou seventh sublime seraphic dove,

Tho' some bestow on thee their love—

And trust their tears to thee, above

The six supreme Archangels;

Yet not to thee alone will I

Entrust my tear, my sob, my sigh:

But to my arms you all shall fly—

Ye seven serene Archangels.

V.

Tho' all in splendour's garb be rolled,

And each be bright as sun of gold,

Yet ne'er shall I a favourite hold,

Save all the seven Archangels.

Let others choose but one, or two,

For me such choice will never do,

I must have all my seraphs true—

Seven sublime Archangels.

MIGUEL.

A Thought on Calvary.

Crown'd and throned, King Jesus, bleeding,

Reigns in gory pomp on high:

Men around, like devils, taunt him,

Tears of angels dim the sky.

Awful ichor, wave immortal,

O'er a suppliant sinner roll;

Cleanse me in your purple torrents,

Heal, revive, inspire my soul.

From thy wounded breast, my Saviour,
 Lo! the saving fountains play,
 Royal river! in thy flowing
 Wash my scarlet guilt away.
 But, my soul! what mortal sadness
 Hangs on Jesus' brow the while,
 And a God-like sorrow mingles
 With th' expiring victor's smile?
 Ah! for us His heart is breaking.
 Yes, for Man—the cold ingrate,
 Who returns a God's affection
 With a worse than demon hate.
 Not the nails that tear each fibre—
 Not the spear his heart within—
 Lacerate that loving bosom
 Like our crushing load of sin.
 He had smil'd on Calv'ty's altar,
 Sweet as when enthron'd above.
 Were his countless pangs rewarded
 By our dearly-purchased love—
 But our cold and heartless torpor
 Rises on his shrinking view;
 Not alone His veins are streaming,
 But His soul is bleeding too.
 Jesus! stay my shuddering spirit,
 Horror loads my struggling breath,
 I am guilty of thy murder,
 I have sold my God to death.
 Oh can Earth—can Hell have torments
 That for crime like this atone?
 Wilt thou rise and crush creation,
 Thundering from thine awful throne?
 Shall the lovely stars, extinguished,
 Be a howling waste again;
 And red lightnings blast for ever
 Ev'ry trace of guilty Men?
 Hark! he speaks, "For all my anguish—
 All my blood and tortures here—
 All thy malice—grant me only,
 Contrite sinner, one pure tear!"

D. N. S.

The Country of St. Patrick,

AND THE

PLACE WHERE HE WAS CAPTURED.

THE following notice of a subject of controversy which has been disposed of, by some of our historical writers, more summarily than satisfactorily, it is hoped may not be misplaced in this periodical. Mr. Moore referring to St. Patrick's origin, observes—"His own Confession,* a work of acknowledged genuineness, proves him to have been a native of the old Gallician or Armoric Gaul." "*Patrem habui Calpornium Diaconum filium quondam Potiti presbyteri qui fuit in vico Bonavem Taberniae: villulam Enon prope habuit ubi capturam dedi.*"†
 "Dr. Lanigan,† observes Moore, "has shown clearly that the place here mentioned was in Armoric Gaul, being the same town as Boulogne sur Mer, in Piccardy." . . . "The country," he adds, "anciently known by this name, comprised the whole of the north-

west coasts of Gaul; and in that territory now called Boulogne, St. Patrick, it appears, was born." The account of St. Patrick's origin, given in the *Confession*, does not prove him, however, to have been a native of Armoric Gaul; neither does any ancient geographer state that Armoric Gaul comprised the territory now called Boulogne. No such extension eastward was given to Armoric Gaul.

Mr. Moore's statement rests on the authority of Dr. Lanigan,§ who says that "Boulogne was well known to the Romans under the name of Gessoriacum; but about the reign of Constantine the Great, the Celtic name Bonavem, or Bonaun, *alias* Bonon, which was latinized into Bononia, became more general." This statement is said to be taken from a passage in *Hadrianus Valesius*, but on referring to that passage, we find it merely stated, that "in the time of Constantine, the Galls began to call Gessoriacum "Bononia." Lanigan makes the name Bonavem—a compound of two Celtic words—Bon "mouth," and Aven "river;" and the addition of Tabernia, he says, marks its having been in the district of Tarvanna or Tarvenna, *alias* Tarabanna, a celebrated city not far from Boulogne, the ruins of which are now called Tarrabannensis. In none of the old geographers do I find this district called by the name above mentioned—the territory now of Boulogne is termed by all of them, that of the Morini. Altogether this effort to identify Bonavem with Boulogne, and Taberna with Tarvanna, is too much strained to satisfy the enquiry or convince the enquirer of the truth of the assertion.

Colgan considers Alcuin the site of the place called Nemthur, which St. Fiesch sets down as the birth place of St. Patrick. Lanigan, in support of his hypothesis, states that there is in the Bolouguese territory a district called Neustria—and Nemthur, is accordingly transferred into Neustria or Nesstria, on the authority of a passage in Probus, where reference is made to Bonavem, "which town," he says, "we indubitably find to be in the province of Neutria, formerly inhabited by giants.¶ Yet, Probus calls St. Patrick a Briton, and in some old breviaries and chronicles, he is so styled likewise, but in later ages the word *great* has been added to the name *Britain*, which is spoken of as his country; and in some French breviaries the word *great* is substituted by that of *Gallican*. This Gallic-Britain, Lanigan observes, Probus had in view, and says that writer clearly shows the country of the Morini, or the Bolouguese, was included in the territory of that of Brittany, and is so described by Pliny. His capture then he maintains was the consequence of a visit to his relations in the Brittanies—"Et iterum post paucos annos in Britannis eram cum parentibus meis."* Lanigan referring to this passage, states that "St. Patrick, in his Confessions, mentions his country under the name of Britannie." The passage, however, literally rendered, states that "he was in the Brittanies with his relatives" at the time of his capture; but the mode of expression from analogous passages, where proceeding to a place is rendered in similar terms, would lead one to believe the meaning of it was, that he was on a voyage into Bretagne with his relations when he was captured.

After six or seven years spent in slavery in Ireland, the saint effected his escape. In his Confessions he says he travelled 200 miles, over land, to "where the ship was;" and on his arrival there, he adds, "we then

* Hist. of Ireland, vol. i.

† Confess. St. Patrick.

† Hist. of Ireland, *ibid*.

* Lanigan, vol. i. p. 93.

† Lanigan, vol. i. p. 101.

† Conf. St. Pat. vol. i. p. 105.

set sail, and after three days reached land." The probable length of voyage from the south-west coast of Ireland to that of Normandy or Brittany. Some say he landed at Treguier, in the latter province. Now it took him twenty-eight days to reach his native country from Treguier, or whatever the place was called, where he landed in Gaul, and all this journey was through a desert country. In his own words—"*Et viginti octo dies per desertum iter fecimus.*"* If Treguier was the place where he landed, as Lanigan supposes, how did it come to pass that it took him twenty-eight days to reach Boulogne, and how does it happen that the intermediate country is called a desert? Does not both the time taken in the journey, and the character given to the country he traversed, correspond better with that region of the Franks on which Rhenish Taverna was situated, and the country between it and Brittany? Lanigan refers to another passage in the Confessions, for a confirmation of the saint's origin in Armoric Gaul, where the same mode of expression is thus corrected by him, with the addition of the word in brackets—"*ut pergens in Britannias et libentissime paratus eram quasi ad patriam et parentes non id solum sed eram [paratus] usque Gallias visitare fratres et ut viderem faciem Sanctorum Domini mei.*"† He had a great wish to go to the Brittanias (as to his country and his relatives), and to proceed as far as the Gauls, for the purpose of seeing his brothers and the saints of God.

In the fifth century, it is stated, there was an emigration, into Armoric Gaul, of some fugitives from the opposite coast of Britain; but long previously to that period, a people called Britons inhabited that part of Gaul. Bede says the Britons of Albion came originally from the Armoric region. "*In primis autem haec insula Britones solum, a quibus nomen accepit, incolae habuit qui de tractu Armoricano, ut fertur Britanniam advecti australes sibi partes illius vindicarunt.*"‡

But if Armoric Gaul was not the country of the saint, it is certain he regarded it with affection, because it was the country in which his uncle, St. Martin, and some of his family were living; and might not the country of the Gauls, which extended beyond the Rhine, in which St. Martin was born, and where probably some of his family might then be living, better correspond with the account given of the distant place he was desirous of visiting? He refers elsewhere to the country of his family, and gives it to be understood it was distant from Ireland where he then was, and from which country he could not absent himself on account of the duties of his mission. "*Timeo laborem quem ego inchoavi.*"§ If his relations had been living in Britany, there would have been less difficulty for him to have visited his family, or for his relatives to have come to him, for Ireland, though it might be in relation to Belgic Gaul, what he calls "the extremity of the world," it could not have been so with respect to Armoric Gaul.

The country which is described as Armoric Gaul, by Magini, the celebrated geographer and commentator on Ptolemy, "comprehended the Gallic Aquitaine lying between the Loire and the Seine, and the coast of Brittany and Gascony. This region is called Armorica, by Pliny, to which (says Magini) belong Bearne, Navarre, Bigorre, Gascony, with Comminges, Armaignac, Albrete, besides that part of Biscay facing

Gaul. Then beyond the (northward) Poictou, Tancoigne, Perigort, Quercy, Auvergne, Berry Turenne (Tours), Salonie, the Borbonnois, Forrest, and Villay de Puy." These limits comprehend the greater part of the coast of Brittany, and totally exclude Piccardy and the region of the Boulonnais. The country now called La Bretagne, and not Boulogne, then corresponds to the region referred to by Probus, as close to the Western Ocean. Its north-western boundary extended along the coast of Lower Brittany, and Probus states that the Taverna referred to was situated at the northern extremity of Bretagne, not far from the Western Ocean.

M'Geoghegan, strange to say, with the account of St. Patrick's origin as given in his Confession before him, made English the territory of Tabernia, and St. Patrick a Briton; his words are—

"Il etoit natif de la Grande Bretagne. Il naquit dans un village qu'il nomme lui meme dans sa confession, 'Bonaven' un territoire Tabernia, 'in vico Bonaver Tabernia,' a l'extremite septentrionale de la Bretagne, et peu eloigné dit Probus de la mer occidentale; de vico Bonnavæ, Taburnia regionis haud procul a mare occidentale."

Bishop Nicholson says—"I have read in an ancient Irish manuscript, whose authority I cannot dispute, that St. Patrick and his two sisters were brought captives into Ireland from Armorica or Brittany in the kingdom of France."

There is another reason for supposing Brittany a more likely place for his abode than Piccardy, its vicinity to the see of his uncle St. Martin (or of his cousin, as some without good reason will have him). In his Confessions, St. Patrick states he was sixteen years of age when he was sold into slavery,* with others of his countrymen, to a Northern chieftain. The prevailing opinion as to the pirates by whom he was carried away being natives of Ireland—it is by no means improbable—is destitute of foundation, the practice of stealing and selling men was common among their Gallic and Britannic neighbours;† that of buying slaves from the latter belonged to the Irish, and the crime was that of nearly all the nations of antiquity.

The manner of his captivity has been detailed by a writer of his life of the early part of the seventh century, St. Evin, abbot of M'Greon, to whom Jocelin owns himself to be obliged. Brooke cites this account of St. Evin in his Essay on the ancient and modern state of Ireland:

"His (St. Patrick's) father and mother, brother, and five sisters, undertook a voyage to Armoric Gaul, now called Basse Bretagne, to visit the relations of his mother, Conchessa.

"It happened about this time, that the seven sons of Tactmude, a British Prince, were banished, and took to the sea; making an inroad into Armoric Gaul, they took Patrick and his sister Lupita (some say Tigrida) also prisoners. They brought their captives to the north of Ireland, and sold Patrick to Milcho Mac Huanan, a prince of Dalradia."

Brooke's, it must be added, impressed with the generally received opinion of St. Patrick's British origin, leans to the fabulous account of the saint's place of captivity having been in Scotland. What deserves attention is the account of the voyage of St. Patrick, his mother, brother, and sisters, to Armoric Gaul to visit his mother's relatives. His uncle, it is to be remembered, was then living at Tours, and a voyage by sea from Boulogne to Brittany would have been an improbable occurrence with a view of getting to Tours.

If St. Patrick was born and captured in Armoric

* Conf. p. 7.

† Conf. St. Pat.

‡ Bede Eccles. Hist. ap. Lan. vol. i. p. 108.

§ Conf. p. 17.

* Jocelin. ap. Moore.
† O'Flaherty says the Franks, as well as the Saxons, committed piratical depredations along the coasts of Belgica and Armorica, in the reign of Diocletian.

Gaul, it is then evident that it was not in the region now called Boulogne, but in some part of Basse Bretagne. It seems strange that those, with the exception of Usher, who have made the question of the birth-place of St. Patrick the subject of enquiry, have not commenced by ascertaining the early history of a member of his family, whose eminence was likely to make his country and his history matters of some notoriety. With that view the writer of this notice endeavoured to ascertain all that was known of St. Martin of Tours. Enquiries in this direction might furnish very plausible grounds for believing that St. Patrick was born in Taverna, a town which the old geographers place in Alsace, bordering on the Rhine, or in a maritime town named Enona, in that region now called Illyria, formerly Pannonia, on the Adriatic shore, in the same country which was the birth-place of St. Martin.

Usher observes, that St. Martin was a native of Sabaria, in Pannonia, and that it is probable his sister, the mother of St. Patrick, being of the same country had followed him into Gaul. The accounts we have of the relatives of St. Patrick, favour the opinion of the Belgic or German descent of his family, rather than the Gallic, and the names of all the persons connected with him are, evidently, more of German than of Gallic origin.

Potitus, a priest, was his grandfather; Calpornius, a deacon, his father; Conchessa, his mother; Darecla, Tigrida, Lupita, Lienania, and Cinnenum, his sisters; Secunden, Mel, and Loman, his nephews. It is necessary, however, to observe, that little dependence is to be placed on those accounts of the saint's relatives. Colgan asserts that Saints Darecla, and Lienania are one and the same person; and Lanigan abolishes one of the disputed parties altogether, and asserts that Darecla died in 518, or fifty-three years after the death of St. Patrick, in 465; Usher, Colgan, and the Four Masters, however, state that St. Patrick died in 493. Lanigan calls in question the account of the relationship of the above-named persons with our saint, chiefly on account of the absurd stories connected with their histories: for instance, Tigrida, one of his sisters, is stated by Jocelin to have had seventeen sons, who all became bishops, priests, or monks, and five daughters, all nuns. In the Tripartite Darerca, the saint's sister, in order, it would seem, to enhance her merit, and to bring it nearly to a level with Tigrida's, is made the mother of seventeen bishops more, but of only two nuns; while Cinnenum has a smaller quota of filial prelates, priests, and deacons allotted to her. Lupita passes with our biographer for a virgin, and for a matron—and a mother with another. Lanigan and Tillemont, on account of this wholesale manufacture of bishops, priests, monks, and nuns, reject the parents, to whom a pious fraud, not unfrequent in those times, gave a marvellous progeny of bishops and religious men and women. But, though we may reasonably reject the marvellous progeny, the fiction of the latter is rather an argument for the existence of the persons whose eminent piety is thus made the peg of religious enthusiasm whereon to hang all the little exuberances of zeal and absurdities of biographical extravagance. In an old Spanish work, entitled "*Flores de Espana excellencias de Portugal*," describing the pre-eminent perfection of the women of the latter country,* mention is made of the case of Maria Marcella, born in Avile, the Archbishopric of Braga, who was brought to bed of seven male children at one

birth, all of whom lived to become priests, and to hold benefices, whose names were inscribed on the sepulchre of the mother in the chapel of St. Domingo, in Chaves. The pious author maintains the credit of his prolific country-women against Ravisius Textor, who gives the marvellous account of Margaret, Countess of Holland, who brought forth 363 children at a birth, and does away with all the merit of the countess's fecundity, by disparaging the size of her numerous offspring—he makes them out so small that they were hardly worth speaking about, "*eran como pequenos pullos*," and moreover the 363 Dutch babies all died. The probability that such persons existed as Maria Marcella of Chaves, and Margaret, Countess of Holland, is not done away with by the absurdities of the writers above referred to.

Sulpitius, the disciple of St. Martin, in his life of the latter, says, that St. Martin of Tours was born in Sabaria, in Pannonia,* but was brought up respectably by parents, not of the lower class of pagans at Sicinum or Pavia in Italy.† St. Martin's father was a soldier, and afterwards a tribune. He visited France and settled at manhood at Poitiers, in Aquitaine in France, with the bishop of that place, St. Hilary, where he was instructed and directed by him. Afterwards he founded a monastery at Milan—was driven away—returned to France and was made bishop of Tours. He died there, in his eighty-first year, in 410, in the first year of the pontificate of Anastasius.‡

The names Bonaven, Taberniæ, or Bonaven, or Taberniæ, are not to be found in Strabo, Pomponius Mela, Ptolemy, Pliny, Paulus Orosius, nor in the later geographers, Ortelius, Magini, or Girava, but old Sebastian Munster, in his German Geography, makes mention of a town in Alsace, not far from Strasbourg, of the name of Taberniæ, a corruption, he says, from Taverna.§ "Taverna was a Roman fortress, built or restored by Julius Cæsar, which he surrounded with twenty-five towers, and strengthened the walls with 365 buttresses, in correspondence with his division of the solar year into twenty-five weeks and 365 days."

In 1525, this place was the scene of dreadful slaughter, occasioned by the Reformation. "The Romans," continues Munster,|| "had three Tavernas near the Rhine, for the winter quarters of their troops—one at Alsace, which is now possessed by the Argentine (or Cologne) bishops; the Rhenish Taberna, whose lord is the Bishop of Spire;¶ and the Taberna of the mountains, a mile distant from Vaussenburg."

We find, then, in ancient time, a "Taverna," in Alsace, "juxta Rhenum,"*** and that St. Patrick, in his Confessions, states that he was born in Bonavem Taberniæ. Whether the latter was used as a proper name, or the designation of a place of encampment generally applied to the sites of places that had been winter quarters of the Romans, is uncertain. The name Bonavem, or Bonaven, we look for in vain in the ancient geographies, no such name is mentioned in any of them. The Spire, formerly called Nemesus, ad-

* "Pannonia superior hodie Austria." S. Sulp. in Vit. S. Pat. ap Brookes Essay on Anc. state of Ireland.

† "Martinus Sbariæ Pannoniarum oriendus fuit, sed intra Italiam Sicini Educatus est, parentibus secundum seculi dignitatem non infimis gentilibus tamen."

‡ Foresti suppl. chron., p. 139.

§ Cosmographia Univer. seb Munstero, fol. 1559, p. 459.

|| Ibid, p. 468.

¶ The ancient name of Spire was Nemetus. See Seb. Mun. de Germ., lib. 3.

*** Seb. Mun. Cosmog., p. 468.

* Fl. de Esp. Macedo, p. 13.

joins that Taberna described by Sebastian Munster. St. Fiesch, in his life of the saint, says, that he was born at Nemturris, "*natus est Patricius Nemturri*;" Ptolemy in his Geography names Nementuripa, but this town he situates in Navarre; the Rhenish Taberna, Munster places under the dominion of the Bishop of Spire, the ancient Nemesus, but the Alsacian Taberna under the government of the Bishop of Cologne, and it is the Alsacian one, he says, which was remarkable for its twenty-five towers. The Nemesus of the former, and the towers of the latter, might have given the name of Nemturris to some intermediate place. The great difficulty, however, to the supposition, that this place might have been the town mentioned by St. Fiesch, is the distance from Alsace to the nearest part of the sea-coast which is on the Adriatic, and St. Patrick's account, which leads us to imagine that the place of his birth and of his capture were not far distant. The analogy, moreover, in the names above referred to, may be somewhat strained, but in that which follows I think the reference that is drawn is not liable to the same objection.

St. Sulpitius's account of St. Martin's birth-place, I find confirmed by Sebastian Munster, in these words, in his description of Hungary and that part of it which comprised Pannonia: "*Secundum Taladiensem comitatum Castriferrensensis est ubi Sabaria vetusta quondam civitas quae divi Martini patria fuit.*"* This city of Sabaria, in or adjoining the field of tents, the birth-place of St. Martin, lay towards the Danube, and not far distant from the river Araban. The two Pannonias were divided by the Danube, and the inferior extended nearly to the Rhine. Jocelin explains the name Taberna as signifying the field of tents, because, he adds, the Roman army had encamped there. So that we find the birth-place of St. Martin, Sabaria, in Pannonia, was a place of tents; and the birth-place of St. Patrick, in Taberna Bonavem, probably of the same description. One of his biographers expressly states he was born in the place of tents; Colgan says the same: "*Patricius natus est in Campo Taburnia campus autem tabernaculorum, ob hoc dictus est eo quod in eo Romani exercitus quodam tempore tabernacula sua ibi statuerunt hyemali frigore.*"

Lanigan ridicules the idea of Taberna being the name of the site of a Roman encampment in which there were tents or tabernacles, because the proper term would have been Castra and not Taberna. Lanigan is certainly mistaken in this inference. I need only refer to Sebastian Munster's account of the Taberna's and Sabaria to show this error. In his Confession, St. Patrick states that his father had a small villa at Enon, not far from his place of birth, Taberna, where he was captured. In none of the ancient geographers is this name to be found; but in Ptolemy we have a name very nearly resembling it, *Enona*, a town in maritime Illyria of Pannonia, on the Adriatic. In the "*Geographia Universa*" of Cluverius,† the town of Enona is set down, in his chart of Pannonia, on the Illyrian coast of the Adriatic, between Istria and Dalmatia, in Liburnia, a place intersected with deep bays and sheltered by several small islands, such a place as pirates might be supposed to haunt.‡ The coincidence is very striking, of a maritime town of the same country in which St. Martin was born, differing only in a

letter from the name of that place where the Saint was captured. The literal translation of the passage in the Confession is as follows: "My father was Calpurnius, a deacon, son of a certain priest, Potitus, who was (dwelling) in the village of Bonavem, of Taberna; he had a small villa near Enon, where I suffered capture." Lanigan renders the words, *villulam Enon prope habuit*, "he had a small villa, Enoir, near the town," which entirely alters the sense of the passage. The existence of any town of the name of Enoir—the proximity of the region of the Rhenish Taberna,* to that part of Pannonia which was the country of St. Martin, is deserving of attention. But the difficulty that exists is the distance from the Taberna of the Rhine, and the maritime town Enona, southward of the Danube: which two places are separated by three provinces. The paragraph in the confession, though it does not give us to understand that they were near or adjoining towns, does not lead us to imagine that a maritime villa on the Adriatic, would be possessed by an inhabitant of a town on the Rhine.

This difficulty would be insuperable, if the passage literally and accurately expressed the writer's meaning, which many other passages in the same work do not. It seems by no means improbable that his father was a native of Pannonia, of that country in which it is reasonable to believe that Conchessa, the wife of the latter was born, as it was the native place of her brother, St. Martin. If such were the case, the probability of St. Patrick's father possessing a place on the Adriatic, in the same region which had been the residence of his family, after his removal to the presumed place of his ministry at Taberna, would be obvious.

Lanigan has partly founded his hypothesis on the analogy between the name Taberna and Tarabanna; it would not be much more far-fetched to derive Bonavem or Bonaven, from Pannonia or Bannonia, for, by the latter corrupted name, Munster states that Pannonia was, at one time, called. The fact that I rely on is, that St. Patrick's parents were of the same country as St. Martin, and that country was Pannonia. The inferences drawn from it, and from the various circumstances referred to in the several works I have noticed, are, that the sphere of the duties of the Saint's father was in another province of Cisrhenan Germany, in the Alsacian Taberna, where St. Patrick was born; and that the place of capture, or at which, having embarked, he was captured, was the town of Enona, on the Adriatic, near which his father's original place of residence might have been situated.

If it be objected, that in those early times (the period of St. Patrick's capture) the pirates of England or Gaul did not extend their voyages beyond the coast of France, it may be answered that they conveyed their English slaves to Rome, in the time of Gregory the great, and it is not to be supposed that these slaves were brought there overland. If these observations, intended only to be suggestive of further enquiry, be founded on reasonable presumptions, where there are no authenticated facts to rely on, it may perhaps be admitted, at least, that with such data as are now before us, there is a greater probability that St. Patrick was a Frank of Germany than a Gaul of Brittany, or that region of the Morini, in which the modern Boulogne is situated.

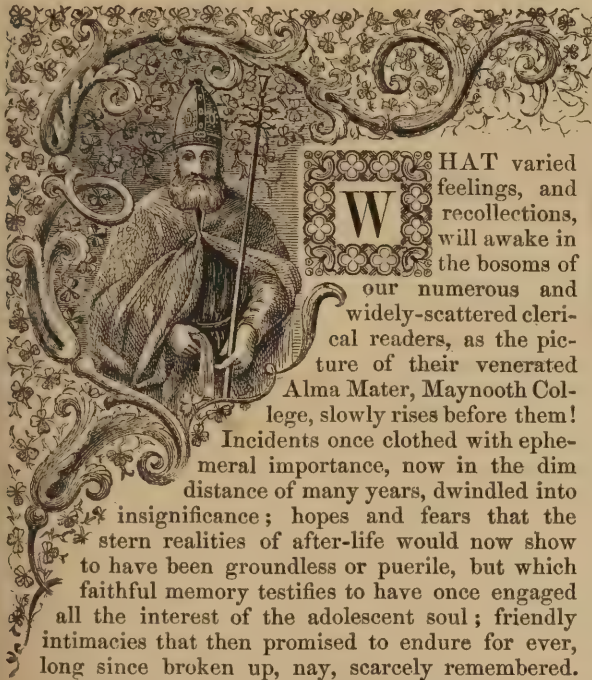
* Cosmog. Univ., lib. 4, p. 857.

† El. Ptol. Enn. Geog., lib. 3, sab. 3, pag. 23.

‡ Ph. Cluv. Univ. Geog. tam. vet. quam, Nov., lib. 4, cap. 1, p. 198.

* Cluverius (cap. 12, pag. 56), in his map of Cis Rhenan Germany, sets down one Taberna between the Moselle and the Rhine, and another town of the same name in an adjoining region, he names Nemetas on the Rhine.

Maynooth College.



WHAT varied feelings, and recollections, will awake in the bosoms of our numerous and widely-scattered clerical readers, as the picture of their venerated Alma Mater, Maynooth College, slowly rises before them! Incidents once clothed with ephemeral importance, now in the dim distance of many years, dwindled into insignificance; hopes and fears that the stern realities of after-life would now show to have been groundless or puerile, but which faithful memory testifies to have once engaged all the interest of the adolescent soul; friendly intimacies that then promised to endure for ever, long since broken up, nay, scarcely remembered. And all the little circumstances of college life, how they do return at the mention of Maynooth! We seem once more to hear the sound of the great but too vigilant college bell, summoning the youthful recruits of the Irish church from their healthy slumbers, and sending them trooping, after a few moments, to their common devotions in the spacious prayer-hall; and then we think of the well-ordered and almost incessant pacing around the extensive corridors, whenever outdoor exercise might have been unattainable; and the loud buz, and the laugh, and the friendly argument and joke by which the pent-up spirits took to themselves compensation for long silence and confinement. Maynooth College—yes, and when thy name is heard, we bethink us, how, some twenty summers since, having perpetrated the usual sonorous lesson about notes Gregorian, we were wont to sally forth on our Wednesday walks through the surrounding country, with caps and cloaks of every shade of black, from the deep unsullied jet of the freshman, to the venerable but faded russet of the respected senior; agile limbs clearing ditch and fence, and the startled hares which abound in Carton's princely demesne flying from their forms in the tender corn, met by foes at every turn, and frequently captured by the overwhelming disproportion of these numerous biped beagles. Or, transported in imagination—it is evening, and we are seated at the window of our diminutive apartment, looking out upon the noble avenue of elms, which, stretching away from the rear of the college, terminates at the Royal Canal. The sinking sun, pouring all its tempered radiance upon the opposite windows, lights them up with a thousand mimic fires; the multitudinous armies of rooks, who seem to have ever had a special predilection for getting through their evening roll-call directly over the college buildings, are slowly drawing away their noisy forces:

Agmine magno
Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.

They are retiring to their umbrageous homes in Carton's interminable woods—as the same gentle Mantuan hath it:

Progeniem parvam dulcesque revisere nidos.
"To their forsaken nests—and callow care."

I Georgics, 414.

A few parting notes from the thrush, in a neighbouring tree, are sent forth with a gushing exuberant energy, that proclaims all its little heart to be in the song, echoing again through the vesper stillness—and stillness it is, indeed, because 'tis now the hour for study, and profound silence reigns through the halls and chambers of this vast building. Here and there figures may be seen gliding by, passing and meeting, but not a word is interchanged, until the iron-throated bell once more disturbs the quiet, and summons them to other duties.

Since that peaceful routine of life was our own, what "strange eventful scenes" and unlooked-for events have come forth from the womb of time! We have seen many a proud and prosperous one humbled, and many a light and happy heart seared deeply by grief, and loving circles broken up and scattered o'er the wide world, and Divine Providence in a thousand unknown and unsuspected ways, working wonderfully its great ends of reward and retribution. Oh! how many heart-harrowing scenes have we witnessed during that time! how many burthened and bursting hearts have sought comfort and advice! what innumerable forms of human suffering have we encountered! to how many hundreds, nay, thousands, has it been our lot to administer the last solemn rites of religion, whilst contemplating the death-struggle that was traced on the half-glazed eye and clammy brow, and endeavouring with many a word of holy hope to sooth the trembling and departing spirit! Such is the life of the Irish Priest.

During such a dreamy retrospect of Maynooth its minor characteristics, and subsequent events, there is one reflection most likely to arise—a painful one, no doubt, yet not without its uses—and that is, how fearfully death has thinned the ranks of those whom we knew in early college life. In our own times we had amongst the superiors and professors the venerable and learned French refugees, Anglade and Delahogue; we had the late admirable bishop of Cloyne, Dr. Crotty; the erudite Slevin; the late primate, Dr. Kelly; the accomplished scholar, Dr. Boylan—these and many others of that rank are now no more; sleeping, we trust, the sleep of peace. And oh! what a host of others, companions and friends, called away since that to the reward of their labours. But never has death been so busy amongst the ranks of the Irish clergy as for the last two sad years of famine and fever.

In the midst of a low level tract of land, distant about fifteen English miles from the metropolis, and at the extremity of a wide, straight street of tolerably-built houses, which may be considered a continuation of the fine avenue leading to Carton—the princely demesne of Ireland's solitary Duke—the front entrance to Maynooth College greets the eye of the visitor. As you enter through the handsome gate of Portland stone, ornamented with figures of sphinxes and lions, you feel there is a sober, solemn air about the place, in agreeable accordance with the nature of the establishment. This is owing greatly to the massive fragments of the old castle of Maynooth, which was once the residence of the princely Fitzgeralds; these ruins are immediately outside the gate, at the right hand as you enter, and

they remind the traveller of the days of the eighth Harry, when Sir William Skeffington, the Lord Deputy, together with Brereton, sat down before its lofty walls, garrisoned by the adherents of that unfortunate Geraldine, Silken Thomas. It was soon taken—treachery accomplishing what could not be achieved by force; for, says O'Daly, the biographer of the Geraldines, "this castle was impregnable,"* and even its present dilapidated relics give evidence of its former strength. It was erected in the year 1426.

The front of the college consists of a projecting centre, which is the building originally purchased by the trustees, to which were immediately added two wings; the whole *facade* being about 400 feet in extent. Two further ranges of building were subsequently erected, making three sides of a quadrangle, and very large buildings in the immediate vicinity, which it were uselessly tedious to particularize here, especially as, under the direction of the celebrated Pugin, another extension of the college is being made, the foundations of which are, at the present writing, above ground.

The College of Maynooth was founded in the year 1795—the bill for that purpose having received the royal assent, on the fifth of June, in that year. Like every act on the part of England, wearing the semblance of concession, the endowment of Maynooth College was more truly wrung from its fears and dictated by its policy, than attributable to its justice or generosity. Despite of every effort, the Catholics of Ireland, at that period, had become a numerous and were daily becoming a most influential body; from their ranks were taken the bone and sinew of the British army and navy—now, above all other times, most needed against the dreaded arms of the French Republic. In no country under heaven, then as well as now, did the Catholic clergy wield a greater influence on their laity: both the one and the other had long writhed beneath the cruel scourge of English persecution; and slowly and grudgingly was that parliament which called itself Irish, and which was too soon to enact so pitiful a part before the world, beginning to relax the bloody code, which though indebted for its birth to the mistress country, found ready and merciless sponsors in our own. Then, too, was it perceived how suicidal was the policy, which would continue to send the pastors of such a people to mould their feelings, and imbibe their politics in the college halls of Paris, Bourdeaux, Louvain, Salamanca, and Rome; and it was resolved at last to provide at home for the education of the Roman Catholic clergy, thus guarding them, it was to be hoped, from a dangerous sympathy with England's enemies—and establishing a specious claim on their confidence and gratitude. This determination, however, on the part of the government, had been preceded by an important movement of the Catholic body towards the same end.

There had been a temporary suspension of the system of continental education, in consequence of the bloody and devastating wars between the various European powers. Hostile fleets and roving privateers swarmed in the adjacent seas; and in consequence of the irreligious fury of the French hordes overspreading every land, many of the peaceful abodes of learning were abandoned in terror by the students. Thus the fountain, from which the Irish mission had been hitherto supplied, threatened to become dry; at any rate, it appeared expedient that our people should no

longer be dependent, if possible, on a source so precarious.†

So early as 1792, the Catholic leaders, amongst whom was the celebrated John Keogh, suggested plans for the foundation of an Irish and National College for the Catholic clergy. The occasion was a favourable one for such a design, as the Relief-bill which was passed in the spring of 1793, besides conferring the elective franchise on the Catholics, together with other privileges, permitted them to endow colleges and schools. Carlow College had been completed and opened in the course of that year, for the education of lay and ecclesiastical students, but it was obviously inadequate to meet the necessities of the Irish mission. The general committee or convention of the Roman Catholics, when dissolving at their last meeting, on the 25th of April, 1793, appointed a committee, consisting of the following gentlemen—Hugh Hamill, Thomas Broughall, John Sweetman, John Keogh, Edward Byrne, R. McCormick, and D. T. O'Brien, Esqrs., "to consult, communicate, and correspond upon the best and most effectual means of procuring an improved system of education for the Catholic youth of the kingdom; and of forming, when practicable, such establishment as may be most conducive thereto."

With right hearty zeal did the gentlemen entrusted by the general committee proceed to their work. They had agreed amongst themselves as to the general principles of the plan, viz., that whilst it embraced the Catholic youth, it should not exclude those of any other religion; that it should depend on the people for its support, and be subject to the joint controul of the clergy and laity. They then entered into a correspondence with different parts of the kingdom, and nothing could exceed the alacrity with which sums of money were at once subscribed, in furtherance of this noble object—promising to realize the brightest anticipations of its originators; they then submitted their

† From a return made to Parliament in the year 1808, of "the state of the establishments on the Continent for the education of Irish Catholic secular clergymen, previous to the French Revolution," we extract the following:

		Masters.	Scholars.
College des Lombards	.	4	100
Community Rue cheval vert	.	3	80
Nantz	.	3	80
Bourdeaux	.	3	40
Doway	.	2	30
Toulouse	.	1	10
Lisle	.	1	8
Total in France	.	17	348
Louvain	.	2	40
Antwerp	.	2	30
Salamanca	.	2	32
Rome	.	2	16
Lisbon	.	2	12
Total on the Continent	.	27	478

"The scholars generally went to the public schools or universities; otherwise, the number of masters would have been at least double. The whole number of scholars in the Colleges of the Lombards, Nantz, Doway, Antwerp, and twenty in Bourdeaux, received priests' orders before they went abroad; and, by the exercise of their functions, were enabled to support themselves during the course of their studies. In the community of Paris there were foundations for about sixty scholars, made by various persons; in Toulouse, twelve; in Bourdeaux twenty were defrayed by pensions from the King of France; in Salamanca, thirty, by the King of Spain; in Rome, sixteen; in Lisbon, twelve; in Louvain, twenty, by foundations of different persons. Of the whole number, there were supported by foundations 160, and by the exercise of their functions as priests 260."

* See Rev. Mr. Meehan's translation of "O'Daly's History of the Geraldines," page 48.

general principles to the prelates, the majority of whom expressed their cordial approbation. At one of their meetings with the prelates, Dr. Reilly, the primate; Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin; and four others who were present, made very considerable offers of pecuniary aid, and Dr. Reilly proposed a plan, something to the following effect: that there should be a grammar school in each diocese, where the lower branches of education might be taught elementarily; that there should be four provincial academies, where such youths as were designed for the church, for other professions, or literary pursuits should be received from the diocesan schools, and instructed in the languages and sciences; lastly, that there should be one grand seminary, in which those who had passed through the provincial schools should be entered, for the purpose of standing public examinations: such as were destined for the church to receive the necessary testimonials for their ordination; and such as were otherwise disposed, to qualify themselves for degrees in whatever college they should think fit, which might be authorized by law to confer those dignities.

The preceding plan was referred to Dr. M'Nevin and some other gentlemen, in order that the details might be more explicitly brought forward; and every thing promised a successful issue to this attempt, at forming a great comprehensive system of education for the Catholic body.

It was at this period, however, that the Catholic bishops presented an address to the king and lord lieutenant, expressive of their unshaken loyalty and grateful affection to his majesty's person, approving of the suppression of Defenderism, and deploring that so many concerned in that unhappy system were of their communion. The popular leaders became alarmed; there was something about this address that dissatisfied them—it savoured, they thought, too much of adulation, and might lead to a too close connexion with a government whose tyrannical acts were fresh in their memories, and whose new-born kindness they despised as a concession, merely, to imperious necessity. Thus were the seeds of dissension scattered; and, shortly afterwards, it was intimated to the gentlemen engaged in maturing the popular plan of education, above alluded to, that they might desist from any further labour, as an arrangement had been made, by which Catholic education would be conducted solely by the bishops, under the auspices of government, and sanctioned by act of parliament.

On January the 14th, 1794, the Catholic prelates presented an address to the lord lieutenant (the Earl of Westmoreland), in which, after stating how, of those designed for the Catholic ministry, 400 had to resort to foreign countries, they prayed the establishment, in Ireland, of a Catholic college; adding,

“Your Excellency's memorialists also beg leave, humbly, to represent, that although the mode of education practised in the University of Dublin may be well adapted for the various departments of public business, yet it is not alike applicable to the ecclesiastics of a very ritual religion, and by no means calculated to impress upon the mind those habits of austere discipline so indispensable in the character of a Roman Catholic clergyman, that without them he might become a very dangerous member of society.

“That a distinct place of education is also necessary, because the regulations of the Catholic church enjoin, that candidates for holy orders shall be proficient in certain branches of learning which are not included in the exercises of the University of Dublin. That even where the Roman Catholic religion is the established religion, candidates for holy orders are obliged to receive the most important part of their education in seminaries, distinct from the public universities.

“Being advised, by counsel, that his Majesty's royal license is

necessary, in order to secure legally the funds which they may appropriate for that purpose, they humbly beg leave to solicit your Excellency's recommendation to our most gracious Sovereign, that he will be pleased to grant his royal license for the endowment of academies or seminaries for educating and preparing young persons to discharge the duties of Roman Catholic clergymen in this kingdom, under ecclesiastical superiors of their own communion.”

This document bore the signature of John Thomas Troy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, “for myself and on behalf of the Roman Catholic communion in Ireland,” January 14, 1794.

Government kindly went beyond the humble prayer of this memorial, and on the 23rd of April, 1795, during the viceroyalty of Lord Camden, leave was given to bring in a bill for applying the sum of £10,000 “granted to his majesty, or part thereof, for establishing a college for the better education of persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic religion and *intended for the clerical ministry thereof.*” The Act by which the College of Maynooth was founded, and which is technically styled 35 Geo. III., c. 21, was introduced on the 1st of May, and by it twenty-one trustees—namely, the Chancellor and the three Chief Judges, six Roman Catholic laymen, ten of their bishops, and Dr. Hussey—were appointed, for the purpose of “establishing endowing, and maintaining one academy, for the education only of persons *professing the Roman Catholic religion.*” It then authorized these trustees to receive subscriptions and donations to enable them to carry this object into effect: it gave them the power of appointing the resident-professors and allotting their salaries; no Protestant, or son of a Protestant, was to be received into the college under certain penalties, and £8000 were to be granted towards establishing it.

It appears curious enough, that a petition *against* this bill was presented from the liberal party amongst the Roman Catholics, by Mr. Grattan. They urged that undue power was given to these trustees—the mere nominees of the government; that they could appoint professors and scholars on the foundation, without any examination into their merits or qualifications; and, finally, that the plan of education obstructed the educating together Roman Catholics and Protestants, and thus kept up a line of separation which the true interests of the country required should be entirely abolished. This remonstrance, however, availed nought, and the bill was passed without any alteration.

There were some “burning and shining” lights connected with the early history of our college. Its first President, Dr. Hussey, was a man held in the highest repute for learning and prudence, and he enjoyed the friendship of the great Edmund Burke, at whose death-bed, it was confidently reported, he attended in his spiritual capacity. There were two eminent French Professors, Delort and Darre; Drs. Flood and Aherne had earned continental fame as Theologians: then there was Clinch, the learned and truly eloquent author of letters on church government—in the language of an eulogist of his, who can scarcely be said to exaggerate, “he was a linguist, a canonist, a divine, a historian, a mathematician, a rhetorician, a poet, and a philosopher”

“Who ran

Through each mode of the lyre and was master of all.”

John Chetwood Eustace, the classical tourist of sunny Italy, whose dust now reposes in Naples, was the first professor of English elocution; and there were Delahogue and Anglade, and Usher, and, last not least, the amiable and learned Ferris, whose “memory is in benediction,” and who, after a chequered career of forty-

five years in various parts of Europe, returned at last to bestow the hived-up wisdom and acquirements, of so many years, on his own beloved country. These were illustrious names; yet what talent could be expected to vegetate under the stunted patronage of a suspicious government? In the year 1806, the propriety of increasing the annual grant from £8000 to £13000 was brought before the British parliament by Sir J. Newport; on that occasion Lord Howick adverted to the efforts made by the French government, through the agency of the Rev. Dr. Walsh, ex-president of the Irish College at Paris, to induce the Irish, English, and Scotch ecclesiastical students, then on the continent, to re-unite in one grand seminary in that metropolis, and under the patronage of Napoleon, Hugh Murat, &c. This Dr. Walsh went so far as to invite the students of St. Patrick's College, at Lisbon, to repair at once to Paris, holding out to them various inducements to do so, and this invitation was considered of so much importance, or so much danger, as to draw forth an indignant protest against Dr. Walsh's proceeding, addressed to Dr. Crotty, at that time president of the Irish College at Lisbon, by the Most Rev. and Right Rev. Dr. Troy, Dr. Bray, Dr. Dillon, Dr. Moylan, Dr. Plunkett, and other prelates. "Bound as we are," they say, "by every tie of gratitude, to the present government, for its very liberal support of an ecclesiastical establishment at Maynooth, and which, under the auspices of the present administration, we hope will very shortly be considerably enlarged, we not only feel it our duty to declare, in the most unequivocal terms, our reprobation of such attempts to seduce the youth of your house, but are determined to use the authority vested in us, in order to prevent even the possibility of excuse on the part of any of our students, who might be tempted to accept of that insidious offer" and they conclude by declaring "that any person being in holy orders so accepting incurs suspension, *ipso facto*, and that all others acting similarly will never receive ecclesiastical faculties in their several dioceses."

Doubtless, the allusion to this attempt of the old Gallic enemy to get into his hands the education of our clerics, had a salutary effect on the decision of the House of Commons; at any rate, the sum of £13000 was voted to the college of Maynooth. But this was only a transitory ebullition of British generosity, or, rather an exercise of British prudence. A short two years had scarcely elapsed, ere, the Whigs being displaced, the hereditary foes of the Catholic body proposed to reduce the grant to £9250; it was in vain that Sir John Newport remonstrated; General Mathew, the staunch and consistent friend of the Catholics, upon that occasion said, that "he could testify, from personal inspection, that the original buildings of the college would soon tumble about the ears of the inmates, unless the whole of last year's grant was voted;" he added a very explicit and apparently an authentic statement, regarding Napoleon Buonaparte's offer to restore all the Irish bourses, provided the Irish students would come to Paris for their education; he very plainly charged the ministry with being swayed in their determination to reduce the grant to the college by the sinister interference of a member of the royal family—which drew forth a rather equivocal denial from the chancellor of the exchequer. The grant, after all was reduced to £9250; and at that figure it continued, for many years, to furnish a pretext, from year to year, for many a dreary exhibition of impotent

yet rancorous bigotry. A few months since, it was increased to about £26000.

As might be expected, the doctrines taught in the college and the discipline therein prescribed, have been always the principal points of attack for its enemies—furnishing convenient matter for misrepresentation, or pointing many a sorry and stupid sarcasm. There was a double object attained by even a partial success on the first subject; it raised an outcry against the college and the vote by which it was supported, whilst through its sides the blow might reach the Church itself, inasmuch as identity of doctrine amongst all the members of that church is at once its greatest boast, as well as its most glorious characteristic. Both the doctrines and the discipline of the college were subjected to a searching enquiry in the year 1826; a year that will be memorable in the history of Maynooth College, for then, indeed, was it put upon its public trial.

Five gentlemen had been appointed by his majesty to report on the general state of education in Ireland, and their enquiries led them, in due course, to the renowned gates of Maynooth College, armed with sovereign authority to lay bare all its mysteries, and to turn it, as it were, inside out, for the pity or edification of all his majesty's lieges. Their names were, T. Frankland Lewis, J. Leslie Foster, W. Grant, J. Glassford, and, last not least, A. R. Blake, the only Catholic on the commission.

The examination of witnesses commenced on the 19th of October, 1826, with the president of the college—at that time the venerable B. Crotty, the late bishop of Cloyne and Ross—and closed on the 7th of November following, with that of A. Knox, Esqr., law-agent for the college. The witnesses examined were in number thirty-three, comprising superiors, professors, students, with a due admixture of some unhappy men who had been formerly *alumni* of Maynooth, but subsequently conformed to the established church. As we speak just now of those persons, we may passingly observe, that, with one very gross and discreditable exception,* they alleged very little against the doctrines and discipline of the college—with so many motives of interest or revenge to do so, were it at all in their power. But what shall we say of the great body of the evidence? it must indeed have astonished if it did not convert or convince such as Leslie Foster—plain, sound sense, a thorough knowledge of what may be called their own professional business, perspicuity of statement, and a transparent candour that, much more effectually than sleight of cunning, foiled some unfriendly attempts to embarrass and confound them; all these were the salient characteristics of this evidence.

It might appear invidious to particularize individual excellence, during this trying investigation, were it not that *one* remarkable course of evidence stands out clearly and unmistakably transcendent, we mean that of the Rev. Dr. Slevin, professor of the Dunboyne establishment. For nine successive days, did this profound scholar explain those doctrines of his church that had reference to the *questiones vexatæ* of the temporal power of the Pope, his dispensing power, his infallibility, &c., elucidating, as he proceeded, those rescripts and bulls that might seem to be susceptible of an ad-

* We forbear giving his name, as we know not whether he survives, and indeed those on the Commission, who might have otherwise most warmly sympathized with him, seemed utterly ashamed and quite willing to leave him to his self-wrought punishment and disgrace.

verse interpretation; the interrogations put to him were evidently furnished by a professional hand of no small cunning, and Dr. Slevin's replies evince a quantity of information, and a power of memory to recall that information, rarely equalled, and perhaps never surpassed; briefs, canons and decretals, church property, mixed marriages, all come in for inquiry, whilst the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, the *Hibernia Dominicana*, the councils of Lateran and Trent, and the works of Benedict XIV. are severally ransacked for the obnoxious opinions so often imputed to Catholics; but nothing comes amiss to the invincible Doctor, who appears ready-armed at all points, so that it might really be supposed that the one or two "great facts" fished up each day out of the depths of ecclesiastical history for his special bewilderment, had formed the most recent subject of his study and investigation.

A most interesting examination, likewise, is that of Dr. Mac Hale, the present distinguished Archbishop of Tuam. During his residence at Maynooth, as professor of Theology, he had written and published those remarkable letters which bore the signature of Hierophilos, and which attracted universal admiration for the graces of their style, whilst their bitter but polished invectives against the monstrous abuses of the established church in Ireland, provoked the numerous partisans and dependants of that establishment beyond all bounds. The statutes of the college stringently prohibit the publication of political pamphlets by any member of the college; and, besides, they require, before the publication of a work of any description, that the sanction of the President should be asked and obtained. Stoutly and pertinaciously did the Commissioners contend that Dr. Mac Hale had violated both these statutes, and with firmness and ingenuity did he maintain that such penal enactments are to be interpreted with indulgence, and that he had not infringed the spirit or counteracted the end of those laws, framed as they were to prevent the dissemination of those works only which might be injurious to religion, public order, or the interest of the college itself.* Thus far baffled, they next, with all due and stern solemnity, produced some of the most caustic passages of the letters, in which are depicted, in no mincing phrase, the evils inflicted on this unhappy land by English dominion and the minions and agents of England. And right boldly did the unbending prelate adhere to these convictions and published opinions of his college life, and the garbled and isolated passages cited by his interrogators he explained by counter-passages, or by showing their true signification from the entire context.

In this eighth report of the Commissioners, which serves as a kind of useful preface to the body of evidence, the latter, under the name of an appendix, nearly filling the goodly folio, we find the Commissioners stating, that "they did not conceive it fell

* "This book," says Dr. Mac Hale, "is either considered as present as it affects the character of the college of Maynooth or as it affects mine. As far as it is connected with Maynooth, I must say that I feel a deeper interest for the establishment of Maynooth than any that can arise from mere personal considerations . . . for my own personal character I have no apprehension: with respect to that, the writings are before the public and its judgement has been fixed . . . Had I known, or could I have suspected that my situation as professor would be a check on the well-regulated liberty of protecting my religion from wanton assault, or, at the same time, of expressing my opinions of political affairs, as far as they would not interfere with the respect due to the established government, I would not have held the situation of professor for an instant."—*Appendix to Report*, page 303.

within their province to examine into the tenets of the Roman Catholic religion, except where they appear to be connected with the civil duties and relations of Roman Catholics either to their fellow-subjects or to the state." 'Tis hard to reconcile this assertion of theirs with their persevering and almost impertinent inquiries about some pious sodalities established in the college; and whose mysterious bonds of union, and supposed cabalistic pass-words, seemed to have put some of them on the keenest scent to discover something of ulterior design. Upon the examination of the Rev. Dr. Dowley, at that time Dean of the College and now the president of Castleknock Seminary, they were very curious to ascertain what were the peculiar advantages or inducements to belong to these sodalities. "As members of this pious confraternity," replied that gentleman, "they have no inducements or advantages but such as are entirely and exclusively spiritual and religious. Here, with sentiments of great respect for this Board, I beg leave to submit whether subjects purely and strictly religious, practices merely of Catholic discipline adopted in the college, are legitimate matters of investigation. The authority of the visitors of the college is restricted by act of parliament, and does not extend to points which belong exclusively to the doctrine or discipline of the Roman Catholic religion. Whether the powers of this commission are more extensive, it is not for me to determine."* Dr. Dowley was asked no more questions on this topic.

Nor were the students of the college unrepresented before the Board of Inquiry on this occasion. They were directed to choose by ballot a certain number from amongst themselves, to afford whatever information was in their power to the commissioners; and amongst those thus selected by their fellow-students, we find the names of the present newly-elected Bishop of Cork, Dr. Delany, Professors McGawley and Furlong, whose after-career fully justified the confidence then reposed in their ability and discretion.

Having previously observed, that the various harsh things said and written about the college have reference in general to its doctrines as there taught, and its internal discipline, we have deemed it right thus to call attention to this government inquiry, because on that occasion there was a strict investigation into both the one and the other, and the result as published, has been a most triumphant one for the college. Upon the subject of the doctrines taught in Maynooth, as we have observed before, it was not merely a fencing between laymen and practised ecclesiastical tacticians; for to any one looking even cursorily through the evidence, it will be apparent how admirably supplied the commissioners were on all the knotty points and damaging facts, and dangerous precedents that might affect Catholicity. What, for instance, could these gentlemen be supposed to know of the *Decretum Gratiani*? or the bull *Singulari nobis*? or what could the father of the cashiered commissioner of Poor-Laws—Mr. Lewis—know about Benedict the Fourteenth's elaborate decrees concerning church property, or the Turks in Antibar, or the fifth book of Gregory the Ninth's Decretals? Yet on all these points the commissioners were diffuse, nay, argumentative.

Upon what is termed the discipline of the college, we have now a few words to add. Perhaps it is not straining too much the just interpretation of the word discipline, to take within its import the general daily

* *Appendix to Eighth Report of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry*, page 125.

routine of duties, the distribution of time, the selection of college studies, and the apportionment of rewards and punishments. A large number of our readers must be cognizant, more or less, of the nature of the discipline prescribed at Maynooth College in this sense of the term, and need not therefore be reminded that the students rise at five in summer and at six o'clock in winter, by which means a very handsome portion of the day's business is accomplished, whilst the "drowsy world is dreaming" outside; that they breakfast at nine o'clock, dine at three, and have a moderate supper at eight o'clock, P.M.; that, upon an average, they are allowed to speak to each other only during four hours each day, and retire to bed a little after nine, P.M.; that they are permitted to perambulate the neighbouring country once a week, in charge of their dean and monitors: all these particulars are pretty well known or guessed at, and are not very interesting. The discipline established at Maynooth College, there can be no doubt, is severe; the most of it, it is true, has been copied from that of the old ecclesiastical colleges of the Continent; but it is by no means so easy a matter for your buoyant, jocund, young Irishman to fall steadily into the harness of college life, as for the Spaniard, Italian, or Frenchman, drilled as the latter generally are through boyhood, in those preparatory seminaries so abundant amongst them, so rare with us. This severe system, together possibly with the unsettled temper of the times, finding its way partially into the college, produced some untoward results in its early history; and it is said, apparently on good authority, that nearly one hundred students were expelled from time to time during the first fifteen or sixteen years of its existence. Where there are stiff necks on the one part, and the law administered, perhaps, in a spirit too Martinet-like* on the other, such results, although deplorable, are almost sure to follow—'tis not unlikely, too, that from this crucible of college discipline, there did occasionally escape and become lost to the priesthood, some pure ore of manly genius, as well as the dross and alloy of baser natures. We are not to be understood as disputing the necessity or depreciating the importance of strict controul, and more than military precision in the habits of ecclesiastical students. Nowhere should there be more practical deference paid to the sentiment that "order is heaven's first law," than amongst them. Those who framed the regulations of our clerical seminaries, set aside, as they ought, all merely temporal and worldly considerations, and looking solely to the end and object of the young student's course; knowing that end to be a dignity without comparison on this earth, and the highest wherewith frail humanity may be invested—knowing that his future position in life will be one encompassed by perils the most formidable, and enemies visible and invisible beyond counting, participating in the joyous anticipations of his successful zeal, and trembling too at the very idea of his possible fall; a fall that, archangel-like, would draw within its hideous vortex the fate of confiding and seduced thousands—with all this and more before their eyes, they took a spiritual, and as it were, super-human view of the task imposed upon them, and in executing that task rejected all ideas of

* Dr. Crotty, in his examination before the Commissioners of Education Inquiry, acknowledged that the authorities of the college, on one occasion, felt constrained to expel a young man for having in his possession the book called *Roderick Random*, "although he was not aware of the objectionable nature of the book." *Appendix to Report*, p. 61.

mere expediency, human estimation, enervating comforts, and the like, as of very secondary importance. *Sic currite ut comprehendatis*,* seemed to be an exhortation for ever before them. The sagacious legislator, and the prudent superior, will generally know where a system of sound and necessary discipline ends, and one of harsh rigorism and stern severity commences; they will see how far habits of self-controul, temperance, submission to authority, simplicity of attire, and close attention to professional studies may be enjoined and encouraged, without being permitted to degenerate into crouching meanness of spirit, slovenliness, hypocrisy, or a neglect of those other studies that humanize and expand the soul, and are the rich and attractive embellishments within which are shrined the precious pearls of moral worth and sound learning.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emoluit mores.

Not that this happy medium we allude to is so palpable as to be hit on at once; repeated trials, and some length of time will be requisite for those who are even the best disposed to devise a proper system—and none deserve better the character of being truly wise than they upon whom facts are not thrown away in such a cause, and who are willing to profit by the lessons of experience. Extremes on every subject superabound. Dr. Milner, on one occasion, assured the reading public that the students of Maynooth, after having employed two or three years in the study of English, Irish, Latin, and French, were required to devote a distinct year to the study of *poetry*, and, after that, another year to rhetoric† We are sure "the wish was father to the thought," when the worthy Doctor wrote thus, under, of course, some misconception; nor do we altogether participate in the full extent of the wish.‡ Yet, we have no doubt that the greatly increased resources of the college will be speedily applied towards a more ample provision for those branches of science and general literature which grayer and more necessary studies had previously, more or less, superseded; there will be more opportunity for developing and fostering talent in any particular department, and the supply of labourers being now in fairer proportion to the wants of the vineyard, those who before could but taste passingly of the stream, may now drink deeply of its pure and refreshing waters.

Yes, a great task is, indeed, imposed on the authorities that rule over Maynooth College, and the fulfilment of a high destiny is before them. No one, acquainted with their professional attainments and unostentatious virtues, can fear for a moment that they will not be equal to that task. Crippled finances can be no longer a reason why there should be abbreviated studies. With a wise and bold liberality, that might well startle, from their death slumbers, the grim shades of Duigenan and Percival, the annual grant

* 1 Cor. 9 c. 24 v.

† Inquiry into certain vulgar opinions, pages 18 and 19.

‡ A more recent writer, Mr. Inglis, in his "Tour through Ireland" (a book, in our humble judgment, exceedingly overrated), asserts, that it would be a grievous mistake "to judge of the course actually pursued at Maynooth from what is set forth in the Report of the Education Inquiry Commissioners, which latter appears to be a varied and a liberal one;" he adds, that the late president, Dr. Montague, acknowledged to him that "it was adhered to as far as could be accomplished."—Inglis, "Tour," vol. ii., p. 332. Had this writer spent a little more time in the College, or paid it more than one very short visit, he might have formed a higher opinion of the attainments of its inmates: he certainly would have found that only in a seminary so admirably regulated, could they possibly achieve so much as they do.

to the college has been recently raised from £9,000 to £26,000. Oh! how much solid good may be achieved—how much Catholic and national glory won by the judicious expenditure of this sum! *Spartam nactus es—hanc exorna*. In every walk of literature there will be found many competitors, seeking, by fair and honourable exertion, those chairs whose endowments have been so handsomely increased. A new stimulus will be given to aim at proficiency and superiority; and, when it is further ascertained that at Maynooth favoritism and undue influence would be of no avail, unobtrusive merit will uplift its head, and come forward with the inspiriting consciousness—that the prize is for the most deserving. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*.

There is the library, too—that most important adjunct of a college—of course it will be enlarged, and its treasures thrown open, as far as possible, for the acquisition of all the students. The pecuniary allowances, made to so large a number of the latter, will, likewise, enable them to add greatly to their private collections of books; and, if we can judge of them from those times, when their means were comparatively limited, there never were young men better disposed so to make creditable exchange of government bounty, and to emulate the fair fame of the wisest and best of their predecessors.* And thus it is that, through the vista of quickly coming years, we behold Maynooth College taking and vindicating its proper place, as the vast ecclesiastical nursery of the most truly Catholic people on the face of the earth. There will be “ample scope and verge” for the industry and taste of the professors and *élèves* of Maynooth. The recent resuscitation of Catholic feelings and yearnings in England is being daily manifested in the production, by Protestant hands, of works illustrative of the miracles and virtues of Catholic saints, and the elucidation of the rites, ceremonials, and ecclesiastical architecture of the Ages of Faith. Strangers are putting the sickle into our harvest: let them be no longer suffered to monopolize what with us would

* We must not dwell upon the interesting and exciting topic of our ancient literary glory. There are few who have not heard of the poetic Bishop of Fiesole—St. Donatus; a motto from whose verses decks the title-page of our CATHOLIC MAGAZINE—or of the learned St. Aidan of Lindisferne—the monk Macdolph, who founded the school of Malmsbury—St. Columkille, who established the great nursery of piety and learning, the monastery of Iona—St. Columbanus, the founder of the monasteries of Luxica and Bobis—St. Gall, &c. &c. It is of St. Columbanus that we read in Flaherty’s “Ogygia:” “*Cum per totam Galliam divinæ religionis fervor torperet, Dominus Christus ad repellendas ignavia tenebras, de occiduis Hiberniæ partibus splendidissimum radium Gallicis finibus emergere præcepit B. Columbanum egregium Scotigenam.*” And this island, too, offered a hospitable retreat within its own boundaries to the literary pilgrims of the whole world. “*Multi nobilium simul et mediocrium de gente Anglorum relicta patriâ insulâ, vel divinæ Lætionis vel continentioris vitæ gratia, illo secesserant. Quos omnes Scoti libentissime suscipientes victum quotidianum, sine pretio, libros quoque et magisterium gratuitum præbere curabant.*”—*Pede*, l. 3, c. 27. Hither came Gildas—the most ancient British writer whose works have come down to us—hither came St. Agilbert, the second bishop of the West Saxons—hither repaired St. Sulgenius, concerning whom Camden quotes the well-known lines from the life of the saint:

“*Exemplo patrum, commotus amore legendi,
Ivit ad Hibernos sophia mirabile claros.*”

The accomplished Alfred, the pride and boast of England, came in the throng to imbibe erudition in our Irish schools. “*In Hiberniâ omni philosophiâ animum composuit.*” (Gul. Malms, lib. i.) He afterwards made noble use of his knowledge, in the founding, or, at least, restoring and endowing of Oxford, in which, immediately after its being opened, the learned Irishman, Duns Scotus, lectured to admiring thousands. But we must have done.

be a labour of love; and the execution of which by those who are aliens to our faith is at once “our glory and our shame.”

Manuscripts and printed records, having reference to our country’s past story, are thickly scattered abroad—throughout England and the Continent: who could so becomingly look after these expatriated treasures as the heads of our national Catholic College? And then, there are precious relics of our past glories, both sacred and profane, in various parts of our own green land, some in public, and some in private custody; is it too much to hope that, ere long, Maynooth may reclaim, by all earnest and legitimate means, those rich trophies? Thus, forming the nucleus of a great national museum, which would vividly recall the brilliant memories of the past, and cause every aspirant to the priesthood of our one old church, to become athirst for the moral, social, and political redemption of “the land that bore” him!

Thus, writing about and dwelling upon merely intellectual culture, we must be permitted to guard ourselves against being thought to undervalue the far more important domain of the heart, and the rectitude and purity of its principles. We are not of those—God forbid!—who would postpone the latter to the former; nay, we flatter ourselves, we apprehend tolerably well the imminent danger of mere learning, unaccompanied by the restraint of religious principle: we have before us the warning of the apostle, *scientia inflat*,* and we remember the complaint of the old philosopher, “*Postquam docti prodierunt—boni desinunt.*”† Suffice it to say, that we considered that department of moral training to be in the best possible hands, nor could we be guilty of the intolerable presumption of penning one line on the subject; safe as we are in saying that it will ever engage, as it has ever engaged, the Christian and paternal solicitude of those who are happily its proper guardians.

Flourish both, say we! Vigorous be the growth, and clustering the superabundance of virtues that vegetate in the bosom of our own dear Maynooth College! Verdant be the literary laurels that are to deck, in thick and honourable profusion, her childrens’ brows! *Lucet et ardet* be her perennial motto! a light to the nations of the earth—a furnace of glowing charity and ardent zeal in the service of a grateful world! So may she be the exulting parent of generations of saints—so may she best fulfil the godlike mission assigned to her.

* 1 Cor. c. 8, v. i.

† “Having become learned, they cease to be virtuous.”—*Seneca*, Ep. 95.

Family Records of the De Fraynes.

[The family of De la Frayne, or De Frayne, now called Franey, was formerly of great note, and possessed large estates in the counties of East and Westmeath, Wicklow, and Kilkenny. They were often summoned as peers to sit in parliament: in the 24th and 30th of Edw. I., 1296, sat Foulke de la Frayne.* Patrick de la Frayne, knight, Robert de la Frayne, 48th Edw. III., 1374. Robert de la Frayne, knight, John de la Frayne, knight, 4th and 5th Rich. II., 1382. Among the Anglo-Norman barons who accompanied Edward I. in his wars in Scotland, was Fulke de la Frayne. And again, in 1333, two of the De Fraynes, namely Fulke and Oliver, were summoned among the magnates of Ireland to attend Edward III., with arms and men in his wars in Scotland; and again to assist the King of England in the war with France in 1346. In 1329 Sir Patrick de Frayne dying without “issue male,” a part of his estate fell to Oliver

* Grace’s Annals.

de Frayne of Listerling, who was seneschal of the County of Kilkenny, an office of high honour and trust in those times. His posterity lived in the castle of Ballyreddy till about the year 1650, and were called, then and now, the "Buides-la-Frenigh," by the people of that neighbourhood, being an Irish word signifying "the Knights de Frayne." Many and various are the legends and traditions still extant relating to that extinct family. Robert de Frayne, of Ballyreddy, married Elaëor, daughter of the Baron of Brownsford. He died in May, 1643, and is buried in the old church of Ballyneal. His son was drowned in the river opposite the town of Ross, as he was crossing over in a boat; he was to be married on the same day to a daughter of Colonel Arsdell, an officer in Cromwell's army. His horse plunging, a plank started in the side of "the cotte," and young De Frayne perished. That fact is well authenticated, on which was founded the following tale.]

As you travel from the pleasantly situated town of Ross, after passing the picturesque wooden bridge that crosses its broad river, and connects it with the opposite village of Rossbercon, going along the road which winds towards the hills on the west, the village, or rather valley of Ballyreddy, is gradually presented to your view. Surrounded with gently sloping hills, which are covered with a rich verdure, through this once richly-wooded valley, which now presents a naked and rather desolate appearance, runs a small but limpid stream, beside which, in the early part of the fourteenth century, dwelt one of those powerful Anglo-Norman nobles whose ancestors came over in the train of the redoubted Strongbow. This was Sir Hubert de la Frayne, whose valour and loyalty to the English cause and crown had won for him this and the surrounding territory, which had been forfeited by William Le Graunt, the kinsman and abettor of the brave Earl of Desmond. In vain did his retainers, headed by his elder brother, resist the intrusion of De la Frayne, whose numerous followers, aided by troops sent to his assistance by the deputy, on his return after the suppression of the rebellion of Desmond, soon dispersed his small but faithful band, making prisoner their chief—who for his resistance had his head impaled on one of the towers that defended the newly-erected walls of Ross; a grim and awful warning to all who felt disposed to violate the law, or resist the ordinances of that fierce and stern justiciary, Ralph De Ufford. De Frayne having thus gotten possession of his newly-acquired territory, secured it to himself and followers by the erection of one of those square and massive towers or castles so frequently met with throughout the country, the strength of which he further augmented by a strong and embattled wall, surrounding all with a deep moat, which was kept constantly filled with a large supply of water. To this rude and early dwelling, in the lapse of more than two centuries, was added a more commodious and comfortable residence, called "the Court of Ballyreddy," every trace of which the rude hand of time, and still ruder hands of the unthinking peasant, have nearly effaced. This, however, did his descendants continue to enjoy, though sometimes engaged in the turbulent and petty warfare so common in these times, till the arrival of the army of the victorious Cromwell had threatened its possessors with confiscation and ruin.

After the memorable siege of Wexford, in which the town, though gallantly defended, had been basely betrayed into the hands of Cromwell, and its inhabitants given up to indiscriminate slaughter, a large and well-supplied body of troops was sent forward to invest Ross, whilst another and a larger force, under the command of Ireton, had been dispatched to reduce Duncannon, which, owing to its brave garrison, and

the skill of its governor, Colonel Wogan, resisted all their efforts to take it. The town of Ross, though from its situation badly calculated to sustain a siege, was, however, put in the best possible state of defence by the Duke of Ormond, the then viceroy, and the command of its garrison given to Lord Taaffe, an experienced officer. The walls were repaired, and considerably strengthened, the trenches widened, and several outworks raised. Moreover, the Royalist army, under the Duke of Ormond, lay encamped along the opposite side of the river, protecting thereby a large portion of the town which lay within range of their shot.

As the hostile troops advanced within view of the town, they made summons of surrender by the discharge of three pieces of artillery, against what was then called "Bewhy," but ever since "Three Bullet Gate;" a name which took its rise from the above circumstance, the three balls then discharged having taken their abode in its turretted archway. This rather uncivil invitation to surrender, was spiritedly answered by the garrison and townsmen, with a similar token of defiance; both sides, therefore, prepared with the utmost vigour, the garrison and townsmen being strengthened by the arrival of fifteen hundred additional men sent over by the Duke of Ormond, who appeared in person amongst them, accompanied by the Lords Castlehaven and Ards. The possession of the town was of the utmost importance to Cromwell, as it would enable him, with his whole army, to cross the Barrow, in order to besiege Kilkenny and Waterford, both which places he hoped to become master of before sending his army to winter quarters. On the morning of the third day, the batteries of the besiegers having been completed, a heavy and constant fire from three pieces of artillery soon made a yawning breach in the town-wall, fronting a wide street in which strong barricades were erected by the garrison and townsmen. Immediately on perceiving the breach, a strong body of troops was sent forward under the command of Colonel Arsdell, to pierce their way into the town, whilst a feint attack was carried on in two separate places, in order to divide and distract the garrison. The conflict at the breach was terrible; twice did the besiegers force their way through the broken wall, and as often were they desperately repulsed. At length, after an obstinate and fierce resistance, the breach was won, and the victorious besiegers, with shouts of triumph, penetrated as far as the barricade, the defence of which was in part committed to Robert De Frayne, the last male heir of the castle and estates of the ancient knights of Ballyreddy. He, a young man of undaunted courage, had, with a few faithful followers, retainers of his house, volunteered his services and his fortune for the good of his distracted and harrassed country. Rendered desperate by their situation, De Frayne and his followers made fierce resistance with their long pikes, which they used with great dexterity. In the hottest moment of the strife, just as Colonel Arsdell, had headed the assault, and advancing boldly forward, had gained partial possession of the barricade, a missile, hurled from one of the adjoining houses quite stunned him, and at the same moment he received a wound from a pike which pierced his right shoulder, passing through the joints of his armour. He reeled and fell forward into the crowd below—a yell of wild triumph was raised by the besieged, whilst those of his own regiment made furious efforts to rescue their wounded officer, and fell victims

to the deadly pike of the now elated Irish. De Frayne ran to the wounded colonel, and just reached in time to prevent the deadly thrust of one of his followers aimed at the neck of Arsdell. "Stop, sirrah," said De Frayne, with a voice like thunder, just as he warded off the point of the spear with his sword; "withhold thy weapon—let no man dare strike this wounded and fallen soldier, whose life may be dear to his general, and whose liberty hereafter may guarantee the safety of this town and garrison." "Young man," said Arsdell, faintly yet scornfully, "I ask no quarter of thee, as none I intended to give." "Whatever thy intentions might be," said De Frayne, "thou hast now to deal with a generous enemy."

Just at this critical moment, the governor, Lord Taaffe, had come up with a re-inforcement, and ordered the wounded colonel to be conveyed to a place of security, and his wounds to be properly dressed. The execution of this task had been confided to De Frayne, in consideration of his services in making captive and rescuing so important an officer. The assailants who in the mean time made desperate efforts to recover their commander, and seeing all hope of success cut off for the present, thought proper to retire, leaving three hundred of their companions dead or wounded.

The garrison and townsmen animated with this partial success, made every possible preparation against the return of their furious enemy—they widened the trench, strengthened and enlarged the barricade, and were busily engaged in repairing the breach. Just as the receding and beaten detachment had arrived at the camp, the victorious Cromwell, with the main body of his army that stayed behind, in the town of Wexford after its capture, had at the same moment appeared in view, intending as soon as possible to cross the Barrow, in order to come to an engagement with Ormond and O'Neil. Nothing could equal his fury on hearing of the defeat of the troops sent to storm the breach, and their leaving their gallant colonel prisoner in the hands of a paltry and despised enemy. He fretted with rage and swore most violently. "By the holy covenant," said he, "if before this already setting sun goes down, those craven varlets bring not back again the gallant Arsdell—leaving yon paltry village a heap of smoking ruins—they shall answer for it with their heads." This he said addressing some of his principal officers who surrounded him; however, on hearing of the obstinate resistance made by the garrison, and the remonstrance of his officers, who set forth the bravery of the men sent to storm the breach, his passion gradually subsided, which, together with the lateness of the hour, inclined him to defer the intended assault till next morning. Immediate orders had been given to have the tents erected, so that the soldiers, harrassed with the march and load of booty which they carried, might speedily go to rest; sentinels had been posted in proper places, and all things seemed quiet for the evening. Intelligence at this time arrived in Cromwell's camp of the approach of a large body of the Confederate Irish, under Preston and O'Neil, who were to form a junction with Ormond, and dispute the passage of the Barrow. This news which had been brought in by Cromwell's scouts, caused much excitement in his camp. Early on the following morning, a flag of truce had been hung out by the garrison of Ross, who were alarmed at the arrival of Cromwell; and on hearing the fate of the garrison and townsmen of Wexford, were resolved to deliver up the town, which they considered no longer tenable,

on conditions, which were that the lives and properties of the people should be spared, and themselves permitted to depart with their arms and ammunition. Cromwell enquired of the bearer of these conditions about the state of the wounded colonel, and was much pleased when he had heard of his wounds being carefully dressed, and that strong hopes were entertained of his recovery. With regard to the proffered conditions, he said he would take time to deliberate, and immediately convened a council of his principal officers. Fortunate was it for the garrison and townsmen, that the near approach of the royalist army, and its daily augmentation, made delay both dangerous and disagreeable to the parliamentarians—it was agreed, therefore, in council to accept of the conditions offered. A messenger had been dispatched by Cromwell to the governor of the town, intimating his acceptance of their surrender, and requesting that a surgeon from his army might be admitted to attend the wounded officer, which was promptly agreed to by the latter, who, moreover, assured the officer sent with the dispatch that all possible attention had been shown him.

Colonel Arsdell, a veteran officer, had formerly been with his regiment in Ireland, where he married the daughter of a gentleman of ancient and respectable family of English origin, long settled in that part of the country, the scene of his present adventures. He became the eventual heir of their estates, in right of his wife; he was also possessed of considerable property in his native kingdom, and had his Irish estates managed by an agent. His wife, notwithstanding her husband's bigotry, and the puritanical fanaticism of the period, remained during her whole life steadfastly attached to the Catholic religion; and her daughter Elizabeth, their sole issue, had been secretly instructed by her in its doctrines and practices. She died young, and her daughter, during the civil broils in England, in which her father had taken an active part, had been sent over to Ireland under the guardianship of her maternal uncle, who applied part of the income of her father's Irish estates to her support and education. During Elizabeth's stay in Ireland, she became acquainted with many families both of English and Irish extraction; amongst others she became, in company with her uncle, the frequent visitant and guest of Sir John De Frayne, in his hospitable castle of Ballyreddy, who, moreover, was a distant relative to her mother's family. Often did she, in her girlish glee, in the green lawn of Ballyreddy, with her youthful playmate, Robert De Frayne (whose gallant defence of the stormed barricade we had occasion to notice in a preceding page), marshal the village boys and girls in the long-dance on the eve of some mirthful holiday, whilst the aged minstrel of the village lent his liveliest airs to the rustic throng as they whirled in the merry excitement.

But these happy scenes of innocence and mirth were to pass away; the tide of war had swept over the country, with all the horrors of civil strife—all social intercourse was over, and our youthful playmates had not seen each other for years. Elizabeth's uncle—a man of mild and amiable disposition—took no part in the strife, his person and property were both undisturbed, being beloved and respected by all; he kept himself at home, watching over his fair protegee with parental care.

On the other hand, De Frayne, seeing the distracted state of his country, and the many outrages committed on unoffending persons, raised a body of his retainers and vassals, rather to check the insolence of petty

marauders and freebooters, than to take an active part in the warlike movements of the period. Yet his wishes and inclinations had been strongly attached to the Royalist cause, and the success of "the confederate Irish," for which reason he was easily prevailed on to confer the command of his little troop on his son Robert, and engage them in the voluntary defence of Ross—which was hourly threatened with a siege—the capture and pillage of which, in his own immediate vicinity, would involve himself and property in the like ruin.

During the time of Cromwell's operations against the town of Wexford, Colonel Arsdell paid a hurried visit to his daughter Elizabeth, still under the guardianship of her uncle, whose property and estates he, by his high influence, protected from the rapacious soldiery. His interview with his daughter—whom he had not seen since the death of her mother (two months, only, previous to which she had been sent over to Ireland under the care of her uncle)—was tender and affecting: he embraced her with the most loving kindness, and, as he gazed on her comely and full-grown features, which bore an exact likeness to those of his departed wife, he burst into a flood of tears. "Elizabeth," he exclaimed, "I behold in thee the image of thy lifeless mother"—this he said, unconscious of what he was about, for poor Elizabeth had not, till then, heard of her mother's death. As it was carefully concealed from her by her uncle, she stood for a few moments breathless, and tears fast gushed from her eyes. After a few moments of grief and agony, her father resumed, "yes, Elizabeth," "she is dead—her spirit, I hope, is passed to a brighter and better world; do not then grieve, my dearest child, I will be thy guardian and protector. I am beloved by my general and the whole army—I have sold my English estate, in order to equip a body of troops for the service of my country; the war will soon be at an end, and Ireland shall be my future residence, when I shall have an opportunity of watching over thee. Farewell, child," "I must not delay—the General requires my presence; I hope soon to see thee again." So saying, he rushed out of the room, after tenderly embracing his daughter.

In a few nights after her father's departure, as Elizabeth and her uncle sat up later than usual, talking over the present state of things, and totally unconscious of what had befallen her father, they were alarmed by a loud knocking at the door; her uncle ran, in breathless haste, to demand of the stranger who he was, and the cause of his coming. He soon learned that he was a courier from the General's camp, bearing a letter to the daughter of Colonel Arsdell. The messenger, being led in, handed to Elizabeth's uncle a letter, written at her father's dictation, and authenticated with his signature and seal. It concealed from her his present dangerous situation, but expressed in the strongest terms his wish of seeing her immediately, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour or any other impediment; the letter instructed her that she might rely on the fidelity of the person who brought it; and that she should be safely conveyed, as a troop of horse had been sent for her escort.

Elizabeth, anticipating some disaster had befallen her father, made all possible haste for the journey. In company with her uncle, and a troop of twenty horse, she made hot haste, reckless of every other feeling but her father's safety. It was the design of Colonel Arsdell, who dreaded he should not survive

his wounds, to introduce his daughter to General Cromwell, and put her under his protection, as also, in his presence, to bequeath to her the estates he possessed in this country. When Elizabeth arrived in Cromwell's camp, she was kindly received, in consideration of her father's services, by the General and principal officers. On hearing of her father's fate, she could not be restrained from seeing him immediately; and, with the most humble entreaties, threw herself at the General's feet, begging of him to allow a herald to be sent to the governor of the town, demanding admittance for herself and uncle to her father's presence. The General, not being able to resist her pitiful entreaties, consented that an officer should be sent, demanding admittance of the Governor for the daughter of Colonel Arsdell into the town; the latter, having readily consented to the proposal, she, with her uncle, having taken leave of the General, were conveyed into the town and conducted to the house in which her wounded father lay.

On arriving at the door, she was met by Robert De Frayne, who started at recognizing his former playmate, whom above all others he least expected to see; nor was his surprise diminished on discovering her to be no other than the daughter of his prisoner. "My God," exclaimed he, "Elizabeth Arsdell! Elizabeth Arsdell! and art thou daughter to the wounded colonel. I am glad, for thy sake, that thy father's life has been saved by me—I have saved him from the deadly thrust of one of those whose lives he sought to take away—I am his deliverer. Art thou his daughter?" said he again, not believing his senses—just like one awaking from a troubled dream—but she, regardless alike of his words and the compliment intended, on seeing her wounded parent, rushed towards him with extended arms, and, tenderly embracing him, enquired anxiously how he felt—if his wounds were considered mortal—or what hopes were entertained of his recovery. Cheered with the presence of his daughter, he seemed to recover his wonted strength and animation; he assured her that he then had no doubt of his speedy recovery, as his wounds were skilfully dressed, and all possible attention paid him by a physician, sent by the General, who anticipated no danger from his present state.

After some time spent in conversation with her father, Elizabeth fixed her eyes on the person who accosted her on entering, and, after a moment's pause, she brought to her recollection her former friend and play-fellow on the green lawn of Ballyreddy. She immediately arose and approached De Frayne, making a graceful salutation, at the same time offering an apology for the unceremonious manner in which she treated him on her entrance, as not knowing him. De Frayne cut short her pleadings by shaking her cordially by the hand. After some time spent in giving expression to their mutual surprise at so unexpected a meeting, Elizabeth introduced him to her father and uncle; the latter was overjoyed in seeing one whom he had not seen since his childhood—the son, too, of his former friend; nor was the wounded officer, whose soul became somewhat softened and subdued, remiss in expressing his thanks to De Frayne for his attentions to him since his capture; Elizabeth, on hearing the manner in which her father escaped the deadly thrust aimed at him, was fervent in her grateful acknowledgments to De Frayne; she conversed freely and cheerfully with him, on their former friendship. The old colonel felt pleased with the re-

newed acquaintance of his daughter, and he began to admire the noble person and bearing, together with the generosity and high spirit of De Frayne. Nor was her uncle less pleased with the unexpected introduction: he, indeed, began already to conceive the project of an alliance between the two youthful friends; nor did he hesitate to suggest the propriety of it to Elizabeth's father. The reasons which he urged for it were many; besides his own age and infirmities, he spoke of the perils of war, to which he was daily and almost hourly exposed, and which might, ere long, deprive him of existence, and thus leave poor Elizabeth friendless and unprotected. These reasons were found sufficient—the colonel began rapidly to recover, and there now remained no obstacle save one—that was, to obtain of General Cromwell an amnesty, in behalf of De Frayne, and a confirmation to him of his lands and possessions, which, through the influence of the now-recovered colonel, was readily obtained. All parties seemed highly pleased—even Cromwell himself was much gratified at seeing the large possessions of De Frayne vested in the daughter and sole heiress of his favourite officer; he, moreover, wisely considered it as the easiest mode of securing to his followers the forfeited Irish estates, by allowing, and even sometimes encouraging, intermarriages with some member of the proscribed families.

The town of Ross, according to stipulation, was surrendered; the garrison being allowed to withdraw with their arms and baggage, and no excesses were committed by the soldiers of Cromwell; the persons and properties of the townsmen were guaranteed by treaty, and but slight contributions were levied. Cromwell, having rested and somewhat refreshed his men, had got all things in readiness for his intended expedition against Ormond and the royalists, and large bodies of horse were detached forward to reconnoitre the enemy and discover the fords of the Barrow. On the morning previous to the march, the marriage ceremony was to take place in presence of the General and the chief officers: the sun had risen gloriously, and its soft, mellow beams, on that lovely autumn morning, lit with a golden lustre the brown foliage of the trees that grew along the banks of the river, and were reflected with dazzling brightness from the polished arms of the soldiers, as they stood in order of march along the green slopes which environ the town of Ross; the banners of the different regiments floated in the gentle breeze, and at intervals was heard the stirring sound of martial music, accompanied with the heavy rolling of the drums. Cromwell, with some of his officers, sauntered about the quay, in expectation of the arrival of De Frayne, who had gone to set his castle of Ballyreddy in order for the reception of his expected bride. The joy of his old father, on hearing of the good fortune of his son, was unbounded; his safe return—his retaining his ancestral estates, the loss of which he dreaded; his marriage with the daughter of an officer of rank in the victorious army of Cromwell—one too, whom from her infancy he knew and admired—all, all tended to awaken in him the brightest visions of a happy sunset to his old age; again and again did he tenderly embrace his son, as he contrasted his present joy and hopes with the dismay and terror which he felt, as he witnessed from his castle top the approach of the hostile army, and heard the sullen roar of the cannon as it thundered against the beleaguered town. All now was joy and bustle and preparation in Ballyreddy; the pennon, on which were emblazoned the arms of

De Frayne, and which for many years had lain folded, now floated gaily on the castle top; the retainers came crowding in with all necessary supplies for the approaching festivities, and offered their warmest congratulations to their youthful chief; nothing was to be seen but smiling faces and light hearts, and again was Dermot Cleary, the old village minstrel, prepared to lend his liveliest tones to the merry dancers who were to assemble on the green lawn of the castle.

As it approached the hour appointed for the marriage, De Frayne (accompanied by his young kinsman, Oliver Fitzgerald, son to the Baron of Cluan) rode majestically down the long avenue of ancient elms which led towards the town, amidst the blessings and prayers of his faithful retainers, who stood gazing with delight on his noble bearing, and the skill with which he managed his fiery and spirited charger. Notwithstanding all the joy and gladness of heart which his father had felt at his good fortune, a sort of unaccountable gloom had spread over his mind, which in spite of himself became filled with direful anticipations or forebodings of some unforeseen calamity, which were awakened in him by the frightful dreams and other superstitious terrors of the preceding night, and which were heightened in no small degree by the domestics of the castle, whom he overheard relating to each other fearful tales, from which they augured some approaching evil. One averred, that when going to the spring, which was only a few paces from the moat of the castle, she had distinctly heard and seen "the Banshee," as she sat wailing and rending her long, raven hair, beneath the aged hawthorn which overshadowed the well, whilst another who had been the last who retired to rest, asserted she had seen the actual form of the old lady of the castle, who had been dead some years previous. Be all this as it may, the sequel will show that all these anticipations and gloomy apprehensions turned out to be but too true. On arriving at the bank of the river, directly opposite the quay of Ross, which was then crossed only by a "ferry," a boat, prepared for that purpose, had been sent over to convey them to the other side. De Frayne, who to compliment General Cromwell, intended for him as a present the noble animal on which he rode, would not be dissuaded from bringing his favourite horse into the same boat in which he himself was to cross. The tide was now rolling heavily on to the sea, and as the boat had reached halfway across the river, a sudden burst of music, accompanied with a simultaneous cheer from the army that stood marshalled on the heights above, caused the high-spirited animal to plunge suddenly forward, thus oversetting boat and crew! A low murmur ran through the spectators, whilst the more timid shrieked with horror. After a desperate effort, two rowers alone gained the land; De Frayne vainly endeavoured to struggle for a few moments, and at last sunk to rise no more. Assistance was sent as speedily as possible, but in vain—the river rolled its sullen tide darkly over their heads, and buried them in its broad bosom.

The feelings of the general and officers who stood on the quay are indescribable—a thrill of horror and regret pervaded all. When Elizabeth, who was waiting in her bridal dress, heard the mournful news, a paleness flew over her saddened features—a trembling and faintness seized her, and she survived the shock only a few weeks. Nothing could equal the anguish and distress of the old father, on hearing his son's untimely fate; the intensity of his grief for the last heir

and sole representative of his ancient line, soon brought him to what he considered his sole earthly comforter, the grave. Thus became extinct, and almost forgotten, the ancient house of the once powerful De Fraynes, whose tragic end has often been the theme of many a fireside tale among the simple peasantry of Ballyreddy; the mournful recital is oftentimes listened to by the weary traveller, as he sits by the blazing hearth during the long and cheerless winter evenings; nor does the story-teller fail to accompany it with one or more of those rude productions, made and sung by some wandering minstrel at the period of the sad event—and which, with traditional fondness, they love to remember and rehearse.

A Tale of the Penal Times.

In the province of Munster, and at the very mouth of the river Blackwater, stands the ancient town of Youghal; immediately in front of it, beyond the river, on the county Waterford side, rises the bold promontory of Ardmore, exhibiting still, in perfect preservation, its old venerable round tower which many a mariner's eye has viewed, in storm and in calm. The line of coast, here, is high and precipitous, displaying huge rocks torn, by the fury of the ocean, from the mountain side. Here are, also, deep and dreary caves formed by the edge of the wave, and so spacious that the sail-boat often rests under their adamantine roofs, while those on board listen with silent awe to the rumbling echo of the waters, as they tumble through the chasms, or issue from narrow passages in the distant and dark recesses of the mountain.

This place was not without its utility in the penal times. With the so-called Reformation, the fury of fanaticism and destruction swept over all the religious establishments in and near Youghal. The two monasteries, Franciscan and Dominican, were doomed to ruin, and the noble parish church, in the erection of which kings, princes, and even popes,* had taken a part, was now converted into a house of a new and strange worship, to suit the character of that cold and unpoetical creed: what a transformation had not the venerable edifice to undergo! The varied beauties of the high gothic ceiling were concealed from view by a wretched curtain of mortar. With that screen between the worshipper and the emblems of the primitive faith, this church is found at the present day—the great eastern window has perished—the stained glass is gone, broken into fragments, because it exhibited the figures of Christian saints—the roof, too, has fallen; and, running the eye over the massive curves and moss-grown mullions of this beautiful relic, the beholder may now survey the broad expanse of the heavens.

But other objects were there, destined for still greater desecration; crosses adorned the summit of the building and the several portals, or gates, exhibited, on the outside, innumerable figures cut in stone around the gothic arches; these the Iconoclast spared not—for art was not respected by the Vandals of the penal times, nor would the creations of a Phidias or an Angelo have been spared in the phrenzy of those days.

While His churches were thus seized upon and their ornaments shivered into dust, the Catholic wor-

shipper was hunted to the forests, glens, and mountains. Even at the holy well or fountain, where his forefathers had congregated of old, he was not permitted to adore his God. Acts of parliament had banned the ancient faith. 'Twas then that these caves along the sea-coast at Ardmore, became retreats of the persecuted Catholics, and in them they met, like the ancient Christians in the catacombs of Rome, to celebrate the holy mysteries of religion. Stealthily, and not without gloomy fears, did they pass one by one into the cavern where they had arranged to meet the priest on Sunday, to offer for them the holy sacrifice of the mass. In these drear abodes of the sea-bird, was the water of baptism poured on the head of the new-born infant, and here, too, the marriage vow was made and blessed. But the spy, or priest-catcher, was ever on the watch, and dogged the hunted Catholic even to this last refuge.

The priest-catcher, of whom we would speak, had been a Catholic, but he bartered his soul to Satan, and many of his brethren to the persecutor, for English gold. In his features might be traced the malice of his mind. A fiend in human shape—lost to every generous feeling, and as insensible to pity and suffering, as the lictor who lashed our lord at the pillar. It was said that he had a wife and children; and, such was the savageness of his nature, that even on them he did not bestow ordinary affection. Religion he had not; though at times when there was an occasional relaxation of the penal laws, he used, occasionally, to be observed at mass, reading—a prayer-book? no, but some old act of parliament. But the mask was now thrown off completely, he was, avowedly, an unbeliever, heartless and cold, on whose hardened brow might be distinctly traced the worse and fiercest passions of a demon.

One holy sabbath, the Catholics had assembled, and were, one by one, proceeding to the wild rock chapel, on the beach, when the spy, with a number of his accomplices, concealed himself at some distance and there waited until the last of the worshippers had stealthily entered the cavern. He watched closely, but could not ascertain whether the priest was amongst them; for in those days the rude dress of the peasant covered the person, and concealed the character of him who might have spent many a happy year amidst high-minded and polished associates, in the academic halls of Rome or Salamanca. Nor long did the priest-hunter wait, but, creeping from his lurking place like a were-wolf on the trail, proceeded at once to the mouth of the cave, and with loud shouts commanded the "bloody idolators" to surrender the priest. There was no reply. Entering the cave as far as the day light permitted, no sound came on his listening ear, save the occasional fall of a water-drop from the ceiling. Still it was certain the victims were inside, and as the loud demands for their surrender were either not heard or not heeded, their persecutors proceeded to employ a mode of expulsion not unusual or extraordinary in these drear days of our history.*

A large quantity of furze-faggots was pressed into the mouth of the cavern. Between that combustible heap and the outer entrance, a wall of rubble stone

* In 1468, Pope Paul II. published a bull, granting an indulgence to such persons as contributed, by pecuniary aid or personal services, to the re-building and enlarging of Mary's church, at Youghal.

* Major General Ludlow speaks exultingly of one of these facts as having been achieved by himself in Dundalk. After describing the mode of smothering those in the cave, Ludlow says, that "among the dead they found the priest's robes, a crucifix, chalice, and other furniture of that kind."—See *Ludlow's Memoirs*, published at Amsterdam, 1569.

was raised, the chinks and crevices of which were filled up with the clammy sea-weed of the shore. Then through a small aperture, left for the purpose, fire was introduced. The crackling element threw out large volumes of smoke, and fragments of the rock, split by the fury of the flame, fell down and blocked up all chance of escape for those within. Eagerly did the priest-hunter listen, but no voice was heard from the inside. Could there be any possibility of escape? One of the party was ordered to ascend the cliff, and take a survey of the upper ground. He saw a volume of smoke rising out of the field at a short distance, and on reaching the spot, found it to be an aperture in which he could trace the foot-marks of persons as if coming up out of the cave. Disappointment seized him, and he hastened to inform the rest of the party of what he had seen. After a little observation, the conviction of a sad failure dashed their spirits for the moment.

The fire was allowed to burn itself out, and as they might now enter the cave without opposition or fear of danger, lights were procured, and in they moved to examine the retreat.

After passing through several windings, without noticing anything remarkable, they entered a spacious room, at one extremity of which appeared some articles on a projecting shelf of the rock. Approaching they found it was a rude altar, with candlesticks, chalice, and missal, resting upon it, and the candles appeared as if recently extinguished. Another discovery was made—'twas the body of the priest in his vestments. It was in a reclining posture, pressed up against the side of the rock, to which he had staggered for support, or to get a little air from some chasm. At a short distance, on the opposite side of the altar, was also found the lifeless body of a young female, about eighteen years of age, holding a white linen cloth in her hands. The minutest search revealed nothing else, except, indeed, the traces of many footsteps about the altar.

The reader is naturally anxious for an explanation of these strange facts. It was furnished by the relation of the persons who had escaped.

At the time that the effects of the fire began to be felt inside, mass had been already commenced, and the priest had arrived at that most solemn part of the sacrifice when he could not depart or cease, even at the peril of his life. The attendants feeling no such difficulty, fled, and saved themselves by the passage above the cliff. In their anxiety for his safety they urged the priest to fly with them, and also her whose lifeless body was found in the cave. The former made no reply, but proceeded with the service; the latter, whose name was Nora, with the devotedness of a kind, spirited girl, declared that she would not forsake her venerable friend and pastor. She was to have communicated, too, on that day, and this explains the circumstance of her being found with a portion of the altar-linen grasped firmly in her hands. It was manifest she had obtained the object of her devotional wishes, as the appearance of the chalice, the altar, and all, clearly proved the sacrifice to have been just finished when the breath of death reached them.

Skinner Dhuv, the spy (for such was his name—a name of terror—the adjunct *dhuv*, or *black*, being given him by the people to express traits of person as well as of character), wishing to make the most of his present success, determined on leaving the bodies in the cave, hoping that when their friends came to take them

away, they could not escape his snares. To remove all suspicions of such intention, he and his party moved off towards Youghal, without appearing to have made any discovery. When arrived at a small promontory which cut off all view from the ground near the cave, they retired for the purpose of concealment under a projecting rock, while Skinner Dhuv crept back again through dark and narrow passages, to watch the movements of those he knew would come to look after their friends, and give the alarm.

The day which up to the present moment was calm and sunny, suddenly changed. The wind rose, black clouds drifted from the sea towards land, and the tide which had been for some time on the ebb, rushed to the base of the cliff with a fearful roar. There was, too, a drizzling rain, not a little increased by the foam and spray from the billows. In the meantime the spy was creeping along on his way to the cave, so intent on his object, and fearful of being seen, that he never adverted to his danger till he found himself hemmed in by the sea in a small bay, from which the rocks rose perpendicular. The tide was still rushing on. He cast a wild look around, seeking for some passage to escape. All in vain! the spot on which he planted his feet to take that view, was now covered by the waters. He uttered a fearful yell, which even if heard, could have been of no avail, as no human being could approach the spot he now occupied. The voice, however, was heard by persons on the summit of the cliff. Who were they? They came to the very verge of the frightful precipice, but he saw they were not his party. By this time he had thrice fallen in his struggle against the surf, and it was manifest that his strength and courage were giving way. The people on the cliff evinced no small anxiety about him, but it was impossible to render any assistance. After a considerable period of desperate struggle, during which he had been for some moments frequently under water, a heavy wave came on, threw him down, and on its return, after breaking on the rocks, it was seen dragging the body apparently motionless out to sea.

A thrill of horror passed through the spectators above, and one exclaimed—"A prayer for his soul!" They all fell on their knees, their eyes continuing still rivetted on the spot where the body disappeared. After some moments they rose, and he who had called for the prayer said: "Though he is the murderer of my daughter, and of our good and faithful priest, I forgive him; and may God forgive him!" "Amen!" resounded from the group.

By the report of a person who had entered the cave at the departure therefrom of the spy and his party, they had been made aware of the sad catastrophe, and were waiting an opportunity to remove the dead bodies. This they were now afforded, by the death of Skinner, and the escape of his less ardent associates.

Long in the memory, and afterwards in the traditions of the simple people of that remote district, did the terrible occurrence survive. Their imaginations chained the ghost of the spy to that spot on which he died, as a punishment for his crime. And when the sea is more than usually troubled, particularly at night, the herdsman returning from his cattle, or the fisherman from the beach, is even now accustomed to tell his friends at the fire-side, how he heard the agonized scream of Skinner Dhuv, high above the roaring of the winds, and the ever-restless dashing of the breakers. It is the colouring of fancy, this, but it is also an evidence of that horror which the faithful Irish

entertain for the renegade. Need we say it is also a proof of their deep-seated sympathy for those who stood by their holy creed, when stupid bigotry baned the religion of Peter and Pius IX.

The Hymn of Pio Nono.

INNO.

I.

Del nuov' anno già l'alba primiera
Di Quirino la stirpe ridesta,
E l'invita alla bianca bandiera,
Che IL VICARIO DI CHRISTO inalzò.

II.

Esultate, O Fratelli, accorrete;
Nuova gioia a noi tutti s'appresta:
All' ETERNO preghiere porgete
Per Quel GRANDE che pace donò.

III.

Su rompete le vane dimore,
Tutti al trono accorrete di Pro
Di ciascuno EGLI regna nel Cuore
E d' amore lo scettro impugnò.

IV.

Benedetto chi mai non dispera,
Del l'Aita suprema di Dio
Benedetta la santa bandiera,
Che il Vicario di Christo inalzò.

[TRANSLATION.]

I.

Lo! a new era dawns! its banner floats unfurled.
Rome's flag again waves high! Behold, Oh, patriot reader,
Its great and glorious motto—Pio Nono, leader.
Vicar of Christ, and Father of the Catholic world!

II.

Rejoice, oh, friends and brothers, in that sacred sign,
Time's tree, at length, puts forth young leaflets, fresh and vernal.
Rejoice! and join in prayers and praises to the Eternal;
For him, the man of might, who stamps our cause divine.

III.

Henceforth no more delay! Shame on the laggard now!
Haste all to Pio's throne with hope and trustful feeling!
Reigns he not in each heart? Goes not a trumpet pealing,
As 'twere through each man's breast who gazes on his brow?

IV.

Oh! blessed be the Hero, whom no cause for grief
Could make despair of God, the omnipotent's protection!
Blessed the Banner, viewed by all with deep affection,
The Age's Oriflamme, uplifted by our chief.

M.

THE

Shrine of St. Lorchan O'Tuathail.

In the year of our Lord 1181, Lorchan, Archbishop of Dublin, with anguish-torn breast proceeded to Normandy, to represent to Henry II. the atrocities perpetrated on the Irish by the mailed adventurers who, at the instigation of a profligate and dethroned monarch, smote the inhabitants with the edge of the sword, and

wrested their fair possessions from the rightful owners. St. Lorchan left Ireland when he found that he could not combine the native chieftains in one soul-knit effort to overthrow their invaders—they, God pardon them! had clashing interests, foul feuds, and petty jealousies, which set them against each other; and, while they carried on an internecine war, the chivalry of the Anglo-Norman triumphed over all opposition, and laid great part of the country at their mercy. As long as there remained the shadow of a hope for effecting an organized league amongst the magnates of the land, so long did heroic Lorchan labour to kindle a martial spirit in the breasts of his countrymen; but when he saw that their own antagonisms aided the robber-rule of the Norman, he sped forth on a mission of mercy, and resolved to implore Becket's murderer to restrain the ferocity of his liege subjects.

Ah! it brings the blush to our cheeks, when we recall the unavailing efforts of this princely bishop to band together the Tanists and Chiefs of Ireland, in a holy and noble resolve to scourge the bloody Norman from out the land. When we remember how Duke William triumphed at Hastings, our confusion increases, for though skill and strategy secured the victory for him, he met, nevertheless, a glorious resistance; and no Saxon, looking back to that period of his history, need be ashamed of the conduct of his ancestors. William conquered 'tis true, but his march was over the bleeding bodies of those who lost life with their birthright. Strongbow—De Lacy—the Gherardini, and all those who landed on the Irish shore, eventually won the soil, because its possessors were too much occupied with their own feuds and rivalries to stand between the robber and his prey. Talk of armour, caracolliing steeds, waving bannerols, proud plumes, and blaring trumpets—what were they all, if the love of fatherland stirred the hearts of this Irish people? A couple hundred horsemen, equipped as for a tourney, could not conquer a whole nation, if a national feeling nerved the hearts of the people, and roused them from that hell-trance which seems to have reduced them to a state bordering on asphyxie! Ah! if there be a single fact, in the whole range of Irish history, more calculated than another to humble and overwhelm us with sorrow and disgrace, 'tis this, and this alone.

Vainly did Lorchan O'Tuathail seek to promote a sense of patriotism in the breasts of his misguided countrymen—vainly did he remind them of their old renown, so traceable on the annals of their sires, so legible in their literary and military records. Alas! all in vain—they were apathetic; divided, and swayed by every base influence which makes men forget their duty to the land that bore them. Within the walls of Dublin, he who would have marched at the head of Irish clans to do battle with the invader, saw himself driven to be a pleader for mercy; and the archiepiscopal crozier raised to parry the stroke of the Norman sword. When the generous hierarch witnessed the recreancy and degeneracy of the Irish, 'tis not to be wondered at if he thought, or spoke as the poet hath described—

"Oh! may God, our Lord! assail me, if at times, in high disdain,
Seeing this, I prayed that Brian had not wholly crushed the Dane."*

Aye, in good truth, for if the Dane had not been trodden down at Clontarf, he would have made a noble

* See this splendid ballad in the "Spirit of the Nation," by Chas. G. Duffy.

DUBLIN: Printed by John Mullany, 9, Anglesea-street, and Published by James Duffy, 10, Wellington-quay—1st November, 1847.

struggle for his usurpations, nor would Strongbow have had such an easy conquest.

A people so divided must be ruined in detail—literally exterminated. Smiling lands, rich in the produce of fruits and flowers, were to be won by a single charge of Norman cavaliers—a brodered scarf, the work of some fair lady's hands, was not to be won in a passage of arms with such ease, as the fields of this island when a troop of Normans, with lance in rest, and plate-armour glittering in the sunlight, spurred along the plains and hill-sides to the shout of "St. George," and "*Dieu aide*."

Let us repeat it, over and over again—even at this hour the lesson has a mighty moral—may we learn to appreciate it. Dissension and petty jealousies lost the land, and from that hour when Strongbow scaled the walls of Dublin, date all the sorrows, famines, plagues, and misrule that, with four-fold scourge, have lashed this wretched and degraded island.

"And throughout our desolation, mark ye not God's holy hand,
Smiting us with subtle vengeance, for our sins against the land?
Frantic feuds, and broken pactions, selfish ends, and sordid lust;
And the blackest vice of vices—treason to our sacred trust!"

But we know not how it fared with Lorchan in the land of Normandic, nor do we care to chronicle the result of his interview with King Henry. Rumours were rife that he had been prohibited to disembark in any of the Irish ports, and from all that we are able to learn, we know that his spirit was crushed within him, and that he knew he might not lay his bones in his cathedral of the Holy Trinity, in Dublin, or amid the churches of Glendalough, where he spent his youth's green years, roaming over the heights of Lug-Duff, rapt in the contemplation of God's wonders, so lavishly scattered over the patrimony of his princely ancestors.

A short time before he arrived in Normandy, he had gone to Rome, and sat in the Council of Lateran; 'tis said that he sought to set aside the bull of Pope Adrian, fraudulently obtained by an English monarch from an English pope; but in this he did not succeed; and after a short sojourn among the glorious monuments "of the mother of lone Empires," turned his steps towards home. Oh, *Cari Compagni*! who in youthhood walked with us over the *Via Sacra*, under the arches of Triumph, and along Father Tiber's sacred banks, this saint of ours pondered there, too—kneelt, perhaps, in the primordial church of St. Clement—gazed, awe-struck, on the mighty Colosseum, whose proportions had not yet been broken by the barbarous Barberini—evoked the shades of the Grachi, on the sacred mountain—paused in the pillared solitude of the Forum—yearned, like Augustin, to behold Rome on a day of triumph, and then, musing on the instability of human glories, looked far into the dim mist of coming years, and wept over the ruin which lowered on his own fated land. But now all is over, he has come ashore at that point of the coast which still bears his name. The little creek called "St. Laurent" received the barque that bore him; and with cross in hand, habited as a canon regular, and attended by a single companion, this Irish prince-bishop, of Heber's line, proceeds to a spot where some shepherds were tending their flocks. "What church is that," asked he, "whose towers we see from this?" "Tis an abbey," they replied, "of canons regular of the order of St. Victor." "This, then," said Lorchan, "shall be my resting-place for ever—here will I dwell, for I have chosen it." With faltering steps he seeks the hospitable gate, and Abbot Osbert, attended

by his monks, receives the aged exile in holy embrace. Then forth they go to the church, and down kneels the blessed bishop before the altar, to return God thanks, who saved him from the perils of the sea; and then he prayed a prayer for that dear land he loved so well. Aged—infirm—heart-broken—yet a short while shall he bide among the brotherhood of Eu. The shadow of death hovers about him, and the life-blood flows sluggishly through his veins. No longer able to attend at matin-song, or seek the choir at vesper-chime, he lays him down on the bed from which he shall never rise again. A kindly voice whispers to him the propriety of making his last will and testament. "Lo!" replies the prince-bishop, "out of all my revenues, I have not a coin to bequeath—nay, the couch on which I rest is not mine own." And then, when the death-film covered his eyes, his lips moved in prayer, and he desired to be aneiled, according to the usages of the Church, and pass from out this land of exile, strengthened with Christ's mystic body, to the holy habitation of the saints.

What an imposing scene was there not then round the dying exile's bed! See the Abbot, surrounded by his community, invoking benison on the spirit sanctified by prayer and fasting—commanding it to depart in peace to the Christ who redeemed it, and the angelic hosts who wait it on the threshold of Heaven. See with what more than human love the hierarch glues to his pale lips the blessed image of the Redeemer, as though the blood oozed from the sculptured wounds—list to the solemn tones of the abbey-bell, as they surge and die away through the sombre aisles and fretted cloister, announcing the transit of a great spirit—see how the dying man's face kindles into seraphic glow as he receives the viaticum, and how they raise the nerveless limbs to imprint thereon the blessed unction; and then pause for a moment to contemplate the candour of that exiled soul—so beloved—so pure—unstained by the tinge of blood—virginal as when the baptismal waters cleansed it from original sin—a soul on which the Maker might see His own sacred impress, untarnished by lust, greed, or treachery! Thus, in the abbey of Eu, did the just man pass away, on the 14th day of November, A. D. 1181.

Great pomp attended his funeral obsequies. The barons of Normandy, and Cardinal Alexis, the Scotch legate, were present, and when the rites were done, Lorchan's remains were inhumed in the Church of Notre Dame. The fame of his sanctity went abroad; crowds of pious pilgrims were attracted to his resting-place, and thereat they so spake of miracles, that the Canons regular were obliged to exhume the mortal spoils on the 17th of April, 1186. Canonized in the affections of all; oh! but there was ineffable joy when, raising the lid of the sarcophagus, they beheld the blessed Lorchan untouched by the tomb's corruption, and looking as though he had laid him down to repose, with all the insignia of his sacred dignity on him, after some fatiguing ceremony. 'Twas not death, but a holy Christian sleep; and that robed form exhaled a sweet fragrance, as though the folds of cope and alb retained the odours that burn at the altar when prayer is wafted to Heaven 'mid clouds of incense.

Wonderful is God in his saints. Precious in His sight are their remains, whether they come from the reeking arena of the amphitheatre, torn by the tiger's tusk, or, in His inscrutable wisdom, are preserved from the appalling decay that waits common humanity in the grave. Harken not to the blasphemer who

reviles the veneration in which the Church has ever held the relics of her saints—that veneration is not of to-day or yesterday, 'tis old as the apostolic times, when the hem of a garment gave out healing, and the very shadow of an Evangelist braced the palsied, gave sight to the blind, and caused the decrepid, on whom it fell, to go forth bounding like a roe.

But louder and louder grew the attestations of those who, praying at the grave of Lorchan, received signal proofs of his intercession with God. From Him alone come these marked evidences of power, and at the intercession of His most blessed servant; these cures—these unexpected restorations to life, health, and energy are His work, and he whom they invoked to mediate cannot have been an impostor, hypocrite, or cheat. His whole life becomes a volume which men begin to study as they would the Gospels. That life-volume records wonders—blessedness is legibly written on every page—spotless purity there glows and burns more brilliant than the brightest illuminating—gemmed and clasped with the most priceless adornments—'tis such as a nation might do battle for, to save it from opprobrium or disgrace. This man, then, is fit to be enrolled among the sainted in heaven, and 'tis fitting too that his name should be inscribed on their fasti here on earth.

Therefore doth Guy, seventh abbot of Eu, speed forth to Rome, and there spends he full twenty years urging the canonization of Lorchan O'Tuathail. Then does Pope Honorius III. in the year 1217, issue a commission to make minute examination of the miracles attributed to Lorchan, and when inquiry is fully satisfied, he promulgates, on the 3rd of the ides of September of the year following, the bull of his canonization.

On the 10th of May, 1226, Godefroy D'Eu, bishop of Amiens (who built the magnificent cathedral in the last-named city), solemnly deposed on the altar of the parochial church (at Eu), the relics of St. Lorchan O'Tuathail. In progress of time, his fete became the grand solemnity of the abbey; troops of pilgrims went thither from all quarters, and the abbey finally took the name of the blessed guest, who visited it to die under its roof. 'Tis, however, worthy of remark, that the abbey retains its original name, while the parish in which it is situate is called *la paroisse St. Laurent*.

The church in which St. Lorchan was interred, and wherein his tomb and shrine are still to be seen, is called after the saint, and according to M. L'Abbe Cochet, was anciently visited by Saints Valery, Firmin, and Remy. Viewing its destinies under another aspect, we may not hesitate to observe that this church is annually visited by the French monarch's court, and that the Queen of England, some few years ago, stood at the foot of the altar where the sacrifice of the Mass is rarely celebrated without invoking the Irish Saint. "Catholic Ireland," exclaims M. Cochet, "that day were you avenged, and in their coffins your holy pontiffs received the homage of your sovereign!"

But let us bethink us of the shrine. Immediately after the canonization, the Archbishop of Rouen came to venerate the relics, and thereon made a collection wherewith he purchased a gorgeous silver feretory, in which the body was placed. A gentleman of Eu who, at the intercession of St. Lorchan, was cured of a grievous malady, was one of the principal persons who laboured at this shrine; and when it was completed, some able artist wrought on it, in raised work, the figure of the Count of Eu, armed with sword and

buckler, and inscribed on it this sententious legend, "*je suis Rolland, le noble chevalier.*"

The shrine was placed in the sanctuary, behind the grand altar; and the concourse of pilgrims became greater every year; bringing with them many munificent offerings, to give still greater splendour to the canopy under which the Saint reposed. During the ages of faith, Catholic France thought she never could pay sufficient homage to the shrine which was destined to perish in these unhappy days when the devil, seizing fast hold on Calvin, and his coadjutor, Farel, incited them to make savage war, with torch and sledge-hammer, on everything that was venerated in Catholic times. This spirit of iconoclasm and sordid rapine springing up at Geneva, long before the lean heartless heresiarch consigned unfortunate Servetus to the blazing faggots, found its way into France, about the year 1562. The shrine was too rich a booty to be passed over by the rapacious Huguenots, who, if they had been able to carry out their plans, would have destroyed every object of art or antiquity in the world, provided its material was not gold or silver. Happily, however, the head and arms of St. Lorchan were encased in a feretory of brown wood, and in an inventory made in the year 1790, of the furniture of the church, we find the following entry "*le chef du Saint sur une chasse de bois rembruni et les deux bras en bois, revetus de quelques lames d'argent.*" The revolutionists were disappointed—their predecessors in the work of massacre and spoliation left them no gold or silver to carry off.

While the parochial church held the shrine of St. Lorchan, the abbey of Notre Dame was possessed of another sacred relic, this was the *Hanap*, or chalice which the Saint was wont to use at the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. Out of this cup, pilgrims resorting to Eu were accustomed to drink when smitten with fever. The abbatial records state that it was stolen in 1408, and restored soon after. The Huguenots laid sacrilegious hands on it in 1562, and then, in all probability it was melted down to glut the avarice, or cater to some other passion of these merciless miscreants.

Such was the fate of these relics, so long venerated by the people, and so intimately identified with their most pious associations. Happily, however, they still possess some valuable remains of his canonized bones, and though these should wither, or be scattered to the winds, the fame of his many virtues and miracles must long endear his memory to the burgesses of Eu. A remarkable proof of this we have been enabled to collect from M. L'Abbe Cochet's work, which tells us that the present King of the French has expended a large sum in restoring the monuments of his ancestors in the crypts of Eu. One of the principal objects of his solicitude has been the sarcophagus of the Saint—the identical one in which he was laid before the exhumation of his remains. "This sarcophagus," says the reverend and learned writer on whom we have so largely drawn, "is at the very entrance of the vault. On the dais is couched the statue of the saint, sculptured in the thirteenth century. He is vested in all the pontifical habits, that is to say, the tunique, dalmatic, and chasuble; his hands, placed on his breast, hold a broken staff; his head is covered with a mitre; a thick beard flows from his chin; his manipule, stole, and short boots are in every respect like those found on the abbots of Jumieges, exhumed some years ago by M. Caumont."

To give even a feeble idea of the veneration in

which St. Lorchan was held at Eu, we need but turn to the pages of Cochet's book. "Whenever the people were menaced by war, famine, or pestilence, or needed good weather, the mayor wrote to the canons, and they immediately commenced a novena before the relics. If the malady or danger continued, the head of the saint was exposed for three days; if the public calamity still impended, the grand relics were then borne processionally through the city. Then might you witness a splendid spectacle—the banners and the crosses of the confraternities, followed by those of the different parishes—the Capuchins bare-footed—the cross and banners of the abbey—the clerks and priests of the parishes—the head of St. Lorchan, crowned with flowers—the two arms of the holy confessor—then, the great shrine, carried by eight canons bare-footed, and crowned with flowers, followed by the mayor and the civil and military authorities."

These processions were of frequent occurrence. In 1587, when the people were visited by pest, we are told that "the whole neighboured assembled and marched, two by two, to venerate the saint's relics. Men and women all went bare-footed, each carrying a white cross—men and women robed in winding-sheets, and the men having their hats swathed with white grave-cloths. As they proceeded, this unearthly-looking multitude chanted the following lugubrious stanzas:

"Amendons nous, amendons nous
Portons nos suaires *quantè* nous
Pensons qu'il nous faut tous mourir
Pour aller avec Jesus-Christ!

But we feel that this paper would involve us in prolixity, were we to dwell at greater length on the "*Eglises de L'arrondissement de Dieppe*;" yet, we would not be doing justice to the learned French ecclesiastic, nay, nor to our own feelings of gratitude, if we did not here translate the splendid apostrophe of our French brother. No Irish heart can fail to be touched by its eloquent simplicity, and our only regret is, that we may not let it stand in the language in which it gushed fresh and warm from the elegant pen of the foreign priest:

"Great St. Lorchan, who have come from the extremities of the world to mingle your apostolic dust with the chivalrous ashes of the Lords of Eu, your sepulchre has remained glorious with us! In your own country, Catholic Ireland, the Island of Saints, it could not have been circled with greater homage than in this Christian Normandie, the land of churches and abbeys. Your coffin is uninscribed, but your name is graved on the hearts of the people. From the depths of their tombs, the Norman princes supplicate the suffrages of prayer. You, in your tomb, receive the homage of kings, and the prayers of the people. The sarcophaguses which surround you contain death, yours alone contains life. Ages gone, thousands of pilgrims have not ceased to visit your bones, which have performed prodigious miracles. You are the protector of this city, which has placed its hope in you. Continue to defend it against the calamities which threaten its frail existence—dwell long time in the midst of these tombs of princes and warriors, who form your court—sleep in peace in this holy dormitory till the angelic trumpet awakens, from their deep slumber, these crowned heads. Then will they arise, wrapped in their cere cloths; but your glorious and transfigured countenance will fling out radiance in the middle of this people of the dead—yea, you shall be brilliant as the sun; and the pontifical habits, which you wear, shall surpass, in their spotless purity, even the dazzling whiteness of the snow."

'Tis thus they reverence an Irish saint in a foreign land. Foreign; oh, no! we should not speak of chivalrous France in these terms. We owe that land much gratitude. It sheltered our exiles, and, thank heaven, they fought, shoulder to shoulder, with her

gallant children, and turned the battle's tide when all seemed lost but honour.

"On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were."

When God in his own good time permits, we will be recreants and ingrates, if we do not endeavour to make some suitable return for all the benefits which brave France has conferred on us. One word more. St. Lorchan has no temple in this city of Dublin. His grace, the Archbishop, is solicitous that his people would not be indifferent to the memory of their canonised prelate, and is endeavouring to raise a church, under the invocation of the holy exile. We, therefore, take this opportunity of exhorting all to contribute to this national work, and thus gladden the heart of the venerable, and venerated metropolitan, for whose happiness and longevity we, as in duty bound, will not fail to offer our most ardent aspirations. *Sero in cælum redeat.*

Gloria in Excelsis,

GLORY to God in the highest!

Adoration and praise evermore,
From angels thy sanctuary highest,
From the stars of Thy palace's floor,
And from man for whose ransom thou diedst,
On earth peace to men of good will.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we humbly adore
In jubilant chorus the Universe o'er;

We thank Thee O God! for thy measureless glory,
Lord God King of ages, who wast and art still,
Tho' the suns of the systems are waning and hoary,
Thro' aions repeating their luminous story.

Great Father Omnipotent! reigning before
The heavens went forth, from thy chambers, to fill
Peopled space with the brightness, and terror, and roar,
Of lightning-lit tempest and foam-banner'd rill,
From thunder-clad mountain to surf-trampled shore.

And dust, at Thy word, sprung to life with a thrill.
O Son, sole begotten! Redeemer, Christ Jesus!

Lord God! Lamb of God! from the Father proceeding,
The red sea of whose blood from captivity frees us,

At the father's right hand, ever reigning and bleeding,*
Oh! hear Thine own wounds for our misery pleading,

For Thou only art holy—Thou only art Lord—

Thou only most high, Jesus Christ, with the Holy
Ghost, in the light of the Father ador'd,

Triune God, to whom honour and empire be solely.

* 'Tis necessary that this expression is used in the figurative sense.

Life and Labours of a Catholic Curate.

CHAPTER I.

HIS PARENTS—THEIR CHARACTER AND STRUGGLES.

WHAT a bright catalogue of enduring and unassuming duties are associated with the idea embodied in the words we have chosen for the papers which will, from month to month, appear, under the above heading, in this MAGAZINE! What a noble and consoling speculation do they open for all those who are interested in the humble struggles, the severe trials, and the painful sacrifices which, unhappily, are the lot of our people beyond that of any other nation in the world. Within this Life and these Labours lie, almost wholly, all the sustaining influences of religion, which in addition, 'tis true, to the purity of his domestic affections, constitute the happiness of the poor man, in a country where he may be said to have everything to suffer, and, with the exceptions which we make, almost nothing to en-

joy. Deprive him of these sacred assurances, which shed their holy and serene lustre into his heart, and upon the humble but beloved beings that form the little circle of his affections, and what else is left him but darkness, and trial, and sorrow? In all his cares and trials—and he is seldom without them; in all his privations—and they are the lot of his daily life; in the hour of heavy sickness, and in that of death itself, who is the friend to whom he uniformly turns for counsel, instruction, and support? To this we need not reply. The affectionate veneration with which the clergymen of the people are looked up to by our countrymen, is a full and sufficient answer. If there be, however, one class of the Catholic priesthood more lovingly enshrined in the general heart of the country than another, it is that of the working curates; and, indeed, it would most assuredly be very strange if it were otherwise; for we question whether any country in Europe or Christendom could present a class of men more zealously devoted to the lofty spirit of their mission, or who work out their long and labourious train of duties with a more heroic disinterestedness than the labouring curates of Ireland. Little, indeed, are these labours known by those who sit in the high places of the empire; and, of course, they can be but very inadequately appreciated by those who are ignorant of their importance to the country, and the dangers by which the discharge of them is so frequently encompassed. In estimating those duties it is not, unhappily, necessary for us to refer back to any particular period of public suffering, in order to detail the inexhaustible patience, the unshaken fortitude, the incessant bodily toil, and the severe mental pain with which they are performed. Alas! no. The terrible scourges of sickness and famine, which, without precedent or parallel as they are, continue still to desolate the country, present to us the brightest and most melancholy records of Christian duty and self-devotion by which any class of clergymen were ever characterized. This is undeniable; and among that which they are called upon to suffer is the exhausting sympathy with the many-shaped miseries of the people, by whose depressing spirit they are so much worn down.

Indeed, we know nothing at once so fearful and so great, as the life of a working curate—when elevated to that pious heroism which consecrates his mission into such a sublime spirit as soothes and sustains the humble, and the poor, in the painful trials of life and the hours of sickness and dissolution.

In the armies of the world the pitched battle occurs only at intervals; and, after a due period of service, the soldier retires, provided for during life—and the superior officer, to wealth and distinction. But, in the life of the poor curate, for whom neither wealth nor distinction can be pointed to in the background, the battle is to be fought by night and by day—in all hours, at all seasons—and in positions where his presence is little else than another name for death to himself. It matters not to him, however, in what place or under what circumstances his solemn and formidable series of duties are to be discharged. He is not to be frightened from the pest-house by the rankest and most concentrated form of contagion—neither the burning heat of summer, nor the freezing scourge of winter's frost can close his heart against the groans of the sick, or the repentant aspirations of the dying. Through every difficulty he proceeds, unshrinking and undismayed, and it is neither the raging of the elements, the long fast, the thin coat, nor the insufficient period

of rest, that can ever keep him away from the wants and sorrows, and sufferings of those who can look but to God above as their friend in Heaven, and to him here as their only friend on earth!

In thus speaking of the labouring curates of our country, it is not our intention, of course, to draw any offensive or invidious distinctions between them and the higher orders of the priesthood. The latter will remember that they themselves have once belonged to the class of which we write; and certain we are that, if called upon for their testimony in favour of the working curates, they would most amply and cheerfully corroborate the truth of every sentence we have written.

All greatness is relative, and such, as from the position of those with whom we associate it, not unfrequently leads us into an erroneous estimate of its claim upon public feeling and opinion. He, for instance, who stands upon some of the great stages of life, placed in strong relief and high prominence before the world, where all the accessories by which he is surrounded are striking and impressive, and calculated to form, as they usually do, a portion of the individual and his character such a man, we say, is in many instances estimated more from that universal consent which the conspicuousness of his station gains, than from a thorough knowledge of the conduct and principles which have led to his elevation. It is, indeed, difficult at all times for a man of this kind, tempted and made giddy as he is by the loud voice of popular applause, to avoid transfixing himself, as it were, more than he ought into the spirit, often thoughtless and precipitate, by which he is supported. The consequences are, that he runs great risk of forgetting the truthful solemnity of his original principles, and becoming, so to speak, the mere slave of his own worshippers. Such men have indeed much to contend with. In process of time they are drawn away from those sincere impressions of public duty and love for their kind, with which they originally set out, and become almost unconsciously the creatures of those external forms and manifestations of popular feeling by which, at the sacrifice of truth and duty, no public man should ever suffer himself to be led. We are far from saying, however, that such aberrations from the spirit of public virtue are always inseparable from public men, or that many public men, and truly great ones too, have not nobly stood the test of the temptations to which we have alluded.

So much for greatness of a public nature; but now may we be permitted a few words concerning that which is of a different character—we mean the greatness of the man, who, surrounded by none of those dazzling and seductive formalities that so frequently corrupt the heart and mislead human ambition to its ruin, can and does nevertheless pursue through his lowly and neglected path, uncheered and almost unknown, that greatest of all objects which true ambition can propose to itself—a simple and majestic devotion to promote the welfare of his humble fellow-creatures, to purify and exalt their hearts, to sustain them in their sufferings and sorrows, and to prepare them by a proper and faithful discharge of their duties, through all the severe phases which this life presents to them, for the meet enjoyment of that which is to come. This indeed is that true ambition—that exalted greatness whose other name is love, and before whose unselfish sublimity the noisy and unsubstantial pageant of public life, as pursued by the patriot, the senator, and the politician, will, when scrutinized by truth, be deprived

of the miserable glare by which the hearts of the unthinking are so often led into delusion and error. By the one, we are too often reminded of the trick and dexterity which may be witnessed in a pantomime or a melo-drama—where false appearances are occasioned by collusion and the assistance of agencies which we cannot see; whilst the severe but unencumbered truth of the other reminds us of those sublime and miraculous manifestations of God's power that have been revealed to us, in their impressive simplicity, through the pious agencies of man.

He who comes properly to the life and labours of a priest, should be animated above all things by a spirit of faith and trust in the love and sustaining power of God, by a high and holy feeling of the truth and sanctity of his mission, and by a force of enthusiasm arising from a conviction that he has been called and appointed to that post, at which he feels it is both his duty and his pleasure to live or to die. Let not the individual then who enters into this responsibility, rest upon the cold consciousness that he is merely discharging the duties of a professional man, and that he is one of a class who have been trained and educated to fill a public department of life, like a medical man or a barrister. No, no; unless he is capable of apprehending, in a far wider and more elevated sense, the great spirit of Christian duty which he is called upon to show in his conversation and labours, he may pass through the world and his profession, free apparently from lukewarmness or blame—but he will find that on looking over his omissions, there will stand a long catalogue of unperformed duties against him.

Such was not the wordly or indifferent spirit with which he whose life we are about to record entered into his mission. This, however, will be sufficiently detailed in the progress of our narrative. We can only say here, for the support of those who may be deterred by a want of zeal or perseverance in that which is good, and by want of reliance upon the support of God in working it out, that in the early period of his life, if one were to judge by occasional appearances of unsuitable temper and a disposition to natural pride, such a person so judging would have said:

"I fear that our young friend, Owen O'Donovan, will have much to overcome, in point of temper and pride, before he is properly prepared for the Church."

And they would unquestionably have been right—for such indeed was the fact; and we only mention the circumstance now in order to inform our readers, at an early stage of our narrative, that the first enemy which stood in the way of his pious aspirations was his own heart; or, in other words, its natural propensities. He who is able, however, to triumph over these, may not fear, aided by the assistance on which he relied, to encounter the external world and its other temptations.

Owen, or Eugene O'Donovan was the fourth son of Thomas O'Donovan and Margaret Cruise, both of whose old and respectable families had been long resident in the parish of Tullybrack. His mother was a woman of that humble but trusting piety, and serene simplicity of character for which so many of our Irish mothers, in every condition of life, but especially in the middle and lower classes, are remarkable; his father held land to the amount of about seventy or eighty acres, at a moderate rent, and was consequently in tolerably good circumstances. The latter, however, was of a warm and impetuous disposition, but, owing to the imperturbable sweetness of heart which characterized Mrs. O'Donovan through every trial, both of

his temper and their early struggles—for they were not without them—this tendency to passion on his part, which in other circumstances might have occasioned much domestic disquietude, was for the most part so admirably regulated, if not completely subdued, by her Christian forbearance and the affectionate earnestness of her remonstrances, that in the course of time he began to find that he was gaining a most gratifying ascendancy over his natural impetuosity and want of self-restraint.

We have said that in early life O'Donovan and his wife had their struggles; and this was true. His family were remarkable for a great deal of that indifference to agricultural industry and to a manly anxiety for independence and improvement, the existence of which still, amongst our people, constitutes a great blot upon our national character; and it is not until a consciousness of this and a full feeling of its truth shall be, time after time, impressed, if we may use the expression, upon the national heart, that we shall, with our fine natural advantages and high intellectual qualities, be able to form for ourselves a new and more elevated standard of domestic, social, and moral life. It is not then by dishonestly concealing the civil and social failings of our countrymen that we can ever render them essential service. Some persons we know are ready to cry out, with very discreditable and unmanly alarm, that we ought as an act of duty absolutely to suppress all mention of our national errors and vices, lest, forsooth, we might sink ourselves in the estimation of the English people. Such an argument, however, is unquestionably disgraceful to any independent Irishman, anxious for the substantial improvement of our condition. What! in the name of heaven, are we to have no higher standard for our own character than that which the English, or any other country, may form of us? Are we to have no high and upright rule of self-respect at home, by which we must be guided? or are we to travel abroad and borrow our moral character from those who, after all, are much below ourselves in that very point?

"Come, come, Paddy, be good now; there, be quiet; what will John Bull think of you?"

Oh! no, it matters not, it would seem, whether we are to be devoid of the fear of God and insensible to the sanction of religion; it matters not, in fact, say these men—for in truth their arguments come to this—whether we are to be without that keen and enlightened conscience, which, in addition to what we have already said, generates the highest sense of national honour and self-respect, provided we stand well in the opinion of the English people! No, no, in order to conciliate the respect of others, let us first endeavour to obtain our own—when, of course, that of others will follow; and, instead of entertaining any dread of what John Bull may think or speak of us, let us take the only true standard of life as our guidance—to wit, a fear of God and a sincere regard for the obligations of his law.

These, we submit to our readers, are much more certain and appropriate guides for our conduct than the opinions of an Englishman.

The difficulties, however, under which Thomas O'Donovan had to labour when the farm of Lisbellin came into his hands, having resulted from more than one cause, we shall dwell upon them for a brief space; not so much because they possess any peculiar novelty to our readers in general, who, we presume, are tolerably well acquainted with the unfortunate situation

of the country, as because they show what energy and industry can effect, not merely in improving the circumstances of men placed in his condition, but in enabling them to make an independent stand against difficulties equally harassing and severe.

Old O'Donovan, on coming into the property at his father's death, found that with the farm he had all the responsibilities annexed to it to meet; and, on looking closely into his circumstances, he felt it anything but gratifying to reflect that his position was painful and embarrassing. He was, for instance, two years and a half in arrear, and as, whilst his father lived, he (the son) had left the management of the farm as well as of every thing else altogether in his hands, the general opinion went, that he possessed much of the old man's character, and inherited his indolence, negligence, and slovenly habits of management.

This, to be sure, was a very rational supposition, and the landlord accordingly, one day, on looking over a list of defaulters on his property, that had been submitted to him by the agent, perceived the name of Thomas O'Donovan. This gentleman—one of the old squires of the country, by name Brooklawn—was a member of parliament, and, like too many of his class, as remarkable for neglecting his own property as he was necessarily indifferent to the welfare of his tenants; the one fact being only a natural consequence of the other. He was, however, resident on his property, and, if not intimately acquainted with the private circumstances of his tenantry, he was with most of them personally—a circumstance, which even in itself was an advantage to the people in many respects. The truth, however, was, that in general his residence at home—unless when in parliament, which, indeed, was not very often, as he paid very little attention to his duties as a senator, especially during the fox-hunting season—his residence, we say, at home enabled him to know a good deal of the character and domestic habits of the people, and the consequence was, that he could not, consistently with his position, see any honest family, whose hereditary probity and integrity he knew to be without stain, visited with severity or injustice, whilst the knave or party-bigot escaped, or was treated with undue partiality and political favour.

"Hey hey," he exclaimed, "what is this?" Here is O'Donovan—Tom—the father's dead, I was at his funeral—honest but negligent; honest but negligent—how comes this? but I suppose I need not ask—the fellow is his father's son. Hey? hey? his father's son—honest but negligent, hey?

The agent, to whom he addressed these words, was his own brother-in-law, and, like Brooklawn, resided upon the property, and might be said to be personally acquainted with every tenant on the estate. He was, however, what God knows is too rare a commodity in this country, a good man; or, we should rather say, a good agent, for in other respects he partook too much of the dissolute moral habits which prevailed among his class during the period of our narrative.

"Why," replied Harris, for such was his name, "I fear in one of the respects, at all events, that he is unquestionably his father's son, as I know he is in the other; there is no honest man than Tom O'Donovan—but I fear he will turn out as careless and as bad a manager as his father."

"Here he is, two years and a-half in arrears, upon a cheap farm; and you know, Archy, I cannot stand that."

"No," replied the other, "you are in error—his

worthy father, who would not defraud a child, left it to him so."

"Eject him, then—eject him—hey? he will do no good—we can easily get a better tenant—hey? You had better eject him."

"I think not; upon a principle of common justice we should give him a trial—a reasonable time to ascertain what stuff he is made of, in point of industry."

"Out with him, Archy, out with him. I know the careless habits of the family, and there is nothing good to be expected from him. I wish to get rid of such people, and to have none but persons who will pay strict attention to their own affairs."

"But," replied the other, laughing, "don't you feel that this doctrine, which is excellent in itself, comes with a bad grace from the lips of a man, who had he, and I may add his father before him, paid common attention to his affairs, might not be as he is now, sitting with a millstone about his neck in the shape of an incumbered estate. Suppose now our fat friend, the wealthy and retired pawnbroker, were to address you in the words you apply to O'Donovan, what reply could you make? Suppose he said, Brooklawn, I must foreclose my mortgage; you have a fine estate, but although I believe you to be an honest man, I think you are proverbially wasteful and extravagant—honest but negligent, Brooklawn—hey?" "honest but negligent," he repeated, imitating him.

"Well," replied the other, "there is something in that; but confound it, Archy, we can't make our neighbour's case our own in every instance. I think it would be better for himself to go out; he will dwindle down to beggary, and ruin the value of my farm besides."

"Yes, but perhaps not; who knows but he may retrieve himself. His ancestors have been for centuries on your property, and believe me, my dear Brooklawn, it is not a slight thing which should determine a landlord to eject from his property any member of a family, which, like his, has lived upon it so long, and uniformly maintained a moral character so high and spotless."

"But what is to be done, then? I have known persons like him to play upon me, when they found me too indulgent, and with my father, too."

"I will see him myself," replied Harris, "and I shall remonstrate and reason with him—in fact, point out to him his duty, and will get Saunderson, my steward, to give him some useful hints as to an improved method of cultivating his farm, by adopting the most recent and beneficial modes of tillage."

"Aye, aye—you always do as you wish—try him a little longer then, since you must have it so—put him to school if you like; but remember that neglect of business—hem! oh! well—never mind," he added, catching himself upon his own weak point; "as I said, put him to school if you have a fancy for it, or through any course that will enable him to pay me my rent."

Harris shook his head. "Ah!" said he, "I fear we have much to answer for with respect to our duty to the people."

"Why?" replied the other, with surprise, "what duty do we owe the people?"

"Do we owe nothing to those from whose labour and toil we draw our support? and is it reasonable that we should be indifferent to the condition of those who support our rank and position in life—who enable us to indulge in all the luxuries and delicacies of civilized society—to sleep in beds of down—wear the richest apparel—drink the costliest wines—use our

splendid equipages—and indulge in many other extravagances perhaps not quite so justifiable?”

“Well, and have not the people, on the other hand, our property to live upon? hey? Answer me that—have they not our property to live on? hey, Harris?”

“Yes; but in what condition do we in general permit them to live upon it? Is it right, for instance, that they who clothe us so richly should go naked, or half-naked themselves? Is it right that they who enable us to eat and drink so luxuriously, should be able to live upon nothing but a miserable, unsubstantial potato? Is it just, that they who keep us in castles, should be found to reside in hovels, or in houses that are not capable of excluding the elements or protecting the inmates from their severity? Or, that those who provide us with beds of down should sleep, like animals, upon nothing but miserable straw? Is all this, or any of it, right or proper, just, humane, or reasonable.”

“But why don't they clothe better, and feed better, and sleep better? I am sure I should be glad to see them improved in all these particulars.”

“Far be it from me, my dear Brooklawn, to say that the people are free from blame—on the contrary, they are in too many instances shamefully indifferent to their own comforts. But even so; when did they ever possess anything at all like a standard of social or domestic comfort! They have been, for centuries, deprived of education—yet punished for crimes arising from their ignorance: was that just? Since we see, then, that they will still persist in neglecting themselves and their comforts; since we see that they are far behind in agricultural and industrial knowledge; that they are too generally negligent, slovenly, and deficient in habits of punctuality and cleanliness; I maintain—since we see and know all this—that it is our duty, for our own sakes, to do that for them which they have not yet had an opportunity of doing for themselves, or of knowing how to do it—raising their comforts, and ameliorating their general condition.”

“Very well, Archy, that, I dare say, is all right and proper; but I do not think that I have neglected my duty very much, nor disregarded the condition of my property—at least to any very great extent. However, as to O'Donovan, let him see to find some means of so far improving his farm as to be able to pay me my rent.”

“Yes; and then your interest for him ceases. Now that, between you and me, embraces the great national neglect, so justly attributed to the Irish landlords, with, to be sure, many noble and creditable exceptions. ‘Provided the rent is paid,’ says the landlord, ‘I care not; I trouble my head no farther—why need I? where's the necessity?’ “As to O'Donovan, however,” proceeded the agent, “before we think of ejecting him, let us, as I said, do our duty by him; let us give him an opportunity of recovering his independence, and of understanding the most effectual method of turning his farm to the best account.”

It is due, however, to O'Donovan, to state here again, as we have stated before, that he had had the courage to look his affairs in the face, before this dialogue took place, and that he had already determined to leave nothing undone, so far as in him lay, to place, by prudence, enterprise, and industry, a basis for independence and respectability under his feet.

This, on his part, was a task of considerable difficulty; and it is very probable that were it not for the confidence which he knew he could place in the agent's

sincerity and kindness, and even in the landlord's disposition to encourage him, he would scarcely have had either temper or perseverance to make battle, with sufficient coolness, through his difficulties. His wife had brought him no pecuniary dowry—for it had been a love match—but she brought him one of a much higher and more abiding character in the disposition and virtues to which we have already alluded.

Harris, as he said he would, called on him, and, after a conversation of much interest, received a candid and detailed account of the difficulties that pressed upon them—among which the arrears of rent constituted only the larger, but by no means the most harassing item. He was, also, considerably in debt, or, in other words, he held himself solemnly bound, by his father's last wishes, to discharge every pecuniary obligation that the old man had left unliquidated.

We may be indolent, when we have neither heart nor encouragement to work—we may be negligent of our own interests in consequence of that neglect which we feel conscious the aforesaid interests experience at the hands of those whose duty it is to promote them—we may be in a position that forces us to evince many failings and errors, which result more from that position than from any innate conformation of character—we may be all this, but either devoid of moral integrity or deliberately dishonest, as a people, we are not.

The agent, finding that O'Donovan had anticipated him in his determination to raise himself into independence, promised him every encouragement in his power; and, indeed, felt a good deal flattered that his favourable opinion of him had been so satisfactorily borne out. Saunderson, his own steward, directed him in the best and most judicious mode of cultivation, and it so happened, that O'Donovan was neither too proud nor too obstinate to refuse the advantages of a more enlarged experience and better skill than his own.

It is not our intention to dwell at any great length upon his indefatigable exertions, whilst struggling his laborious way through the embarrassments which, under less strenuous efforts would have completely overwhelmed him. It is those embarrassments, and the almost necessary distraction of mind which they occasion, that present such a series of endless trials to human patience; and which, above all things, apart from the greater calamities of life, are calculated to test the value of the woman who has taken her lot with us through all the joys and sorrows that diversify existence. Without his admirable wife's inexhaustible patience, and her meek, calm spirit of unassuming piety, Thomas O'Donovan never would have been able to sustain himself under the repeated backslidings in the up-hill journey of his independence: like a guardian angel, there she was ever at his side, to aid, cheer, and guide him; and, when some unexpected fall from the little eminence which he had toiled to reach, would leave him nearly at the unhappy point from which he had started, there again she was, with her kind word, her cheerful smile, and her affectionate consolation.

One morning, after they had been about four years married, he came in to breakfast with an expression of rage and indignation on his features, which could not for a moment be mistaken. His wife saw at once that some unexpected provocation, or some new embarrassment had come in his way, and, with her usual judgment and good sense, she determined to wait a little, in the hope that a knowledge of its nature might the better enable her how to act under the circumstances.

“Peggy, is the breakfast done?” he asked, in that

energetic tone of voice that uniformly betrays suppressed resentment, "for, if it is'n't, it's time it should, I think."

"It will be ready in a few minutes, Tom," she replied.

"What do you call a few minutes?" he again enquired, "I wish to know if it's ready now."

"Well, not exactly now, Tom; but in ten minutes it'll be before you."

"Well, I declare to heaven, I think it's the least that my breakfast should be ready for me when I come in for it."

"Well, dear, sure in general it is—don't we mostly have to send for you to the fields, to come to it? Nancy Gallagher, will you hurry the breakfast, like a good girl, the masther wants it."

"What's the *raison*, Nancy Gallagher," said her husband, in an angry voice, "that you hav'nt it done, you lazy huzzy? Is this traitment for me? I tell you that I won't bear it—no matter who may be the occasion of it—neither from you nor, nor— from any-one else."

"It was my fault, then, masther," said the girl, imagining that he was displeased with her mistress.

"Do'nt say what's not true, Nancy," replied Mrs. O'Donovan, "never do that; the fault wasn't the girl's, Tom; if there is a fault, it is mine—but recollect you're in earlier than usual this morning; but indeed I'm sorry it's not done, especially since I see that it vexes you."

"That! what vexes me?"

"The breakfast not bein' done."

"Why now, Peggy, do you imagine that I'm such a hot-headed tyrant as to get vexed by *that*? I thought you had a better opinion o'me."

"Deed and I know that to come in hungry," she replied, "and not find one's male's mate ready, does put many a one out o' temper. I'm afear'd, then, something worse has vexed you, achora, for your mind *does* seem disturbed—but the Lord support and strengthen you, a *villish machree*, for many a thing you've had to vex and annoy you!"

"Nancy Gallagher," he said, without replying to his wife, "there's Paddy Gormly at the garden gate, tell him to come here."

The girl did so, and in a few minutes Gormly came in, as he had been directed.

"Paddy," said his master, "I'll make Jack Droogan take your place at the plough to-day, and, as soon as you ait your breakfast, go through the whole mountain bar, and warn every friend I have there, to be in the Aisther Maragamore (*big market*). The Finigans an' we must fight it out on that day—Jemmy Finigan was with me in the fields this morning, and, bekaise I can't pay him one half of what my poor fa— of what I owe him, that is thirty out o' sixty pounds, he tould me that he'd make a saizure—I spoke him fair—upon my sowl I did," he proceeded, looking at his wife, who was, he knew, aware of his impetuosity, "I did, Peggy—upon my sowl I did nothing else, until he called my honest father a rogue, and then I let him feel what an' O'Dononan can do when well provoked."

"Why, what did you do," asked his wife, quite alarmed at the fierce smile of triumph which settled upon his features, "I hope you remembered yourself, and used no violence."

"What," he replied in astonishment, "to the man that called my father a rogue! divil sich a lickin' ever a vagabone of his name got as I gave him—I know

he'll come down on me, bekaise he has the writ, to my own knowledge, these three weeks. However, what we can do we will do—an that is, gather our faction in the Aister Maragamore, and give them sich a payment as they didn't reckon on—so I tould him."

"And what did he say," asked Gormly, who was now perfectly elated at the prospect of the fight, "what did the vagabone say?"

"Faith," proceeded O'Donovan, "when he got himself over the ditch at Craction's park, he shouted back that he'd bring the execution, get paid by the sheriff, and give us a *resate in full* in the Maragamore. So, I say, do you go at wanst to the mountain bar, warn all our friends, and as many of your mistress's here as you can, an' to-morrow you can take the lower part of the country, round by Ballaghneed, Corboe, and Eskernabrogue."

"Let him take his breakfast first," said Mrs. O'Donovan; "sure you wouldn't have the poor boy to go away fastin'."

"No," replied her husband, "I would not, nor I don't intend he'll go till after he aits it; at any rate," he proceeded, with a voice of sullen yet triumphant indignation, "the vagabone will ruin me. How can I pay sixty pounds, and divil a sixpence worth he'll lave undher my roof, so that I'm as far back now as ever I was in my life—then there's the M'Quades will be comin' down upon me some o' these days, so that on whatever hand I turn, I'm ruined. Well, well—I'll be glad to see them that could give me consolation, or an easy heart now. Be the h—y man, Paddy," he exclaimed, in a fit of abrupt passion, "we'll make sich an example of them Finigans as never was seen before or since—the revengefull, ill-minded scoundrels!"

"Tom," said his wife, "these things is enough to make any one lose their temper; but, at the same time—stay," said she, changing her manner as if she had just recollected something, "come into the parlour a minute, I want to say a word to you."

"Well, Peggy," he asked, when they had got in, "what is it?"

"Why," she replied, "you know I never like to advise you before the sarvints—but Tom, avillish, as there's nobody here but ourselves, will you strive and be cool enough to see what you're bringing upon yourself and us by your hastiness."

"Ay, but he called my father a rogue, and that's what I'd not bear from St. Pether."

"Well, but listen—I allow it was very provokin'—but now answer me—for sure I've often known you to be hasty in matthers of business the same way—answer me, then, an' I know that whatever you will say I'll be the truth, neither more nor less—did'nt you spake something provokin' to him *before* he called your father—God rest him—a rogue?"

"All I said when he threatened the saizure was, that if he did it I'd make him sup sorrow, an—"

"Well, acushla, an' *what*?"

"Throth I b'lieve I tould him there wasn't an ounce of honest flesh belongin' to his seed, breed, and gine-ration."

"And *then*—what did he say *then*?"

"Why, he got into a passion, the vagabone, and said I was a rogue, and that so was my father afore me; the blackguard, to dar to say so!"

"Well, but don't you see now yourself, agra, that it was *you* gave the first privication? If you had'nt tould him that he and all belongin' to him were dishonest, he wouldn't say that your father was a rogue. Don't you see, Tom darlin, that the fau't was more

your own than his? But why would you be cast down, avillish? Sure you know you wor in a worse way often, and got out of it. Are we to have no trust in God? Don't you know that nothing does or can happen contrary to his will—barrin our own sins—an' why then wouldn't we put our hope an' trust in his marcy and goodness? But then again, if we let ourselves be overcome by our self-will an' bad passions, we can't do that, nor be in a fit way to resave his grace. You're sometimes too easily cast down, Tom dear. Think of how much you have done wid your farm widin the last two or three years, and didn't you tell me yourself the other day that you thought the next saison's crop 'ud clear you of everything."

"An so it will, I hope, if I could struggle through till then."

"Did you tell Finigan *that*?"

"Hut! how could I?—the vagabone—the poor man lost his temper in sich a way that I—I—"

"Well, no matter, it can't be helped now, or rather, it can be helped. Tom darlin, will you be sed by me in this business? Don't you know afther all there is no one livin bein that cares for you an loves you as I do? an' who has the same right? Our lot is the same for ever; and, indeed, so far as I am consarned, it's a happy one. Oh! who then loves you as I do—who wishes for your happiness, both here an hereafter, as I do—an' who is there afther all that loves me—your own Peggy—as you do yourself? Oh! no one. Listen then, don't—"

"That's thrue," he replied, interrupting her, for his honest though occasionally too warm heart felt moved at the touching sincerity of affection with which she spoke; "that's thrue, Peggy darlin. Oh! who ever could love you as I do? But who could know you as I do, an not love you like the apple of their eye. How would I have got on at all only for you?"

"What did I do, darlin, but my duty—my bare duty—an' not that same, for, indeed, I fall far short of it every day of my life."

"Well, darlin, but what were you going to say," he enquired.

"Why, to ax you not to send Paddy Gormly on any sich message. Could you so far forget yourself, or forget your duty to God's will, an' the love you owe your neighbour, as to meet like wild beasts, full of liquor and bad feelin', to spill each others blood, an' maybe to take one another's lives; for many a life—an' you know it well—is taken in these disgraceful faction fights? An' listen again, how could you go to your knees and ax God's forgiveness, and sich thoughts of blood and revinge on your heart? tell me then, darlin, that you wont send him on such a message."

"Oh! you know, Peggy," he replied, in a voice at once of reluctance and good nature, "that you do whatever you like with me; so, I suppose, you must have it your own way this time too."

"May the blessin' of God be on you for that, darlin, an' if you'll lave Jemmy Finigan to me, too, maybe you'll come betther off than you think. Sure every one knows that there's not an honest, or a dacent, or a kinder-hearted man in the parish we live in than the same Jemmy Finigan. Hasty the whole family is, like yourself, an' on that account, surely, Tom agra, you are, I know, one that oughtn't to be too hard upon him."

"Very well," replied her husband, "manage it as you like; but, if you see Finigan, I hope you wont say anything that 'ud be mane or cowardly on my part,

that he might be boastin' of aftherwards, an' crowin' over me for."

"Indeed, I promise you I will not, Tom—you may make your mind aisy on that head. And now, darlin," she added, "in order to thank God for this little victory we got over our own bad passions, and to beg of him to give us grace to keep every bad inclination undher, let us aich offer up three pathers, three aves, and a creed, and by that time the breakfast will be ready."

He at once complied with this pious intimation; and whilst they are engaged at this simple but fervent act of devotion, we shall detail a brief dialogue which took place in the kitchen, between Gormly and Nancy Gallagher, with reference to the subject matter of their conversation in the parlour.

Gormly, after a dry groan, and having screwed his features into a comical expression of disappointment and contempt, observed to his companion, in a kind of ironical confidence—"Ah, Nancy, I'm afear'd this is a bad business."

"What is?" she replied, smiling, for she understood him thoroughly, although she asked—"what is a bad business?"

"Why, what's goin' an in the parlour idin? Throth its breakin' my heart to see it."

"Throth, Paddy, whatever your heart is breakin' about, you want great improvement in plain spakin."

"And in troth," he proceeded, "there's as purty a day's fightin' lost by that hugger-muggerin that's goin' an idin there, as you'd wish to see. Howaniver, its no matter, sure I must get over it as well as another; an I wouldn't care so much, barrin in regard of the shame o' the thing."

"Still in the dark we are, Paddy."

"Now listen, Nancy, I only ax you this—does it stand to sinse or raison, or common manliness an dacency, that a man should be ever an' always regulated by his wife? eh? Throth its a burnin' shame to see the likes of Tom Donovan not able to put his hand to his mouth unless she wishes it. No, no, the sorra fight we'll have now that she has taken him into hands."

"I see," replied the girl, "its the want of the fight that's throublin' you; but, at any rate, what nonsense you do spake. Doesn't all the counthry know that he'd be hard set to hould his house an' farm only for her. Doesn't every one allow that her aquils isn't in the parish or the next one to it aither?"

"I know they do; but for all that it's onseemly; in every earthly thing, big and little, great and small, she manages him."

"Aye does she—an' its well for him that she does so. Only for her his want of temper would get him into fifty scrapes, and keep him makin' enemies for himself every day in the year."

"An' what great harm 'ud that be? Haven't we Faction enough to leather half the parish? D—I a stroke of a fight he was in since his unlucky marriage."

"No, nor sorra one ever you'll see him in while there's a puck of breath in your body."

"*Farier gair*, I hardly expect it—he's taken too much to the prayers for that. Isn't it odd now, Nancy, that the minute a man turns to devotion he regularly gets cowardly an' gives up fightin' and drinkin', an' every other divarsion o' that kind."

"Very odd, indeed," she replied ironically; "what a pity it is that a man couldnt sarve both God and the devil at the same time—ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, well," he observed, as he rose up, "a'fther all," and here he sighed and shook his head with a very disastrous visage, "a'fther all, Nancy, it isn't manly or dacent—throth it isn't—wait till I get you, you thief, an' I'd be glad to catch you regulatin' me—that's all."

"Aye, wait," she replied, laughing, "that same '*wait*' will thry your patience, I think. I tell you now what I've tould you often, that you must regulate yourself into something a great dale better than you are, before ever you can give me the opportunity of doin' it."

This closed their dialogue, which was cut short by the appearance of their master and mistress.

The change occasioned by the admirable influence and pious spirit of this inestimable woman, on the bearing and features of her husband, was, indeed, very striking. His manner was now composed and peaceful, the turbid flush of passion had departed from his face, and in its stead there remained a solemn dignity that harmonized well with the exalted principles, which in the very spirit of unassuming humility she had infused into his heart. When breakfast was over, Gormly got his hat, although he felt quite conscious that his mission had been already cancelled.

"Begad, master," said he, affecting an exultation, which, however, he did not feel, "we'll have a murderin fine back this time. I'll sweep the whole mountain bar, plaise Goodness."

"I've changed my mind, Paddy," replied his master composedly; "go to your plough, I've thought better of it—we'll have no blood sheddin' or breakin' of bones, or what might be worse, maybe lives lost and murders committed. It's full time that these disgraces to the country should stop and be put an end to—go to your plough."

"Hem! oh, yes, Sir—very well—hem!" and as he spoke, he turned a dry glance upon Nancy, who smiled in triumph, but spoke not.

Mrs. O'Donovan's peaceful exertions, however, did not rest here. In the course of a few days she succeeded in reconciling her husband and Jemmy Finigan, who, in point of fact, had been very much provoked by O'Donovan, before he had taken out the writ against his property at all; and who, were it not for such provocation, would never have proceeded to any such lengths.

Such was one instance of the incalculable services which a pious wife can in a hundred ways—in fact, through all the trying vicissitudes of life—render to her husband and her family, and to all who have the privilege of observing and imitating her bright example.

It was by exhibitions of such unaffected piety and sweetness of disposition, joined to a mind of much strength and great powers of endurance, that Mrs. O'Donovan by degrees succeeded in enabling her husband to exercise that salutary restraint over the impetuosity of his temper, which surprised such a number of his acquaintances and neighbours. Nor was the secret of this gratifying change long undiscovered. Among their friends it frequently became the topic of conversation; for, indeed, our countrymen are in general gifted with that degree of shrewdness which often enables them to look not only into the aspect of external circumstances, but into the hidden causes which produce them. On the chapel green, for instance—when O'Donovan and his wife made their appearance at the turn of the road that approached the chapel, or in the fields where the neighbours were at work, such conversations as the following might be often heard:

"Well now, isn't it a surprisin' thing to think of the change that has come over Tom O'Donovan widin the last few years! a man that was as aisily lit up as gunpowdher itself—to grow so cool an' forbearin' that there's hardly any provokin' him!"

"Ay, indeed," another would observe, "its himself that I remimber the hasty customer—so hasty, begad, that if you contradicted him, it was hardly anything but the word an' the blow wid him."

"Throth," would a third say, "a'fther his givin' up the fightin' an' faction work, marrices will never caise. I jist thought he could as soon change the colour of his skin as grow ppaceable, or let a Fair day pass wid-out a row, especially a'fther the sup got into his head."

"Ay, an' that, too, he has given up," observed another; "sorra sup goes into his mouth sthronger than wather."

"Ah," said an old man, shaking his head, "you may all talk about his givin' up fightin' and faction work, an' his keepin' from liquor, but what signifies all that. He has overcome an inemy stronger than ten thousand like them. What great things is it to give up fightin'? an' what great things is it to give up liquor aither, especially for a man like him that was never a dhrunkard. No, no—thank God, he can boast of a greater vict'hory than either o' them."

"Aisy, boys, let us hear Jemmy, now; come Jemmy, you that's the great headpiece all out, give us some o' your narrations upon the subject."

"Troth," replied Jemmy, with a grave smile, "an' it isn't but you stand in need o' them, you unfortunate *brine-oge* you; but if you want to know what I'm spaikin' about, listen. I tell you that it's an aisier thing to conquer a king at the head of his army, than it is to overcome the natural temper that's born into the world wid us, especially when the same timper's a bad one."

"An' how is it to be done, Jemmy?" the others enquired.

"There's only one thing can do it," he proceeded, with an amusing degree of harmless pride at his own didactic superiority over those whom he addressed—"there's only one thing can do it, an' that's the grace o' God—blessed be his name!"

"Well," replied one of them, "you may be right in ginerall, but if the book was put into my hand, I'd switch it, that whatever change has come over him, the wife is answerable for. I lived in the family for three years, and may I never swig a cruiskeen—for I may as well say that as a worse oath—but she kept at him, palaverin' and *placegin'* him wid sweet words, until she buttered him up any way she liked. Throth I remimber when he was a spunky, spirited fellow, that would fight his corner an' dhrink his glass like a man; but now he's a *niddhy nauddhy*—a poor, quiet, spiritless creature, that you'd hardly drive out o' the kale garden. An' you call that improvement, I suppose?"

"Ay do I?" replied Paddy, "an' it 'ud be well for you, an' still better for your poor wife, that you wor like him, bad as you think him—you'd neither disgrace yourself by dhrink nor '*get your gruel*'* so often as you do, an' both you an' she 'ud have a bettercoat to your backs into the bargain."

"Augh!" replied the other, "what's the world good for, if we don't take our fun out of it? Why now, spakin' about Tom O'Donovan, I remimber one mornin', while I was at sarvice wid him, that he came into his breakfast likely to be tied. One o' the Finigans,

* In other words, get yourself well beaten.

it seems, had called his father a rogue, an' threatened, besides, to make a saizure upon his property. 'Go off,' said he to me, 'as soon as you swally the last bit, and warn all my faction in the Mountain Bar, to be in the next *Maragamore*, till we leather them blackguard Finigans of Mulnabrogue into mummy.' Begad, I felt my heart lep to my throat wid delight, when I seen there was some chance of a daicent row; but behould you, she walks him into the parlour, an' begins o' sugarin' him up an' raisonin' him by the way, until afther some time he walks back to the kitchen, an' tould me not to mind warnin' them—that he had changed his mind, an' thought better of it, and that faction fightin' was a disgrace to the counthry! Oh! divil resave the word o' lie I'm tellin' you! God forgive her! However, that's the way that many daicent men are too often made good for nothin' by their women.*"

"Well, sportheen Gormly," said the old man, "I ever and always found that the tree is known by its fruit, and any one might know by your discoorse the kind of a youth you are. That man's wife has been the manes, always undher the grace o' God, of workin' a great reformation in her husband; for I needn't tell you, that the Almighty often uses humble instruments to bring about his own purposes. That woman's piety and charity there is no knowin'—I have it myself from good authority, that in hard times, when she sees a poor mother goin' about wid her little flock o' miserable childre at her foot, or some heart-broken father of a family wid his clacken of motherless creatures wid him, that she'll give them her own male's mate, an' fast for that time; but, indeed, it would be hard to get her aquils."

"Why, then," said Paddy Gormly, for the reader perceives that it was he, "I'll never be the man to keep back the thruth, when it is the thruth. I know myself that every word you say now is thrue—I've often known her to do it—an' I can tell you besides, that there's no end to her charity; an' upon my sowl, I have no fau't to find wid her but makin' a *molshy* of her husband. Sure he's nothing now but a poor, cowardly *prabeen*, that any one might tramp upon."

"Oh! that's another thing," observed one of them, "he's quiet I grant, but for all that it would not be very safe to go to *tramp* upon him."

"At any rate," proceeded Jemmy, "that woman has been the manes—by her advice and the pattrern she set him, and the cheerful *grah* she ever had for him—of keeping his heart up often an often, while he was gettin' through his struggles and contendin' wid the difficulties that came upon him at his father's death. However, the truth is, neighbours, that a blessin' from God attinded every thing she did, bekaise she did nothing that was dispaissing to his will, and upon every thing she laid her hand on; sich misfortunes and thrials as he had—and, indeed, he got his share o' them—she, by her patience and piety tuck the sting out of—and so, signs on it, see how thrivin' and prosperous they are now, an' God keep them so, an' spare her to him,—an' that's the worst I wish them this day, a *chiernah*!"

Such were the conversations which might frequently be heard among the neighbours, concerning the virtues of this inestimable woman, and it was not to poor Jemmy alone that the sentiments of love and respect which he had expressed for her were confined. So far

* Woman, in the country parts of Ireland, is frequently used as a synonyme for wife.

from that, we may safely assure our readers that they were co-extensive with the knowledge of her name and the space filled in the parish by her reputation.

The conversation, which we have detailed, occurred some years after the dispute between O'Donovan and his creditor, Finigan. At that period, the former had been still labouring under serious embarrassments, although he had also disencumbered himself of many of those harrassing responsibilities. Had the agent been a bad or an unfeeling man, indifferent to either the struggles or prosperity of his tenant, it is very likely that O'Donovan would have been crushed by the heavy load that was upon him; and, with his hot and impetuous temper it is impossible to say, under such circumstances, into what fearful depths of crime he might have precipitated himself. As it was, however, he experienced, at the agent's hands, not only forbearance but advice and instruction. Saunderson, the steward of the latter, had, as we have said, frequent conversations with him, and the result was that he gradually imbibed correct notions of husbandry, which, when applied with unremitting care and perseverance, soon caused him to feel their beneficial advantages, in a constantly increasing product and improving soil. It is true that the efficient cause of his independence and prosperity was to be found in his own industry, and in that decent sense of self-respect, without which no man need ever expect to hold for any length of time a creditable position in life.

[To be continued.]

Review.

AN ANALYSIS OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. Illustrated by a series of upwards of seven hundred examples of door-ways, windows, &c., &c.; and accompanied with remarks on the several details of an ecclesiastical edifice. By RAPHAEL and J. ARTHUR BRANDON. Two vols. London; PELHAM RICHARDSON.

THESE volumes supply a desideratum in ecclesiological science. The general principles of Church arrangement and decorations have been freely canvassed during the last ten years: the connexion between ritualism and ecclesiastical arts illustrated, and the mysteries of symbolism explored. The true principles of design have been ably set forth and vindicated by Mr. Pugin; while the chief characteristics, and prominent features of Christian architecture have been examined and illustrated by various authors. But the want of a work like that now before us, treating of the principles of construction, and formation of tracery, the theory of mouldings, and the minuter details of pointed architecture, was seriously felt, especially by architects. This deficiency has been in a great measure supplied by the work of the Messrs. Brandon. Their examples are nearly all drawn from parish churches—a very commendable practice. Before the "Revival," none but cathedral, and large conventual churches were deemed worthy of investigation; and in consequence, art suffered greatly; for in the enthusiasm for the restoration of ancient models, the features of large works were rashly seized upon, and injudiciously applied in smaller works for which they were by no means suited.

The introduction to the present work contains a rapid sketch of the progress of the various styles of pointed architecture, or rather, as the authors wish to have it, "of the prominent transition stages of the one great style," with some observations on their leading characteristics. It also treats, at some length, of a

very curious practice which appears to have been more extensively adopted by the mediæval architects than is generally supposed—we mean a degree of imitativeness, joined with that freedom of invention for which the old men were so remarkable, or the engrafting, if we may so speak, of the details of one period or style on the general outlines of an older architecture. It is alluded to, with some notable examples, in the following passages :

"This is a remarkable and highly important circumstance; lying, as it does, at the very basis of authoritative rules for restoration of original edifices by ourselves. And, indeed, it forms a strongly marked exception to the usual practice; for it was a general rule with the builders of the middle ages never to fall back upon a past era of their arts, even when engaged in completing structures of a by-gone age. Influenced by a spirit, which in these times, it is scarcely possible yet to understand, their sole aim was advancement. One "master" was ever anxious to surpass another, and each sought, in any fresh design, to improve upon his own previous works. It would seem that when engaged in *repairing* or making additions to their churches, the style then prevailing was invariably and boldly adopted. The architects of those days trusted in the beautiful harmony which breathes throughout their great art, and which they well knew must necessarily exist the same at any period of it. But when they had to *complete* a design, left from the first imperfect, they appear to have been induced, in some instances, to mould their work in such manner as to maintain in the *general outline* some degree of uniformity throughout the whole.

"The grand and venerable Abbey-church of St. Alban presents examples, no less remarkable for diversity than excellence, of the proceedings of the "masters" of old. The nave, including triforia and clerestory, was originally Anglo-Norman—plain and massive in the extreme, yet strikingly majestic in its austere simplicity. It would appear that when, after a lapse of time, the early English Gothic was fairly established, it was determined to alter the nave to that style, and thereby improve it. The work of renovation accordingly commenced, it began at the west, and the design extended to the first four arches on the north side, and the three corresponding ones on the south. We must imagine that for some reason the works were suspended, and that an interval of several years elapsed before they were again resumed; for when once more proceeded with, the style had considerably progressed, and early English Gothic was shortly to give way to Decorative. Two more of the Anglo-Norman arches on the south side were rebuilt at this period, their general design being the same, the strings, &c., corresponding with the earlier work, while a partial difference is observable in the mouldings, and other ornamental details. Again were the works discontinued, nor was any further effort attempted, with a view to the reconstruction of the church, until the Decorated Gothic had attained to almost the very highest degree of its beauty and perfection. And here begins, correctly speaking, the work of assimilation. Since the commencement of these improvements, Gothic architecture had gradually undergone a remarkable change, so that it is very certain that had not the architect been desirous of assimilating his work to that of his predecessors, he would have adopted a design very different from that which has been carried into effect. As it is, the general character of the early English pier-arches is here preserved, though the mouldings of the arch-heads, and the capitals of the piers are pure Decorated. In the south triforium, also, the arrangement of both the arches and sub-arches corresponds with the similar members in the earlier work; shafts (though no longer detached,) are placed in the jambs; and strings are continued above and below the arcade, in which the long trails of tooth ornaments are superseded by a series of the square flower of four leaves. And again, the walls of the clerestory (quite at variance with the practice of the time), are pierced with lancet windows, in evident continuation of the original design; the proportions of these windows are precisely similar to those in the adjacent early English portion of the church, but their mouldings are beautiful, and pure Decorated. The corbel table, also, beneath the parapet, on the exterior is continued, but in the latter portion of it, the early English notch-heads are seen to have given way to a series of male and female heads (valuable specimens of the head-dresses of the period) and lions' heads—peculiarly a decorated ornament."

Westminster Abbey Church is then instanced as an example of this curious process; where in the nave and aisles the work of the fifteenth century is made to assimilate wonderfully with the general characteristics of that of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In

the piers this is particularly observable. Those of the later style are banded, contrary to the custom then prevailing, but in imitation of the earlier work; yet in those bands of the fifteenth century the idea alone is retained, the proportions and outlines are quite different from those of their prototypes. The earlier portion of the aisles is, in accordance with the prevailing custom, arcaded. When the later parts were erected, panneling had superseded arcading, still, in this instance, we find the arcading preserved, but with totally different details in capitals, bases, and mouldings. Fotheringay Church, Northamptonshire, is then given as another example, and the authors remark "that the assimilating process never extends to the *mouldings*."

"To however great an extent the earlier portion of an edifice may have been subsequently copied, those important members were always worked in strict conformity with the ordinary system prevalent at the times of their construction; and thus they will be found guides of the greatest possible authority, as well for detecting the application of this principle of assimilation, as for determining the date of those structures, or parts of structures, which maintain throughout an architectural consistency."

The work is arranged in two great sections: "masonry," and "wood and iron works," which are again subdivided into sub-sections, treating of "windows," "doors," "buttresses," &c., &c. In the sub-section of windows, the authors trace the gradual development of those most characteristic features, from the simple, long, narrow, and round-headed opening of the Romanesque, to the slender lancet of the first pointed; and show how, by the combination of the lancets for the admission of more light than could be obtained by them singly, the principles of tracery, which afterwards became the glorious distinction of the Decorated, or middle pointed style, were first developed; showing thereby how the *beautiful* in art is a thing of natural growth, and a consequent of the *essential*. An example singularly illustrative of this principle is given by the author, and as it affords a proof of the ingenuity of the old men in turning features which might at first sight seem blemishes into positive beauties. We feel no hesitation in giving it at length:

"At its first introduction, and throughout the continuance of the Semi-Norman period, the pointed arch was very obtuse, rarely becoming equilateral, and perhaps in no single instance acutely pointed. In the early English Gothic, on the contrary, the equilateral is the usual form of the window arch; while in some cases, and more particularly in the cathedrals and larger churches, we find the windows most acutely pointed, as at Lincoln and Southwall Minsters. The single-light early English lancet in general use during the first Gothic period was of the simplest arrangement; its very simplicity constituting its peculiar charm. In those windows the glass was generally brought within three or four inches of the outside face of the wall. In the interior, the openings were widely splayed; and, consequently, in walls of great thickness this splay caused the width of the jambs to be, in most cases, four or five times the width of the light. Now if the arch of the window had been allowed to widen inside with the jambs, besides the unsightly appearance that would be produced, it would have necessitated a much greater height in the walls of the church than was considered desirable by the early English architects; and hence arose a peculiar treatment of the interior of windows, the general arrangement of which consisted in having totally distinct arches inside and out: the outer adapting itself to the peculiar character of the window, but the inner being almost invariably a segmental pointed, or drop arch, the point of which, in many examples, was considerably below that of the window itself, as in the south aisle of St. Alban's Abbey Church. It will be observed in this mode of construction, that the head of the lancet is cut out of a mere slab, a few inches in thickness, which is carried up internally till it meets the soffit of the drop-arch. The effect also of this treatment of their lancets was to throw the light *down* into the church, and leave the valley of their high-pitched roofs in a state of *semi-obscurity*—an object they so evidently sought for in their interiors. So characteristic was this arrangement considered, and also so peculiarly effective in itself, that shortly after its introduction it was generally adopted

even in windows so placed as not to require its constructive advantages; thus in gable triplets, the combined windows were very commonly finished in the interior with drop-arches. The same arrangement appears in the tower of Brockworth Church, Gloucestershire, where the interior arch, though segmental, is actually concentric with the arch of the light. This last-named circumstance is indeed of by no means rare occurrence in those positions in which the drop-arch was introduced rather as an essentially characteristic feature than a necessary constructive application. As a matter of construction, this drop-arch is by far more secure than an arch sloping so considerably as would have been requisite had the interior and exterior arches been concentric. We may here observe that this arrangement, variously modified, continue to be in use in the construction of windows throughout the Gothic style."

The opposite mode of treatment is adopted generally by our modern practitioners of the art, with most unsatisfactory results.

The construction of the tracery of windows undergoes a close investigation. The authors are of opinion that nearly all the varieties of tracery are derivable from the equilateral triangle, and its combinations. Many of the examples which they give, favour this theory; and we have found its application to many ancient windows perfectly satisfactory. In some examples, 'tis true, the existence of triangulation is scarcely perceptible at first sight, but a closer examination will in nearly all cases demonstrate an approximation to the equilateral triangle, or probably a slight and necessary derivation from it; but these exceptions will not invalidate the general principle. And when we consider the extensive influence of religious symbolism on all the æsthetical developments of the middle ages, and the importance attached, in consequence, to *triplcity* of arrangement in many instances, we are still more prepared to admit the high degree of probability there exists of the triangle being the basis of so important and plastic a feature of pointed architecture as tracery. The most beautiful arches, both of the first and middle pointed periods, are those described on equilateral triangles; and it was only when this form of arch was abandoned, by the substitution of the low four-centred arch, in the latter days of third pointed, that architecture began to be truly debased. *A fortiori* then it is highly probable that the same principle entered largely into the decorations and component parts of these arches.

A long sub-section is devoted to mouldings—one of the most characteristic features of pointed architecture, and yet one which till very recently, has been entirely overlooked. Architects very frequently made an indiscriminate use of mouldings of all periods in a building which in its great features affected but one style. Mr. Paley's "Manual of Gothic mouldings" has proved, and is likely still to prove, the most effective check to this abuse, by demonstrating that mouldings are the best aids in the discrimination of styles, and their most certain characteristics. The Messrs. Brandon have added little to Mr. Paley's theory, but the collection of examples scattered over the work is invaluable.

Doorways, buttresses, parapets, fonts, sedilia, gable-crosses, and nearly all the other details which involve the exercise of the masonic art, undergo a strict and scientific investigation.

The second section of the work opens with an interesting treatise on those most beautiful features of ancient architecture—open wooden roofs, which, since the "reformation" had been so barbarously treated. Frequently was a roof of admirable construction, and most elegant design hidden by some flat plaster ceiling. A better taste now prevails in England; and these

abominations are being everywhere removed, revealing long-hidden ancient glories; while every new church of the "revival" has its bold and ornamental open roof. We are sorry we cannot point to any return to this ancient practice in Ireland, except in those churches erected after Mr. Pugin's designs. In the very few churches which have been erected after ancient models, the hypocritical plaster groining, in imitation of stone, has been adopted. There are, however, works in progress, and others contemplated, on which roofs of the olden type will be introduced. The Messrs. Brandon promise a new publication, on "open wooden roofs," to which we look forward with considerable interest. It will, doubtlessly, throw considerable light on those interesting features of ancient churches, and afford abundant examples for imitation.

Chancel, or rood screens are now being restored in many an English Catholic Church,* and in several instances where the "Establishment" exhibits better feelings than those hitherto manifested, those beautiful and symbolic adornments are introduced. Let us hear our authors on the ancient mode of treating those screens.

"The chancel-screen—a no less beautiful than necessary appendage—yet remains in many of the remote village churches in Norfolk, in almost all its original splendour. Though the carver exhausted on it the resources of his wonderful art, still was it not considered complete and worthy of its purpose, until it had been made to glow with the richest colours and gilding. To delineate the delicacy of the tracery without, at the same time, supplying the rich tints of the colour, is to deprive the design of a principal part of its beauty; the aid of polychromy, eagerly acknowledged in all parts of the Church, in the case of screens more especially was considered essential. Scriptural texts were constantly introduced in the cornice, and sometimes, as in Bishop Lydeard's, the whole of the Creed filled the casement. On the lower panels were customarily painted the holy apostles, or other saints and martyrs. But a few specimens of screen have been given, for, to do them justice, a whole work should be devoted to the subject; and we much hope that such a one will soon be undertaken—one in which shall be depicted not only the architectural beauties, but also the polychromatic effect."

So do we; and that by the Messrs. Brandon, for surely none can be more competent to the task. All the necessary furniture and decorations of a church were, in the Ages of Faith, such objects of reverential care, and subjects for the development of artistic skill, that many volumes might be compiled on the illustration of each. Roofs, chancel-screens, altars, sedilia, piscinae, fonts, tombs, crosses, stained-glass, &c. &c., exhibit such endless varieties of the most exquisite design, that they seem to promise work for future ge-

* No Rood-screen, we are sorry to say, has been set up in Ireland since the Reformation. In the new Church of St. John, Blackrock, the Rev. Dr. Ennis has erected a Rood-beam, which, in small churches, and where a screen and loft cannot be afforded, is an excellent substitute, and is supported by ancient examples. We refer with pleasure to this church as manifesting a decided struggle after ecclesiastical propriety. Its shortcomings, as might be expected in a transition state, are many; but where such good intentions are manifested criticism is disarmed. The design, we believe, originated with Dr. Ennis himself; and we entertain no doubt that had his views been seconded by intelligent professional skill, commensurate with the pious zeal of the designer, the defects would be less striking than they are. However, taking it all in all, it gives us the assurance that when ecclesiastics study church architecture (as in former times they did), we may look forward to the days when we shall emulate the taste and skill of Skillaugh, or Wykeham, or our own Cormac; but which we can never hope for, as long as our temples are raised by ignorant and unthinking men, whose only object is worldly gain. At St. Kevin's, Glendalough, a screen, with rood and loft, will be erected. This is another example of the salutary influence of the priest's being skilled in ecclesiastical art. We hope that Father Clarke's example will be generally imitated by his brothers in the holy ministry.

nerations of artists in illustrating, as well as in reviving and imitating their excellencies.

The authors' observations on the construction and framing of ancient doors, and on the application of metal work for useful and decorative purposes (they were never separated by the old artists) are worthy of the attention of modern architects. They will do well, too, to study the examples given in the illustrations, and to take the parting advice of these authors,* who all through have executed their task in the most admirable spirit, evidently influenced by a calm enthusiasm for their glorious art, and feeling their labours "sweetened and rendered dear to them by the sincerest admiration for those noble monuments of piety and skill"—"the works of their Catholic forefathers;" which even now, cruelly mutilated and dishonoured as they often remain, are still foremost among the glories of their land." Their concluding sentences are perfectly in harmony with those feelings:

"The possession of the most voluminous collection of examples will never make a church architect; something more than books is necessary. Let him who would aspire to the honourable title, go and minutely examine and study the buildings themselves; there is hardly a village church, however unpretending, but will furnish some information to the diligent inquirer; for

"Yet do the structures of our fathers' age
Shame the weak efforts of art's latest stage."

* This we are presumptuous enough to believe to be more substantial advice than that administered by his Excellency, in reply to a whining address presented by a deputation from the "Royal Institute of Irish Architects," in which he disdains "to analyse the causes which may have led to the state of things of which they naturally complain" (*i. e.* the preference given to Englishmen in all public works in Ireland. Don't these worthies themselves see the cause of it? If not, they are only fit to lodge in work-houses, and lunatic asylums, not build them), and "ventures to express a hope that happier days are in store for Ireland"—when, amongst other good things, the Royal Institute of the Architects of Ireland will have plenty of work in erecting poor-houses, hospitals, asylums, and jails, and in constructing sewers; and so "aid the great work of social improvement." Happy fellows! a delightful prospect you have before you, if you can take an Excellency's word for it. But—aid yourselves.

Music in our Country Chapels.

NEXT to the strictly ecclesiastical adornments of our churches, there is nothing in which we can take more interest than the music, vocal or instrumental, employed at the celebration of the holy mysteries. In cities and towns, there can be no difficulty in forming a pretty good choir—provided a gifted few have grace and enlightenment enough to discern that they can make no better use of a good voice than in singing the praises of God. An organ, too, may easily be bought by the collections and contributions of individuals who possess taste, spirit, and zeal for God's house: if we could effect it, no church throughout the land should be without that great ecclesiastical instrument; but this may not be till better times dawn on us, and the people are better skilled in musical science. However, without disparaging the kindly feelings of the people, we may say (and thousands will agree with us), that *no music* is often more desirable than some miserable attempts which we have had to endure in certain country chapels. Any body who has ever been present at mass in any German village will find it difficult to forget the impression made upon him by the well-regulated singing of the congregation; the people there appear to understand and appreciate the *canto*

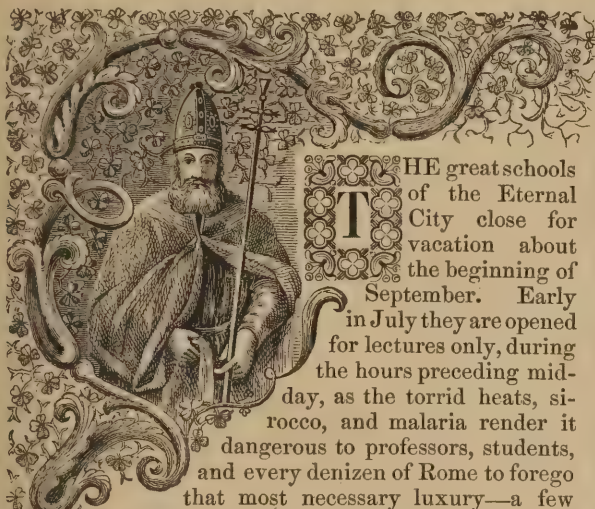
fermo, nor need we dwell at any length on the heart-fervour which seems to breathe in every note, when the entire assemblage intone the suppliant "Kyrie Eleison," and then peal out that triumph-song of Catholicity, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." Would to God that we were able, and the people willing to bring about such practices in Ireland—we retract the word *willing*, for it is certain that no people can be more so than those of this country to give all their efforts to promote the decorum of religion. Their anxiety is manifested by the very attempts they make at sacred music, but we are constrained to acknowledge, that, however laudable the intention, the music is far from being what we would have it. Indeed we have known many a young curate, fresh from college, obliged to dispense with the vocal and instrumental accompaniments which distracted him during mass, and did not tend to elevate the souls of the congregation. Fifes, fiddles, drums, and long-winded clarionets are not the instruments appropriated to such solemn occasions. One or two good voices chanting the "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Credo," and "Agnus Dei," would do more to touch the heart than a score of ill-taught flute and fiddle-players, against whom we enter our most solemn protest: all such well-meaning people do more to distract and annoy than they are really aware of. If it were possible we could find a remedy for all this in the organ, which without the accompaniment of a voice, is so capable of raising up men's souls with its trumpet notes, or reaching the inmost recesses of the heart with its sustained mournful cadences. Now, in our judgment, where the organ cannot be procured, any instrument approaching its power ought, of necessity, be introduced, to the exclusion of fifes, fiddles, drums, and key-bugles.

We adverted to this matter some time ago, and feel overjoyed that our remarks have been kindly received. In our opinion, there can be no instrument more closely assimilating to the organ than the melodian; and as its cost is far from being considerable, we do not hesitate to urge all who take an interest in church music, to substitute it for the costlier instrument. It would be hard to find any village in Ireland where there is not some lady skilled in the piano, and as the keys of the melodian can be made like those of the former instrument, the only difficulty, and a trifling one, the pressure of the pedal with the foot, may be overcome with very moderate practice. Thus, any lady acquainted with piano music, might do much service to the decorum of the church or chapel, by devoting an hour or so to performing on the melodian, and heaven knows she could be employed in no more pious work. We have no personal interest in recommending the melodian, but are motivated solely by a desire to substitute touching and harmonious strains for the vile and ear-bursting screechings of shrill fifes and strident fiddles. That others have appreciated our remarks on this subject, is evidenced by the fact, that from Cahir-Civeen, and Coleraine, Mr. Groves, of William-street, has got orders for the melodian; and we trust, that wherever the amount can be procured, whether in parish church or conventual chapel, the instrument will be introduced by the clergy, secular and regular. Against the fife and fiddle we might write much, to show that they are not fit to be used at the celebration of mass; and we content ourselves with observing, that the melodian is the only substitute we can recommend for the organ. May it be extensively patronized by the bishops and clergy.

Recollections of Italian Vacations.

"E ricordai l'Italia: un cor gentile puo' l'Italia obliar?"—*Nicolini. Giovanni di Procida atto terzo. Scena Seconda.*

"And I remembered Italy: what gentle heart can Italy forget?"—*Free Translation.*



THE great schools of the Eternal City close for vacation about the beginning of September. Early in July they are opened for lectures only, during the hours preceding mid-day, as the torrid heats, sirocco, and malaria render it dangerous to professors, students, and every denizen of Rome to forego that most necessary luxury—a few hours' sleep in the afternoon. None but those who have sojourned in the Holy City during summer months can form an adequate notion of the listlessness and lassitude which characterize everything in and about Rome, from the middle of May—once sacred to the Bona Dea, now to Mary—till the beginning of November. Then, indeed, there is the most striking change. The Romans leave off all their "summer bravery;" and the figures which you were accustomed to meet in gay and flimsy garniture, are now scarcely recognizable in the ample mantellones, whose every drape and fold remind you of some statue with which your eyes have grown familiar. That is the season of bustle and activity. Carriage after carriage passes through the Porta del Popolo, freighted with nomades from every clime; and there is no rest for the custom-house officers and inspectors of passports. What an enviable post do not these gentlemen hold, whose duty it is to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the ins and outs of portmanteaus, and the various faces so graphically described by the *attache* to an embassy!

There is a proverb, which states that, during the hot months, none but Englishmen and dogs are to be seen abroad in the streets of Italy. It looks like daring, to canvass the truth of a proverb, but we do not fear to assert, that though this one may be unquestionable with regard to dogs, 'tis far from true as regards bipeds. Dogs are abroad, no doubt—and Italian dogs, having something of the salamander in their nature, may be able to bear the forenoon heats; but as for Englishmen, we know no such ingredient in their constitution, and, consequently, take exception to the proverb.

We have said that everything in and about Rome looks peculiarly listless and lazy during the forenoon of the summer months. This listlessness—for we know no other term wherewith to express it—lasts from an hour before mid-day till about four in the afternoon; nor does this peculiar feature attach to Rome only, but to every city, town, and village throughout the whole length of the peninsula, from the upper to the toe point. Any one visiting Italy for the

first time, must have experienced strange sensations when his vehicle rumbled over the silent streets of a city about mezzo-giorno. We ourselves can never forget the impressions made upon our minds a good many years ago, when fourteen youngsters, amongst whom we had the happiness to be, performed a twenty-five mile a-day march from Paris to Rome, and, passing through towns and villages about the hour of noon, were sorely puzzled to know what had become of the population. That band of neophytes, with its majority of two over "the twelve," and under the special guidance of the late Rev. Christopher Boylan, knew very little of continental manners and customs, as they jogged along, some inside and some outside two spacious vehicles, drawn by five mules, and a huge beast bearing a marked resemblance to a giraffe. That march, far more familiar to our recollection than Xerxes', was rife with incident; and, if many of those who accompanied us were not gathered to their fathers, we would not hesitate to awaken some pleasing reminiscences connected with it. But there are some of our quondam companions still surviving, who can call to mind the quaint, yet very natural observations suggested by the quiet and almost death-like appearance of the towns through which we passed at noon-tide. Shops shut—blinds closely drawn—silence most profound, and only broken by the never-ceasing flow of a marble fountain, or the sudden opening of a veranda, as some disturbed sleeper looked out—in all likelihood to curse the jingling bells of the giraffe's collar, or the sharp cracking of our vetturino's whip. But we knew not then that sleep was grateful not only at midnight, but "media die;"* and our schoolmasters, having taught us little of Roman computation, left us unconscious of the meaning of the "hora sexta"—an hour which we subsequently learned to bless, inasmuch as it was admitted to be the root and origin of the sweet siesta.

Amongst the many who pine and grow lean under the summer heats of Rome, there is no one, perhaps, more deserving of commiseration than the ecclesiastical student. The avocations of the painter and sculptor do not chain him down, or literally encage him, as do the routine and discipline of a college life the youth destined for the ministry. The former, having no restraint, can roam at large in the cool freshness of the evening, regale himself with an ice under the awning of some *caffè*, or betake him to one of the many villas, whose gushing fountains, shady groves, luxuriant vineyards, and winding alleys, redolent of the perfume of the lemon, orange, and myrtle, are choice restoratives after the relaxation of the day. Scenes more blest than these, fancy cannot picture, and none so meet for the artist's eye. There stroll and lounge the proud patrician, and the tradesman, each bent on enjoying "il fresco." Gay groups of the humbler classes, among whom you may note the stalwart man from Trastevere, with velvet jerkin flung over his shoulder, and the young maiden from the same region, with huge silver buckles in her shoes, and large gold bodkin in her head-gear, trip it lightly to the wiry music of the mandolin and the sound of the merry tabour. He who is so inclined may freely mingle in the sport, for in no other spot are the proprieties more rigidly observed, and amongst no other people is there less of cold, stiff, puritanical reserve. A happy man, truly, is the artist, save when folly makes him otherwise. There is not one of the fraternity who, having resided

* Catulli. Carm. lxi.

for any length of time at Rome, does not look back with regret to the hour when he turned homewards. The ecclesiastical student, without one-half the advantages enjoyed by the young painter or sculptor, looks to the crowning moment of his existence with a sorrowful apprehension, for he knows and feels that when the last sight of the wondrous dome salutes his gaze, he is leaving behind him buried youthhood, bright scenes, and imperishable glories, such as he may not find wheresoever else his lot is cast.

The diary of an artist who has studied at Rome would make a delightful volume, worth a thousand of the trashy productions annually pawned on the credulity or gullibility of the public. The mind and imagination of the artist teem with images of the beautiful and perfect; the picturesque groups which meet him in every glade of the sunny south present him with forms of loveliness which he alone can depict, chisel, or describe as they deserve: and then, the habits and antique usages of the people among whom he lives, are subjects which, in our judgment, he alone knows how to treat with the pennello or the pen. In these respects, the high calling of the artist gives him a decided advantage over the ecclesiastical student, and the opportunities which lie in the path of the former we need barely glance at. Restrained by the regulations of college life, the ecclesiastical student cannot roam at large where he pleases; bound to obey the directions of a superior, who may or may not cultivate a taste for the antique or beautiful in art or nature, he is left to his own tastes and the hasty perusal of such works as an ill-assorted library may afford. The artist, on the other hand, can leave his studio when he pleases, loiter in the galleries, lounge in the villas, muse "amid the chief relics of almighty Rome," quaff the classic goblet with the greaved herdsman, or take up his abode in the tents of the skin-clad shepherds of the Campagna; thus making himself conversant with the manners, idiom, and customs of every class. We do not, of course, mean to imply that the artist's privileges should extend to the ecclesiastical student, but merely want to show the advantages which, in particular respects, the young painter or sculptor has over him, and to express at the same time our wonder, that not a single book treating of Rome and its *contorni* has come from the pen of any of those from whom we have a right to expect it. In a former number of this MAGAZINE we quoted a much-admired work, wherein it clearly appears that we Irish have no students of the fine arts at Rome, though distinct mention is made of youths who journey thither from Scandinavia, and the shores of the Caspian, to worship the master-productions of Raphael, Angelo, and Phidias. Why this should be, we know not, and, in our opinion, 'tis superlative vanity to point to Hogan, and say that he is in himself a host.

These reflections have made us digress, so now let us resume our subject. At the termination of the academic season, the students of the various colleges are sent to the villas which some of them possess in the neighbourhood of Rome. Propaganda has its country-seat at Frascati, close by the grass-grown streets of old Tusculum; the English have theirs at Monte Porcio, near to the ruins of that splendid retreat wherein Lucullus revelled in sybaritic luxury; the Scotch own a pleasant mansion, in the midst of rich vineyards and olive-groves, at Marino, a few furlongs from Alba Longa, and hard by Castle Gandolfo, where Pio Nono sojourned last October, and upset an anti-

quated usage which condemned many of his predecessors to a state of seclusion far more rigid than that of a monastery. On a rising ground, looking down on the ruins of a house said to have belonged to lean Cassius, the accomplice of Brutus in Caesar's murder, and within ten minutes' walk of the thundering Anio and Adrian's villa, outside the city of Tivoli, stands a long, straggling building, formerly belonging to the Greek college, but now the vacation residence of the Irish ecclesiastical students. While Dr. Boylan was president of the Irish college, or, as it should be more correctly termed, boarding-house, the students had no country residence, save a very small house near the banks of the Tiber, looking over against the Mons Sacer. This cassino was not large enough to give them accommodation, and, as Dr. Boylan was a man who loved to encourage antiquarian pursuits, he freely allowed many of his alumni to go where they liked during the vacation, and make the best use of their time. 'Twas the good fortune of the writer of this paper to have been one of the lads thus happily circumstanced. Doffing the ecclesiastical costume for one which gave us freer use of our limbs, some of us proceeded to a convent of Augustinians in the neighbourhood of Marino, while others took up their abode with the students of the Scotch college. Left to ourselves, we were perfectly unconstrained, roamed where we liked, and mused where we pleased. There was not a single remnant of the olden time, from the questionable tombs of the Horatii, to the broken pillars which cumber the ground in the vicinity of Vicus Varus, with which we did not make ourselves perfectly familiar. Lake Nemi and Lake Albano were both near us, and no day passed over our heads that we did not swim in their blue waters. A donkey, carrying a brace of panniers well stored with viands, was sent before us at an early hour of the morning, and halted at the spot where we wished to dine. Often and often did we enjoy a comfortable siesta in the shade of some deep forest; and then, when the melting noontide heats had subsided, sat down with right good will and appetite to feast on the good things which our providore had prepared for us the preceding evening. Cold fowl—a macaroni pie—grapes from some neighbouring vineyard—and *vino padronale* in abundance, made our dinner; the song, the merry laugh, and an occasional visit from some *contadino* who had a good voice, or a good bagpipe, gave zest to our happiness; and when the repast was finished, we pursued our way over hill and dale, till the tolling of the Angelus bells from convents and churches summoned us to our homes to repose after the day's fatigue, and plan another excursion. The advantages derived from this rational liberty were many, and those who remember Dr. Boylan cannot cease to be grateful to him. The Irish youth had thus an opportunity of making himself well acquainted with the habits and language of the people—not to speak of the great interest of the various localities—and returned to Rome, at the beginning of November, strong in body and improved in mind. Those who had taste for antiquarian pursuits, might indulge them to their fullest extent; and we are glad to be able to assert that our companions of those days lacked neither taste nor capabilities. A different system followed Dr. Boylan's retirement, and the reverend gentleman who succeeded him as rector of the Irish College at Rome, purchased the present vacation-residence at Tivoli. The discipline observed in the house at Rome is fully carried out in

the country, and, with the single exception of the schools, there is not a shade of difference between St. Agatha's and the Villa Cassiana. We forgot to say, that in the latter place there was a billiard-table, and that it afforded agreeable recreation to the students. In fact, sedentary games—backgammon and chess for example—were their only amusements in the forenoon hours, as they could not avail themselves of a miserable attempt at a ball-court. The recreations in the Villa Cassiana were not, in any way, commensurate with those which the students enjoyed in Dr. Boylan's time; and how could they, when the same privileges were not conceded them?

If we could venture to make a suggestion—and surely there is nothing derogatory to the zeal or wisdom of the actual President in it, if we be permitted to make it—we would recommend the immediate formation of a small, select library of works relating to Ireland and its antiquities, for the special study of the students during vacation. If there be a spot on the face of the globe more calculated than another to inspire one with a love of antiquarian pursuits, surely there can be none more favoured than Tivoli, where the monuments of old stare you at every winding and meet you on every hill-side! The more distinguished students* could then aid their younger friends, and encourage them in the study of ancient architecture, and promote a love—a deep, respectful love—of these relics which chronicle the rise and fall of their own country. Ah! what a pleasing task might it not be made, to translate, for example, some of these old records in St. Isidore's library, and give them to us in our guttural vernacular: we can easily fancy that some youth, skilled in the Irish tongue, might employ his leisure hours to advantage in transcribing such a work as the "Flight of the Earls," and preparing it for the press. Such a work would redound greatly to the honour of the young Irish Missionary and give him a great claim on the gratitude of his countrymen.

Turning from the Villa Cassiana to Monte Porcio, the country-seat of the English students, let us see how the months of September and October speed with them. Let us not forget that up to a late period the English college had for its president one of the most distinguished men of our day. Nicholas Wiseman is undoubtedly one of the grandest ornaments which the Catholic Church or Catholic literature of these realms can boast. There is no department of learning, sacred or profane, in which he has not been highly distinguished. Our estimate of his labours and industry has not been hastily formed, nor do we care to quarrel with him on the score of politics. We judge him according to a better standard, and in his capacity of an ecclesiastic. Profoundly versed in modern languages—the author of a work on Syriac idioms—a Doctor of theology—and, we use the word in its proper signification, as old Anthony Wood defines it, "*qui est habilis ad docendum*"—one qualified to teach. What is there connected with the life of an ecclesiastic, that he is not able to teach? An erudite historian—a learned canonist—a warm admirer of every thing that is exquisite in art—and an accomplished musician—we can truthfully assert, that there is not

in the British islands prelate more praiseworthy, or priest more gifted. He has attained no honour that his learning and unaffected piety have not won for him, and at a period when such dignities were to be got only by a rigid personal examination, and in presence of an applauding crowd of Theologians and Philosophers. What matters it that he is not an Irishman, or that his views are not precisely ours? He is a Hierarch of our religion, and even though he were not, great acquirements like his must command admiration and respect.

With such a man presiding over them, the students of the English college could not but be happy and enlightened. 'Twas our good fortune to have been the companion of their walks during the vacation time for many a year; nor will we forget the instructions we derived from their amiable and learned moderator. Monte Porcio was ever open to the visitor who came to explore the ruins in the vicinity. Hospitality, for which we are not wont to give our neighbours credit, was never refused the wayfarer; and were we to dwell on one particular season of high-souled festivity at Monte Porcio, we need but recall that during which his Eminence Cardinal Weld was a sojourner within its precincts. But, alas! it fills us with sorrow to look back to those days. The good cardinal thought that no amount of rational relaxation should be denied the students, nor did he ever act the ascetic when amongst them. Playful as a child—suggestive as an anxious parent—listening to the student's proficiency, he felt as much gratification as though it redounded to his own personal honour, and whosoever most distinguished himself in the studies of the year was his especial favourite. In the latter respect he did nothing more than follow the example of the other members of the Sacred College. Any one who has ever had to do with that venerable body must have learnt to appreciate the cordiality of manner which distinguishes each and all of them. Accessible to every one—ever ready to listen to the complaint or remonstrance of the oppressed, there are no men more thoroughly bent on doing justice to the insulted, or remunerating honest genius, than the purpled dignitaries. Maj, with all his book-learning, is an humbler man than some school-masters we have known, and though in the true sense fully entitled to the appellation of "a proud priest," is apparently as unassuming and unassuming as though he had not rescued Tully's *Respublica* from ruin and oblivion. Ah! but it consoles us to record such facts as these, particularly when we remember how we saw some factious tyrants of the *petits-maitres* class brought to account for their haughtiness by no less a personage than a cardinal, whose condescension, affability, and love of justice, were so many rebukes to people clothed in a little brief authority.

But, as we were saying, with such a man as the rector of the English College for a guide, the students committed to his charge could not fail to derive important advantages from the *villeggiatura*. His acquirements, as we have already stated, were not circumscribed by theological boundaries, but comprised within their cycle an immense amount of profane history and local knowledge. In the dark labyrinths of the catacombs, he would rob the place of half its horrors, expatiating on the sufferings of the Christian, or giving pithy sketches of the great men who entombed themselves there, to commune with Christ, while pagan Rome was offering incense to her fabulous deities. Every mouldering temple, broken arch, tessellated pavement, and shattered aqueduct—so

* 'Tis but justice to acknowledge that the Rev. A. Quinn was the most distinguished of the Irish students, during our stay at Rome; he took first premium every year, in the various classes, and made a splendid examination for the Doctors' degree. The revered gentleman is now senior curate to our amiable and reverend Dean, the Parish Priest of Westland-row.

frequently met in the hills and the valleys of the Sabina—were objects of his particular study. There was not a hiatus in any inscription, from the temple of Vesta, at Tivoli, to that sacred to Fortuna, still towering in majesty above old Præneste, that he could not fill up and elucidate. Nor was this the result of a study of guide-books. His profound classical knowledge, derived from Livy, Maro, Sallustius, and Horace, so stored his mind, that he could evoke the shades of the departed, and present them to our young fancies, fighting by lake Regillus—toiling at that great tunnel called the Emissorium, through which lake Albano finds vent for its superfluous waters—crimsoning the highways with each others blood in the proscriptions of Sylla and Marius—or, in the calmer days of Augustus, sauntering by the rushing Anio, on whose banks, crowned with ivy, the bard of bards sang the charms of Lalage, and tuned a grateful strain for Macænas. Often and often have we started before the sun lit up the Sabine hills, and flung its glories upon the blue Tyrrhene sea, mounted on sure-footed roadsters—some twenty of us—oh! but we were light-hearted then! In the *caffè* of some hamlet perched on the summit of a rocky eminence, there was no great difficulty in procuring a collation. The church-bell summoned us to hear mass, and when that solemn half-hour had passed, we were once more on horseback to visit some ruin of the imperial times, or locality made sacred as the haunt of genius. There was, for example, that sweet spot called Grotto Ferrata, where some would have you believe that Cicero had his villa, yet now more note-worthy as containing Domenichino's frescos—remarkable, too, for these strong turrets and bastions within which that stern old man, Pope Julius II., sat in conclave with his cardinals, and marshalled the steel-clad vassals with whom he hoped to hunt the Gallic host from the land of Italy.

What blissful hours have we not spent mid the ruins of Hadrian's villa, studded over with the miniatures of those fabrics which struck the emperor with astonishment in his peregrinations! The vale of Tempe, with its scanty stream; the prætorium; the temples; the mosaic floors, which were once trod by imperial feet, and even now refuse to allow vegetation in their interstices—afforded ample matter for meditation and instruction. How often did we ponder mid the marble palace of poor Queen Zenobia, who, even in adversity, could not have thought that her Palmyra would one day become the dwelling-place of the Bedouin, and the retreat of the wild beast!

Turning from the contemplation of the great ruins of the imperial times, how pleasantly have we not passed hour after hour in the deserted halls of feudal palaces, where the portraits of barons, cardinals, nuns, and statesmen look down from their frames on the visitor! Go where you will through the Papal territory in the vicinity of Rome, you are sure to see a stately palace, with its solitary pillar—the sole memorial of a race that has died out. Gibbon, in the description of the tournament in the Colosseum, makes a fine picture of that bloody scene; but if there be one incident more striking than another, 'tis that of Prince Colonna, preceded by his armorial ensign, and the legend "If I fall, you fall." Bulwer's Rienzi, too, has thrown a sort of romance over that family, and we confess that that book afforded us much gratification, as we lingered in the saloons of Marino, and Zagarolo, where, perhaps, poor Cola nursed the hope of seeing Rome restored to greatness, or the Popes re-

stored to Rome. The last of the Colonnas saw Pius VII. drawn in triumph through the Porta del Popolo, and died before Napoleon's final banishment. The pillar has fallen, but the people have not; the condition on the legend is not verified, nor shall it be. There is a din, a spirit-voice, now pealing through the land of Italy, grander and more stirring than could have been dreamt of even by Filicaja. Petrarca, like our own Moore, sang songs of despair. Tassoni satirized the disunion of states, and the antagonism of factions. But, lo! the lion of Juda is not dead, and what Monti sung had no point till now:

"Di Giuda il Leon non anco è morto;

Ma vive e rugge e il pelo arruffa e gli occhi

Terror d' Egitto, e d' Israel conforto.

E se monta in furor, l'aste e gli stocchi,

Sa spezzar dé nemici, e par che gridi,

Son la Forza di Dio, nessun mi tocchi!"

Oh! consummation for which we sighed in youth, while yet the mists of prejudices blinded men's eyes, and left them to grope after false systems—banning the spirit of freedom, and propping up the old, rotten legitimacies of a slave-ridden world! How was it possible to expect that a temporal power like that of the Papacy should not be stained by vices in its administration, when we reflect that Austria intimidated, unless the policy dictated by despotism motivated and regulated it? Look beyond the Papal boundaries, and see the minor States deriving all their vitality from the same source; and if you would pause to contemplate any of the kingdoms fighting the fight of Austria—quenching the young spirit of liberalism in torrents of blood; curbing and chafing all the generous impulses of man's nature; turning the fairest spot on the globe's surface into a region of horror and agonies—take up the map and fix your eyes on Naples! 'Tis true that none of the Popes pursued any such brutal policy as this; but 'tis unquestionable that many of them, educated, and spending the greater part of their lives in the seclusion of monasteries, knew little of mere worldly governing, and allowed themselves to be swayed and handled by the only power that professed friendliness to them. What had they to expect from England?—Nothing. From France?—Alas! we need not answer. No wonder, then, if these Popes lent themselves to Austria, and were misguided by her Metternichs; no wonder that the various factions of Carbonari, Framasoni and such like, created perpetual alarm, and left the Peninsula at the mercy of its masters. 'Twas this accursed system that filled Spielberg with the noblest and the best; and this same infatuation reddened Cosenza with the Bandieras' blood. But the end of all is fast approaching; tyranny is in the death-struggle—the voice of the people is the voice of God—the mitred sovereign is the strength of God, as Monti calls him. He is the exponent of a grand system; reforms are progressing; the old, rotten fabrics crumble at the breath of a Pontiff; in the city and the hamlet the bugle sounds *reveil* and the beat of drum calls stalwart striplings to learn platoon and file exercise. Shipments of percussion muskets from France—priests and patricians contributing to the equipment of citizen-soldiers—a press unshackled by unnecessary restrictions—military pageants as numerous as processions—these are the forerunners of a great era. These are the weapons with which Pio Nono must triumph. These are the means by which he will smash the lances and swords of despots. Fenced round about

with willing and loving hearts, ready to dare, ready to die, he may well afford to exclaim, "*Son la forza di Dio—nessun mi tocchi!*"

And all this has come to pass since the days when Gregory XVI. was Pope, and since the time when our ears were hourly frightened by rumours of revolutions and conspiracies. May the people learn to appreciate their altered position, and conspire only to love their God, their monarch, and country! At the period when we were students, we dared not whisper the word liberty, nor did it ever enter into our minds to anticipate such a state of things as has come about. Yet, in our roamings through the Sabina, 'twas easy to discover that there was an immense amount of discontent, and that the peasantry were ready to plunge into all the horrors of civil war, rather than support a system which left no place of preferment for the layman, as long as an ecclesiastic could be found to fill it. This, amongst other causes for hate of the ruling power, has been eliminated; and the last act of the reigning Pontiff, in the institution of municipalities, must reconcile all men to his wise and enlarged policy.

But we are forgetting our theme. When fully satisfied with exploring every monument that could interest us, we were sure to find refreshing cheer in some monastic refectory, and a few scudi given to the poor fathers, procured us something better than pulse and pease, such as the clerk of Copmanhurst gave to "Sir Sluggish Knight." Many a merry song trolled we, such as may not again echo in these old refectories. Now and again we had the pleasure of the company of a "podesta," who became our special favourite. His parents, not wishing to make either of the apostles jealous, had him baptized, Pietro-e-Paolo; and the Roman government, in honour of the latter, honoured him with a magisterial sword.

A comical fellow was this *podesta*, or village magistrate; and just as fit to hold such an office as Don Abondio was to regulate Don Rodrigo and his Bravi. Yet he was amusing, withal—a good singer—a good story-teller—and a capital fiddler. A necessary appendage on all occasions when the friars required his musical powers in processions, or in the choir: he had long secured their warmest interest, and no stranger was invited to their board who was not sure to meet Signore Pietro-e-Paolo. His jurisdiction extended into the woody region about Velletri, then infested by a gang of desperadoes not half so picturesque as the brigands who prowl at fancy-balls, or figure in a lady's scrap-book. Now it was Signore Pietro-e-Paolo's business, in virtue of his commission, to see these fellows arrested, but the considerate magistrate continually deprecated the unhappiness of his position, which he feared would compromise him in the opinion of these folk, and so far reverse their relative positions as to make him the captured instead of captor. In fact, the study of the *podesta's* life had been to keep out of the way of the brigands, and he would as soon have jumped headlong into the sulphur lake on the Roman side of Tivoli, as approach the lurking-places of the fellows whom he designated "*gallantuomini ma un po' scalpestrati*"—in other words, brave fellows, but a little wrong-headed. In fact, any allusion to the subject ruffled the temper of Signore Pietro-e-Paolo, and was met with a gentle whisper into the ear of whoever sat next him, which implied that the less said on such matters the better, as the "*gallantuomini*," were "*gente assassinonissima*"—and this, too, with a guarantee, on the part of the person who heard it, that he would

never repeat abroad that the "*podesta*" had used such a superlative predicate. Naturally timid, and somewhat imaginative, he would much rather listen to anything else, and more than once hinted that his sleep had been disturbed by horrid dreams, such as Don Abondio dreamt the night after the Bravi had forbidden the bans of Renzo and Lucia.

A song—a solo on the fiddle—a loud *evviva* to the health of the students—the rosary—the seven penitential psalms—anything, but this harrowing subject of the Gasparoni's, and other notables of that class, was a relief to our friend, the magistrate; but we have gleaned from him many a strange tale, which 'tis our intent to inflict on you elsewhere.

Along with his other accomplishments, the *podesta* possessed no inconsiderable taste for poesy; but he chose rather to flirt with the muse of Pasquino, and pen bitter satires, than court the gentler nymph who smiles benignant on the lyrist. Yet there were moments when he sought inspiration at the last-named source; and having taken a particular fancy to the well-known air so happily associated with our own Moore, frequently sang us the following composition, which we have deemed worth remembering for the sake of the melody:*

"Addio, Tota, mai
Non ci vedremo più,
In questa val di guai,
Che strazzian quaggiù.

Mia Barca sta sul mar.
Mio cuore sta con te,
Di sol quello posso dar,
Dachè tu sprezzì me.

Se nel speco vi fosse,
Sol l'ultimo liquor,
Beverebber labbra mosse,
Ver te e il tuo cuor.

Salute, Tota cara,
Non ti scordar di me,
La vita m'è amara,
Giaché lungi da te.

Ma a te pensando, Io
Destino sprezzèrò,
Ben pago se col vostro
Il mio unirò.

Oh! how blithly sped our evenings in that old convent refectory of Zagarolo, and what reminiscences must not the very name revive in the memories of our friends! Would that we might here transcribe a few of these biting epigrams which the *Podesta* originated against the government of which he was an official—verily a "*pars magna*." Little did he then dream that steam-boats would one day ply on the Tiber, or that snorting engines would speed over the flat Compagna. Could any one have assured him that there would be an end to brigandage and such inefficient officers as himself, he would have concluded that doom's day was at hand. But, for aught we know, he has lived to witness the elevation of Pio Nono. One wish still fills us with anxiety for poor Pietro-e-Paolo, and 'tis that his holiness may be induced to diminish the duty on tobacco, nor leave the quondam *Podesta* occasion to quote that verse of Job which he was wont to apply

* "My boat is on the shore."

to Gregory XVI.—“*Contra folium quod vento rapitur, ostendis potentiam tuam? et stipulam siccam persequeris?*” “wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? and wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?”

It was thus we wound up the sports of many a day during the September and October months; our excursions were always varied, nor was there a single object of interest from Castel Gandolfo to the ancient Lavinium, with which we did not grow familiar. More than once have we lost our way in the dark and intricate woods about Rocca del Papa and San Galliciano, and some of us bivouacked with the herdsmen and shepherds of the Campagna, when the blue moonlit-sky became suddenly overcast and hail torrents smashed the ripe grape, and the stately Indian corn that grows throughout the papal dominions in almost tropical luxuriance. Many of those who were the companions of our vacations have passed away; some of them still survive—and one who imparted much instruction to us, has won Catholic celebrity, and we hope, ere long, to learn that an Archiepiscopal mitre has decked his honoured head.

In these good days, the Irish students returned to Rome, at the beginning of November, re-invigorated in health and improved in mind. They did not feel like people who had been liberated from a penitentiary situated in an agreeable locality, with liberty to look at the sky and take as much exercise as a colt in a riding-school. Far otherwise; their movements were unconstrained—they mixed with the people—acquired an intimate knowledge of their language, even to its very patois; and they who enjoyed these most rational privileges cannot but compassionate those who are unwisely deprived of them.

But, it will be asked, how did it fare with those who spent September and October at Rome? We can very easily answer the question. September is dreadfully hot, so much so, that one wonders why Marcus Aurelius does not melt on his brazen steed, or the marble statues on the bridge of Saint Angelo don't turn over into the Tiber. 'Tis a very sleepy month, truly, yet, as it approaches October, it becomes more tolerable and less enervating. Some of our companions were doomed to spend that month drinking large draughts of Jesuits' bark, as they were plagued with *terzana*, and had to put up with a meagre dietary prescribed by a garrulous medico-custom house officer, who seemed to have made a much closer study of Capacelli's Doctor *Acquafresca* than of the works of Scarpa or Vacca.

This worthy, whom you might see on a market day in the square of the Pantheon, mounted on a platform, exhibiting to the wondering gaze of the peasants the handfuls of teeth he extracted at the low charge of a Paul per pull, was ever and always followed by an ill-clad vampire, who acted the Sangrado to perfection. A single glance from Acquafresca was enough—the patient, with throbbing head and shivering extremities, bared his arm, Sangrado earned his two Paul fee, and then came the dietary; roasted apples and “brodo lungo”—long broth, so called because it consisted of an ounce of lard to a gallon of water, and bore a strong resemblance to the definition of a right line, “length without breadth.” The course which the Doctor recommended to the invalid was nowise disagreeable to his companions, so, adopting Acquafresca's axiom, “*Somnum est balsamum vitæ*,” they contrived to sleep a few hours additional in the day time, and spent the cool evening in the villas belonging to Prince Borghese or Prince Doria Pamfili. Much did the poor

students often regret the miserable state of the library in the Irish College, and more so when they contrasted it with that of St. Isidore's convent, which a reverend father of the Wexford Franciscans had provided with a large selection of some of the best works of modern English literature. Had care been taken to procure similar works for the library of the Irish students, they were well enough inclined to turn them to advantage, and we need not say that the vacation-might have proved a most agreeable period for those whose tastes inclined them to lay aside black-letter for a while, and make themselves acquainted with the charms of lighter literature.

When, however, the month of October sets in, the heats begin to cease. There is then an active stirring amongst all classes and conditions—the Corso is once more thronged—people grow less afraid of malaria and sirocco, and venture out into the streets and villas soon after *mezzo-giorno*. In the various vineyards you will find the shepherds with their flocks—for the grapes have been gathered, and the wine-press is at work in all directions. Monte Testaccio, which, they say, has grown out of the fragments of earthen vessels flung there by the old Romans, is the resort of the humbler classes, who flock thither in crowds to dance, sing, and drink flagons of *orvieto*. The Pons Milvius, whither Cicero sent his detectives to arrest Cataline's friends, is crossed by innumerable passengers on foot and horseback; some to disport themselves in the wine houses outside the barriers, and some to drink of a spa which an inscription vaguely tells us is a grand remedy for a thousand diseases—“*Mille malis prodest ista salubris aqua.*”

The noble owners of the many villas in the neighbourhood of Rome, influenced, no doubt, by the most kindly feelings, never close their gates against any one; and, far from being like some of our *proprietors* in England and Ireland, almost invite the people to avail themselves of the salubrious advantages they are calculated to bestow. Hence, you may find in the Borghesian, Pamfilian, or Albanian villas, multitudes of the people of all classes roaming through the grounds, or seated on marble benches, close by shady fountains, criticising the works of ancient and modern art. In the Villa Borghesia, an inscription on a small aqueduct, overarching the grand walk, speaks a volume for the kindness of the grandee, who does not order a gruff and liveried flunkey to send common people about their business. “*Nē quem mitissimus amnis impediāt*,” says the inscription, as though the lord of this splendid domain would not have the visitor at the inconvenience of wetting a shoe. The palaces, too, within these villas, are thrown open to high and low: and though they contain more valuable objects of art than can be found elsewhere, a single fraction is not exacted of the visitor; and need we say, that a people like the Italians, nursed and educated in the midst of everything that is honourable to man's creative genius, can pause, admire, and worship, divested of that stupid curiosity which is not gratified without doing mischief?

These villas and palaces are open to the Irish students as well as others. Here they might enjoy the cool breezes of the evening, and contemplate these gay picturesque groups that may not be seen elsewhere. No brawling drunkenness disgusted the eye—no squalid misery set you to meditate on the mysterious dispensations of Providence. Everything was joyful and serene as the cloudless sky above your head; and if anything jarred on the ear, it was the energetic enun-

ciation of a group of stout, strong-limbed *eminenti*, at their game of morra, in which there is such ample opportunity for Italian gesticulation. This, in all probability, is the sport called by the old writers "*par et impar*," and if it be, we must conclude that the ancient Romans were a very noise-loving people. Oh! but it was charming to sit down in these shady-scented groves, and listen to some sweet strain of music gushing from the lips of the peasant girls, who came up to Rome when the vintage was over, to make an offering to the Madonna, and show off their fanciful costume! No stage-trick or milliner craft can produce anything like that gay attire, with its blending of colours and simple draping. In fact, the inhabitants of Poli, Nettuno, and two or three other villages in the neighbourhood of Rome, could supply choruses and costumes for half the theatres of England and Ireland. It was natural enough that the Irish students should enjoy such scenes, and cease to think of many privations in the buoyancy of these moments. Hard study for nine months of the year, was amply requited by the festivities of the month of October, and, irrespective of the open-air operas which they might witness in the villas, they could, when their tastes so led them, visit the churches, the museums, and the ruins. It should not slip our memory, either, that Christopher Boylan was an ecclesiastic passionately fond of English literature, and anxious to create a taste for it in the souls of the Irish students. His private library was at their service, and he allowed them as much delectable reading as they needed or required. A wise regulation was this, seeing how the students had many opportunities of forgetting English, and very few for improving whatever knowledge they had of it.

Another scene of amusement, for those of the students who remained at Rome during the vacation, was opened to them in the vineyard belonging to the college, about a mile and a-half outside the city. The kind rector allowed them the use of the Cassino, such as it was, and gave them excellent feasts, sometimes thrice a week. Their dinners, on those occasions, had always an addition of good cheer, and a plentiful supply of aleatico wine made them wish that the vacation would never end. With most considerate kindness, the reverend Doctor rarely joined them on these occasions, and left them to the guidance of a good-hearted man, who was his locum-tenens. This happiness, however, like all other terrestrial pleasures, was not destined to last and it thus came to its finale.

Close by the Cassino stands the Mons Sacer, and within stone jerk of that spot, where the Roman commons once held a monster meeting to discuss the question of out-door relief, the Tiber joins the Anio. The river here is muddy, noisy—nay, uproarious. 'Twas considered a good feat by the students to swim it across, and, on one occasion, the worthy vice-rector, whose Christian name was Moses, having been reared in a seaport town of Ireand, thought little of "plunging into the angry flood," and challenging the boldest to follow, him. While the students stood on the bank admiring his adroitness, they were considerably surprised to see him borne down by the current, and a few moments afterwards a loud cry of "Help! help!" came from our worthy Vice. A stout young fellow jumped in, swam to the rescue, and saved a life which has since proved valuable to the Kaffirs. This was fortunate enough for Moses, for he had a narrow escape of being found in a sadder plight among the bulrushes than his namesake of Egypt. The occurrence, however, soon after-

wards came to the ears of Dr. Boylan, and, in order to anticipate such casualties, a more rigid system was enforced. Yet it was tempered with mildness, and, with the exception of swimming, the creature comforts were liberally allowed.

This brief sketch, written most hastily, may give you, kind reader, some notion of how we were wont to spend the vacation "long, long ago." It would not interest you, were the scene in Ireland; but as it is in a land of which you are reading every day, we fancied it would not prove unacceptable.

Since we were there, great events have come to pass, and now we grasp the hand of any one recently returned from the scenes of our boyish sports and studies, more warmly than we would that of Palmer come back from Palestine. The press, the reviews, the statements of our friends, tell us, that everything, save religion, has undergone a mighty change. Oh! what a change! We can scarce believe our eyes, as we pore over the broad sheet of the *Bilancia* and *Contemporaneo*, and think of the days when the "*Diario di Roma*" was the only journal allowed by the government. Altered times, truly!

"*Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo.*" Three days have changed the destinies of Rome—of Italy—mayhap, the world. The Holy Spirit has called the greatest man of his age to govern the Church—to destroy inveterate prejudices, and re-assert the rights of down-trodden nationhood. Oh! may he succeed, for the sake of religion, humanity, and freedom! The spirit of reform has proceeded from the oldest and most exalted monarchy this world ever saw. Who will now assert that the Papacy is opposed to the march of mind and wide-spread of true liberalism?—None but a few narrow-minded despots, who would perpetuate oppression and misrule. Aye, in good truth, everything is undergoing a salutary change—from the head-gear of a guardsman, to the highest offices in the executive. This renovating spirit is pervading all classes throughout the Peninsula. Noble dames broider banners for citizen-soldiers, and make offering of heart and hand to him who, when the battle for fatherland is to be fought, shall bear himself most valorously against the invader. A few days ago, and the ladies of Columbus's city collected a sum of money, and with it bought four field-guns, which they presented to his Holiness. The priesthood, too, have ably seconded the people, and lent true moral force to the movement, or, as tis called, *progresso*. Night-schools have been established in every town of the Papal dominion, and the poorer classes are there taught what rights they should maintain against the powers of Hell and Austria. Nay, the poor Capucine fathers have been recalling the incidents of Lepanto's fight, and gathering flowers wherewith to festoon every *Moto-Proprio* that emanates from the chair of Peter. The conservatism of abuses is dead and buried, and no power can ever reprobinate it. The stupid theorems of past ages may moulder on library-shelves, and books with such quaint titles as "*Lascia star le cose come sono*" can only serve as food for moths and worms. The rising youth are not now, as we gladly learn, addicted to the idle pastimes which characterized them in our boyish days. Stern duties command their attention and fire their souls. They have ceased to be votaries of pleasure and masses of discontent. Hitherto, every popular commotion in Italy reminded us of the history of Enceladus shaking himself in his cavern, only to augment his agonies. All now is

changed. Energy has succeeded listless apathy—the most jarring elements harmonize, and universal brotherhood is the watch-word of all.

The villas and the meadows along the Tiber are no longer the scenes of the ballet and picturesque mummeries. They are now converted to nobler uses. Platooning and parading are more manful pursuits, and more likely to prove serviceable to an emancipated people. Every hamlet has contributed its mite to furnish arms and a contingent against the German—for it grieves us to say that the Austrian eagle still flies over Ferrara. In that city—immortalized by Tasso and Ariosto—Calvin once dreamt of raising the standard of revolt. May the machinations of Austria prove as fruitless as those of Servetus's burner!

Such are a few brief recollections of things as they are, and have been. God grant we may soon learn tidings redounding to the honour of that bright land to which our thoughts so often revert with pleasurable gratitude! Above all, may Heaven second the counsels, and nerve the arm of Pio Nono, to whom we may seasonably apply the verses of Italy's great poet:

"Signor, gran cose in piccol tempo hai fatte
Che lunga eta porre in oblio non puote.
Partiti nimista vinti e disfatte,
Superati disagi e trame ignote,
Si che al grido o smarrite o stupefatte,
Son le provincie intorno e le remote,
Se potessi acquistar novelli imperi
Acquistar maggior gloria indarno sperì."

St. Dominick to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

I.

By Gabriel's message to thy sinless soul—
Or, by thy anthem, hymned from pole to pole—
Or, by that birth in Bethlem's dreary stall—
Or, by Siméon's sword of grief and gall—
Or, by the hour thy son was found by thee—
By all these "joys," O Virgin, pray for me.

II.

Yet, by the agony of thy chalice Son—
Or, by the scourges, thickening one on one—
Or, by the tortures of the thorny crown—
Or, by the cruel cross that pressed him down—
Or, by thy Lord nailed to a cursed tree—
By all these "sorrows," Mary, pray for me.

III.

Oh! by his resurrectionary might—
Or, by his bright ascendatory flight—
Or, by his mission of the cloven tongues—
Or, by the seraph's own assumptive songs—
Or, by yon coronating Trinity—
By all these "glories," Mother, pray for me.

MIGUEL.

The Last of the Archons.

"Memento dierum antiquorum! cogita generationes singulas!"

'Twas night at Athens: and the moon—an Attic moon, oh reader!—poured its soft, mellow radiance over the earth and sea, lit up the gorgeous unroofed temples of the Aros, and lingered among the venerable statues of the wooded Agora, played with the shadows that flitted across the waters of the Piræus, and showed distinctly the palaces and gardens of the opposite hills. The stars, faintly twinkling in the cloudless sky, were mirrored in the wave, so clear and blue. Afar, across Themistocles' embankment, the light-tower of Erimenos gleamed welcome and caution to mariners—and nearer, the cymbals of the island-guards of Salamis, tinkling silvery-toned and cheerily across the waters, told of safety to the citizens. And the whole of the magnificent scene which Athens, even at the close of the first century of our era presented, wore that air, at once so bright and solemn, which thinkers love, and the placid moon alone can give.

But who are they who crowd, at such an hour, the platform of the Acropolis?—and why does that red, earthy, smoking flame glare up—blackening the statues of the gods—into the pure and holy light of heaven?

Let us approach.

Around a great fire of wood a large troop of Roman soldiers—an entire century, it would appear—is stationed. Some, with their helmets and sandals off, sit together by the blaze, talking loudly, and laughing long, as soldiers are wont—growing serious occasionally, to discuss the freaks of the Emperor, the successes of the Roti, the late military arrangements in Gaul, and other matters then full of importance. Many, with their short cloaks (*saga*) muffled closely about them, lie sleeping on the ground. A certain number, with spears slung and javelins pendant and quivers full, keep guard. A few walk moodily to and fro, glancing now and then in a rueful way at two persons in the back-ground, and at times scowling haughtily at the crowd which has collected around. They are evidently awaiting something, and from their impatience, you can guess that they have waited long. The crowd outside is large, and every instant increasing. It is composed of citizens of all ranks, from the wealthiest eupatrid to the humblest slave. On no face is a smile visible; but there are tears on many, and fierce, threatening looks in some. Every eye, and all attention are bent with watchful, sad anxiety upon the two individuals we have alluded to. And these are note-worthy. One is an ancient man, white-haired, and venerable. His forehead is open, high-arched, and dome-like—unmistakable insignium of the throne of vigorous thought. His eye, grey and vivid, flashes out upon you in a strange, piercing way. His person, though somewhat bent by age, or care, or both, is muscular and commanding. His silvery hair is divided by the tonsure worn by the priests of the new religion called *Christian*; and the agos, or pearl-studded crucifix he holds, shows him a dignitary of that priesthood. He is praying; his countenance seems radiant with joy—joy, quiet and serene; while a firm setting of the lips, and a slight wrinkle of the brow tell of stern exertion of the will and bold triumph thereof—tell that it is no ordinary joy, but has something heroic in it!

His companion is of another, though not in every respect dissimilar, mould. A young maiden, of purely Grecian contour of face and figure; she looks, as she kneels by the old man's side, with face upturned to the starry sky, almost a realization of what men have dreamed of antique loveliness. On her cheek, sorrow or fear has set no pallor. In her large, blue eye, grief has filled no weak woman's tear. In her face, you can read nothing but the bravery and the flush of high enthusiasm. Strongly alike in feature—an arm of each around the other—both calmly praying—both serenely firm—you soon perceive that you look at a parent and his child; and—why should we conceal it?—a minute's thought will tell you, too, that he, that royal-looking old man, and she, that bold Greek girl, are this night to die a fiery death for the faith of Jesus Christ! The prætor's order is only awaited, to consign both to yon fierce-flaming pyre.

"Pontiff," roughly asked a soldier—the centurion of the band, and one of those who had been talking so loudly—"wilt thou tell us something of thy life, or of that strange madness which hath possessed thee, to give thyself and thy fair daughter to a fate so fearful as that thou meet'st, this night—for the sake, too, of some fanciful notions, for which true men and brave soldiers care not a sesterce?"

The old man turned round, and mildly said, "Friend, I have little time."

The soldier was silent; but he soon repeated his request.

Dionysius at length arose, and taking a seat, put his hand around the white neck of his daughter; and with cheerful calmness, signified his acquiescence. Then the soldiery crowded around, and the citizens, though beyond ear-shot, mounted the pedestals of the statues that surrounded the place, and strained to catch a sound of that voice, so dear, so familiar, and so soon to be for ever silent.

"The story of my life," he commenced, "is brief, and possesses little of startling interest; but if it urge any of you to reflection, or nerve one to endeavour I shall not think my last moments ill-spent. It is something less than seventy years since the city-crier published that Dion the Archon, had born to him a male child. Great was the bustle and stir throughout the city, for Dion was loved by everyone. He was the last of an illustrious Grecian line, and had got entwined about him the sympathies, and affections, and prejudices of all the citizens. His only son, the heir of his fortunes, and the last of his race, was cared for, as you may imagine. Tutors from Alexandria, scholastics from the Peripateticon, rhetoricians from Antioch, comedians from Padua, musicians from the Isles, and palatians from Rome, were summoned and maintained for the amusement and instruction of my youth—for I was the son of the Archon. Expense or care was unheeded to render me a worthy successor of the olden chiefs, and fit to transmit my name and race. And in some matters I did not disgrace my instructors. Few were so swift and agile in the race or combat—few so persuasive and eloquent in the Bema—few so bold and fearless in the field—few so studious in the schools—and no young man of my time so acute in the halls of the philosophers. I soon became popular, and was selected for places of trust and honour. I grew renowned, and my name was known throughout Greece. And so I spent the years of youth, floating down the stream of life, you would say, as gaily as mortal ever did. Crowned with civic, scholastic, and poetic

honours—surrounded by so many advantages of circumstance—and gifted with so many blessings of nature—living the life of a prince and of a philosopher—the heir of the only unsullied line in Greece—and the wealthiest and most beloved citizen in Attica. But, oh! I was not happy. One great, deadly doubt had taken possession of my soul, and set at naught the efforts of friends and the gifts of fortune. Wildly it dashed the cup of pleasure from my lips; fiercely it threatened me in the midst of the proudest triumphs; spectre-like it haunted me day and night. There was no rest from it. I loved music, and my heart would throb; and my eye grow tearful at its strains; but, oh! in the midst of the most glorious harmony, that thought would come, and put it all to flight. Poesy I loved, and for whole days would sit and dream, and think, and write by the wave-lashed rocks of Salamis; but the *doubt* would cross my mind, and take the muse's throne amidst the very glow of her inspiration. As most men will, I delighted to take the foremost part in the fight, and the proudest in the council: in the midst of both, that agonizing thought full often has paralyzed me, Philosophy, and the profound enquiries and subtle analyzations of Socrates, and his mystic pupil—the Stagyrte, and his friends, it was my passion to study; but they were all shallow—false, and shallow-child's babble to answer the questions that stirred my soul. Damaris and her fair child, I loved with all a husband's and a father's love; but I was not satisfied! Gaily floating down the stream of time, I said—yes, but I *was* floating down! And whither—oh! whither? Gods nor men, scriptures or thoughts could not answer me whither! The mystery of life—the mystery of death—the mystery of that other life beyond death, at whose awful portal we this night are, were then to me all mysteries indeed—without design, or clue, or hope of unravelment. And yet they were all-important—the great *acts* of existence, without a knowledge of which my life was aimless, and my doom uncertain. By the ever blessed mercy of God, I could *not* live—as ye and many do—careless of what is so vital, heedless of what is so fearful. I could *not* satisfy myself—as ye and many do—with the fictions of the priests, and the juggleries of the temple. The mass of them were palpable deceits, and known as such. The best of them possessed no strength, or force, or closeness—could not answer those momentous questions—were utterly powerless to solve those fearful doubts. What was I to do? Where, and whence should I seek aid? I first gave the priests a fair trial, and got initiated into the 'inmost' of the Eleusianian 'mysteries,' so called—to find them, as even you know, foul and false trickeries. Then, nothing daunted, I flung myself into the torrent of philosophical speculation. For a while, hope, current-like, carried me away; but it left me farther, and deeper, and more unaided in the sea of thought. After long years of study, I learned enough to know that my search was fruitless, and that my guides were weak and ignorant. Though my brow was lined, and my mind overstrained, I did not yet despair. I resolved to travel, and see what the minds of other climes had done, or sought, or found, or conjectured. And to Egypt—the mother-land of Greece—the parent of her arts, and the teacher of her young governments, and commerce—to Egypt of the pyramids, I turned my footsteps. There, my friends, under the show of civilization, a heartless and hopeless despotism ruled; and under the semblance of refine-

ment, a worn-out and morbid taste influenced the people. At Alexandria, shouting rhetoricians and imitative poets held almost a royal court; but there was no freshness or vigour in them. At the capital, the pontiffs ruled not only the kingdom, but the king—had splendid temples, and noted and surprising juggleries; but though my birth and wealth would have procured me initiation, I was too weary of such things to pursue the investigation. I left Egypt, disquieted and disappointed. I travelled to India—but the dawn is at hand, and it would take too long to give you any adequate notion of my wanderings."

The old man paused. Emotion filled his eye with tears. Tears trickled down the flushed cheek of Damaris. Stooping to kiss them off, he recommenced, amidst the breathless attention of the soldiers.

"I must bring my account to a close. I cannot refrain, however, from mentioning a remarkable incident of my stay in Palestine. I had been at Jerusalem, and had spent there a longer time than at any other place during my travels. My hopes had been raised to the highest, and depressed to the lowest—heart-sickened and weary, I rode from the places I had thought always to venerate as the shekinah of my faith. It was a glorious day in a glorious spring-time. All nature, as if in mockery of man's darkness, looked bright and hopeful. The air seemed to me balmier—the sky serener—the mountains grander—the streamlets brighter—the tints of field and flower richer, and more beautiful than ever I had seen them before; yet never was I in a mood so desperate! The spirits of good and evil appeared contending for my soul; and the latter had well-nigh triumphed. *Self-destruction* gleamed before my mental vision, radiant, tempting—the only thing promising relief or knowledge. I will *penetrate* the mystery, thought I, at all risk, and every hazard. But gradually and awfully, as I journeyed and as I thought, there came over my soul an influence holier and more sublime than ever before I had felt or dreamed of. I breathed a new atmosphere; the air to me seemed rife with spirits, and nature radiant in the presence of its Creator. Flinging myself upon the sword that clothes Mount Ararat, for the first time I *felt* that there was a Deity—for the first time in my life I prayed—I prayed that "unknown God" to help me; I prayed long and fervently, weeping as I prayed. And, lo! the scene before me changed—changed suddenly, dreadfully, unprecedentedly. The lordly sun, that never before or since withdrew his beams, was *darkened*. The great mountains—types of eternity and strength—swayed from their foundations, and rocked to and fro. In the dimness of a starless midnight, rocks were upheaved high into the air, houses toppled, and vast masses floated in the upper sky. The whirlwind, leaping from its couch of cloud, swept the earth, and uprooted mighty forest trees; and laid low famous palaces. The air itself thickened and grew hot. The very frame of the giant Earth, shook and trembled with a heaving tremor. And—oh! fearful—gloaming aloft, heralded by loud-pealing thunder, made visible by forked lightnings, SPIRITS strode the clouds! Paralyzed I sunk on the ground.

"It was many days afterwards when I awoke to consciousness, to find myself in my caravan, far from Palestine. I determined to return; but my friends insisted on my proceeding. I never forgot that terrible scene. It is now as vivid in my memory as *this* one is to my eye. But it was only lately I discovered that on that very day, and at that very hour, the Sa-

viour of the world—my Saviour, and your Saviour, in whose blessed name I this night die—expired upon the cross."

Here again the narrator was obliged to pause. Meantime the demeanour of the soldiers had become one of the profoundest respect and deepest attention. No word or look betokened aught but this. They listened as if awe-stricken or spell-bound.

"At length," he continued, "having traversed nearly half the world, inspected almost every place of civilization, and investigated nearly every variety of religious or philosophical belief, I returned to my native city, still more doubting and unhappy than I left it; and neither the enthusiastic welcome of my fellow citizens, nor the honours they immediately heaped upon me, nor even the more matured grace and intellect of dear Damaris could remove my melancholy. The same dreadful sensation of having no belief to anchor by in this life, and no life to look to for the next, the awful consciousness of being an intellectual and moral creature living the life of an animal, cankered, as of old, every enjoyment. As a last poor resource I penned some rude and ill-conceived tenets for myself, and erected an altar in my home and in the temples; "to the unknown God," and before them, poured out any prayer or worship of which my crushed heart was capable. So I spent some years, taking an active part meanwhile in the affairs of the city, and labouring by word and work to preserve such faint semblance of liberty as our conquerors had left us. I was made *Archon*—an office, I need not say, merely titular, but preserved out of love for olden laws and rule.

"One night—I remember it full well—I was praying in the temple. It was just such another night as this. The moon shone with the same placid light. The stars were bright as now. And the cymbals of yon watchers struck upon the ear with the same harmonious tinkle, making more still and solemn the stillness and solemnity of the scene. In the Parthenon I prayed. The altar-crowded place was lightsome as in the blaze of day. Praying, I bethought me—what if I should die thus?—and what if I were following a Maros-flame—and what, aye, what if my doubts were solved? The thought, often entertained, now struck upon my soul with a new rapture. Prostrating myself on the marble step, I besought the unknown Deity to enlighten—to save me, with all the earnestness of my being—so earnestly that for some time I did not hear or heed the messenger that summoned me to attend the court of the Areopagus, the sittings of which, I need not remind you, were held at night. Somewhat calmed, I arose and followed the messenger. I heard that the cause to be tried that night was of no ordinary interest, or importance. An eastern stranger, of noble mien and persuasive tongue, had been in Athens for some days, disseminating in the public places, from any rude pulpit he could find, the tenets of the frightful and extraordinary belief that had lately arisen in Palestine. Some philosophers and rhetoricians of the Stoic and Epicurean sects had attempted to argue with him in public, and had now summoned him before this, the last free court of the Athenians. The greatest interest had been excited concerning him. The court was crowded to excess in every part, by citizens of every class. Amongst the rest I noticed my daughter, Damaris, who, I should have mentioned, had imbibed her father's doubts and unhappiness. I was one of the chief judges, and on my arrival the proceedings at

once commenced. At first I was little struck with the appearance of the accused. A small, thinly-clad, intellectual-looking man, he leaned, half-obscured by shade, against a pillar, awaiting his turn to speak.

"'May we know,' demanded his opponent, 'what this doctrine is which thou preachest; for thou bringest in certain new things to our ears. We would know what those mean.'

"Then it was my fate to summon *Paul of Tarsus* to account for his belief. Having steadily mounted the platform whence speakers were heard, he stood, half-revealed in the dimness of the scarce-admitted moon light—for no light was supposed to enter the court—and spoke an address of which it would be utter vanity to attempt giving you a description. Even in Athens 'of the orators' never was heard a strain of eloquence so sustained and moving. Though a stranger, none amongst us spoke more purely the Attic tongue. Though poor and thinly-clad, none trained to the quirps and catches of rhetoric could compete with him. His voice, musical and soft at first, soon pealed through the hall like an alarum-trumpet. His figure caught a proud dignity and god-like energy. As he stood there, stirring all hearts, confounding all intellects, so simple, so grand, so alarming, you could not deem him else than what he declared himself—the missioned priest and preacher of a new salvation!

"'Passing by,' said he, 'and seeing your idols, I found an altar on which was written, *To the Unknown God*—what therefore you worship without knowing, that I preach to you.'

"And then, in clear, plain terms, he developed for us the stately, uninvolved, and compact scheme of *Christianity*, concluding by imploring us by every tie most dear, and every right most sacred, and every interest most important, not to close our eyes to the light—not to shut our ears to the glorious truths he announced. And some grew thoughtful, for the things he said were 'new' indeed; and some smiled incredulously, for they passed above and beyond all old ideas. But upon *my* ear his accents fell more sweetly and satisfyingly than softest music. During his address I could not move hand or foot. Many disappointments had made me cautious, but now that same high and solemn feeling, unfelt since the awful day on Mount Ararat, thrilled every pulse of my veins. Not so much by the slow process of reasoning, not by induction logical, but instinctively, intuitively, I *knew* that I had found what so long I had sought and prayed for. The merciful God rewarded my perseverance and earnest search by immediate *vision* of the truth. Paul had scarcely concluded, when, unchilled by doubt, unalarmed by the suddenness of the occurrence, I flung myself at his feet, hailed him as my deliverer, and proclaimed aloud my full belief! I warned off the crowd—I grasped his garment—I nearly fainted. And Damaris—brave, clear-seeing Damaris—was with him too. She clasped the apostle's hand and cried, that she was ready to die for the Lord God of the Christians! O it was a thrilling hour! Some followed our example; some mocked our enthusiasm; some declared "they would hear again concerning this matter." For us, we brought the man of God to our home. We listened to his every word. We became catechumens, and were soon after baptized Christians.

"The rest is soon told, and partly known to you. We were the earliest and most influential members of the church of Athens. I surrendered wealth and civic station to become the first minister of the new

congregation. The people, who loved me so well, in grief and rage abolished the titular Archonate when I renounced it. By the blessing of God I followed, at humble distance, the footsteps of sainted Paul. I preached Christ crucified from the *Bema* of Demosthenes, and the pulpits of the philosophers. Converts crowded from every class and every district, and before long a flourishing and numerous congregation was created. At length, unworthy as I was of an office so high, and a trust so great, I was made first bishop of the church of Athens. We were tried with persecution; we were despised and degraded, we were fined and imprisoned; we were scourged, and we were decimated. We lived in temporal suffering, but, oh! we lived in unworldly joy. Damaris and I this night are to suffer fearful death at your hands; yet, hear us, soldiers, and you citizens, listen, yet we had happiness beyond that we had hoped for, or dreamed of—yet do we esteem ourselves this night more blessed than since the sun first shone upon us—yet would we not exchange yon fiery couch for the throne of the empire! Beyond—beyond anything the earth supports we deem ourselves favoured. The last and least worthy of our ancient line have become the first and the proudest. You are amazed. Mark you, my friends, the eastern sky. How fearful it looks! See the lurid dawn peeping between yon gloomy, empurpled hills, and those vast flakes of burning cloud drifting, as if to herald destruction, across the firmament. Soldiers, how grandly fearful! And yet you fear not—hoping with firm faith in the speedy approach of the calm, glorious morrow. In like manner we look upon the terror and horror of death, for we know—aye, we know that eternity's great, joyful day so soon shall beam upon us."

He would have continued, but a trumpet pealed loud and clear from the heights of the Acropolis, It startled the soldiers. They sprang to their feet, and looked blankly and sorrowfully at each other. The sounds announced the fatal approach of the prætor. The father and daughter knelt in prayer once more. The trumpets neared. At length the magistrate arrived. The death-sentence was proclaimed amidst a sad, sob-broken silence. Slaves heaped high the *funeral pyre*, until its flames overtopped the palaces. The people knelt around. The soldiers, too, by an irresistible impulse cast themselves on the ground; and cheeks were wet that had not felt a tear for long, long years, and muttered prayers were heard from lips trained to blasphemy. In full, solemn tone the old man broke the silence: "The time has come to die, my child." In clear, unfaltering voice, the maid replied: "The time has come when true life has commenced!" So, having embraced his daughter, and blessed the citizens, and blessed the soldiery—all calmly as if in chapel-quiet—and having rejected the ordinary scaffolding, Dionysius prepared to mount, unassisted, the burning pyramid. And steadily, unhesitatingly, holding each other's hand, and lifting on high the crucifix, THE MARTYRS entered, and were soon lost in the flaming mass. But amidst the wild, agonized cries of the people, and the startled groans of the soldiers, and the peal of the death-trumpet, and the sharp crackling of the wood, and the wild roar of the flames; amidst and above them all, two well-known voices were heard, crying aloud in unison; "INTO THY HANDS WE YIELD OURSELVES, OH, CRUCIFIED LORD JESUS!"

* * * * *

The sun rising, clear and bright, next morning, showed nothing on the platform, save a heap of smouldering cinders, a wide, blackened space, and a few weeping mourners; but the Church has blessed the memory of St. Damaris and St. Dionysius the Areopagite, and the men of Athens long remembered the lives and the fate of Damaris the Beatiful, and the Last of the Archons.

* * * * *

So Christianity giving to men lofty aims, gave them true enthusiasm. So, in the olden day, mind triumphed over matter—faith over suffering—the courageous spirit over the failing flesh. So, of old, ancient men and tender maidens dared to be true to their belief—dared it even in the last, final trial-time!

Reader and friend! has this no moral for *you*? Have *you* a faith which you do not, and dare not abide by?—which you do not, and dare not carry into action, or into suffering? Oh! if so, go—go in God's name and our Lady's—and in trial, or in triumph, ACT IT OUT!

Life and Labours of a Catholic Curate.

CHAPTER II.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF HIS EARLY LIFE, TIMES, AND EDUCATION.

O'DONOVAN having now completely overcome his difficulties, soon began to experience, in ease of mind and domestic comfort, the delightful consequences of his own industry and skill. His wife, too, pure-minded in morals, exhibited, consequently, a natural love of cleanliness and order, in everything that came within her sphere or under her immediate management. Their large white house, comfortably thatched, was a model of its kind—their clean farm-yard was a kind of novelty in the country, whilst the garden was so well filled with fruits, vegetables, and flowers, that its very management was little less than a useful and practical essay upon cultivation and agricultural knowledge. It was easy to see, in fact, that no man could have kept it in such admirable condition, unless one well acquainted with the improved principles of husbandry that were just then beginning to become known to the few who made husbandry their study. The hedges were all neat and well trimmed; the gates in good repair; the enclosures firm and compact, and the haggard marked by great order, and free from any appearance of slovenliness and neglect.

The interior of the house, the kitchen, parlour, and bed-rooms, absolutely diffused through the mind a feeling of cheerfulness and comfort that made it a pleasure to enter them. The dresser shone with a cleanly lustre that told of the virtuous and industrious wife. The pewter upon it was bright, and every culinary utensil there, or anywhere visible in the kitchen, was positively almost white with cleanliness and care.

On a golden summer evening, when the slanting sun shot his rich, broad beams in through the windows, it was a sight that might well fill the heart with a sense of peace and happiness to witness the serene radiance which filled, with its mellow light, this beautiful scene of domestic comfort and truthful affection.

Thomas O'Donovan was now an independent man, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He had, fought with success the battle of life's early difficulties

under which so many, from want of firmness and resolution, are crushed and perish. It is true that on some occasions slight manifestations of his constitutional warmth of temper would appear, but in consequence of the habitual training which he had received and was every day receiving, unconsciously, from his pious wife, and in consequence, too, of the lessons received from the recollection of what he had suffered during his struggles, he was enabled to overmaster the attack when it occurred, and to reason with himself so successfully under its very influence, that it generally passed off after a hasty word or two, that seldom gave offence or excited notice. It was at this time—being about a month before the subject of our biography was born—that a conversation occurred between Mr. Harris, the agent, and his brother-in-law, Brooklawn, which, as it had reference to O'Donovan, as well as to thousands in his condition, we shall briefly recapitulate.

We have already hinted that Brooklawn was reckless in his expenses, and negligent of all those duties which are inseparably annexed to property, and that, consequently, he was a needy landlord. It is unnecessary to add that a needy landlord must always be a severe and greedy landlord; for, like the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, it is frequently not so much his will as his necessity that urges him to press the struggling tenant, who is forced to dispose of his crop to meet the demand upon him when the markets afford only ruinous prices. Be this as it may, Harris, one evening that Brooklawn had dined with him, was called upon by O'Donovan, according to appointment, in order to give his opinion as to the value of a newly-reclaimed farm in the neighbourhood—and of which, during Saunderson's absence on business in Dublin, he was considered the best judge. We shall not dwell, however, upon the value of the reclaimed farm, for our business is only with the conversation which took place between the landlord and his agent after O'Donovan had departed. And here again, slight as the circumstance may seem, was the value of residence in both landlord and agent.

"Harris," observed the former, "I am glad that O'Donovan has turned out so well as he did—he's a d—d great improvement upon his father—hey? a great improvement—hey, Harris?"

"Yes; but do you remember the conversation we had some years ago, as to whether we should eject him or not?"

"I think I remember something like it—he was some two or three years in arrears—and I was poor and greedy at the time, Harris—hey?—wasn't that it?"

"Yes; that was it—you were then poor, and, as you say, you were also greedy—and, by the way, Brooklawn, my worthy brother-in-law, if I had not myself given you a lift, I really don't see how you could have got your neck out of the mill-stone that was about it—you should have been obliged, in fact, to press your tenantry to ruin, when a little timely indulgence might have saved them—as it did;—others you would have ejected, in order to get better tenants and higher rents; and in this you might have been mistaken again—for it is not always the tenant who *offers* the highest rent that is either the most honest or the most solvent. And with respect to either land or house property, you may take this observation as infallible, and one which every landlord should repeat half a score times every day, in order to impress its truth upon both his heart and under-

standing, "there never yet was a farm or a house in good condition in which there has been a quick succession of occupants."

"Well," replied the other, "that certainly never struck me before—hey? I believe you're right, Archy. But we were talking about O'Donovan—I am glad he has disappointed me—the man is now prosperous, and an excellent tenant—punctual as the sun."

"So are most of your tenants now, Brooklawn—and look at the condition of your property at present, when contrasted with its almost hopeless state ten years ago. Had I, when old O'Donovan died, or soon afterwards—about the period, for instance, when we were discussing the situation of his son—had I then ejected him, and all those who were similarly circumstanced, what would have been the consequence? Why, that a series of agrarian outrages would have been commenced upon your estate, and heaven only knows what might have occurred."

"At all events, Archy, I thank you most heartily for the improvements you have so judiciously effected in the condition of my property."

"Had we ejected those men at that period, we might have done so with much plausibility in the eye of the world, and with all the *prestige* of legal right and justice on our side—for no one could say that we had not waited long and patiently, otherwise they never could have got into two years and a-half or three years' arrears. Had we evicted them, however, notwithstanding all these plausibilities, we would, as the case stood between us, have acted unjustly towards them. Let it never be forgotten that the landlord is bound to be the friend of his tenantry, and that it is an imperative and solemn duty upon him to advance their interests and improve their condition by every just means within his power. Now, taking these facts—for facts they are—into consideration, would we let me ask you, have been *morally justified* in turning your tenantry out upon that occasion, so long as *any possible alternative for their advantage* was left to us?"

"You can't expect me to reason against my own interests or those of my class, Harris—hey? D—e, no; I won't do that—hey? I won't do that, certainly."

"I expect no such thing, Brooklawn," replied the other, "on the contrary I am now reasoning for your interests, and for those of our class—for am I not a landlord myself?—instead of against them. You remember it was about this time you dismissed Brunton, and that the property came into my management. Well, what did I do? I knew your tenantry in general were honest, whatever other faults they might have had. I knew they were far back in agricultural knowledge. I knew a great number of them had a disposition to improve themselves if they could, and only knew how. I knew, besides, that severity—ejection—would have ruined them without at all benefiting us. The fact was, I saw at once that all they wanted was a little indulgence, and a good deal of training and instruction. I treated them, in fact, with kindness, and made them feel that in doing so I was in earnest, and felt a most anxious and sincere interest in their improvement. I, therefore, resisted your wishes, and discharged your duty towards them faithfully, almost in spite of you. I did not eject them, but I did encourage and instruct them; and taught them, through my steward, whom I procured for the purpose, how to cultivate their farms to the best advantage. And now let me ask, which of us was right?"

"D—e; you were always glib in the tongue, Harris,

and could make black white whenever you liked. I knew when you were courting my sister that you'd carry her in spite of all opposition—hey?"

"I wooed your sister and won her like a man of honour, you must admit, Brooklawn," replied the agent. "But you do not answer my question."

"You're right, Archy—you're right," replied the landlord, "and the state of my own property, which has improved precisely as my tenants have improved, is certainly the best proof of it."

This conversation we deemed one of too much importance to be omitted, even although it may, in some degree, impede the progress of our narrative.

About this period, Thomas O'Donovan had been better than ten years married, and was the father of three sons and a daughter. The eldest was named Michael; the second, James; the third, John; and the daughter, Mary.

There can scarcely be a more striking proof of the melancholy depression which has come upon the country, and her people, than the cheerless spirit with which our old, exhilarating festivals have, during recent years, been permitted to approach and pass away. The old, harmless mirth, cheerful and hospitable, that formerly threw its simple and hereditary feeling of innocent enjoyment over the general face of the country—developing, by its kind and social influences, the racy and antique virtues of the peasantry—is all gone, or nearly so; and neither Christmas nor Easter, nor Halloweve nor Shrovetide, come to us as formerly they did, with glad tidings, or with those feelings of good will, kindness, and brotherly love, by which our hearts were taught to expand towards each other, as in the olden time.

Easter was now fast approaching, and we need scarcely say that the little youthful circle, around Thomas O'Donovan's hearth, felt all that eager and palpitating delight which in those days characterized its approach. The enquiries as touching the period of its distance came upon Mrs. O'Donovan, who was then on the eve of her confinement, so thickly and incessantly that the usual placid composure of her handsome features was often relaxed into mirth at the tiny debates and calculations which were made upon the subject.

"Mother," said Michael, "how long is Aisther away now?"

"Only a fortnight, Michael."

"Only a fortnight; why, my goodness, is it a whole fortnight away yet, mother?—that's a long time."

"A fortnight! how many days is in a fortnight?" asked John.

"Fourteen, John."

"Fourteen! oh, *beatha!* dat flogs—fourteen whole days 'till Aisther—dad, I wisht it was come, so I do. Jemmy, how many eggs have you for our faist?"

"Ah! ha!" replied Jemmy, to this insidious dodge after a secret which rack and tortures could scarcely extort, "don't think I'm so soft as that comes to. Wait till Aisther comes, and then you'll know."

"Wont we see de sun dancin' den, moder?" asked Johnny.

"If the day's fine, you'll see it dancin' in a bowl of water," replied his mother, smiling.

"Aye, an' in the sky, too," observed Michael, "an' it was so bright last Aisther, that when I looked at it I had to close my eyes, an' bad cess to the one but I seen it dancin' still—an' them shut! now!"

"Me has two eggs for de faist," lisped Mary.

"Oh! you little fool," said Jemmy, "to go to tell any one! sure no one ought to do that, Mary; aren't we all strivin' to see which of us 'ill have most, when Aisther Sunday mornin' comes."

Blessed times! happy anxieties! harmless purloinings! when we stowed away every egg we could safely lay our hand on, and searched every clump of brambles, and most heroically committed ourselves among the rankest nettles, in search of the hens' nests, that we might add their contents to the precious hoard, secret as the grave, which we were gathering for that luxurious feast of Easter! And the sun! who will dare to tell us at this present hour that he does *not* dance on an Easter Sunday? Do we not remember him as if it were only yesterday? Did we not ourselves prepare the large bowl of water, which with our own eager and trembling hands we placed on the threshold of the door, in order to see him dancing in the pure and unpolluted chrystal! Did we not also see him with our own eyes dancing in the cloudless sky? and are we not, therefore, perfectly competent to corroborate honest Michael O'Donovan to the very letter? For, after looking at him in the heavens, and when we, too, closed our eyes, there was no shutting him out, nor keeping him still; on the contrary, there he was bright as ever, dancing and scintillating with a sacred rapture, that was caught from the exulting spirit of the day, as it diffused itself over all nature around us and within us!

At length Easter Sunday arrived—and with it the subject of our memoir, who entered into life about six o'clock on that morning of general happiness and joy.

From the moment of his birth, and from the circumstance of his having been born on that particular festival, his mother resolved within herself to dedicate him to the service of God—a resolution in which she was not at all supported by her husband, who had selected his brother John as the individual of the family designed for a clerical life. Mrs. O'Donovan, finding that her husband was not inclined to give way in the matter, and feeling that it was her duty to submit at once, yielded up the point without a moment's hesitation.

The period of early life, as it is the happiest, so does it also pass with most fleetness away. Owen O'Donovan was from the beginning a remarkable child. His heart was unquestionably amiable and good, and his disposition manly and generous; but in spite of all those excellent qualities it was evident to every one that he, beyond every other individual of the family, had inherited, along with his father's virtues, his peculiar and prevailing weakness—impetuosity of temper.

This fact had, for a considerable time, reconciled his mother to the choice which her husband had made in the person of their son John, whose temper was exceedingly good, and whose heart, in fact, was also full of affection and kindness. He and his brother Owen were, in a peculiar manner, the inseparable companions of the family. They were always together, going to and from school, and it was well for Owen that this was the case, in as much as his brother's presence has frequently prevented our young hero—if we may so call him—from rushing into many a tiny battle with his schoolfellows, upon grounds, which, except in his own quick and irritable fancy, were ludicrously inadequate to occasion warfare between the parties.

One of the first anecdotes which we remember of Owen was rather a remarkable one in its way, and we shall relate it here. His mother and he were one day

by themselves in the house, the other children having been out, some at their appointed avocations, and others probably at play.

At the time when this anecdote occurred the child could not have been more than between four and five years of age—certainly under five.

"Mammy," said he, "what is God, and who is he?" "He is the creator of heaven and earth, and sovereign lord of all things."

"Do you know God, mammy?"

"What do you mane, dear?"

"Did you ever see him, or spake to him?"

"No, darlin'."

"Where does God live?"

"Why sure you ought to know that, dear?"

"Oh ay, in heaven—but where is heaven, mammy?"

"Up, darlin', above the sky."

"Isn't it well for them, mammy, that God loves?"

"It is, darlin'."

"He gives them every thing good, then."

"He does, dear."

"Mammy, wouldn't it be well for you and me, an' all of us, that my father was God—for then he'd be good to us, and bring us all up to heaven; but, mammy, if heaven is up high there in the sky how is God able to stay up without fallin' when he has nothing to walk upon?"

His mother took him in her arms, and kissing him, said, "darlin', you're too young to be able to know these things yet, but when you grow big, an' get larnin', you'll know all about them."

"Me knows one ting," he said, "me wouldn't like to lave you, an' my father, an' all of yez, to go away to heaven, where I would'nt see yez—me would rather stay here than go to God—for sure I'd be among strangers then."

The tears started to that loving mother's eyes as she replied, embracing him again, "my darlin' child, its your affectionate little heart that makes you spake as you do—but, *acushla machree*, I hope we'll all meet in heaven, in God's own time, where none of us, as you say, will be a stranger to the rest."

This dialogue disclosed the early workings of a thoughtful mind and an affectionate heart, and we mention it here, because it is characteristic of the virtues for which he was remarkable in the after part of his pious and laborious life.

At this period, that is about the years 1804–5, and up, in fact, until a much later date—but especially at the time of which we write—the state of education in the country at large was such as we are inclined to think would occasion much scepticism among those who do not remember it in the present day. The parish in which O'Donovan first saw the light was, in fact, one of the largest in a large and extensive diocese. It was very nearly ten miles long, and close upon seven in breadth, and although it was not all reclaimed and cultivated, yet it contained a very large population. It lay in an exceedingly rich and beautiful valley that might be, perhaps, about thirty or forty miles long. This parish, however, was, in point of fact, literally a large valley in itself, that stretched between two lines of low mountainous hills that ran from north-east to south-west, bounding it in as they went along. The centre of it was land of the richest description, fertile, undulating in surface, and remarkable for an aspect that betokened great wealth and

skilful cultivation. This portion of it was inhabited by the descendants of those who settled upon it both in Elizabeth and James's time, and indeed they have reason to be thankful that the lot of their ancestors was cast in a land literally teeming with abundance. Up on the mountain sides and rough *bars* are located the original occupiers of this wealthy district, or rather their descendants; and as the creeds of both parties are strongly adversative—as, indeed, their habits and feelings upon many points are—it is hardly necessary to add here, that about the years we have mentioned, when the country, and the rival parties who occupied it, had not yet shaken off the sanguinary antipathies of the rebellion, it presented such a state of party division and social disorganization as we sincerely trust may never be witnessed amongst us again. In this large parish, full of wealth and teeming with population, there was not a single school of respectable character—so completely was education neglected by all classes. Two or three hedge schools, scattered over this immense extent, were the only sources from which knowledge could flow. We must, however, correct ourselves—there were two others, one of them called the *Blue School*, in which a certain number of poor Protestant children were educated. This was a parish school, or rather a kind of endowment connected with the church, and it was called, or rather nicknamed the blue school, because the children who received their education in it were clothed in a blue livery. The other was a Protestant school, also, at which the attendance was remarkably thin, the fact being that every class, Catholics, Protestants, and dissenters of all kinds, preferred sending their children to the hedge schoolmasters, in consequence of the high opinion they entertained of the qualifications attributed, and very often with justice, to this eccentric and original class of instructors. It was no unusual thing to see two or three hundred pupils of both sexes, and of all ages and sizes, assembled in a barn, or school-house, some of whom may have come a distance of four, five, or six miles, often across moors, and mountains, and rough upland, for the purpose of acquiring education.

Much has been said of the hedge schoolmasters of that day, and, indeed, we regret that in point of morals little can be advanced to their credit. They were of an easy, impudent deportment—stilted up by a consciousness of the wonderful notions which the people entertained of their capacity and acquirements. Their lives with respect to each other were lives of literary warfare, and everlasting challenge and contest; and nothing could be more amusing and original than their discussions on the chapel-green on a Sunday, touching some point of grammar, book-keeping, or arithmetic. They lived among the parents of their pupils, going round from one comfortable farmer's house to another, generally night about; so that, in point of fact, they led an easy, careless life, utterly exempt from the trials and responsibilities of the world. The seats in these schools were, in general, round stones and bosses—the latter being a description of hard, firm, light moss, exactly in the shape of a cheese. The fire was always in the centre of the floor, around which the scholars sat, in rotation, during winter—every pupil being obliged to bring, under his or her arm, two sods of turf each day. The hedge school-houses were also remarkable for never having chimnies on them; that which served for the chimney being nothing more nor less than a large hole in the roof, exactly over the fire.

One circumstance, very detrimental to the morals of the masters, and not unfrequently to those of the children and parents, was an absurd opinion, entertained by the latter, that a love of drink was a certain indication of great talents and extensive information on the part of the teacher. It must, consequently, have been exceedingly difficult for a man thus situated to maintain a character for sobriety, when, in order to raise himself in the estimation of his supporters, all he had to do was to indulge in liquor. This frequently led to computations between the master and the country people, who were anxious “to stand a treat” in order, as the phrase went, “to draw him out.”

Of such schools and such masters there might have been about three in O'Donovan's native parish, and at such schools, only, did he receive the early portion of his education.

We have said that Thomas O'Donovan had selected his son John as the person whom he looked upon as best calculated, by his gentle and affectionate nature, for the serious duties of the priesthood. In this, unquestionably, so far as ordinary judgment could go, he calculated correctly. His mother, however, who loved her son John quite as tenderly as did his father, possessed a much keener insight into character than he did. She saw clearly, no doubt, that John was gentle, generous and affectionate, but she saw, besides, that he wanted firmness, energy of character, and, above all things had not in his whole disposition a single spark of the enthusiasm which so frequently kindled in Owen. It is true the simple woman did not know it by so philosophic a name, but she saw a principle in him by which he was urged forward upon occasions of difficulty, with a kind of impatient resolution that enabled him to concentrate all his powers in the accomplishment of that which he wished to effect or overcome.

In the mean time she did not attempt to set herself up in opposition to the wishes of her husband on the subject; she only proceeded with the silent task which she had imposed upon herself, of teaching Owen to check, regulate, and, if possible, ultimately to overcome his natural impetuosity of disposition, with the same judicious and persevering spirit with which, always under higher aid, she had succeeded in eradicating this deep-rooted feeling from the character of his father.

When we speak of impetuosity of temper as the hereditary failing of Owen O'Donovan, we should, perhaps, give a somewhat clearer description of it than we have yet done. It was not exactly such a temper as his father had, although it certainly seemed of a very cognate character. The latter was hasty, rapid, and fiery, when provoked by contradiction, or anything which he considered offensive or insulting. So far Owen and he were perfectly identical—each possessing that high, but unregulated sense of honour with which, notwithstanding its offensiveness, it is really difficult to quarrel. The son, however, displayed an impatience on being denied his own way or will, which constituted a formidable impediment to his mother's exertions, and which formed no part of his father's character, or at least to a very limited extent.

When about eight years of age, a circumstance occurred, which, as it was significant of the traits that characterized the different dispositions of O'Donovan's children—at least the male portion of them—we shall relate here.

There lived a tailor in the adjoining hamlet, named Ned Moynagh, a poor, quiet, stupid creature, who, in point of fact, had very little business, and deserved

little, so far as a knowledge of his trade went. This is truth, and we can take it upon our conscience to say, that if ever we, the writer of this memoir, cut a strikingly ridiculous figure, it was in consequence of Ned's vile handy work. We remember the old villain—heaven pardon us!—but we *do* remember the old villain—blockhead—making, when we were only ten years of age, a suit of clothes for us in the same shape and upon the same principle that he made them for our grandfather, who was then a very old man. For instance, he made the body so long that the *hinch* (haunch) buttons, as they are called, were so far down that we uniformly found them under us while sitting; and as we were not trained to hair-bottoms and mahogany, but to good hard oak, we need not dwell upon the comforts of such a fit. The waistcoat was wide and liberal as the coat—as a proof of which we have only to say that it was fearfully double-breasted, and had a pair of long flaps at the lower extremity, that went half way down over the thighs—whilst the breeches—knee breeches they were—buttoned somewhat below the calf of our leg—or rather where the calf ought to be—for we were not much overburthened with that commodity at the time. In fact the old villain—blockhead—sent us trailing about the country, a sucking patriarch of ten years—and a laughing stock to the neighbours—dressed in a suit of clothes that turned us into an irreverent parody upon our grandfather. The truth was, that poor Ned never had brains enough to be able to cut his cloth *out* of the fashion that prevailed when he learned his trade, and it mattered not whether those who employed him were young or old, he felt no remorse whatever in equalizing their condition, and turning them all out in the same antique costume.

One Christmas Eve, however, Ned, who on this occasion was employed by O'Donovan from motives of kindness and charity, brought home four suits of clothes, one for each of the worthy farmer's sons, who, as is usual on such occasions, lost no time in trying them on, in order to see how they might fit. The three elder brothers were very much chagrined at the antiquity of their appearance, but, after surveying each other for a minute or two, they were so completely overcome with a sense of the ludicrous, that they laughed long and loudly, as did Owen, also, who had not yet tried on his own. At length the experiment was made, and on surveying himself in the looking-glass, and feeling that his appearance was, if possible, more ridiculous than that of his brothers, he immediately reinvested himself in his old suit, and seizing a knife he commenced in a fury to destroy the clothes, which, in fact, he would have done, were it not that his brothers interfered, and wrested the knife out of his hand. His father, who was present, on witnessing this outrageous ebullition, ran to get a whip, and was about to correct him, in a state bordering on passion, when his wife, laying her hand gently upon his arm, exclaimed in a calm voice, "Tom, are you *both* angry? becase if that is the case, you know you aren't in a state fit to correct him."

Her husband paused and checked himself, and after waiting for some time, until he felt that the moment of excitement had passed, he got the whip and corrected him smartly. The boy, however, never uttered a sound; on the contrary, he bore the castigation like a statue.

"Now, my good boy," said his father, "you see I did not—thanks to your mother for it—correct you

while I was in anger—but I have corrected you to make you know and feel that whenever you indulge in these fits again, the whip must do its duty—when-ever you're ill in future I'll give you the same remedy, never fear."

"Well, he wont', father," said his brother John, "he wont—can't you say," he added, aside to Owen, "can't you say you're sorry at wanst, an' he wont' be angry."

"No, I can't," replied Owen.

"And why can't you?" asked John.

"Because," replied the other, "it would be a lie if I said it, an' I wont tell a lie about it; I'm *not* sorry."

"An' why are you not sorry, Owen?" asked his mother.

"When I think that to-morrow is Christmas Day," he replied, "an' me without the daicent clothes I ought to have! In the first place the clothes are spoiled, and in the next I'm disappointed. Every body but me will have his daicent suit of new clothes on him to-morrow."

The whip is here still," said his father, "you have now tasted No. 1; take care you do'nt find No. 2 a little bittherer."

"If I had a cudgel in my hand," he exclaimed, "and was able to handle it, I'd make the stupid ould vagabone that spoiled my clothes feel whether it was sweet or bitther—I'd taich him to make an ould man of me before my time—may the devil fly away with him!"

The father was about proceeding to chastise him again, and had the whip raised, when his brothers rushed towards him and interposed—"Oh! father, don't—he got enough—he *will* be sorry—you know he's a little hasty."

O'Donovan was resolved, however, not to suffer such an exhibition of pride and self-will to escape without additional punishment, and made another effort to correct him, when one of his brothers called out to him to run away—to leave the room. To this he lent a deaf ear, and refused to budge an inch. The mother sat with her head resting on her open hands, evidently in deep distress at the contumacious obstinacy of her son—and his father, provoked at the interference of his brothers, raised his whip and struck John, who evinced most anxiety to save him, a severe blow across the shoulders, which made the poor boy cry aloud with pain. Owen, on seeing this, and conscious that it was on his account, and in consequence of his obstinacy that he suffered, rushed towards him, and, throwing his arms about his neck, wept bitterly at his pain—then going hastily to his father, he said, whilst the tears streamed down his cheeks, "here father, correct me—I deserve it all—I'm a bad boy—see how my ill temper has got poor John beaten! Father, I'm sorry for it all now—do what you like with me—I'll go to mass to-morrow in my ould clothes, to humble myself—or I'll do anything you wish me—whisht, John darlin'—whisht! Oh! what wouldn't I give that I could take the pain of that blow off you and suffer it myself?"

The mother had raised her tearful eyes, which she turned upon him with a glistening expression of pleasure that she could not conceal; and his father, laying aside his whip, took him over to him, and spoke kindly to him for a few minutes, after which he left the room, evidently moved more by the boy's generosity and affection for his brother, than by the extraordinary firmness and regard for truth which he had evinced. They both judged of him, naturally enough, by the

appearance of those domestic virtues which they best understood, but were incapable of properly appreciating his hatred of falsehood, and the unshrinking fortitude with which he bore the severe correction he had received. On that night as he was about to go to bed he went over to his father, and putting his arms about his neck he said in a whisper "father, dear, forgive me—I acted very wrong to-night—forgive me—and I'll *strive* to be good."

His father's generous heart was deeply moved at this instance of repentance and sorrow, and his first reply was a kiss, accompanied by the words, "I *do* forgive you, darlin'; but its God you ought to beg to forgive you."

"So I have," said he, "and so I will."

He then went to his mother, and putting his arms around *her* neck, and his lips to her ear, whispered, "mother, dear, do *you* pray for me." After which he went to his bed-room, and it was noticed that on that night he prayed longer than he had been in the habit of doing.

We have said, in describing the low state of education in the country, and with reference to the hedge schools, that it was customary for the masters to go round at night to the houses of the neighbouring farmers. One evening, about this time, Owen's master, a Connaught man, was sitting at the kitchen fire, smoking his pipe, when O'Donovan, who had been out in the fields, came in to supper. This having been dispatched, the whole family arranged themselves about the fire, when the "masther," lighting another pipe, addressed the worthy farmer as follows:

"I think you mintioned to me some time ago, Misther O'Donovan, that you were nourishing a determination of putting your son John to the Latin—that is, provided a classical school were in sufficient proximity."

"I did say so," replied the other, "and I'm still in the same mind."

"Thin, if you be, the opportunity has presented itself," said O'Beirne, for so the master was called, "there is a sound and well indoctrinated classic about to open a siminary in Tom Hall's barn, in which nothing but the learned languages will be taught."

"Now, do you tell me so?" exclaimed O'Donovan, brightening, "in Tom Hall's barn! Gad, but that's not so very convanient," he proceeded; "why Tulnavert, where the Halls live, is, at least, five miles from this."

"An' what are five miles to a young and souple scion in the pursuit of knowledge?" asked O'Beirne, in a contemptuous tone; "nothing—besides can you not get him a pony—an' mount him—he's not the first condisciple I have seen pursuing litherature on horseback. However, if I might indulge in a small taste of liberty, Mr. O'Donovan, and venture on a suggestion, it would be that, in this instance, you're about to clap the classical saddle on the wrong horse—the concatenation should be between Owen and the classics, not John—at least, that is *my* opinion."

"Well masther," replied O'Donovan, "mine is otherwise, and, as I happen to be his father, I think, wid every respect for you, I'll take my own coorse—but, at the same time, I'm oblaiged to you, becaise it shows that you have an' intherest in my family."

"Unquestionably I have; but, Misther O'Donovan, I now predict, wid thorough confidence, that the day will come when you'll turn vane, and own to the opinion I have already expressed upon this subject. Both boys are good; but as for Owen, he's destined to

shine in something yet—the material for greatness is in that boy, and all he wants is to have it elicited."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, masther," said his father, "but still I decide for John as the makins of the best priest—Owen is smart I grant you, but he hasn't the agreeable temper of the other, and to tell you the truth that's a thing not to be overlooked in the makins of a priest."

The matter was accordingly so decided, and in a few days his brother John was sent to a classical school, kept by a man named Shannon, at a place called Tulnavert.

The motive, mentioned by his father as that which caused him to send John rather than Owen to the classics, was no secret in the family, and from the hasty turn of the latter, one might imagine that such a preference of his brother before himself would have occasioned him to feel rather jealous of him on that account. Owen, however, was quite too generous and affectionate to entertain such a narrow and illiberal sentiment. The only effect this circumstance had upon him seemed to be one that was more allied to regret and sorrow than either to envy or jealousy. And it was evident, besides, that he commenced a system of more practical self-restraint over his temper and general disposition than his family ever had an opportunity of observing in him before.

One evening, about this time, his mother, happening to pass into the parlour, found him in tears, with his brother's Latin grammar in his hand, through which it seems he had been looking.

"Owen," said she, "what ails you, dear? Why do you cry?"

"I'm sorry," said he, "that my father didn't send me to the Latin as well as John."

"Ay, dear," she replied, affectionately, "but then, Owen, you're sorry for the wrong thing. It's not sorry for his keepin' you from the Latin you ought to be, but for not bein' able to keep down your own temper; becaise, Owen, I know that if your temper had been as good as John's, its you he would 'a' sent an' not him."

"Well, mother," he replied, "that was what I meant to say when I tould you I was sorry—I'm sorry that my own bad temper made John be sent instead o' me—but it'll go hard with me or I'll overcome the same temper yet."

"Remember, Owen," she replied, "that you can do nothing without God's assistance—and that you must ax an' pray for before you can get it."

"It's through His grace I expect to do it, mother," he replied, "an' I hope, before long, that you'll all see a great improvement in me, in this respect."

"Well, darlin'," replied his mother, "let us see that—but, at any rate, you are goin' the right way about it, and I hope that God will assist and strengthen you."

"But, ah! mother, above all things, *do you pray for me.*"

"I do, dear," she returned, "and I will always pray for you—why shouldn't I?"

From this out he was observed to be more sedate and self-possessed in his manner, and on many peculiar occasions succeeded in preserving an equanimity that was, they knew, very unusual, especially with reference to his efforts at self-restraint, when the nature of the provocations was considered.

Indeed, we cannot say that his poor brother, John, ever manifested any peculiar relish for classical infor-

mation. So far, indeed, from that, his family saw, but without much surprise, that it was by his brother Owen's advice and persuasions he was urged to the preparation of his lessons. They could not avoid remarking, however, that Owen felt a singular delight in hearing him his tasks, and assisting him in understanding and overcoming them. So far and so strongly did this habit grow upon both, that it became a matter of necessity for John to depend upon his brother's quicker perception and greater facility in acquiring the necessary knowledge.

In this manner they proceeded through grammar, Hoole's Terminations, and syntax, when one evening, that Mr. Shannon came to spend the night, according to his rotatory movements, with Tom O'Donovan, it so happened that he was asked, according to the good old custom, to examine John, in order that his parents might hear, so to speak, with their own ears, the progress which he was making in this new department of literature. The examination took place in the presence of the whole family, every member of which looked on with a degree of wonder and interest which we are sure many of our readers will perfectly remember in connexion with this difficult and learned ordeal.

John, seeing that there was no loophole for any escape, and that he must walk coolly to the literary stake, to be baited for the edification of the family, gave a long look of distress and solicitation for assistance to Owen, who stood with an anxious but eager look, and an eye that kindled with an enthusiastic ardour for a participation in the scene that was about to take place. He perfectly understood his brother's glance of supplication, and without more ado, quietly placed himself at his side, but without seeming to come in to the rescue. At length the examination, which was of course quite simple and elementary, commenced—and as poor John was asked to decline and conjugate words, which the other members of the family could not understand, they all threw up their eyes with amazement at the extent of such erudition on both sides, especially at the lofty sense of his own superiority and acquirements displayed by the master. John's answering was, however, tolerably fair and rather respectable on the whole; but yet, we are bound to say that he by no means answered every question that was put to him, nor did his learned examiner intend that he should, inasmuch as this would have intimated that the youth, as far as he went, knew his business as well as his master himself—a circumstance which would have caused to escape, rather ingloriously, a great deal of the grave and learned dignity with which he sat inflated. On this account, therefore, we need not be surprised that poor John stuck pretty frequently in the learned mud of this profound examination; or, at least, would have done so, were it not that Owen, as often as the other was in a state of distress, contrived, as well as he could, to prompt him with the appropriate answer, and in many cases, where the answer was too long, he could not restrain himself from speaking out fairly, and with the same glow of enthusiasm in his eyes, to which we have already alluded, nor from giving out the full and correct answer himself.

"Pray, Mr. O'Donovan," asked the master, at length, with astonishment, "will you have the kindness to explain this matter to me? I am not aware that there is any other classical establishment in this vicinity but my own, and I was not aware, either, that you had any other son learning classics except John. Yet, here I

unquestionably find that John is surpassed—in fact, forced to play second fiddle to his younger brother."

"Troth an' I know nothing about it," replied his father, "only that we used to see Owen there thryin' his brother at his tasks."

"Come hither, my good boy," said the master, calling Owen to him, "you, of course, can throw the necessary light upon this mystery. How did you become so well acquainted with the elements of Latin? when and where did you learn what you know of it?"

"Nowhere, Sir," he replied, "but at home here—I used to hear John his tasks—sometimes he used to tell me a word or two, or the way of a thing, and by degrees I came to know everything as well, or any how," he added, checking himself, from a principle of affection for his brother, "nearly as well as himself."

"No, but much better, my good boy," returned the master; "this, indeed, Mr. O'Donovan," he added, turning to him, "is surprising!"

He then took Owen to task, and after twenty minutes scrutiny, he said, "it is really astonishing to find so young a lad so incredibly well acquainted with the rules and principles of the Latin language, and that altogether by the aid of application and self-instruction alone. Of the two," he added, "this is certainly the boy whom I should select to receive a classical education."

In fact, the extraordinary progress of young Owen, unaided and untaught save by his own industry and quickness, joined to the magisterial opinion of Shannon, completely turned the tables in his favour, and from that night out his brother John never opened a Latin book. It is unnecessary, therefore, to say that Owen assumed his brother's satchel and books, and trudged off with Shannon, to prepare himself for that course of life to which, as it appeared, his poor, but amiable brother John had never been destined.

It may seem strange to our readers, but it is nevertheless perfectly true, that for some time after this change had taken place in the family—a change every way so gratifying to his wishes—his temper, so far from improving, in consequence of the circumstance, as one might naturally expect, began to relapse a little into its original acrimony. His usual cheerfulness seemed, in a great measure, to have abandoned him; he became graver, less flexible, and full of a spirit that looked like pride arising from the destiny which awaited him. The advice and judicious management of his mother, however, were perpetually at work to point out to him the errors into which he was falling, or, at least, likely to fall.

"Owen dear," she said, when he had been about a month with Shannon, "if there's one error that a boy like you ought to avoid beyant another it is pride. Don't misunderstand me," she proceeded, "for there is a kind of pride that we ought all to have, that is daicent pride—that pride that should prevent us from doin' a mane, ungenerous, or dishonest action—a pride that taiches us to respect ourselves, not to tell a lie, not to break our word, nor to do any thing that might be discreditible to our name, or to any of our family—sich a pride is one—if it is pride—that we ought all to have, bekaise it gives us good grounds for knowin' that we oughtn't to let ourselves down to low and unbecomin' conduct. Now," she proceeded, "it isn't against this that I'm warnin' you, but against thinkin' that you're betther now than any of your family, or, above all things, that you're betther, bekaise you're intended to be a priest, than you were before it."

"Why, mother," he replied, "this is a great lecture, but doesn't every one know that I ought to think more of myself since I went to Latin than I would of a boy that's not at it."

"Not on that account, Owen dear," she replied, "nor for that reason; only that you should keep yourself up according, as I said this minute, to what is right and proper; but you shouldn't get proud merely because we intend to make a priest of you. So far from that, Owen, you, ought to watch your own conduct, and your own thoughts, an' whenever or wherever you find that feelin' in them, you ought to keep it down."

"Surely, mother, you wouldn't have me put myself on a level with common boys."

"In one sense, dear, I would not—be above them in all that's good and proper, and deserving of respect; but don't think that they're worse than you are, especially because you are learnin' to be a priest. Maybe they're better—maybe they think more of truth."

"But you don't mane to say, mother, that I don't think much about truth?"

"No, dear, I don't mane any sich thing, for I know you love truth an' practise it; but in fifty things, an', above all, in the sight o' God, they may be as good or better than you are; so that while we strive to deserve the good opinion of others we ought to think humbly of ourselves; an' who is there but should think so, when they recollect how much they fall short of their duty?"

"Well, I declare, mother, I can't think that I'm getting worse than I was, at any rate."

"Indeed, then, Owen, an' to be plain wid you, I don't think you're gettin' better; for instance, you're not so cheerful as you used to be—your temper is not kept under as it used to be—nor you're not so friendly wid your playfellows—no, nor so completely at home wid your brothers and sisters as before you went to the Latin. Now, dear, you know there's nobody loves you as your own family does, and we have all of us observed this change for the worse upon you. This is a world, darlin', in which we must watch over our passions and failings as our greatest enemies, and strive to overcome them, because they are so; but you will *strive to do so*, an' we'll all live, please God, to see you a bright but humble ornament of our church, yet."

"Who knows," he replied, whilst his dark eye kindled as he looked upon vacancy, "who knows but I may be a bishop yet, mother?"

"Don't covet that," she replied, "merely because it's a higher, but because it's a holier office; only, whatever you are to be in the church, be it in the best sense; if you're to be only a curate, be the best curate, if you can; and leave the rest to God, who will reward you in his own way for havin' done your duty."

Such admirable principles as these perpetually impressed upon his heart, and kept always clearly before him, were of the utmost value in quickening and directing, not only his conduct, but his very habits and mode of thinking.

The truth is, that his mother, whose natural sagacity was as extraordinary as the piety and affection of her disposition, saw clearly that the pride arising from the contemplation of his future position in the church, or in other words, of the spiritual destiny which awaited him, had begun to make its insidious approaches to his heart, and she felt satisfied, although she was too humble and uneducated to understand the principle, whilst she feared it, that, if not met and checked in time, while the mind was flexible and the habits un-

formed, it might, like some noisome and prolific weed, be exceedingly difficult to eradicate it, if permitted to get footing in the character. She, accordingly, let no reasonable opportunity pass in which she could, in her own mild and affectionate manner, divert his attention to its symptoms, according as they chanced to appear during the ordinary course of his youth and education.

His progress at the classics was very rapid, and, indeed, highly gratifying both to his master and parents. That he possessed a disposition which required great watchfulness was indeed very evident, from many changes produced on him, by circumstances that one would have scarcely expected to cause them.

For instance, it soon became apparent that in quickness of apprehension and memory he was without a rival in the school. These were advantages with the possession of which he was not himself thoroughly acquainted until he commenced the classics. In a short time, however, he perceived this—but instead of availing himself of them, when understood, they only caused him to relax his application, and leave the preparation of his school business to the last moment. That he was unquestionably one of the smartest and most acute boys in the school was known to the master and every scholar in it. Having now ascertained the extent of his own powers when hard pressed, he began to be influenced by a love of athletic exercises, in which, even at the early age of thirteen or fourteen, he promised to excel. His master, Shannon, was one of those plausible and sycophantic wretches, who, living in a population where the wealthier classes all belonged to the Protestant and Presbyterian creeds, exhibited the most detestable partiality towards their children, whom he feared to flog or correct when they deserved it. The consequence was, that all his pupils who belonged to those creeds enjoyed a most shameful immunity from punishment, and it is scarcely necessary to say that their conduct was, in consequence of their consciousness of this most dishonest partiality on the part of the master, insolent, overbearing, and offensive beyond all endurance. They knew that complaint against them was useless; their parents fed and pampered this unprincipled pedagogue, and it mattered not what scoundrelly outrage their children committed against the sons of the poorer Roman Catholics. If a complaint happened to be preferred against these privileged young offenders, the complaining party was certain to suffer for the very act of having made the complaint, or if that could not, with any sense of decency or justice, be effected, the vile tyrant *kept it in* against the Catholic boy until some other pretext occurred, and then—then did he suffer for having put the pedagogue, even for a moment, in a painful position—in a position which rendered it even a contingency for him to correct any of his favourites.

And this man—this inhuman ruffian was not only a Roman Catholic, but affected to be a strict one. He generally spent every Saturday and Sunday in the house of the parish priest, on whom he imposed, and with whom he lived on terms of the strictest and most cordial intimacy. He frequently served Mass, and was, in point of fact, looked upon, by those who did not know him, as a most worthy and humane man, an excellent scholar—which he was not—and a most intrepid champion of the Catholic faith and morals.

One of the first to resent this tyrannical partiality was Owen O'Donovan, who entertained a generous hatred of the man and his conduct. He was himself

rarely deficient in his lessons, but whenever he happened to miss any thing, the tyrant's eye instantly blazed, the teeth were furiously ground, and down came the inhuman horse-rod upon the naked head; whilst, on the other hand, it mattered not how stupid or how ignorant the favoured individuals were, he smiled at their mistakes, put the words into their mouths, or remonstrated with them in the blandest and most familiar terms. No passion, however—no stamping of the feet—or *supplisio pedis*—no grinding of the diabolical tusks, nor any other symptom of fury or phrenzy were visible so far as *they* were concerned.

Our readers may, we think, without much power of logic on our part, come to the conclusion that Owen O'Donovan, full of generosity, fire, and courage, and possessed of a natural disposition to resist oppressive tyranny such as this, was not likely to bear it when exercised against himself. This indeed was true; and we can only say, that no severity from Shannon—which, by the way, is not the *real* name—was ever known to make him move a nerve or a muscle, to utter one sound expressive of pain, or to shed a tear. This we know to be an indisputable fact, and we can assure our readers that we have frequently seen him corrected, as an after thought, upon the strength of his doggedness and obstinacy, as the master was pleased to say, because he was “too hardened to cry like another boy.” Owen maintained his triumph, however, and never did permit this “learned Nero” to enjoy the satisfaction of causing him to shed a single tear.

And yet, is it not strange that this boy, whom no severity could affect or subdue, was, perhaps, beyond any other in the school, the most easily influenced by witnessing severity when carried to excess upon another. The history of any thing remarkably generous or pathetic—any tale of distress or sorrow—melted him even to tears, at an age when youth is not very generally or strongly influenced by such narratives.

This conduct on the part of Shannon was, very naturally, calculated to produce a state of jealous, bitter, and vindictive feeling amongst his pupils. And it did so. The Roman Catholic party, if I may use the term, seeing that all was gross injustice against them, had nothing now for it but to punish or avenge themselves on those who were favoured by the autocrat, for the insolence caused by his partiality towards them. We know that a favourite is always hated, whether he deserves it or not. Here, however, were one-half of the school made favourites upon the most unjust and iniquitous principles. When the reigning sovereign, however, is hated, so will every one who stands high in his affection. Hence, our readers will at once perceive that the school was a scene of interminable strife and animosity. Battles—pitched or fought *extempore*—party challenges—attacks and reprisals were, in fact, the order of the school. This, however, was only to be expected. The plausible, but partial despot sowed the very seeds that were calculated to produce animosity and party hatred—and this they completely effected.

It is painful, now, to reflect upon the state of that school, which, in good truth, resembled too many others of the same class; if we might not compare it to the condition of our unhappy country at the time—and to the principles of partiality towards one class upon which its government was conducted.

There was something, however, to be said for the hedge-schoolmasters. Education, as we have shown,

was in a low and most neglected state, and it was only a little before, that it was actually under ban. At the period of which we write, many of the respectable Protestants and dissenters were, in point of fact, glad in frequent instances to have an opportunity of sending their sons and daughters to hedge schools. Nay, in some instances the very gentry, or at least a particular class of them, sent their children to hedge masters, who were frequently good classical scholars—many of them, besides, being engaged to instruct the young ladies of the family in grammar, writing, and arithmetic. The consequence was, that the poor devils were quite flattered by any attention received from Protestants of respectability or wealth, and scrupled at nothing to stand well with them and retain their good opinion.

Among the most active of those who made a point to vex and harass Shannon, by annoying and putting down his favourites, was, beyond doubt, Owen O'Donovan. In a short time, in fact, he became their terror, and consequently brought down upon himself a double weight of the master's vengeance.

One anecdote we shall relate here, in order that the reader may see how strongly calculated such a school was to vitiate his mind, and distract it by a participation in some of the worst passions and propensities of our nature.

Shannon was in the habit of giving a fortnight's vacation every year, at autumn, for the purpose of his enjoying the salt water during that period. He took care, however, to make his pupils feel that, however it might be a vacation to himself, it could not be considered as such to them—the fact simply being, that he took care to give them, in the shape of tasks, nearly twice as much to do as they would have done had they received no vacation at all; in consequence of which the return of it was looked upon with apprehension and dismay by the whole school, but especially by the unfortunate Roman Catholics.

Owen, as we said, grew idle from a mere consciousness of the rapid powers he possessed for absorbing knowledge, and, as an obvious result, left, at least on too many occasions, everything to be done at the last moment. On the autumn in question, the task prescribed during the usual fortnight's vacation to the pupils who composed his class, was the committing to memory all the rules of Alvary's Prosody. It was, at best, an inhuman exercise at any time, but especially during vacation, when school-boys are naturally seized with a holiday spirit and a truant indisposition to work. Be this as it may, when the day of returning to school arrived Owen had not committed a single rule to memory, and he knew, without the aid of prophecy, the gratification with which the master would wreak his bitterest resentment and vengeance on him in particular. Instead, therefore, of directing his steps to school, he turned them towards an uncle's of his, who lived in the lower part of the parish, where he remained until, after much alarm and a close search, he was at length found by his brother James. He then turned at once upon his friends and family in the fiercest manner, and flatly refused ever to enter Shannon's school again; this, however, his father would not bear—he immediately insisted upon Owen's going, and Owen stoutly declared that he would not; “I will go to any other master you wish,” he replied, “but not to that cowardly scoundrel.”

“My good boy,” said his father, “it's clear that you're anything but improvin' on our hands—do'nt imagine, however, that I'll suffer you to brow-beat me,

and take your own sulky way and will in spite of me—if you haven't your tasks you may thank your own idleness for it, instead of blamin' the mather—you knew you had to get them, an' you wilfully neglected them, so come now—turn out; for as sure as I've life in my body you must tramp, step by step, wid myself till I lodge you inside the school-house door."

Further and most obstinate resistance on the part of Owen was at last overcome by repeated punishment, and, about twelve o'clock, our sullen truant was handed into the school-house by his father. The latter, on their way thither, had been turning over the matter in his mind, and came to the resolution of making a kind of compromise between his son and the master.

"Mather," said he, "as to correction he has got enough of it, I think; but it occurred to me, that as he has'n't a line of his tasks, if you'd allow him a reasonable portion of time to get them—maybe you'd let him pass if he has them then."

"Well," said the mather, "I know its setting the other boys—the good boys—of the school a very bad example, but, since you've interfered, I'll allow it to be so—go home now, Owen, and stay at home for two days, then come to school again—but if you do, I'll expect you to have off all Prosody by heart—your father is present, Owen, and you know, dear, that, except himself, there is no one feels a warmer interest for your success and improvement, nor, indeed, a greater affection for you than I do—in fact," he continued, addressing his father, "he is one of my own favourites, for, I assure you, Mr. O'Donovan, that I have my favourites—every good boy that minds his lessons and conducts himself with propriety is my favourite."

"If I am your favourite, then," replied Owen, "why do you trate me so much like a common brute? So far from being your favourite," he continued, "there's not a boy in the school you trate as you do me—and all beaise you know that I understand you, and hate yourself and your cowardly tyranny as I do the devil out o' hell."

His father snatched the horse-rod, which the master held in his hand, and made a rush at him.

"You young vagabone," he exclaimed, "if I didn't hear sich language wid my own ears I couldn't a' believed it—I'll pay you now for it at any rate."

The master, however, interfered, and remonstrated with O'Donovan in a spirit so full of apparent mildness and forbearance, that the majority of his pupils were disgusted at the plausible hypocrisy with which he imposed upon the honest man; "never correct in a passion," said he; "be always cool and calm, and let them see that you do so, not to gratify the angry impulse of the moment, but because you feel that it is for their good."

"Ah! you hear that," exclaimed his father, "you hear that beautiful discourse, and that's the man that you say is a cowardly tyrant—troth instead of intherfarin' to prevint you from gettin' a good hidin' as you deserve, I wonder how he can keep his hands off o' you."

"Mr. O'Donovan," replied Shannon, "I'd be badly able to manage a school and bear such language as this, if I was not capable of regulating my own temper and passions—let him go home now, and I give him two clear days, besides this, to get the task that he neglected. You see," he added, with a smile that would deceive a saint, "what a life of trial and provocation, without cause and to no end, we unfortunate and hard-working teachers lead, and all because we do every

thing in our power to promote the improvement of our pupils."

"I do, sir," replied O'Donovan, "I see it all; an' I'm only sorry that any son of mine should have disgraced himself as he did this day."

"Oh! well," replied the other, "he'll be sorry for it, and he'll take care not to do it again; but, above all things, and what troubles me most—I hope he'll pay attention to his business, advance himself in his education, and mend his conduct, for indeed—however, we'll say no more about that now."

"Good mornin', Mr. Shannon," said O'Donovan, and many thanks for your kindness, an' throuble, an' your good advice to him."

"Good morning Mr. O'Donovan, and Owen good morning too, dear."

Owen, during the miserable and inadequate period allowed him for accomplishing such a task, concentrated all his powers upon its completion. The book was never for a moment out of his hands, either by day or night, or at least during a great portion of the latter, and, when the hour for his return to school arrived, he went to join his companions and meet his master with a cheerful countenance and an intrepid heart.

"Oh!" exclaimed Shannon, in that tone of bitter and diabolical irony which emanated from him spontaneously when addressing the Catholics, "bless my soul, is this our respectable young friend, Owen O'Donovan! the pride of the school and the ornament of Tulnavert! Owen, you're heartily welcome, most worthy and industrious youth! We hope you are well, Owen! and we trust you have been so diligently employed in doing nothing as usual, that you will be able to repeat all old Alvary from beginning to end; for which, and as a brilliant example to the school, we now call upon thee, Owen, to stand up, and in a clear, distinct voice, repeat the aforesaid old Alvary."

Owen approached him, put the book into his hands, commenced with the first rule, and without one moment's hesitation, impediment, or forgetfulness, proceeded to repeat, rule after rule, *verbatim et literatim*, as old Alvary had composed them. Shannon was not merely amazed, but disappointed and chagrined, most bitterly. In truth, he gloated over the opportunity which he had hoped the occasion would have presented, of taking a sweeping revenge upon the manly and generous boy, for the unpalatable truths to which he had given utterance in the presence of his father. On repeating the last rule, which he did in a voice of firmness and triumph, there ran a slight murmur of applause through the whole school, at which the master ground his teeth, which was a habit of his whenever his black passions were rising or excited.

"Now," he exclaimed, "you imp of the devil, I will let you know what your idleness deserves—here's a young vagabond who can, when he pleases get all Prosody by heart in two or three days, and he often comes to school without ever having looked at a book. I will let him know now what his idleness deserves."

He accordingly commenced, and inflicted upon the poor boy, for as good as ten minutes, such a brutal and barbarous punishment, that several of the larger boys were forced to interfere, and prevent him from rendering the barbarity dangerous probably to his life.

Now, such was the irresponsible authority that all this class were permitted to exercise, at the period of which we write, and so strikingly ignorant upon the duties of schoolmasters were the people by whom they were supported, and upon whose bounty and hospita-

lity they fed, that poor Owen durst not complain at home of this shocking cruelty, from an apprehension of being punished again for having deserved punishment in school. Such, in fact, too frequently was the consequence to the pupils for complaining of such masters to their parents at home. The latter took it for granted, that if their children had not deserved the punishment complained of, they would not have received it; and in order to prevent the recurrence of the offence which occasioned it, they very frequently bestowed upon the offenders a supernumerary flogging, by way of a rider upon that which the master had already inflicted.

We dwell upon those matters at the greater length, because, besides exhibiting the difficulties with which the people had to contend, they also enable us to examine a very peculiar condition of society at the time. These difficulties, and this condition, were only the natural results of the penal code, which by rendering education a crime to a certain extent, degraded and darkened the public mind, so that when scholastic instruction was permitted, it fell *necessarily* into the hands of a set of men who were in every sense totally inadequate to the discharge of its duties, whether as regarding instruction or morals.

At all events, we believe the proverb which says, that every evil brings sooner or later its own remedy, is not without some foundation in truth. After about three years, Mr. Shannon began to find himself getting unpopular. His Protestant and dissenting patrons gradually came to the knowledge of his cruelty and injustice to one portion of his pupils; and as they had this information now and again from their own children, they could not relish the man's hypocrisy and sweetness of manner. But there were other causes for this. The parents of the Roman Catholic children having at length been satisfied that the man was a liar and a most dishonest tyrant, laid their heads together, and making common cause of the matter, waited upon the parish priest, to whom they made a strong statement respecting Shannon's iniquitous conduct. It required, however, some time, and a frequent repetition of the charges, to stagger his good opinion of the pedagogue. At length this was effected, and he so far yielded to their representations, as to allow them to bring in a new master if they could procure one. In this state of affairs the matter reached Shannon's ears, who, feeling that the exclusive patronage of either party was inadequate to his support, came to the determination of conciliating his own party, by administering occasional doses of correction to his old favourites, thinking, of course, that something of that sort would have set him right with his own. Accordingly, proceeding upon this new principle, he bestowed upon them, to their utter astonishment and dismay, such scarifying and diabolical inflictions, that in the course of about a fortnight the whole party were in a state of extraordinary excitement. The orangemen threatened to shoot the scoundrel, as they called him, like a dog; and at all events, in the course of a month, they abandoned his school, deprived him of his school-house, and made him afraid to show his nose in either fair or market, whilst he remained in the neighbourhood. The period of his stay, however, was not long. When his school had been reduced from about fifty to three scholars, he deemed it time to decamp, and accordingly he disappeared one morning, and had never the assurance to return to the scene of those tyrannical practices which he had been permitted to play with impunity so long.

Owen's mother had perceived with grief and concern, that the principles on which this school had been conducted were such as left behind them very injurious consequences in the disposition of her son. The heart-burnings, bitterness, and all the bad passions generated by party feeling, were of necessity instilled into his mind, by the enmities and resentments, both personal and political, which his dishonest connivance at the offences of one party had caused them to experience. In fact, his conduct had not only set them together by the ears, but kept them in a state of endless personal conflict, as well as political hostility, all of which would have been avoided had the man been moderate, impartial, and just.

Still she observed, as did also his father, that if he suffered in one sense he had gained in another. For instance, he imbibed such a hatred of tyranny in all its shapes, of oppression, cruelty, hypocrisy, and injustice, as he had reason to be thankful for during the period of his future life. There are, as our readers must know, a class of persons who, during all their intercourse with life, are capable of deriving much more benefit from example than advice, and of this class was Owen O'Donovan.

[To be continued.]

The Sister of Mercy.

One of a second number of "Sacred Melodies," by Rev. Joseph Fitzgerald.

I.

SHE kneels at the couch where sickness lies,
And sooths infirmity there,
And, raising her heart to the hope in the skies,
She whispers relief in prayer:
And smiles with a beam such as angels give
When the penitent soul's forgiven,
And bids the dull hope of sadness live,
And points to its home in heaven.

II.

Like the ling'ring beam that eve's decline,
Will paint on the vanishing day,
Thus hope in its parting light will shine,
'Ere wingeth its spirit away—
And smoothing in peace those closing eyes,
"Oh!" exclaims the Sister then,
"Go, spirit to bliss." Wide Heaven replies,
"Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham.

"THE Old Convents of Paris," is the title of a novel which we have been reading with very great pleasure and interest. 'Tis the production of a French lady, and does her honour; yet, when we contrast it with the exquisite writings of Manzoni, and those of the author of "La Monaca di Monza," how lightly must we think of the pen that has endeavoured to etch the lives and discipline of a few nuns, a short while anterior to the great French Revolution. There are in this little volume faults enough, yet such as may be deemed pardonable, when we remember how some modern writers have been accustomed to treat the contemplative lives of monks and nuns; on this subject, we have had books so filled with blasphemy against God, and cold-blooded misrepresentations of the holiest and purest motives, that we wonder how any one, pretending to the name of Christian, could have deliberately penned them. The motive, however, which influenced these horrid libellers is transparent; they wanted to earn

money, and could not do so without catering to the vitiated and debauched appetites of the masses, in America and England. Beyond the Atlantic great and dreadful crimes were committed by an infuriated mob, who could tolerate the most fetid absurdities of Mormonism, because it had no ingredient of Popery in its constitution; we would not wish to recall the shocking circumstances attendant on the publication of two or three American pamphlets, because we would rather forget these atrocities, and sink the authors of them in oblivion—they did their appointed work, but, verily, they shall have their reward.

We have said, that "The Old Convents of Paris," is not without its faults, nor is it our intention to dwell on them; this, however, is certain, that the nuns, portrayed by the French lady, are not like those of the Mrs. Ratcliffe school—unamiable, cold, and stony-hearted; the interior of the convent, too, is not like a theatre-stage, or a Rhine castle, full of hiding-places, grated prisons, and trap-doors; on the contrary, if we except an odd hint about clammy, dripping walls, and such like flights of imagination, the convent wears a pleasing, nay a cheerful aspect, and the superioress and her community are full of cordiality, devotion, and kindness; the confessor, too, is an amiable and sensitive being, without a particle of sordidness in his nature, and quite unlike any of the clerics whom Scott has tricked out in such grotesque colours. 'Twould be worth one's while to contrast Shakspeare's religious with those of Sir Walter. The former represents his, as men of piety and benevolence—and Friar Laurence, in *Romeo*, is, in our judgement, a character more truthfully delineated than all the Copmanhurst Clerks and Priors of Jorvaulx of the latter; the same may be said of Shakspeare's notions of Catholicity. Scott's are the result of a cherished prejudice, nay, we would rather say, the deliberate conclusions of a man bent on misrepresenting and travestying truth. Shakspeare, on the other hand, had Catholic notions, which shine out strongly in *Hamlet*, and others of his great works. The soul "fasting in penitential fires" is a very good and very Catholic idea of Purgatory; Wolsey, at the gate of the monastery, telling the Abbat that he comes to lay his bones aneath it, speaks volumes for the peace and consolation that the bruised and thwarted spirit might receive under such a roof. 'Tis a theme on which we might dwell at great length, were it necessary to prove that some of the grandest intelligences, among whom we may reckon the great dramatist, formed an estimate of Catholic practices, very different from that of Scott, not to speak of the hired scribblers who blaspheme what they know not. Faulty, then, as "The Old Convents of Paris" may be, in some respects, it evinces a tone of feeling which we cannot hesitate to commend; in fact, its exemption from the gross inaccuracies and crude misrepresentations of the generality of writers on similar subjects, is its highest praise; and, if there be anything in the book worthy our commendation, 'tis the absence of the staple nonsense with which romance-writers are wont to invest the characters of nuns and priests.

Turning from the old Convents of Paris to those of Dublin, 'twould be worth the while of any observant man to collect materials for the history of the latter; 'tis a subject, in our minds, well worthy of consideration. Few, indeed, of the old convents of Dublin now exist, and the few that are still in being forcibly remind us of that period of Lord Chesterfield's viceroyalty, when the Catholics were permitted to hire a house in

some back lane, for the purpose of divine worship. We never pass the convent of George's-hill, Warrenmount, or that of North William-street, without thinking of the penal times, for, of all the Catholic institutions in this city, none are so calculated to awaken recollections of that bigot-era as the three convents we have alluded to. In fact, the history of the Catholic religion, not only in this city but in every town and hamlet of Ireland, may be read in the rise and progress of its churches and pious institutions. The places where our fathers worshipped, about the middle of the last century, are now converted into store-houses and ware-rooms, in the back lanes where a relaxation of the penal code suffered them to exist. The modern churches, with cross and angelus-bell, are amongst the grandest ornaments of the city; and as for the schools, monastic establishments, and nunneries, they are so many evidences of the faith, love, and morality of the Irish people. Who can fancy the feelings with which some of the stupid bigots of the olden time would now regard the *cathedral* or the church sacred to St. Francis Xavier, could they get up from their graves and roam for a day about the city? Heavens! how would they not impeach the vigilance and orthodoxy of my "Lord Mayor," who would not send his band of armed ruffians, headed by some blustering, self-sufficient fellow, glorifying himself in the title of an alderman, to wreak vengeance on the rebelly papists! But, indulge the fancy, let us suppose that they saw the "annual lord" and his liveried staff, including such important functionaries as the Aldermen, going in state to High Mass; yea, verily, going within the chancel (which we must respectfully suggest ought not be done even by a lord mayor or alderman), how would they not reel and stagger at such a scandal? We are not over anxious for the visitation of our deceased mayors or aldermen, being nowise desirous of supernatural apparitions, but we would prefer a day's wandering through the Catholic edifices of this city, with their departed honours of Skinner's-alley, to twenty nights with Alexander Verri in the tombs of the Scipios. The preference, no doubt, argues bad taste; nevertheless, in these sad, sad times of jarring and starvation, we need something to make us merry, and where could we be more so than in the company of the old civic dignitaries (bless the word), staring at the churches, convents, and schools of this once great Protestant city? But a truce to fancy and farewell to their rueful mightinesses.

Change, in some slight degree, the well-known saying of Tertullian, and see how applicable it is to the Irish Catholics of our times, "*hesterni sumus*," said the Christian apologist—we are of yesterday, "yet we fill your camps, garrisons, palaces, and forum." We are but of yesterday—a quarter of a century has scarce gone over our heads—and our churches, schools, monastic retreats, and nunneries have risen as if by magic. Enter the city on what side you will, and this truth, "chronicled in stone," meets you. If you are journeying from England, the first object that arrests attention is the splendid nunnery on the rocky shore of Dalkey. This, in truth, is a grand object of art, sacred to the best and holiest purposes; little, perhaps, do people imagine that the country is indebted to the piety and genius of a venerable lady for this splendid establishment; 'tis, nevertheless, quite certain that we must attribute it to the exquisite taste and sound judgment of Mrs. Ball. Carried away in the whirl of this world's excitements, men find but little time for

reflection, but the time shall yet come, when the name of that lady must be written on the page that records the great benefactors of Catholic Ireland. Enter the city by the Kingstown railway, and the immense church, under the invocation of Saint Andrew, with its handsome front and classic epigraph, confirms what we have been saying. Proceed along the shipless quays, and dome, cross, and spire tell you you are in a city, the great majority of whose inhabitants belong to that religion, of which the mustard-seed was the aptest type—springing up into a spreading tree, whose foliage has overshadowed the face of the earth. Look, then, to these blessed mansions, where pious maidens consecrate themselves to God, and devote their energies to succouring the ignorant and the needy. See the House of Mercy, in Baggot-street, where holy dames impart education to the untaught, and stretch out the hand of mercy and charity to the unfriended girl. If a stranger in Dublin, you cannot fail to be struck by those modest figures that occasionally cross your path, noiseless as spectres; but, if you would follow them to the object of their visit, 'tis likely enough you will turn away wondering how the tender lady, wearing that coarse black garb, can sit down in the pestilential cellar, or mount that ricketty stairs, to bring consolation and words of hope to the miserable wretch, whose tongue might parch were it not for the benevolence of these heavenly messengers.

Ah! but there is a reflection very naturally arising out of all this. The spirit of Catholicity glows brightly in the pure bosoms of these ladies—the genius of Catholicity prompts them to these works of love. They have no sordid selfishness staying their steps or circumscribing their career; they live not for themselves but for the glory and honour of God, and the weal of suffering humanity. Go, for a moment, outside the pale of Catholicity, and you will not find devotion and self-sacrifice assimilating, even remotely to this. Pass in the night-time the front of that conspicuous building, on the east side of Stephens'-green, and, supposing you a stranger in the city of Dublin, you will imagine that the interior of that mansion is lighted up for some gorgeous and voluptuous revel; yet, you will soon find yourself deceived. That house is an hospital, and those numerous lights are in sick-wards, tended by the Sisters of Charity. High-born dames, accomplished in all that adorns woman's character, have abandoned luxurious ease and worldly enjoyment to minister to the weary-hearted patients who seek that merciful abode; nor is their mission circumscribed by these walls—the refuge of the outcast, the abode of sorrow, sickness, and pain is familiar to them, is cheered by their angelical visitations, and, when this world's cares and sorrows are about to close on afflicted humanity, who so prompt to succour and breathe words of peace as the meek daughters of St. Vincent de Paul? Words of ours cannot convey an adequate notion of their blessed works; dear brother Gerald has essayed the task, and, beauteous and pathetic as is his strain, were he now alive, he would admit that it fell short of such a Heaven-inspired theme.

Oh! what food for reflection do not the lives of these holy ladies suggest! Turning away from the glare and pomps of life to live amid its sufferings and sorrows! herein is true fortitude—herein is the great victory over the senses, and the closest assimilation to the conduct of Him whose life was spent doing good to all. Why should we wonder that our Lord would vouchsafe to us the precious gift of the one true faith,

when we know that such pure lips and hallowed tongues are daily imploring Him to look benignly on the suffering people of this island? Ah! truly 'tis consolation for our many woes, that we have such blessed harbingers of the better life amongst us. May the people honor them as they deserve, and fondly requite their unwearied exertions. What a splendid series of facts to adorn the archiepiscopate of his Grace Daniel Murray, may not the biographer collect from the institutions to which we have cursorily alluded! Illustrious testimonials they must prove, in sooth, of a life so valuable to religion and the dearest interests of mankind. There is not, throughout the wide field of Christendom, another bishop who has been more successful in diffusing the blessings of religion and education; and had he no other monuments to bequeath to after times, save those we have alluded to, they would be sufficient to mark him as the most distinguished prelate who has ever worn an Irish mitre. Yet there is another establishment to which we have invited attention at the heading of this brief notice.

Unquestionably, the most splendid Catholic institution of this country is the Abbey of Loretto, near the village of Rathfarnham. The site is not without its sad and dreary recollections, though centred amid scenery so varied and picturesque, that you would vainly seek any more beauteous and lovely. Hereabout, Jones beat false-hearted Ormond, and drove his flying forces to seek temporary shelter in old Drinnagh; and in this immediate locality, did ill-starred Emmet plan that rash movement which brought death to him and an additional rivet to his country's chain. We cannot separate these facts from the history of the locality, for they come athwart our memories as often as we visit the spot. But, kind reader, we would ask you to visit the abbey, just at noontide, when the mellow-toned bell rolls its solemn sound over hill and dale, to remind the husbandman and wayfarer of the great mystery of our redemption. Enter its gate, and see how grandly these towers and turrets lift themselves above the spreading trees and verdant sward, and if you know any thing of *Catholic art*, ask yourself if you do not fancy that this sacred temple was raised in the ages of faith. Yet you will soon be undeceived—these walls of granite, with their mullioned windows and rich traceries, bear not the marks of age; and a little enquiry will convince you, that the pious lady who, under God, was mainly instrumental in erecting dome and tower, still lives within the convent, and, with God's blessing, shall long continue to be its superioress. We will not here attempt to describe the interior of the abbey church. All that art could do to embellish it, has been done—the choicest sculpture of Italy has prepared an altar for the sacrifice of the New Law, and the chisel of our greatest artist has produced some of his grandest works to adorn the Lord's table. The holy quiet that reigns in that blessed abode—the silent lamp burning before the rich tabernacle, and the fragrant odor of which cloister and sanctuary are redolent, so work upon the senses as to make one forget the world without, and wrap the soul in the enjoyment of that blessed calm which entranced the psalmist as he bent him in the Temple of the Lord. When the venerable superioress shall have furnished the windows of the abbey church with stained glass, brightly storying the life of our blessed Lord, the joys and agonies of our Lady, and the victories of the saints, this must be the most beauteous of Ireland's ecclesiastical monuments. Seen within or without, we have nothing equal

to it in any other part of the island; and the entire structure, so perfect in detail, and beautiful to the eye, should serve as a model for the church builder. Seen from the neighbouring mountains, when the setting sun is shedding its last rays upon the charming landscape, which borrows so much of beauty from these castellated towers, fancy itself cannot dream of object more lovely. Oh! but there are associations connected with this abbey-church which are still more pleasing. Beneath its roof, and at its holy altar, many and many a youthful heart has vowed a vow to the Eternal God to serve him, and spread abroad the glory of his name. Many, aye, many tender maidens, renouncing the pleasures of this life, have there consecrated themselves to Christ, and, heroically severing all ties of home and kindred, are now engaged under the burning sun of Calcutta and the snows of Canada, training youth in the practices of virtue, and furnishing their young minds with a knowledge of supernal truths. A few days ago, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of this abbey's institution was celebrated. Within that short time, the venerable superioress has seen sixteen houses of the society established in various quarters. May all her pious labours be amply compensated.

It is almost superfluous to observe, that one of the grand objects of Loretto is to educate young ladies of the wealthier classes; yet it should be known, that the poor are not forgotten by the accomplished community. A large and commodious school adjoins the convent, in which the poor young girls of the neighbourhood are well instructed in all the requirements of their state. Of the education given to the boarders, we deem it almost unnecessary to say a word. Those who have been fortunate enough to meet any of the ladies who were pupils of Loretto, must have seen the effects of early training visibly enough in their mannerism and accomplishments. When it is remembered that their intellectual culture is committed to ladies of study and the highest attainments, nothing short of incapacity could account for dullness or non-proficiency. Were we to judge of the acquirements of *all* the ladies educated in this great school, by what we witnessed on last St. Cecilia's day, we would be inclined to form the highest notion of their musical powers, not to speak of the other constituents of woman's education. On the day we mentioned, the abbey held a musical academy, in honor of St. Cecilia; and even in Rome we have heard nothing to surpass the thrilling music of the pupils on that occasion. The young ladies assembled in a spacious saloon and delighted the auditory with the richest and most varied music. Harp and piano gave out their sweetest tones, and one highly-cultivated voice sang the compositions of Balfe and Sir John Stevenson with all the correctness and finish of a prima donna. That sweet voice is, we rejoice to say, about being dedicated to God, to sing his praise within the walls of the abbey; and the venerable superioress has good reason to congratulate her community on such an acquisition as Miss Doyle must be to her choir. Where all was excellent, we are almost averse to selecting individuals out of that harmonious group; yet we would be doing ourselves injustice if we did not here bear testimony to the exquisite performance of the Misses Conlan, and Miss Hodgins, of Beaufort. Mr. Caulfield presided at this musical festival, and the great proficiency of his youthful pupils does him the highest honor.

This short and hurried glance at Loretto, is not all that we would wish; yet it needs no words of com-

mendation from us. Its character, as a seminary for young ladies, is known far and near; and the venerable lady who has seen it rising rapidly under her eyes, has done so much for the advancement of our holy religion at home and abroad, that no eulogy of ours could add to her claims on the respect and gratitude of the Irish people. That heaven may long preserve her to us, is amongst the dearest and most cherished of our desires.

A Legend of Ballylebane Castle.

AT Ballylebane, upon the high road leading from Athy to Castlecomer, there stand, or stood a few years ago, the ruins of a small castle belonging to the Hovendens family. Time had not spared it, and little remained to assist conjecture as to its former figure or extent; only a few feet of mouldering wall, or bare foundation, marked the situation of the inner square tower, or keep; while all the outer fortifications, with the exception of a shattered flanking turret, built over a deep draw-well, had entirely disappeared. The local traditions say, that Owen Roe, enraged at the death of a favourite piper, whom the Hovendens shot as he was sitting on top of a baggage-cart, had stormed the castle and reduced it, with dreadful slaughter of its defenders, to this state of desolation; be this as it may, it is certain that, somehow or other, it fell into a ruinous condition, and was deserted by the Hovendens, who pulled most of it down in order to build a dwelling-house upon the site.

The Hovendens are descended from one of those seven adventurers, who obtained such extensive grants of lands in the Queen's County, from Sir Henry Sydney, after the bloody and treacherous massacre at Mullaghmast, in 1577, where the proprietors were nearly all slain. The original founders of these seven tribes, as they have been called, may be taken as the very type of the early English settler in Ireland. Conscious that they were held in utter abhorrence by the native Irish, who still believe that none of their descendants ever lived to see his eldest son attain the age of twenty-one, they maintained a perpetual war with, and oppressed them by every means in their power. All the cruelties that the most diabolical invention could suggest, were hourly perpetrated upon the wretched and unarmed people around—the blood actually freezes with horror at the mere recital of the crimes committed by Cosby, who met his fate from the O'Byrnes, at Glendalough; by Bowen, whom young O'Moore, the sole survivor of Mullaghmast, shot at his castle-gate; or, by Hartpole, whose memory is to this day held in such detestation, that, when his monumental effigy was accidentally found in Carlow, a few years ago, it was dragged through the streets by the populace, and thrown, with every mark of indignity, into a quarry-hole near the present court-house; and, when this generation had passed away, when their descendants could no longer take the lives of the people by the sword, and the English trooper had slowly merged into the Irish landlord, they became grinding rack-renters and heartless exterminators; proud, ignorant, rapacious, and besotted, they plunged headlong into the wildest career of wickedness and dissipation; the Hovendens, then, if they never imitated the others in their earlier barbarities, seemed fully determined upon rivalling them in their latter extravagance. Ballylebane Castle, if we may believe tradition, exhibited an unchanging scene of drunken

riotings for years together; acre after acre passed from their hands—frittered away, as well from the demands of their mortgagees as from the expenses of a continuous litigation between whole hosts of spurious claimants to the property (the Hovendens, somehow or other, never having been great admirers of the holy state of matrimony), until at length, they, who once lorded it over all from the Barrow to the Dineen, dwindled down to the impoverished masters of three or four townlands.

Gradually, as the property became more and more subdivided, they deserted Ballylebane, and erected a number of houses with tall, narrow windows and high gable-ends, in various parts of the country. The castle, consequently, fell into ruin, and was held in great disrepute by the country-people generally; as much on account of its lonely situation, and the unholy lives of its former proprietors, as because it was currently believed to be inhabited by several ghosts, and by "the spirit" of one hard-drinking, fox-hunting Hovenden in particular, who was known, in his old age, by the name of Daddy Jack. It is with it in this stage of its existence that we have to do at present.

On a winter's evening, in the year 183—, there was assembled, in Ned Murphy's house, a large circle of his friends and acquaintance, who had met to congratulate with him on the the joyful occasion of the christening of his first son. Ned declared he was the happiest of mortals. The company in general did not appear to labour under any depression of spirits, but seemed bent upon doing ample justice to the good things which, in the exuberance of his joy, he placed before them so plentifully. Ned was, in the eyes of his neighbours, a rich man; he had ten acres of land well tilled and well stocked, his rent was paid to the day, and it was reported that he had money in the bank; he remained a bachelor so long that half the girls of the parish gave him up in despair, when, suddenly he took a trip down the County Carlow, and, after a fortnight's absence, came back a Benedict. He was a round, dapper little fellow, with a roguish, laughter-loving black eye; in perfect keeping with the expression of dry humour perpetually flitting around the corners of his mouth. On this night, however, all was evidently not right; a vague shadow of uneasiness that crosses his face, occasionally, with a furtive glance at the door every now and then, showed that he apprehended some unwelcome visitation. Report stated that he was the most obedient of husbands, in other words, that he was dreadfully henpecked; his wife had the reputation of being a money-maker, or skin-flint, and it was even said that she kept the honest man upon short-commons occasionally. Hence his alarm, for, however improbable, still he dreaded lest she might pay him a visit every moment; when he had matters his own way he had determined "to do the thing dacent for wanse."

Nevertheless, not without some misgivings as to the result, when "the mistress" should come to hear of his extravagance; still he strove to conceal his nervousness, and, with the help of a few stiff dandies of Cassidy's best, partially succeeded.

But whatever anxiety honest Ned might feel, his guests seemed to be no way alarmed as to the consequences of his indiscretion. Never were people better disposed for enjoying themselves; as the glass circulated freely, the laugh, the joke, the quaint burst of humour, and the racy anecdote, showered merrily around. By-and-by, Matty Fahy's appearance with

the pipes was greeted uproariously, and the room was immediately cleared up for a dance. Light hearts and glorious strains ye were made for each other! Sure never did mortal piper play so sweetly! never did gay youths and sportive maidens foot it more deftly or more untiring! And, whilst the young, with nimble feet, thus kept time to Matty's soul-stirring music, the old, yielded themselves up to enjoyments more tranquil, but not less dear. Some looked on at the merry dance, now chiding now reproving, kindling now with the contagious spirit of the moment, and enthusiastically beating time to some old favourite air, while ever and again reverting back, with a sweet melancholy, to those long-past, well-remembered times, when, at evening's close, they too were summoned to like festivities by the same delightful strain. But the greater number thronged round the fire, gravely discussing the state of the weather, the last harvest, the stirring politics of the day, and a thousand other such topics. Gradually the conversation takes another turn. The loud hum of many voices is stilled, while all are bending forward in attitudes of eager attention, as they listen to some story or other that Jack Farrell—the greatest *shanahus* in all Slievemarigue—is telling. Subdued sounds of admiration and astonishment burst forth occasionally—at these times his voice assumes a deeper tone, and his gestures become more energetical.

Jack is a strange character. Originally a gardener, he is now a self-taught mason; and, in the various ramblings, incidental to his new vocation, has cultivated an extensive acquaintance with the old walls, and older traditions of the neighbourhood. He is profoundly skilled in prophecies, and, I believe, entertains no doubt as to the authenticity of them all. He knows as much about records as a college of heralds—it is even reported that he has all the tombstones in the parish by heart. As a proof of his skill in genealogies, he has published his own pedigree, in which, with what justice does not exactly appear, he claims descent from Patrick Sarsfield, the chivalrous Earl of Lucan, and from the O'Moores of Leix. In consequence, he has long since repudiated the vulgar name of Jack Farrell; and, at the time of the late census, was, by his own request, enrolled among the rest of her Majesty's subjects, under the name, style, and title of John Sarsfield Moore O'Ferrall. Nevertheless, I am sorry to state, that this claim of his, however well-founded, is as yet far from being generally acknowledged; while some evil-minded persons, irritated, I suppose, at the results of certain inquisitive propensities, which he occasionally manifests, have strangely perverted it into Sarch-field Farrell.

Now, before introducing him more closely to our readers, it may be as well to premise, that his accuracy as to dates or occurrences is not always unquestionable. His stories, generally indeed, have some foundation in fact; but so much of the marvellous has, in process of time, been mixed up with the reality, that it is now impossible to distinguish between them. Bearing this caution in mind, however, we may now safely return to the chimney-corner, where we left him flourishing away a little while ago.

He had just concluded, in his own felicitous way, what he was pleased to term a historical account of the causes which led to the erection of Cobler's Castle—a nondescript ruin near Stradbally, and was drinking in, with gratified ear, the long murmur of wonder and applause that greeted the peroration—when Larry Doolan exclaimed:

"Why thin, Misther Farrell! its yourself, long life to you, that has a power of fine stories, anyhow! An' talkin' iv these ould, anshient places now, did any iv yiz, boys, ever hear him tell about this one here above in Ballylebane? Lord presarve us! there's a dale iv spirits in it."

Jack shook his head slowly, as he replied: "I often hard th' ould man sayin', that, barrin' the rock ov Dunamase itself, there was no place in the whole counthry to aigual it in the regard iv the quare noises by night. Throth I have stories about that same, that id make the hair stan' on yer heads wid pure fright—stout as many iv yiz think yerselves."

"Lord save us and bless us!" ejaculated Larry, "its they that wor the terrible wicked set, I'm sure. I was often tould that there was athilly no ind to the dhrinkin' an' swearin', an' fox-huntin', an' ballyraggin' iv all soorts, that used to be there. Begor they must have been shockin' rich to hould it out so long."

"Rich," said Jack. "Faix you may say that, *alanna!* Arrah! did none of yiz ever hear how one iv em kem back from the wars in a grand coach, wid six grey horses, an' the world's ind of goold in the boot? Its he that was the rale divil, too! Nothin' a'most was too hot or heavy for him. Such atin' an' dhrinkin' never was seen as was in his time, an' he was able to use as much as tin himself. Begor he had the right soort iv an appetyite, an' no wondher ayther! Many's the mornin', whin he was out in the wars, an' afther fastin' for three or four days together, maybe, that he'd have to sit down to take his share iv an ould horse, an' be thankful to get that same. Throth I think the hunger iv thim times never left his breast, especially the hardships he wint through at the siege iv Jerusalem. That was the awfulest siege I ever hard tell iv. I believe it happened a couple iv year afther the big frost. Such thunderin' iv cannon, such murder, or such confusion, never was seen afore. He was shut up in the town, while the Frinch peppered away at the walls; but divil the much harm they wor able to do thim, they wor so desperate high an' sthrong! Sum say it was Boney himself that follied thim hot-foot from Agypt, bud I'm iv opinion that it happened long afore his time. Howsumever, Captain Hovenden was shut up inside, an' things soon began to run mighty short. Min, wimmin, an' childher wor famishin' wid hunger, till they wor ready to swally one another a'most. Ev'ry ateable thing was soon gone; an' at last, yiz might see more given for a rot or a mouse maybe, than id' buy a pair iv bullocks here. An' this was how the captain med the money. His company was posted in a great ould barrack iv a place, wid more undherground cellars, an' shores, an' hidin'-places, than wor in all the rest iv the town—an' the whole iv em wor swarmin' wid rots an' mice *galore*. So he set his thraps, an' inthired into the purvission thrade. As he sowld his marchandize a thrife undher the market price, he soon got wondherful call intirely. All the goold iv Jerusalem, an' the plate, an' the diamonds, wor powrin' in to him like hail, so that he was in a fair way of makin' his forthin all in a slap, whin the guvernor surrendhered, an' he was forced to go home wid his ridgemint.

"Well, my dears, he kem back in the greatest splindhur, as rich as a Jew, an' he held his head a high as any lord. Many said he was to be married to th' Earl of Ossory's daughter; an' so he would too, I believe, only she didn't fancy him much, bekase he was so yallow in the face afther all the varmin he e't at the siege.

The goold was mostly in great long bars, an' I'm tould he med no more of one iv thim nor ov it was a lump iv coal, so that yiz might see 'em lyin' about the castle in all directions. He lived on in great pomp—every one, high an' low, payin' their coort to him, in the hopes iv a thumpin' legacy, for he had nayther chick nor child iv his own. Bud faix, he was able enough for thim all. He knew well what they wor about, an' that it was his money, not himself, they liked; so he hid it about the place everywhere—down in the dhraw-well, an' undher the foundations, an' in every hole an' cranny he could think iv. Thin he run out one mornin' in his shirt, roarin' *millia murther*, an' cryin' that the whitefeet wor afther robbin' him of every pinny in the world. Begor there was a grate change in his frinds from that minit! He was invited to a grand dinner at Bambrick's iv Maidenhead for that very night, bud whin they hard what happened, they sint him word they wor sorry they couldn't have the pleasure iv his company—Mrs. Bambrick was so bad wid the toothache; an' they cut him dead at church nixt Sunday. A'most every one did the same; so he shut himself up in th' ould castle, an' tuck to atin' an' drinkin' tin times as hard as afore. No livin' man could stan' it long, an' he dhropped down in a fit one mornin' while he was swarin' at the sarvint boy for not havin' his glass ready whin he called for it—so the sayeret died wid himself. All the goold iv Jerusalem, an' all the plate, an' all the dimons, was hid no one knew where; an' no one, barrin' he dhremt about it, ever found a pinny to this day! There's not many, to tell the thruth, id like to go nigh the place afther nightfall; bud I know well that there's a dale iv it down in the draw-well still, for wasn't there a silver spoon found below in Ballynamurrongha well; an' every one iv yiz knows there's an undherground passage between 'em."

"Begor, Misther Farrell," said Larry Doolan, "you're right enough in that. Arrah, boys, look at uz sthrivin' here, in could an' hardship, an' lashions iv goold rottin' away down there, widout as much as one to look at it or pick it up! What's to hinder us uz from makin' it our own?"

"Tut, tut, Larry," replied old Jack Lawlor, "what's the use iv talkin' in that wild way? The never resave the penny iv it nayther you nor any one else 'ill ever handle while Daddy Jack has it undher his thumb. Its a shockin' place for sperrits, the Lord be praised!"

"Faix!" answered Larry, very stoutly, "I wouldn't fear man nor divil, ov I was sure iv the money, an' I think there's more iv uz so, too! What do you say, Misther Farrell?"

"I'm afeard, Larry, that its a bad job. Howsumever, there's no use in talkin', the goold *is* in it, an' so are the sperrits; bud I often hard it said, that whin nine or tin go together, they don't like to face thim—especially ov all go in stout, lettin' on not to care a *thraneen* about 'em."

"Well, boys, what 'ill yiz do?" said Larry. "There's enough in it for us all; and if yez wait till mornin', it 'll turn to slates upon us. So don't be fainthearted. Faix, I think, we've all so much iv Misther Murphy's good sperrits inside ov us—an' here's many happy days to himself an' the little one—that we needn't stan' in dhread iv any bad sperrits that may be outside. So sind round the glass, an' let us be off in God's name! Misther Farrell 'ill show huz where to sarch."

Although "Misther Farrell" did not seem to relish the proposal much, still, after privately rummaging the cupboard for some preservative against evil spirits, he

gave his consent. Larry's eloquence, or the dread of being esteemed cowards, induced nine or ten others to volunteer, and it was resolved to set out upon the expedition instantly, much to the consternation of old Jack Lawler, who looked upon them as doomed men.

The appearance of the night was certainly not calculated to renew their courage. It was pitchy dark—the rain was falling in torrents, while a bitter cold wind swept furiously along. Larry, however, who was beginning to get rather uproarious, declared this to be just the sort of a night that answered. "For, boys, you see," cried he, "its so mortal dark, that av there was a dozen ghosts right forninst us now, the nuver as much as one iv thim we'd be able to see!" Few seemed to coincide with him in this opinion, but appeared to be silently engaged in calculating the probabilities of Daddy Jack, or some other equally-dreaded "sperrit" being lurking on every bush on the way. A nearer approach to the castle did not tend to allay their fears. Many actually began to meditate on the possibility of effecting their retreat unobserved. Nevertheless, desperation kept them together, and all entered the old court-yard in silence.

Just then, a momentary gleam of moonlight revealed to them the figures of the twelve apostles, carved in stone, which the Hovendens, not for devotional purposes, it may be well presumed, had, at some remote period, built into the wall. This "Misther Ferrall" hailed as a propitious omen. They at once fell to work accordingly, and, under his directions, began to clear away the rubbish from a ruinous archway, leading, as he assured them, to the vaults. One of the company was set to watch, lest any "sperrit" should come on them unawares; and, as every one, under a great appearance of zeal, wished to be as much out of the way of all apparitions as possible. Such mutual objurgations as these might be heard on all sides:

"Purshune to you, Larry! do you mane to throw the wall o' top iv me?"—"Oh, *millia murther*, Tim Darcy, my leg's just bruck wid you!"—"Misther Farrell, will you see how this vagabone Collier has me just kilt!"

Nevertheless, the breach was at length reported practicable, and "Misther Farrell," not without some internal misgivings as to the preservative powers of the holy-water he had taken with him from Ned Murphy's, entered first, bearing a light in his hand. The aspect of the vault was not very inspiring. It was large and gloomy, with an indescribable feeling of dampness and mouldiness about it—unpleasantly suggestive of the presence of a couple of ghosts at the least. Slowly, therefore, and cautiously they followed, prepared to retreat upon the least noise. There was no gold, however, nor the appearance of any; and "Misther Farrell's" heart sunk within him as he reflected that the spoils of Jerusalem must have been hidden somewhere else. Suddenly, at the further end of the vault, he stumbles upon something. Heavens above! it is a bar—long and thick! and how clearly it rang upon the pavement just now!

Ah, gold! gold! let no one say he cares not for thee, until he has been tempted first! But a moment ago, and he vowed to share treasures untold with his companions—now he dreams only of appropriating this single bar. Mentally he estimates its value, as it lies before him—a thousand pounds at least—and resolves to live like a gentleman for the rest of his days. His own hurried glance alone marked it as yet. How shall he hide it from them for ever? A happy thought

strikes him. He lets the light fall, as if accidentally, and while he places the bar in his breast, shouts in an agonized voice—"Oh, Lord presarve us! here's Daddy Jack!"

The word was enough. With a yell of despair, that will long be remembered in Ballylebane, all rushed to the narrow entrance; battling, shrieking, and trampling one another down, like a very incarnation of terror, they forced their way out. Down the steep hill-side, bruised and bloody, they broke away; nor paused till each, at his own fireside, told in breathless haste, how "the sperrit" had chased him; how, as he fled fleetly than the wind, it was agony to feel its fiery breath, growing fiercer every moment, while he dared not look behind; until, at his own door, it vanished in the most approved manner, with a hideous howl, pale blue flames, and a strong sulphureous smell. Next morning a thousand additional terrors were discovered, the fame of Daddy Jack being wondrously increased thereby, until he was universally dreaded by the whole parish as the most formidable 'sperrit' of whose appearance there is any record in ancient or modern time.

To return to our friend, "Misther Farrell." Chuckling over the success of his stratagem, he bent his steps homeward, rejoicing; over the green fields of Coom-beg, and by the pleasant hedge-rows of Castletown, he sauntered along; what delightful visions occupy his soul! Poising the bar in his hand, he ponders whether it will be more advisable for him to purchase an estate or to invest it in the funds; filled with these pleasing cogitations he arrived at his own door. What can have occurred? why this house is positively smaller than when last he saw it, and he registers a vow to exchange his residence on the morrow. Rat-tat-tat-tat! was there ever such a dignified knock as his? did ever a born gentleman pace his drawing-room more gracefully, than John Sarsfield Moore O'Farrell walks up and down, in silent thoughtfulness, upon his cabin-floor? Old Rose can bear it no longer.

"For shame! you ould vagabone, what a time it is for you to be out drinkin' an' gallivantin', disturbin' me from my night's rest, and showin' sich example to the childher!"

"Rose," replied he, pompously, "you should larn to speak more grammatically—your accent is shockin' vulgar, an' I'm afeard that I must get the masher to tache you for a long time, afore I can bring you into any soort iv dacent society! why you'll make a holy show iv me afore the quality."

"Oh! you misfortunate ould man, its blinded wid the dhrink you are, or gone cracked entirely! Boys, will yiz get up, an' help me to put yer father to bed?"

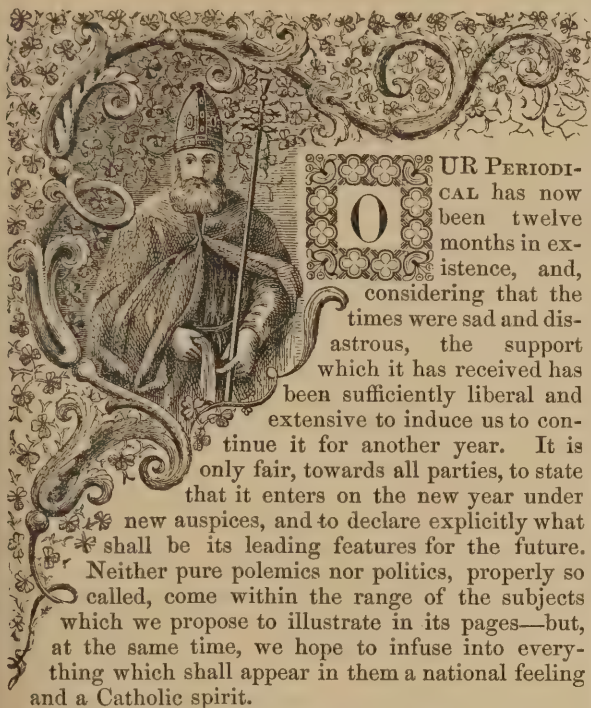
"Whisht woman! an' look at that. Light a rush, an' look at that bar iv goold—feel the weight iv that yer sowl—there's sumthin' to be talkin about!"

"A bar iv goold, *morriah*!" said Rose, as she took it in her hand, "didnt I know, you ould vagabone, that you wor blinded wid the dhrink—*musha*, look at what he calls a bar iv goold, a lump iv a rusty ould crowbar."

"Misther Farrell" got a lesson. He has not since alluded to the siege of Jerusalem, though he was heard to say "that the sperrit gave him a shockin' malavoguin' in the vault." Certain it is, that he appeared in public, next day, with his face in a woeful state of delapidation; but we leave it to our readers to determine whether old Rose or Daddy Jack knows the most about it.

Our First New Year's Day.

NEW MANAGEMENT AND NEW PROJECTS.



OUR PERIODICAL has now been twelve months in existence, and, considering that the times were sad and disastrous, the support which it has received has been sufficiently liberal and extensive to induce us to continue it for another year. It is only fair, towards all parties, to state that it enters on the new year under new auspices, and to declare explicitly what shall be its leading features for the future.

Neither pure polemics nor politics, properly so called, come within the range of the subjects which we propose to illustrate in its pages—but, at the same time, we hope to infuse into everything which shall appear in them a national feeling and a Catholic spirit.

There perhaps never existed so great a rage for tales and novels as at the present time; the numbers of them which issue from the press are beyond computation. We have announced, daily, English novels, French novels, German novels, illustrated novels, fashionable novels, and parlour novels, at all prices between three half guineas and three pence, for which we may read one in *Punch*, along with other interesting matters. If those novels were only the most miserable trash—as they are—if they were only stuffed with the most childish absurdities—which is the staple commodity of their composition—it would be a sad reflection to consider the number of those who cast away almost exclusively on such frivolities the precious time which is given them for the service of God and the benefit of their fellow-creatures. But when we remember that they are almost all filled with irreligion and immorality—and some of them even with downright Atheism, it becomes perfectly frightful to contemplate the effect which the universal circulation of this moral poison must produce on the minds of the rising generation, unless its influence be counteracted by some efficacious antidote. To effect this object by preventing the reading of works of fiction, might, considering the extent to which such writings have been abused, be perfectly legitimate, but it would also prove totally impracticable. The appetite of the mind is as rebellious as that of the body—neither can be satisfied without food, and both will use that which is agreeable to its taste, although it be unwholesome, rather than remain without it altogether. Perhaps we should speak more correctly if we said that the passion for novel-reading becomes like the passion for intoxicating liquors—an inordinate appetite, which will not be satisfied but by inebriation; and that the one is as ruinous to the mind as the other is to the

body. Our object, therefore, shall be to change the kind and to moderate the use of works of fiction. The former of these objects we hope to effect by presenting our readers with tales which they may read for their children, in their leisure moments, without meeting with anything which can shock their feelings of religion or of morality; and the latter, by supplying them with other reading, which we hope to make more instructive without being less interesting. Whether we shall succeed in rendering our pages attractive or not, is a matter which we must leave to the decision of time and to the judgment of others; but we can at least promise, that whatever shall appear in the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE shall be animated by the double spirit of love of country and love of religion.

The bye-paths of the history of every country lead to the regions of romance and of poetry. We must not imagine, however, that everything which is romantic is untrue, or that everything which is poetic is unreal. On the contrary, the legend and the song, when rightly understood, are often the most faithful interpreters of history, and have kept it alive in the minds of the people by the charms which they flung around it when it must else have utterly perished. The earliest history of nations has been transmitted in verse. Formerly each chieftain had his bard to record his exploits; and even when this practice ceased, the periods in the annals of each country which have witnessed the most mighty revolutions and the most startling events, have also teemed with song and with legend which have embodied, always, their most interesting and often their most authentic story. They transmit to succeeding generations not only facts but feelings, not only what people did but what they thought, in past ages. There is, most fortunately, no country richer in lore of this kind than Ireland during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Every glen, and hill, and mountain—every ivy-clad ruin of church and cloister, and chapel, has its wild but true legend—whilst the sufferings and the piety, the grief and the heroism of the people are expressed in the burning ballad for which the author often paid the penalty of his life and obtained the crown of martyrdom. We purpose to embody the legends—or as many of them as we can collect—in a series of tales, and to translate the songs from time to time, so as to render our countrymen familiar with the feelings, the sufferings, and the virtues of their ancestors during the most sad and eventful periods of our history. For these purposes we have collected a large number of legends and of songs which exist, for the most part, only in the memories of the people, or in some rare Irish manuscripts; and, we need hardly say, that if any of our readers can increase our store, their contributions, particularly in matters of this kind, shall be received with especial gratitude. They are of the utmost value for the illustration of that most neglected but most thrilling period of our history—during which, although we were robbed of everything else, we kept the faith in spite of the most bloody persecutions—and many of them must be irretrievably lost if they be not speedily collected and committed to writing.

We shall not, however, confine our labours to the legends and to the ballads connected with the history of Ireland. We hope to be able to enrich the pages of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE with rare and authentic documents, which either have not been published, or, at all events, are not generally known. In this particular department a vast deal has been done within the

last few years by societies and individuals. But much still remains to be accomplished, and we shall co-operate with those who have already engaged in this great and glorious undertaking to the best of our humble abilities. Our country was, from the beginning of the sixth to the twelfth century, the school of Europe. Almost all the larger monasteries had seminaries attached to them, where not only sacred learning, but the arts and sciences, and the other branches of secular learning were taught, and the kings and bishops of the most enlightened countries in the world thought themselves happy if they could obtain an Irish Monk to instruct themselves and their people. This may appear to be an extravagant assertion, and we shall, therefore, have occasion presently to prove that it is literally true. The character of the Irish scholars who went abroad at once establishes the celebrity of our native schools, in which they were taught, on the testimony of all Europe. What appears most extraordinary is, that the Irish schools and scholars retained their fame during the eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries—a period which was characterised by almost incessant domestic wars and by the plunderings of the Danes. The Irish princes, indeed, generally respected the abodes of religion and of learning, and even amid the desolation and fury of war, the peaceful virtues found an asylum in the solitude of the cloister. But the religious houses, and, amongst others, the celebrated monastery of Bangor, were ruthlessly destroyed by the Pagan Danes; yet the virtues and the learning which continued to flourish among the Clergy, in spite of all these obstacles, and which ultimately converted the Danes to Christianity, casts a redeeming glory over this portion of our history. Surely, therefore, any document which can throw additional light upon the history of our monasteries and their schools, and can enable us to see the nature and the extent of the learning which was taught in them, must be interesting to every true-hearted Irishman. Yet, writers of Irish history are, for the most part, so entirely taken up with wars and feuds, that they have scarcely found space to do more than mention the names of those schools whose genuine story would, at least, have relieved the dark picture which the annals of our country, during this period, usually presents to the reader. The glory, however, of the Irish schools is now beginning to be fully appreciated, and a great deal of valuable matter has been published in connexion with this subject within the last few years, of which we shall not fail, ere long, to avail ourselves.

Those Irish schools, as we have already intimated, were the seminaries which sent forth, for many centuries, the apostles and instructors of all Europe. As this assertion has been often disputed, and sometimes ridiculed, we shall bring forward one or two of the innumerable testimonies which we might produce in favour of it. There is scarcely a country in Europe on whose calendar you will not find the names of Irish men amongst its sainted benefactors—nor is there a nation through whose valleys or over whose mountains you can travel without meeting with monasteries or their ruins, or, at least, their memories, which were founded by Irishmen, and which were regarded for centuries as its chief abodes of piety and of learning. Our countrymen had made the name of Irishman as illustrious in the school and in the cloister during the middle ages as they rendered it, in later times, terrible and renowned on the bloodiest battle-fields of Europe; but the peaceful triumphs of the children

of St. Patrick are as little known at home as they are universally acknowledged and appreciated in foreign countries. The Abbey of Fulda, in Hesse, which was founded by St. Boniface, a little before the middle of the eighth century, was the most renowned of all the abbeys in Germany. Its abbot was a prince of the empire—its members were required to be of noble birth, and it was subject to the jurisdiction of no one but the Roman Pontiff himself. Yet when it was in the zenith of its glory, its abbots desired nothing so much as to get some Irish Columbian monks, as examples of holiness and as teachers of piety and learning within its walls. "When," writes Christopher Braver, of Richard, Abbot of Fulda (apud Bollandistas, 9 Juni, in vita B. Mariani), "he knew that certain strange monks, who had come to Germany, were Irish Benedictines, he endeavoured, in order to banish sloth from the minds of his people, and to inflame them by examples of virtue, to bring many of these Scottish monks to Fulda, in order that, by their earnest application to holiness of life and to learning, he might revive the ancient piety and erudition of his monastery."* . . . "Even the very abbesses," say the Bollandists (ubi supra), writing of the eleventh century, "gave them (the Irish monks) cells and monasteries, that, by their learning and example, they and their people might be instructed in piety. For these purposes many monasteries were built in various places by the Irish.†" They then enumerate some of them, and quote the exhortations of bishops and the diplomas of kings, addressed to Irish monks for the purpose of inducing them to remain amongst their people, as mirrors of piety and masters of all kinds of learning. The celebrated Gretser, who was one of the most learned writers of the sixteenth century, says (lib. 1, observationum de SS. est etten-sibus, cap. 19, apud Bolland. 9, Junii), that "the reason why monasteries were built for the Irish in various places, was the gratitude of the Germans towards their benefactors."‡ Aventinus had written thus (lib. 6, Annalium Boiorum) in the previous century—"Ireland is an island, which is situated in the ocean, to the north of Britain. . . . That Ireland, of which I speak, has been the prolific parent of most religious and most learned sages amongst our ancestors. Thence Columbanus, Kilianus, and most others, migrated into Germany. They are now called Scots. Thence came the divine Marianus with his disciples. . . . By their obedience to the most strict religious discipline, by their arduous observance of chastity—by writing and by teaching, they acquired for themselves the greatest glory. They were a great and conspicuous example of piety, not only to the Boii but also to the neighbouring nations. They pleased all persons, and all, with one accord, predicted all good things of them."§

* Qui cum advenas trans mare monachos S. Benedicti nosset insigni perfectionis vitæ studio ac severitate disciplinæ, ex Scotia (Hibernia) migrasse in Germaniam, dedit operam, ut ad excutiendum suorum torporem et accendendum exemplo virtutum, complures Scotiæ gentis monachos Fuldam accerseret, horumque accuratis vitæ doctrinæque studiis veterem pietatem ac eruditionem apud suos excitaret.

† Ipsæ adeo Abbatissæ cellas iis et monasteria tradebantur eorum doctrina et exemplis ad pietatem cum suis erudirentur. Multa hac ratione edificata a Scotis per varia loca cænobia sunt.

‡ Causa cur variis in locis Germaniæ Scotis Monasteria extructa sunt, alia non est quam gratitudo Germanorum erga bene de se meritos : quia enim ex Hibernia quæ antiqua Scotia appellabatur, &c.

§ Hibernia est insula quæ ultra Britanniam in oceano septen-

Such is the estimation, for learning and piety, in which foreign nations held the Irish missionaries during the middle ages. We could produce innumerable testimonies concerning the labours of Aidan in England, of Fiacre and Fursey in France, of Columbanus in Italy and elsewhere, and of innumerable others who were regarded as the chief lights of their age. Nor did they degenerate in later times; for one of the masters of St. Thomas Aquinas was an Irishman, and John Duns Scotus, to whom we hope shortly to establish our claim, was able to rival the fame of that most illustrious saint, and to share with him the empire of the schools. The early celebrity which our country had acquired for piety and learning, on the Continent, was ably sustained during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We are anxious to claim these illustrious exiles, who are allied to us by blood and by affection, and to introduce them to their countrymen, to whom they have so long remained strangers. This is almost a virgin field, which we cannot hope, unaided, to cultivate properly. But we expect to direct the enquiries of our countrymen to this subject, which must be most interesting to them as Christians and as Irishmen.

We shall shortly return to this matter, and show how affectionately these illustrious men remembered, and how devotedly they loved, their native land, no matter how long they had been exiled from its shores. But we shall not allow this, or any other subject, to monopolize the pages of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE. On the contrary, we hope to render its matter varied and interesting. Every new publication of merit, and more especially if connected with Ireland, shall receive an early notice. Literature and the Fine Arts shall not be neglected; and thus we hope to fulfil the old precept—of mixing the gay with the grave, and the sweet with the useful. If we shall effect this, we shall have done something for the interests of our dear native land; and if we fail, we can apply to ourselves what was said of no less a person than Phæton, when he fell from the sun's chariot—

Hic situs est Phæton currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ansis.
Metam., l. 2, v. 327.

PAPERS ABOUT

Irish Missions and Missionaries.

NO. I.

"*Quid memorem Hiberniam,*" cries Eric of Auxerre, ten centuries ago, while contemplating the numbers and enthusiasm of the Irish missionaries, "*contempto pelagi discrimine pene tota cum grege philosophorum ad littora nostra migrantem?*" The same destiny seems still to belong to Ireland. Change the marshes of Germany for the bush of New Holland; the Rhine and the Danube for the Ohio and the Mississippi; change the hills and plains of France, Switzerland, and Britain for those of India, Australia, and America, and many lands will echo in 1848 the language of

trionali cubat . . . ea de qua loquor Hibernia apud majores nostros fecunda religiosissimorum doctissimorumque vatam fuit. Inde Columbanus, Chilianus, et plerique alii in Germaniam migrarunt. Scotos nunc unneupant. Inde dives Marianus cum sex condiscipulis . . . Difficilioris religionis obsequio, castimoniarum observantia satis ardua, scribendo, docendo, maximam sibi gloriam conquirunt. Spectatum satis magnum exemplar pietatis non solum Boiis sed et finitimis erant. Omnibus placebant, uno ore omnes omnia bona de ipsis dicebant.

France a thousand years since—"What shall we say of Ireland, that, contemning the dangers of the deep, comes hither with nearly a whole train of teachers?"

And, truly, there is something gratifying and mysterious in this segregation of Ireland "for the work of the ministry." As soon as we became followers of the faith we became its apostles. We received it without opposition, and preached it at every sacrifice. Proud of the security in which we enshrined it at home, we went forth into the wide world to develop its beauties and to gather votaries around its shrines. The country and hope of our fathers seems to have been, where the cross could be reared and a soul snatched from error. We need not refer to the inflexible Columbanus, who closed his wonderful life among the Appenines; the patron of Franconia, who died at the altar's feet; Livian, whose prophetic spirit sang the funeral dirge of his own martyrdom; Caidoc, Fiacre, Furza, and the countless others whose scholarship was the glory of the continental schools, while their virtues were a light in the sanctuary. There seems, in the number and devotedness, and, indeed, in the capacities of the men, compared with the time, that especial destination which the missionaries of our own times so characteristically perpetuate.

Here may be traced, at least, one fortunate result of the connexion between England and this country.—The great apostacy of the sixteenth century snatched from the empire of truth everything west of the Alps unless the soul of Ireland. Naturally, error endeavoured to make its victims become agents; and the power, riches, and influence of Britain were exercised to enlarge the domain of heresy. New lands were acquired, new peoples were subjugated. Millions of human souls were exposed to the indoctrinations of falsehood—the germs of new nations were about to be planted with the poison of error at their stems. Had Ireland not been a nominal sharer in the political advancements of her mistress, it is probable, humanly speaking, that heresy would have succeeded. Nay, had she not shared her fortunes, her language, and alas! necessarily, her excesses, the scene of action would have been entirely abandoned to the inheritors of Henry's passion and injustice. But, as it was, we have reason to thank God, Ireland has been pursuing her ancient vocation. Wherever Anglican arms conquered a kingdom, or Anglican policy won one, Irish faith ever stood by. When the battle had passed, and ambition called in false religion to guard the supremacy of the victor, the "children of the saints" proclaimed a new warfare. The forces of truth and immortal mind arranged themselves for a fresh conflict. And unto this day, by the rivers of India, and the woods and lakes of America, in the wilds of Australia, and at the Chinese wall, this battle is still being fought; and through them all, the might of Ireland's confessors is victorious. Looking at eternity, is there not much in this good to countervail the endurance of centuries, and light to read the characters of the Almighty's dispensations to this land?

Our dependence upon England—our poverty, numbers, and the laws which govern us, all tend to the "propagation of the Faith." Were property more equally distributed, or were its rights more wisely regulated and protected—were the laws everything that patriotic intelligence and unselfish legislation could wish them—it is said that many additional millions could live on the green hills and fertile plains of Ireland—we need hardly say that Irishmen *would* live

on them too. We have met Irishmen, and men of every other country, in lands to which all were strangers, but we rarely knew any man's heart continue a stranger, unless he were a fellow-countryman. All the Irishman's thoughts turned homeward—all his hopes had treasured up their crown at home—at home beyond the sea. Where, then, would be the churches which the Irish people are raising through the overgrown empire of Great Britain—from the Himalah to the sea—from Hudson to Florida? Where would be the great Catholic nations which they are raising up? The Irish habits preach—the Irish morals preach—Irish affection, fidelity, justice, all the virtues of our people's character preach. We have attested facts of hundreds whose conversion to truth was occasioned by the example of the simple maiden who wrought at their side, or the honest labourer to whom they paid a dollar for hire. One of the greatest living philosophers, and the very greatest in America, Brownson, once the inventor of a new religion, recently the humble disciple of the old one, says, on this subject:

We, as a people, owe much to Ireland. She has given us a large portion of our population, many of our best citizens, of the firmest, bravest, and most enlightened friends and defenders of our republican institutions. She has, also, done more; *she has contributed more than any other one nation to introduce and build up among us the Catholic Church. For this, as little as the mass of our countrymen may esteem it, we owe her an immense debt of gratitude—greater than we shall ever be able to pay; for to the existence and prevalence of the Catholic Church among us shall we be ultimately indebted for the preservation of our free institutions, and their success in working out the happiness of the people.—Brownson's Review.*

We have frequently thought that a sufficiency has not been done to commemorate the labours and to illustrate the character of our great missionaries. Some have risen above the whole earth, and compelled men to behold them by the glorious light they have emitted and the powerful influence which they wielded.—Others, like the celebrated saint of Ponthieu, have moved along, haloed by the affections of millions of strangers, but unheeded or forgotten by their country, until they closed their eyes in the sleep of faith. And very many able, saintly, nay, wonderful men, have gone down to their obscure graves, the memory of one generation or two being all that could add a word to the inscription on their head-stone. This should not be. Our brethren on the missions owe it to the solitudes—the interests—the religion—the affections of home, that Ireland shall know everything of the "Irish Missions and Missionaries;" and our PERIODICAL will feel it a grateful duty to distribute information for which we know the public mind is peculiarly anxious. Fortunately, accidental circumstances, have already placed a considerable share at our disposal. We shall introduce it, as opportunity may serve, to render it useful; and we are much surprised if it shall not tend to nurture that missionary spirit which so strikingly distinguishes our people, as well as console those aged, and sometimes sorrowing friends, who found even the high calling of those whom they loved, almost insufficient to soothe the pang of separation.

It is true we cannot pretend to write about every Irish missionary, nor every Irish mission—for this, among many reasons, that such a thing would be quite impossible. But the great characteristics of the missions, and, as frequently as practicable, the leading characters among the missionaries might, we are assured, afford valuable and edifying information.

It is quite inconceivable to those "at home" how

thoroughly Catholicity and Ireland are identified, in the minds of strangers, on many of our "foreign missions." We have always viewed the supposed identification as a great compliment; though sometimes, we will confess, the mode of enunciating it was not the most satisfactory to our vanity. We remember, on one occasion, an honourable lady, who lived in a locality to which an influx of labourers was necessary and continuous, and who, therefore, was familiar with straw hats, bright blue eyes, knee-breeches, and shirt sleeves. The lady met a missionary friend of ours. She seemed very thoughtful.

"Pray, Sir," cried she, after a while, "pray, Sir, are all Roman Catholics poor—and labourers?"

"Madam?" said our friend.

"Pray, Sir, are all Catholics men with bad clothes?"

"Oh fie," said her husband, who just came up, "have you not read the geography of Italy?"

The lady blushed and departed. The gentleman—and he was a true one—apologized.

We were much more self-complacent at the instance which came to our knowledge, in which a Yorkshireman, being badgered by a fellow-countryman, because, on his death-bed, he had sent for a priest, said he did so because he was d—— but *héd die an Irishman!*

In speaking of the Missions, we reasonably first direct our attention to that of America. Infinite in variety, absorbingly interesting, indefinite in its demand for the enthusiastic charity of Ireland, and encircling in its giant arms so many a hearty son of our soil—America must be beyond all competition the most worthy of deep attention. It is already the native soil of some generations of Irish by descent; and the aspiration of many a thousand hearts is, to be making pilgrimage, with its majestic rivers, into the beautiful world of its wilderness. No wonder, in truth, for it is only duty or necessity, now-a-days, binds men to our hapless country.

Yet our people should pause, and weigh well, before they leave home, both their hopes and their means of realising them. No man should seek that universe without defined ends. In better times, we have known stout labour, and some intelligence, sent back to Ireland by public charity. Time was first misspent—then were lost the means and energy which would have made it valuable—then nothing remained but a poor-house or Ireland—perhaps we should say, an Irish poor-house.

It is hard to condemn that which, very often, arises from the intensely religious feeling with which the poor Irishman grows. His means of subsistence are jeopardised at the very beginning; and we have known his hard savings sacrificed at the end of an enduring career, because he would not and could not efface the impressions which his early education had made. He will not leave the cities, because he cannot have his mass and his instruction for the country. He will abandon the fruits of countless toils and long years, in the rural districts, because he fears sickness, and he has no security that he shall have a Minister of Religion by his bedside. The indifferentist or the sectarian has the first place, in the race of competition, in the interior. Either will become the easy purchaser of the poor Catholic's hardly-attained property, when age and anxiety begin to oppress his soul. In the first case, he will remain in the large towns until labour becomes depreciated by the accession of members. In the second, having sold his little farm, he will expend every thing in some business of which he knows little, and

into which the avarice of others inveigles him for his ruin. In both cases he is generally pauperised; and, with bending body but resigned soul, going along the streets, the creatures who cannot value and will oppress him, sneer at "*these wretched Irish!*" We speak no imaginary story—no picture is painted to adorn a page; we *know* the things which we state to be facts of continued occurrence, and have often almost wept at the self-immolation and glorious faith which they manifested. The noblest charity and philanthropy—if they be distinguishable—are those which send to the exiled people of Ireland the security which will give activity to the emigrants at their landing—permanency to them on their location—and the fortune and virtue of sober and persevering industry. It is hard to require—is it religious?—that a Christian being, holding the necessity of regeneration and the efficacy of the other sacraments, should sink himself into a wilderness and allow his children to grow up around him unbaptized—uninstructed—the creatures of passion and the victims of intercourse which he cannot suspend.

We may add, that the revenues of Protestantism in our colonies—and of the colonies we now principally speak—enable small congregations to accommodate themselves with churches and missionaries. The poor emigrant is thus placed in a frightful contrast with all who surround him; his scruples are not comprehended, because they are never felt by the sectarians—he is judged to be a barbarian, and his children have to bear the laugh and jeer of their equals in years and position. Time rolls on, the outlines of faith, deep in the old people, are, perhaps, shadowy in the young; many sad fathers have lived to see their children blaspheme the creed which embraced them at their birth and which poured its benisons upon their cradles.

Is it wonderful that the emigrant flies everything—even into the arms of death, to save himself and his progeny from this desolation?

We hope and pray that Heaven and the Irish people may make the Missionary College of ALL HALLOWS prosper. It is the hope of many a warm heart.*

* We feel a deep gratification in publishing the following extract, so honorable to the Archbishop of Australia, to ALL HALLOWS, and to Ireland. The letter is from an Australian Missionary, who, this time twelve months, left the Missionary College for the purpose of devoting himself to the good of man, in "the work to which he was assumed." Of course we shall hereafter refer extensively to this mission, and to the valuable communication from which we quote. The letter is dated 10th of May, 1847.

"Often, since I came, did I see fourteen or fifteen priests here for days together. The good old times, when the bishop's house used to be the "hospitum," are still kept up among the Benedictines. No matter from what part of the diocese a priest comes to Sydney, Dr. Polding's house is his inn, night and day, while he remains. There are now under Dr. Polding's own immediate jurisdiction (not including any of the suffragan clergy), thirty-six priests. Of these, one is a Scotchman, one a German, one a Belgian, one a Frenchman, three Englishmen, and, shall I mention it—O yes, for I am proud of it—TWENTY-NINE IRISHMEN. O glorious Ireland! O faithful Ireland! How have you cherished amongst all the nations of the earth the faith of St. Patrick?—the faith once delivered to the saints! How you may exclaim:

Quæ regis in terris nostri non plena laboris.

Yes, for I am sure that your missionaries are not only to be found in every missionary country on the face of the globe, but that they everywhere bear almost the same proportion to those of other countries which they do in Australia. Can not I count the companions of my own studies—all of us the *alumni* of an INSTITUTION, not yet five years in existence, spread over the five divisions of the globe? Yes, they are to be found in America—from Demerara to Nova Scotia; they are in Europe and Africa—from Scotland to the Cape of Good Hope; in Asia—from Madras to Calcutta; throughout the burning plains of India, and to the far-distant Australia. Often

While on this part of the subject, we may say, that there is a portion of missionary duty, not frequent, to be sure, but terribly destroying, which would be worthy the attention of our venerated Priesthood.

The most awful revealings of human woe that this earth can make, are on board emigrant vessels stricken with fever. It sometimes may happen that a few are spared. The charity of the healthful may then lessen the horrors of the dark plague. But, when, as often happens, *every human being on board*, unless a sailor and perhaps one or two officers, are lying down, imagination cannot picture—memory recoils from the frightful reality. Look along the hold of a large vessel. On the bare boards by dozens—on old boxes—in hammocks—coiled up in corners, surrounded by rotten beds—age, sex, and condition promiscuously huddled together—suffocating for want of air—mad with fever thirst—shrieking—cursing—singing in wild glee—their eyes glaring in a stray ray of the light—and their moans issuing forth from the darkness. Oh, such an hour to meet them! such an hour for a priest to prepare them!—and for them to die!—The parish clergymen who would warn their flocks to prepare before their departure, would perform a work of great merit, because of deep charity.

We knew a case once. The ship had been dismasted, and put into harbour for repair. The clergyman, a missionary, was called from the altar, immediately after last mass, about one o'clock. 'Twas a hot, July day—life and health were feverish. The clergyman went about a mile to the place at which the wrecked vessel lay. She was silent. No strangers' curiosity led them to enquire her destination or her fortune. Her story was told in the confusion and filth of her deck, in her broken masts and torn sheets, and in the groans from below. The clergyman ascended her side—entered her dark hold: spare us—they swung by his head—they crowded round his feet—he saw little, but what he did see was ghastly—shocking. Women, children, men, sailors, all were moaning with pain.

A poor fellow was just at the foot of the ladder; he wore half-boots, a jacket, light trowsers; his bed was the bare bottom of the ship. No matter for the story, a thousand times told. The man had finished his confession—the "amen" of the concluding prayer was just falling from the lips of the priest—"Hullo! tally, tally—ho! ho!" shrieked the victim. He had gone mad. God have mercy on him: he died, we believe, before the confessor left the ship. Next came mothers and young girls—they missed home and kind words, and kind looks, and gentle voices. Many a tear, hotter than the fever-cheek, flowed down, as they recalled the quiet country chapel, and thought of the priest whose stole they last had seen. One young girl

wrote to me, Rev. Dear Sir, and let me know every particular about ALL HALLOWS. It is a glorious Institution—it will ever be dear to memory, not only on account of my own success therein, but on account of advantages which it pours upon religion in general. I judge from the testimony of persons who studied in France, in Rome, in America, and other places, that there is not in the world an institution more eminently calculated to promote the interest of the foreign mission. I repeat it; let any person, after mature consideration, after deep reflection on its benefits, and on all the directions through which they flow, and will flow for ever (for I trust its missionaries will "bring forth fruit that will remain"), point out another institution capable of doing more good than ALL HALLOWS, or even did so much in so short a time. I know from my own experience, that nowhere could there be more laborious teaching, more regular, diligent, and patient study; nowhere could superiors be more attentive to the interests of students, when with them, nor follow them with kindlier wishes when they leave them."

was quite alone—she made her peace, and lies in a stranger's grave. There were one or two sailor-boys—runaways—they had made parents weep; but even stern moralists would drop a tear at the soft hearts of the despairing penitents. How deep the love of the mother sinks—any name the young fellows could hear pronounced but "*mother*." That was lost in their sobbings. We hope that, after the frightful scenes in Canada, and the utter hopelessness of a fitting preparation, in the circumstances to which such scenes give occasion, that emigrants will never leave this country *unprepared for the worst results of a voyage to America*.

Take them all in all, we believe the best Catholics in our North American Colonies to be the Indians. We use the term of comparison, of course, principally to express their great fidelity to the ritual, and their scrupulous observance of the law "*de communione cum Hæreticis*." They are a most surprising race. No quantity of acquaintance with them can lessen your admiration of their quiet dignity, their unassailable solemnity, and their self-possessed conviction that they are in every thing quite "*sartin*." An Indian woman will carry her Papouse (infant) two hundred miles, and walk every inch of the road, in order to have her offspring baptized; and we have little doubt that she would travel—or any Indian—six or seven miles to the holy sacrifice, sooner than expose herself to the violation of the first precept of the church. It is melancholy that the early Missionaries of the North American Indians—at least many of them—have escaped the watchfulness of history. Their names would be a treasure in the heart of faith; for wonderful men they must have been to mould so thoroughly the moral being of the savage.

Few of our missionaries now understand the languages of the tribes. The Indians themselves are, we really think, too proud ever to learn the language of their conquerors. They must be preserved to religion by the agency of their own exquisite bird-like mode of communication. We hope sincerely that an effort will be made by the clergy now growing up, to emulate those "*mighty men of old*," "*whose memory is in benediction*," and who have absolutely trodden down impossibilities in their progress to the ends of their profession.

If the reader wishes to hear the Gregorian chant in perfection, he must seek and hear an Indian choir. Journey along to an Indian camp—you will find it near some calm lake, that reflects the forms of a thousand lordly trees—generally on some rising ground, or rising grounds, and picturesquely looking down upon the waters, or closing a long vista from the public way, you will espy the wigwams. If it be Sunday, come about eleven o'clock—the Indian is true to the time when his "*Fader*" said Mass in the camp, "*long time ago*." And now listen! Hear the "*Asperges*!" Have you ever heard anything like that single treble? How delicious! Mark how the others fall in—one, a second, a third, a fourth, all! Listen to that swell—growing—rising—filling everything up to heaven's gate! Is it not glorious? And now mark how they fall away. Hush! was there ever such a—what do you call the Italian term? No—the Italians have no term for such a thing—that is the old, sublime Gregorian chant.

We shall, in a future paper, enter more largely into the Indian character, religious and social. We feel, that for an introductory article, we have said quite suf-

ficient for ourselves—perhaps a little more than enough for our readers.

Let us close by the following—rather a strange scene which illustrates itself—

A landed proprietor complained to a clergyman, a friend of ours, that the Indians tore the bark off his young trees—a thing which was useless to them, and highly injurious to his property. The clergyman accompanied him to the ground, where, sure enough, an old Indian and a young scoundrel were working might and main, hacking, stripping, and ruining. Each had a tomahawk, the old man had a rifle.

"In the name of heaven," said the proprietor, "why destroy my trees? Look at that young —. I say, Thomas, why does your boy cut off this bark?"

"I s'pose your boy 'muse himself. Well, my boy 'muse himself."

"But that is my property."

"No—God made 'm tree for Indian boy as well as your'n."

"Fellow, I bought that tree."

"God no' sell you?"

"Government sold me the tree, you Indian scamp; you rascal."

"Government can no sell you Indian's tree," replied the imperturbable Thomas.

The Indian cocked his gun very, very calmly. The proprietor started and looked at the clergyman.

"Oh, Tom!" said the priest, "you do an injury to this man. You do yourself no good. The law, which protects Indian—which Indian is bound to obey—gives this man the land. You are wrong, Tom; the bark should not be touched."

"Very well, fader," replied the man of the woods; and he walked away, accompanied by his boy.

And here we close for the present.

The Protector.

[By M. D'AUBIGNE. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, 1847.]

It rarely happens that we rise from the perusal of the works of an intelligent foreigner, on the affairs of our own country, without having some of our ideas remodelled, and familiar facts placed in a novel light. Unbiased by national prejudices, he states facts as he finds them; and though his blunders may amuse, he is always read with fruit, if he has not borrowed from others, but has made personal acquaintance with the original authorities or the facts themselves. Such was the work of M. Beaumont on Ireland, such is *not* the work of Monsieur Merle D'Aubigne, unless we believe that Cromwell was the greatest benefactor that heaven ever sent to our shores.

"Cromwell," saith our author, "was familiar with that beautiful passage of Scripture: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' What are his directions to his son for that unhappy Ireland, where the most obstinate enemies of the commonwealth still existed?—*Patience, moderation, and love*, even towards those who entertain the contrary sentiments against him. Such is the law he imposes on his representative. No hatred, no revenge! On the contrary, let him strive to win their hearts. Since the time when Christianity first announced these great principles to the world, the governments of the earth have rarely been found to put them in practice as the Protector did."—p. 243.

M. D'Aubigne has received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in two worlds: from the University of Berlin, and the College of Princetown, United States; but if his acquaintance with Irish affairs were equal to his theological knowledge of the sin of blasphemy, he

would not have hazarded an eulogy on Cromwell's practice of the "great principles of Christianity" in Ireland. The security of the rights of property, and of the rights of innocence hold a high place among the "great principles of Christianity;" you will search for them in vain in Cromwell's act of settlement, which in one line declares all Irish Catholics guilty who were worth more than £10. All Catholics possessed of more than £10 were condemned to forfeit one-third of their estates, and to be transplanted to Connaught, though they had taken no part whatever in any of the wars from 1641 to 1650. The act, correctly copied from the original, by Dr. Lingard, is found in the appendix to his history, vol. x.

"That all and every person and persons of the Popish religion who have resided in Ireland at any time from Oct. 1st, 1641, to March 1st, 1650, and have not manifested their constant good affection to the interest of the commonwealth of England, shall forfeit one third part of their estates in Ireland, to be disposed of for the use, benefit, and advantage of the said commonwealth; and the other two third-parts of their respective estates or lands, to the proportion or value thereof, to be assigned in such place in Ireland as the parliament shall think fit."

This was the sentence against those who had taken no part, at any time, against the commonwealth of England.

And what was their number? On the unexceptionable authority of Sir William Petty, it appears that "The number of landed Irish Papists, or freeholders before the wars, was about 3,000; whereof, as appears by 800 judgments of the court of claims, which sat in 1663, there were not above a seventh part, or 400, guilty of the rebellion."—*Pol. Anat.* p. 316. Thus 2,600 innocent men were robbed of one-third of their property, and driven from their fathers' homes by Cromwell's "great principle of Christianity." Happy for Irish landlords that Merle D'Aubigne is not prime minister of England. One-third of their estates could be at once justly applied for the good of this poor commonwealth of Ireland.

M. D'Aubigne, however, has made a very great discovery, that this transplantation of innocent men was no great evil, as Connaught was at that time a blooming paradise. No Catholic, it is true, dare go within a mile of the Shannon, or the sea, or into any garrison or town, but the interior of the province more than supplied all their wants and luxuries!

"Historians," he says, "even those most opposed to Cromwell, acknowledge that no statesman ever did so much as he for the good of the poor country. Public order and security, such as had not been known for many years, revived. The province of Connaught, then a vast, desert district, was soon changed into a fruitful country, and the rest of Ireland was everywhere cultivated with activity and confidence. In the space of little more than ten years the whole kingdom was covered with elegant and useful buildings, fine plantations, and new enclosures. Peace, ease, and industry had returned to that unhappy land. Clarendon, and M. Villemain, after him, cannot conceal their astonishment at it, and there is no impropriety in applying the rule of Scripture to Cromwell's conquest of Ireland—the tree is known by its fruits."

Be it so; let the tree be known by its fruit, though it is difficult to enter seriously on a refutation of this poetry. The value of land is not a bad index of national confidence and prosperity. Under the strong and happy government of Cromwell the price of land and all fixed property should have risen enormously, but what are the facts, founded on the evidence of one who had shared Cromwell's fortunes, and must have been best qualified to appreciate its profitable results!

"In the year 1653," says Sir William Petty—that is when Cromwell ruled supreme in Ireland—"debentures were freely and openly sold for 4s. and 5s. per lb; and 20s. of debenture, one place with another, did purchase ten acres of land; at which rate all the land of Ireland, if it were eight millions of profitable acres, might have been had for one million of money, which in 1641 was worth about eight millions."—*Pol. Anat.*, p. 314.

The houses of Ireland in 1641 were worth two millions and a-half, but in 1652 not worth a fifth of the same—p. 315.

The adventurers after being ten years out of their principal money, sold their debentures for under 10s. per pound, in 1652, in open and free market.

But perhaps a new spirit came over the adventurers, enabling them in ten short years to raise Ireland beyond what she had ever been. Alas! figures once more dispel the delusion. In 1676, Sir William Petty computes the value of all the lands in Ireland at £9,000,000; the houses of Ireland at £2,500,000—p. 378. That is, it required seventeen years' peace after Cromwell's death, to raise houses and lands in Ireland to the value they had in 1641.

Such being the case over all Ireland, what are we to think of D'Aubigne's picture of Connaught two short years after the conquest? The transplanted Irish were compelled to support seventy garrisons in that province alone; they had not one good house, nor money to build it. "The province was well stored with trees in most parts, and with great woods and forests in Mayo and Sligo."—*Boate*, p. 68. But these plantations existed before Cromwell set his foot in Ireland.

There is another vulgar element of national prosperity, though unfortunately never regarded by the rulers of Ireland—namely, the comfort of the great mass of the inhabitants. The population of Ireland in 1672 was 1,100,000; of whom 800,000 were Irish Papists, "whereof near 700,000 do live in wretched cabins without chimney or window."—*Pol. Anat.*, p. 327. "The said 1,100,000 live in about 200,000 families, or houses, whereof there are but about 16,000 which have more than one chimney in each, and about 24,000 which have but one; all the other houses, being 160,000, are wretched, nasty cabins, without chimney, window, or door-shut, even worse than those of the savage Americans, and wholly unfit for the making merchantable butter, cheese, or the manufacture of woollen, leather, or linen."—p. 379. This is the calm statement of an official report presented to the Lord Lieutenant, in 1676, twenty-six years after Cromwell had renewed the face of Ireland. If M. D'Aubigne had formed his estimate of Irish prosperity in one of those sooty huts, and not in his Genevese villa, from the poetic pages of Mr. Carlyle, we should have heard nothing of "elegant and useful buildings erected in ten years through the whole kingdom," unless said buildings helped the sale of his book.

But extending the principle, "the tree shall be known by its fruits," to the effects of Cromwell's policy, which continued with little intermission during 130 years, and are not yet removed, what a host of avenging spirits rise up in judgment against him! Before his day the Catholics had suffered, but their clergy, which were generally taken from the gentry, always found a refuge in the mansions, or on the estates of their friends, who were at the time one-half of the gentry of Ireland. He expelled all from the towns, and robbed

of their property 2,600 innocent proprietors. No pope, no property for the Papist, this was the gospel he preached—the germ and essence of all these penal laws which by a gradual process of refined political wisdom at last announced judicially in the face of facts—“that, by legal construction, there was no Papist in Ireland.” The effects of that policy, as developed in the eighteenth century, are still felt by the country.

“The close of the seventeenth century was the commencement of the penal code; that was the age in which a law passed in England to deprive Ireland of her trade, to prohibit in Ireland the export of her woollen trade; that was the age in which a law passed in England to subject the Irish, concerned in that export, to be taken from Ireland, and tried, fined, and confined in England; that was the age in which a bill passed to deprive the Irish lords of their jurisdiction, and to establish the power of the British parliament to make laws for Ireland. See the effect of this policy on her fortunes. About 1779, the people and the government were both ruined—a nation possessed of about seventeen millions of acres, a temperate climate, a fertile soil, without the visitation of plague, pestilence, or famine, and without any misery in the country except her laws, precipitated in immediate ruin! Such were the effects of the penal code, and its concomitants, or rather such were the judgments of God on the land that had passed such a code—judgments inflicted by her Maker, and declared by her parliament. So connected were the penal laws and the poverty, the crime and the punishment, that it did not seem to be a series of cause and effect, but a superior power standing in the island, *visible*, inflicting with its lash, and exhorting with its bounty—and suggesting, by the indelible lessons of woe and weal, to my country how to get her liberty, and yours how to secure her empire.”

The code thus denounced by Grattan was the Cromwellian policy in Ireland, as surely as M. D'Aubigne is but a poor plagiarist of Carlyle.

We do not deny the great genius of Cromwell, nor the lustre shed by his victories on the arms of England. His portrait, sketched by the master-hand of Bossuet, exhibits him as a refined hypocrite and profound politician, indefatigable in peace and war, who never left anything to fortune, if he could wrest it from her by prudence or foresight, never lost any of the opportunities she presented to him; in a word, one of those aspiring and impetuous spirits that seem born to change the face of the world. Yet, if his Irish policy be viewed calmly as an imperial measure, the plantation of Ulster by James has been after all a more powerful link of British union than all the conquests of Cromwell. That act of James I. brought back to their old seats a sturdy race who, in 1833, and 1843, prevented the restoration of the Irish parliament. Compare now the parliamentary representation of Ulster with that of the other three provinces, and judge whether the glory of securing Ireland as the perpetual handmaid of England belongs to Cromwell or to James. Could England resist the unanimous vote of the Irish representatives?

The charge of Cromwell's hypocrisy is repelled indignantly by M. D'Aubigne:

“It was not as a statesman, or a warrior, but as a Christian hero, a Protestant Hildebrand that his name shall descend to the remotest posterity. ‘I call God to witness,’ says Cromwell to a foreign Protestant prince, ‘that I desire nothing so much as an opportunity to answer the favourable opinion the churches have of my zeal and piety by endeavouring to propagate the true faith, and procure rest

and peace for the church. Hold firm to the orthodox faith which you have received from your fathers, nothing will bring you greater glory than to protect it as much as lies in your power.’—p. 291. Again, addressing the Irish bishops assembled at Clonmacnoise, ‘you cannot feed your flock, you poison them with your false, abominable, and anti-Christian doctrine and practises. You keep the word of God from them, and instead thereof give them your senseless orders and traditions. You teach them implicit belief. Thus are your flocks fed: but they must take heed of losing their religion. Alas! poor creatures, what have they to lose!’—p. 155.

Now picture to your mind, dear reader, these poor creatures, the objects of Cromwell's most religious piety; their priests hunted like wolves; their lords slain, or transplanted; themselves burrowing, to the number of 600,000, in those nasty cabins described by Sir William Petty. And what proof does Cromwell give of the sincerity of his religious zeal in their regard? What schools does he found? What fiery missionaries are raised to carry evangelical comfort to these houses of woe? What premiums for learning the English language? What Irish Bibles distributed? The first act of his government is “that no Irish Papists shall be allowed to teach, or learn reading, writing, or arithmetic.”—*Hib. Dom.*, p. 702. The language of three-fourths of the Irish people, so late as 1672, was Irish alone; yet Mr. H. J. M. Mason has not discovered a single serious attempt of the Protector “to give the word of God to the people.” If Cromwell believed that the Irish people had souls, where is his sincerity?—how can he be excused from the guilt of hypocrisy? He weeps over the sufferings of the Vaudois in the secluded valleys of the Alps, and sends emissaries to France to know if the ancestors of M. D'Aubigne be strong enough to rebel, but consigns the Irish slave to spiritual and intellectual darkness. This may be Genevese sincerity, but it is incomprehensible to those who speak the English language.

The scenes of which hapless Friburg was lately the scene must have delighted the heart of this M. D'Aubigne. He gravely proposes that a monument should be erected to Cromwell, with this inscription, “To the founder of religious liberty.”—p. 274. He cannot in consistency deny the same honour to his countryman, Ochsenbein; both are the same enemies of the Papacy.

“It is the priests,” he tells us, “who have made the Irish what they are. A gross superstition, a corrupt system of morals, ideas false and out of date, which have robbed this nation of its energy, and engendered in it carelessness, imprudence, and misery. Priests degraded by error, have themselves degraded their poor flocks. We would say nothing to diminish the responsibility of England, she is great in every way, but all impartial judges must acknowledge that the Papacy will have to answer before God and man for the poverty and sufferings she has entailed upon an island which, before it was subjected to the Pope, was at the head of all Christian countries, and which is now, alas! at the lowest step of the scale.”—p. 164.

Such is his defence of Cromwell's intolerance to the Catholics of Ireland!

It would not be difficult to take up every period of Irish history, from Cromwell's to the present day, and demonstrate to M. D'Aubigne and the English and Irish press which re-echo his slanders, that the miseries of Ireland are not traceable to the predecessors of Pius IX., but we prefer taking one period in which Catholic influence was the *sole* influence that moulded the Irish mind; when the law had for a century been known only as a tyrant, and liberty as the power of enacting persecution; when the Catholic was an outlaw to the state, but a devoured son of his Church. In 1782 what was the conduct of those oppressed Papists?

“The Irish Catholics pursued a conduct so merito-

rious that even the bitterest enemies of that body acknowledged the uncommon merit of their conduct; their open friends multiplied, their worst enemies diminished; and they gradually worked themselves into the favour and confidence of their Protestant countrymen; though loaded with severe restrictions; though put out of the pale of the British constitution, and groaning under the most cruel and unjust oppression, they were active and patriotic, they forgot the tyranny under which they groaned, and felt only the chains which fettered and oppressed their country."—*Barrington's Rise and Fall.*

With this description, by an eye-witness, take another, from the pen of a man who had no religious sympathy with the Irish Catholic. Like a dream of heaven, it flashes bright and transient, never, we fear, to return. On the 14th of January, 1784, a British Earl, Protestant Bishop of Derry, answers an address from the Bill of Rights' battalion of Presbyterian Volunteers:

"There is in this island, a class of citizens equally respectable, and infinitely more numerous than those who have hitherto oppressed them—men who have long crouched under the iron rod of their oppressors, not from any dastardly insensibility to their shackles, not from any womanly indifference to the inalienable rights of man, but from a pious dread of wounding our common country through the sides of its tyrants—men in whose breasts beats as high a pulse for liberty, and through whose veins pours a tide of as pure blood, and as noble, too, as any that animates the proudest citizen in Ireland—men whose ancestors, at the hazard of their property, and with the loss of their lives, obtained the first great Bill of Rights, and upon which every other must be founded—the Magna Charta of Ireland—who with a fortitude as unexampled as their oppression, allowed everything dear to the human heart to be wrecked, except their religion and their patriotism—*except their acquiescence in the will of an inscrutable God,* and their affection for a mistaken and deluded country."

If the portrait be too flattering, the colouring is none of ours. Who will weigh D'Aubigne against the Earl-Bishop of Derry and the battalion of Presbyterian volunteers?

The national prosperity that followed the relaxation of the penal code, and the independence of Ireland, are too well known to be cited here, against the anti-social, and degrading, and pauperizing influence attributed to Irish Catholicity by this Genevese Rationalist.

But whence comes the present awful misery of this country? Not from famine, or absentees, or misgovernment, or bad land tenures; from none of those causes usually supposed by English, as well as Irish to be the sources of our woes—but from the increase of the number of the Roman Catholic clergy, and their seeking to absorb all the power and patronage of the state! Such are the causes of our woes discovered by this Swiss philosopher. The truth, it appears, burst upon him by the perfect parallel between Belgium and Ireland—the two most Popish countries in Europe; both sunk in misery, both fallen, by modern Popery, from the very high place they held under ancient Popery, when Belgium was the Birmingham and Manchester of the world. Belgium we leave to speak for itself, but on the increased number of Catholic Clergy in Ireland, how little does M. D'Aubigne know the real facts! How few are aware that in those days which are called and were days of persecution, the religious wants of the Irish people were in some respects

more abundantly supplied than at the present day? You had not as good chapels, nor political liberty, but you had more priests in proportion to the Catholic laity.

"The body of the Irish Papists in 1672," according to Petty, "being about 800,000, were governed by about 1,000 secular priests, and 1,500 friars and regulars of several orders, whereof most were Franciscans, next Dominicans and Augustinians, but few Capuchins, Jesuits, or Carthusians."—p. 327.

"These priests were chosen for the most part from the old Irish gentry."—p. 363.

Sir William, who was a perfect specimen of modern iron political economy, protests against this proportion of one priest to every 320 souls:

"If the Irish," he says, "must have priests, let their number be reduced to the competent number of 1,000, which is 800 souls to the pastorage of each priest."—p. 321.

800 souls to each priest! the competent number in the opinion of Sir William—the man who surveyed Ireland for Cromwell's soldiers, and London adventurers. Were it possible to have that competent number now, many a curate, who goes forth from college rich in literary promise, but is soon overwhelmed with the holy slavery of the Irish mission, would then realize the fond hopes of his friends. The competent number of 800 souls to one priest, would give 8,000 priests to Ireland, if the Irish Catholics be, after the three famines, 6,400,000. The number of priests at present is, in round numbers, 2,800; that is, only 300 more than when Irish Catholics were 800,000! In other words, 2,300 souls is now the competent number for one priest, and so, alas! it must remain. Four colleges like Maynooth would no more than give the Irish people the proportion of clergy they had twelve years after Cromwell's death—the competent number, according to Cromwell's surveyor.

But to return to M. D'Aubigne, did the great number of Irish priests ruin the state, in 1672?

"His majesty," says Petty, "who formerly could do nothing for, or upon Ireland, but by the help of England, hath now a revenue upon that place, to maintain, if he pleases, 7,000 men in arms. From all which it is to be hoped that men seeing more advantage to live in Ireland than elsewhere, may be invited to remove themselves thither, and to satisfy the want of people—the greatest and most fundamental defect of this kingdom."—p. 319, 388.

The Marquis of Lansdown, they say, is the descendant of Sir William Petty; how like, how unlike, the policy of both!—Priests for one; police for the other!

A foreigner may, perhaps, be pardoned for being ignorant of those facts; but how is he to be excused for misrepresenting the conduct of the Catholic Church in Ireland, with regard to the principles of civil and religious liberty during the last fifty years? Had he known anything of our history, even what is contained in the eloquent epitome of Father Ventura, he dared not accuse the Catholics of seeking connexion with the state, or of endeavouring to monopolize the favours of government. They have struggled gloriously and successfully under their departed Leader to obtain the rights of the great constitution founded by their Catholic ancestors; they have given a second birth to that constitution by proving in their emancipation how, without any appeal to the sword, it can develop and incorporate with itself great organic revolutions; but it was reserved for foreign ignorance to accuse them of attempting to exclude their countrymen, of

other creeds, from the fruits of their labours. M. D'Aubigne advocates the separation of church and state in Ireland, as the only means of promoting the growth of Protestantism; the brightest wreath he attempts to throw on the tomb of Cromwell is, that the intolerant soldier was the apostle of religious liberty, because, though he favoured the Independents, he professed to give not only toleration, but full liberty to all sects of Protestants. Now when have the Irish Catholics advocated the connexion of church and state, or prescribed limits to the political toleration of the myriad sects engendered by individual whim, and religious enthusiasm? Milton told Cromwell "to leave the church to the church, to disburthen himself and the civil magistracy of a concern which was half their incumbrance, and wholly incongruous with their appropriate functions, and not to permit the two heterogeneous authorities of church and state to continue their intrigues, to the enfeebling and eventual subversion of both." The Irish Catholics have not, it is true, condemned the connexion of church and state, as existing in other countries, but they refused to purchase their civil and political rights—they seek no emoluments at the expense of religious independence—leave the church to the church, was their motto. An experience of 400 years in Catholic times, from 1172 to 1550, gives melancholy proof that the English government never used Irish ecclesiastical patronage for other than English objects—the degradation of religion, and the slavery of the country—the exclusion of *mere Irish* from their own cathedrals, and monasteries, and benefices—the conversion of the Irish priest into the English policeman—policy which would be renewed to-morrow, in principle, if the English government had the power. The Irish Catholics knew these facts, and yet they are now accused by M. D'Aubigne, and in a second edition, too, of seeking to clutch the deadly favours of government connexion.

In this brief notice, we have passed over many great mistakes of our author, such, for instance, as the massacre of 50,000 Protestants, *at least*, in 1641, though even Sir William Petty advises those who rate the victims above 37,000, "to revise their opinions," and Dr. Lingard, and others, have proved that the massacre is a fiction. One point, however, we cannot refrain from producing, though it is not immediately connected with our design. M. D'Aubigne admires Great Britain; with the cunning hand of a commercial rhetorician, he attracts attention to his closing pages by a goodly constellation of asterisks, and then administers a potent dose to the spiritual pride of "holy England."

"I have been in England, I have seen in her great manufacturing cities the miracles of that commercial activity which covers the whole world with the productions of a petty island in Europe. In the ports of London, Liverpool, and other places, I have gazed upon those floating isles, those thousands of masts which bear afar, over every sea, the riches and power of the nation. I have admired in Scotland a simple, energetic, and active people, ready to sacrifice anything rather than abandon Christ and his word. I have wandered through those halls whence are conveyed to the four quarters of the world Bibles printed in every known language. I have prayed in the churches, and at the religious meetings have been transported by the powerful eloquence of the speakers, and at the acclamations of the audience. I have been struck with admiration at beholding the people of these islands encompassing the globe—bearing everywhere civilization and Christianity, and filling the earth with the power and the word of God. At the sight of such prosperity and greatness I said, this is the work of the Reformation—it is Protestantism that has so exalted the nation."

Wealth and religious zeal Great Britain undoubtedly has. The Free Kirk raises in a short time £2,000,000.

The Methodists subscribed last year £120,000 for the propagation of the Gospel. The Established clergy have divided among themselves in Ireland £800,000, per annum, during 300 years; but what are the fruits of their wealth and zeal? 6,000,000 of Irish Catholics—pagan ignorance, according to Lord Ashley, in the mining, and manufacturing districts of England—and few native Protestants in the myriad colonies of Great Britain! A few intrepid French missionaries have made more converts in Cochin China during this century, in spite of the most bloody persecutions, than all that were ever brought over by Protestant gold to profess themselves Christians. No; the propagation of the Gospel is not one of the glories of Great Britain. The imperial sceptre of Spain is broken in South America; Mexico may be incorporated with the States, but millions of Indian Catholics remain—the enduring monuments of Spanish religion and zeal. England exterminates or colonises, but cannot convert. If her hundred million of subjects in India slipped from her hands to-morrow, the traveller would seek in vain a real monument of English religion in the East Indies, while the native Catholics would still celebrate the glory of St. Francis Xavier and of Portugal. In his epitome of the glories of England, M. D'Aubigne forgets Cressy, and Agincourt, and Magna Charta, and of course never saw Hood's lines:

Shun pride, Oh, Rae! whatever sort beside
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride.
Fancy a peacock in a poultry yard,
Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff
In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail—
I am that saintly fowl! thou paltry chick!

Reminiscences of the Irish Mission.

BY A RETIRED PRIEST.

NO. I. INTRODUCTORY—CONTAINING A HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR.

THE following pages are really what they pretend to be—the experiences of a Priest who has been long laboriously and actively engaged on the Irish mission. No person can know the Irish people so well as their Priest; he is almost the only friend to whom they can look up for counsel in their perplexities, for relief in their distress, and for sympathy in their sufferings. The sharer of their innocent enjoyments at the wedding and the christening, and of their deep sorrow at the time of sickness and of death; dependent on them for the very means of existence, he has no feeling and no interest apart from the people, but is thoroughly identified with them in everything. The experience, therefore, of the Priest must afford him an abundant opportunity of reading their very hearts. This knowledge is forced upon him; it becomes a part of his very being, and nothing but the clumsiness of the execution can prevent its communication from being deeply interesting.

From my earliest youth, religion had greater charms for me than anything else. I believe I owe this, under God, to my grandmother—rest her soul!—who was a most religious woman. The first words I have any recollection of are "in honour of God and the Holy Virgin," which she always made use of in giving her daily, and, for her means, abundant alms; and almost the earliest action I remember is, having quit my dinner, which I had just commenced, in order

to give it to a poor person, which she told me I was bound to do when I saw any one in distress. Although I had both a brother and sister, there was no child living in the same house with me, nor, indeed, near me, for I did not reside with my father and mother, but with my grandfather and grandmother. The reason of this was, that the first child—a boy—with whom God blessed my parents, was so mercifully dealt with that he was taken to heaven out of this “valley of tears,” when he was only six months old. About the time of his marriage, my father had built a new house, and, in digging the foundations, it had been necessary to level part of an old fort or rath, which, as every one knows, is, or was, the residence of fairies. My poor mother always feared that the “good people” (as they are politely called) would resent the demolition of their dwelling, although she was a little comforted by an old nurse, who assured her then, as she also declared to myself, and to many others, long afterwards, and as she herself, I have not the slightest doubt, verily believed—that on the night after their habitation was torn down she met about ten thousand of them, and heard them say they were leaving the country, and going to Scotland. She, moreover, saw a large quantity of egg-shells, in which, she supposed, they were to sail across the channel, about a hundred being stowed away in each. However, the child died, and, as he was, until within a few days of his death, perfectly healthy, it was a settled matter—notwithstanding that my father was not only heretical, but downrightly atheistical, on the point, inasmuch as he obstinately denied their existence altogether—that the misfortune was entirely owing to the spite of the fairies.

What occurred at my birth—for I am the second child of my parents, who are, I trust, long since in heaven—although, I am sorry to say that it made no impression on my father, set the matter at rest for ever with all the rest of his household. It was about eleven o’clock at night, on the 11th of February, and the snow was falling, when my mother was seized with the pains of labour. My father ordered one of the servants, Peter by name, to mount a horse and ride with all speed for the doctor, whose residence was about a mile and a half distant. Peter, who was a faithful fellow, and would have risked his life for my mother, was ready in an instant. There was a large stack of turf in the farm-yard attached to the house, and about an hour after Peter’s departure one of the maids went out for some fuel to put on the kitchen fire. She was hardly gone when she rushed in again, and fainted on the floor. When she was recovered, by means of the restoratives usual on such occasions, she stated that the fairies had come for the child, and that there was one sitting in the yard on a horse as big as a mountain. What was to be done? They were afraid to tell my father, for, somehow or other, the fairies had an objection to show themselves to him, no matter how plainly they appeared to other people. It was at last agreed, in council, that the whole household, with the exception of the old nurse, who was with my mother—consisting of three maids and two men—should sally out together for the fuel. They had no sooner opened the door than they heard a tremendous noise, accompanied with something very like swearing, which so terrified them that they went in a body to my father, and told him that the yard was full of fairies, who would certainly carry off the baby as soon as born. My father seized a stick, and desired the men to go out with him. The swearing and striking still

continued, but he went, without hesitation, to the sheltered side of the turf-stack, from which the noise proceeded. The night was very dark, and the snow falling thickly, but he plainly saw a white horse rearing and kicking, and something like a man on his back, belabouring him most furiously. The three men, whose hair was standing on their heads, thought that my father would address it in Latin—for, though a plain countryman, he had a smattering of that language—but, he no sooner saw it, than he shouted, at the very top of his voice, in plain English, “Is that you, Peter?” “Yes, Sir,” answered the fairy. “Is the doctor coming?” “Troth, Sir, I didn’t see him.” “Why?” “Because, Sir, this infernal white mare would not move a step in the snow, although I have worn out a whip upon her.” “Could you not have put her into the stable again and taken one of the other horses?” “Is it let her into the stable, your honour, and conquer me, as she wanted to do?—I’d see her d—d first.” Peter was a slow talker, but this last word was abruptly jerked out of him by a tremendous blow from the stick which his master held in his hand, and which knocked him clean out of the saddle. My father jumped into the seat which Peter had so unceremoniously vacated, and gave the white mare two such hearty blows, that, after rearing up, she dashed out of the gate at full gallop, and never drew up until she arrived at the doctor’s door. I, however, came into the world before the man of medicine arrived, who, however, prescribed for my mother, and set Peter to rights, the injury he received being no worse than a bruise on the shoulder.

Some sceptical persons may imagine, as my father did, for a whole week, that this incident was not brought about by the fairies. I pity their ignorance, as the whole house did that of my benighted parent, when my mother and myself being both well, they ventured to tell the truth on the subject. It was quite clear that the mare saw the fairies, as she would never have refused to move but for this cause, after all the flogging Peter gave her, and that, as usual, they must have disappeared when my father came out, or she would not have galloped off at once with him. Besides, the maid who first saw the fairy in the yard (which, of course, could not have been Peter, the horse she saw being at least ten times as large as the white mare), distinctly heard the said fairy saying to some other distant fairy, “bad luck to you, if you don’t go on fast we’ll be too late for the christening.” It was unanimously agreed against my father that if I were left in that house I must inevitably die; and, in fact, he was obliged to surrender, and allow my mother to take me with her, and to go and live with his father and mother until I should be weaned. At the expiration of this period my mother returned to her husband, but I remained where I was for the present, and, as my next brother died, doubtless because he was not removed from the dangerous dwelling, my stay with my grandfather and grandmother, much to their satisfaction and to mine, was allowed to be prolonged indefinitely.

The whole household consisted of my grandmother, grandfather, and two servants, a man and a woman, the latter of whom had lived with them, at the time I am writing of, about thirty years, and the former about seventeen. The woman was generally kept busy enough, but the man, whose name was Paddy Murphy, had little to do but to attend to a horse, and he used to say that idleness agreed with him wonderfully well. He had been a sailor, and was much fonder of long

yarns than of hard work, and as my grandfather was entirely of Paddy's opinion, they got on admirably together. I had, generally speaking, no companion of my own age, but, nevertheless, my life was a most happy one, and I look back to it with that fond delight with which we all recall the innocent joys and the bright dreams of our early youth. I said my lessons, early in the day, to my kind and indulgent grandmother. Her chief care was to impress a profound religious feeling on my mind. My first lesson every day was to say morning prayer with her, and she always concluded by reading for me some interesting portion of a religious book. I can truly affirm that this duty was to me a real and sincere pleasure, and that every morning I poured forth my little heart with the greatest fervour to my God. Every night the whole household said prayer in common, and we always repeated one of the three parts of the Rosary of the Holy Virgin, whom I soon learned to love as a dear and kind mother, and whose protection during life I have never ceased to experience. As there were just five of us, each one used to give out "one decade" of the Rosary, the other four answering. On one occasion, when I was about five years old, a very singular thing happened to me—whether it was the result of habit or of some other cause I do not pretend to say. The day had been one of the loveliest in "rosy May," and I had wandered far through the fields with old Paddy, listening to some of his sea stories, gathering the wild flowers, and occasionally stopping on the margin of a beautiful lake to watch the gambols of the wild fowl. I felt my young spirit exulting with the glorious resurrection of nature, which I beheld everywhere around me. At night, however, I was greatly fatigued, and as my eyes began to close, in spite of all my efforts to keep them open—for there is no greater tyrant than sleep—my grandmother commenced the night prayers earlier than usual, in order that I might go to bed. We had, however, no sooner knelt down than I fell fast asleep, nor did I awake until I was roused by the noise of the others rising from their knees. The first thing that flashed upon my mind was the disgrace I must have incurred by sleeping at prayer, for as I always gave out the fifth decade of the Rosary, I knew that I must have been discovered. What, then, was my astonishment, to hear every one praise the beautiful, and, as they said, heavenly voice, with which I had given out the Rosary. They were all in raptures. I had commenced at my own time, and had repeated the doxology "glory be to the Father," &c., at the end of the tenth hail Mary. I had not the slightest recollection of the matter, for I had been sound asleep during the entire time. But the voice and manner were the theme of universal praise for a long time afterwards, and although I strove hard to equal them, I never got higher praise than "oh, you are a good child, you said your prayers very well, but it was nothing to what you did on the night when we had the prayers early, on account of your having been so tired."

The greatest affliction I had to endure, at this time, was in not being permitted to receive the holy communion along with the rest of the family, for my grandmother partook of the bread of life each Sunday morning, and the others on the first Sunday of the month. How I longed for the period when I should be allowed to receive my Saviour, corporally, within me, and to be united, body and soul, with my God! I well remember when this happiness was vouchsafed

me, about six years afterwards—I was then eleven years old—with what anxious care my grandmother instructed me on the heinousness of sin, which deprived us of the friendship of God, and put us under the tyranny of the devil; how it robbed the soul of the glory with which it had been covered over as with a priceless garment, by being washed, in baptism, in the blood of Jesus. She then unfolded to me the infinite mercy of God, in instituting the sacrament of penance, by which those who had the unspeakable misfortune to renounce their baptismal vows, and to stain their souls with the heinous guilt of mortal sin, might be again purified and restored to the dignity of children of God and heirs of heaven; but that in order to apply this remedy we must examine our conscience carefully to see in what we have offended our dear Saviour who died for us; that we must, like Magdalen, be penetrated with the deepest sorrow for having transgressed His law; that we must kneel at the foot of the crucifix and bathe it with our tears; that we must say, with the prodigal, "I will arise and return to my father," and that, in fine, we must show ourselves to the priest of God, acknowledge to him all our transgressions, and ask of him to grant us pardon—not of himself but in the name, by the authority, and through the merits of Jesus Christ. With what anxious care did I prepare myself to receive the Lord of Glory into my breast, and with what extacy was my heart filled when I had him within me, how glad and joyful was I all the day afterwards! I am certain that, even setting aside their awful consequences, no sensual gratifications can be compared with the pure delights of religion, and that the libertine only indulges in his excesses because he has never "tasted and seen how sweet is the Lord." But I anticipate, for I am speaking of that period when the soul begins to look abroad and to drink in the glories and the mysteries of this vast universe, when nature, like the queen of night, only shows her bright side to the world; alas! we all awake soon enough from this early dream, but it is sweet to look back upon it, even as I do now, through the storms and darkness of nearly a century, for its brightness can never be dimmed nor its memory obliterated.

I am speaking of that period when I was about five years old, and when the spirit of religious persecution had somewhat abated; humble chapels began to appear in low retired spots, where the faithful had heretofore assembled, at night and by stealth, to celebrate the divine mysteries. One of these had just been built near where I lived, and my grandfather often showed me the places on the surrounding hills where he and others watched whilst mass was celebrated on the site of the little chapel. Many a hairbreadth escape I heard, many a heart-rending tale of murder; all these stories made me love my religion with an intensity which, considering my tender age, now astonishes me, and, young as I was, I almost regretted that I did not live a little sooner, in order that I might have died for the faith. My grandmother had turned all this to such excellent account, that I used to retire to pray alone even without her knowledge, and I would often conceal myself in the tall corn, when it covered the fields, in order to implore the protection of God and of the Holy Virgin, whom I earnestly besought to adopt me for her child. Naturally of a kind disposition, it had been greatly improved by my excellent instructress, and as I never, to my knowledge, saw a poor person sent away from the door without assistance, I used to give away almost all my pocket-money

to the indigent, and really felt greater pleasure in this than in purchasing any of those luxuries in which boys delight. A rebuke which I received at this time, made an impression on my mind which has never been obliterated. I said one day, "grandmother, here is a beggar;" "my dear child," said she, "beggar is a term of reproach, and you should never use it towards those whom God has allowed to be poor, in order to afford us the great happiness of assisting Him in their person; tis to Him we owe all, it is His almighty power which quickens the dead seed which the husbandman buries in the soil, and makes it cover the earth with a green carpet in the spring, with gay flowers in the summer, and with teeming abundance in the autumn; this is a poor woman, but she must not be called a beggar at my door, and blessed be God I am enabled to help her." Tis now more than sixty years since this occurred, and I can safely say that I have never since been guilty of the same offence. I have been often astonished when I remember that at this period one mysterious thought kept possession of my whole soul—it was the thought of eternity! I often strove to fathom this abyss and always shrunk back terrified by its contemplation; I thought for days and weeks, and months and years, "we shall never have an end," without daring to breathe the subject to any human being, and, if in a solitary place, I would throw myself on my knees and passionately implore the Omnipotent to scourge me with a rod of iron, but not to cast me off for ever—not to separate me from the kind and the virtuous, and to place me for all eternity with those whose hearts were filled with hatred and iniquity.

It was at this early age that the thought of becoming a Priest first occurred to me; it was not, however, as might be supposed, from its being a religious state that this idea suggested itself; for, judging from those with whom I came in contact, I thought that all persons were faithful servants of God; it was rather founded, I should suppose, on some of old Paddy's instructions, who was my constant companion in my leisure hours, and a very pious man, but whose whole philosophy consisted in getting through the world as easily as possible. We lived in the country, and, as I have already said, near a chapel, and whatever clergyman celebrated mass in this chapel always breakfasted and, sometimes, dined with us. It was a portion of the bishop's parish, and I well remember the venerable old man with his bay wig asking me my catechism, and patting me on the head when I answered correctly. One Sunday he dined with us, and my father and mother were also there, as well as the curates of the parish and some other persons. After dinner I was introduced, and, as usual, the bishop asked me my catechism. I answered his questions correctly, and at the end he told me I would be a bishop. But I replied peremptorily, that I would not. "Well, then," said he, "my dear, what will you be?" "I'll be," said I, without the least hesitation, "either a priest or a tailor." This produced a roar of laughter, which was increased by what followed. "And why," pursued his lordship, "have you made up your mind to be a priest or a tailor?" "Because," I replied, "neither of them have to draw home their own potatoes." I had seen one of my father's horses drawing home some potatoes for one of the curates, and for the tailor who made my clothes, neither of them having a horse of his own, and I imagined that they were freed from all trouble, whilst their neighbours were obliged to keep

horses for their accommodation. There was nothing said about the matter then, but, on the following day, my father took me in his arms, and told me that I must not be taking foolish notions in my head, and that he hoped, as I was his eldest son, I would, as soon as I was able, help him in his business. I made no reply, but he had not shaken my resolution in the least, and although I very soon saw the absurdity of my first reason, I was moved by a higher and holier one to abandon the tailoring scheme altogether, and to resolve, with my whole heart, to devote myself to God in the priesthood. I believe my grandmother was always accused with being at the bottom of this determination, but she was entirely innocent of it; nor, indeed, had it ever been suggested to me by any human being. When, however, I had taken up this resolution, she was my strong, zealous, and, indeed, only defender. The reason of the opposition of my parents and other friends, including even the clergy of the parish, was, not only that I was the oldest of the family, but chiefly, as far, at least, as the last-named individuals were concerned, because I was of so extremely delicate a constitution, that they feared I would not be able to undergo the fatigues of a college. I however, persisted in my intention; I prayed for more strength, and got it; the bishop allied himself with my grandmother, and by their joint assistance I triumphed. I have since then passed through a long life—I have had my share of sorrow and suffering, but I have never once regretted my early determination of becoming a priest, nor ever recalled to my memory the well-meant opposition of my friends without blessing my heavenly Father for putting it into their hearts to allow me to enter into his holy ministry. I have never ministered anywhere that I have not loved my flock, and been, in turn, beloved by them—nor have I ever, in obedience to the commands of my superiors, broken ties of this kind without mutual tears. If the wealth of the Irish people be not great, they are always ready to divide the little they have with their priest; and there is an inexhaustible mine of religion and of kindness in their hearts which is infinitely more valuable than all the riches in the world.

I was sent to school in a town at some distance, and oh! how delicious it was to return and spend the Christmas with my dear old friends, who all received me with "ten thousand welcomes." I well remember my first visit, after an absence of several months. I arrived on Christmas-eve, and one of the priests, as usual, said Mass in our house on the following morning, at which we all partook of the holy communion. We afterwards went to the chapel. The morning was dry, cold, and frosty, and the sun, although still below the horizon, shot his golden beams before him and dyed the cloudless sky with such deep and glorious colours as no pen can describe, no pencil copy. How delighted I was to see the dear old chapel, where I had so often prayed to God and assisted at the celebration of the holy and tremendous mysteries—for the very angels of heaven assist with us around the altar where Jesus Christ is really present—and cold, indeed, must the Christian be whose heart is not penetrated with the most profound veneration and the most burning love when he is so near his God. The hoar frost had adorned everything; the branches of the thorn appeared like splendid white coral, whilst the very straw that hung upon them appeared more beautiful than the most precious silver-lace. There had been a fall of snow, with which the thick shrubs were covered so as

to make them resemble large plum cakes. But there was one glorious old yew, or, as the people called it, palm tree, whose branches had adorned on Palm Sunday their hats and bonnets since they dared to show publicly this emblem of the triumphal entry of the Saviour into Jerusalem, and had probably served their fathers and mothers for the same purpose, before the seamless garment of Christ had been torn, and when creed had not been set up against creed, nor altar against altar. It stood there in all its ancient beauty, unchanged and unreformed, a meet emblem of the people who came to worship almost under its shadow. Its beautiful branches, now bent to the earth by the pure white snow with which it was covered, sparkled as if they were adorned with ten thousand diamonds in the bright rays of the rising sun. Those parts of the boughs, too, which were not covered with snow were of the purest green, and appeared, in the bright beams of the morning sun, as the last relics of the departed summer, and the first harbingers of the coming spring. I entered the little chapel, which was decked out in its holiday attire of simple evergreens. The priest had not yet entered the chapel, being engaged in hearing confessions, but the people were reciting the Rosary, under the guidance of one of the oldest and most venerable men in the congregation. As soon as the prayer was ended, several persons urgently entreated this old man to get his granddaughter to sing a Christmas hymn. He said that she was too timid to sing it alone, but that she would join John Sullivan. The boy and girl were soon placed side by side, near the altar. They were each about fourteen years of age, and certainly I have never seen two finer or more interesting youths, as they poured forth their sweet and rich, though untaught, melody :

Song for Christmas.

ARISE! arise! The glorious morn
Has burst upon the astonished earth.
The wondrous child at length is born,
To whom a virgin giveth birth.
The Angels, rushing from the sky,
Pour forth their burning lay—
“Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And peace to men to day.”

The charmed earth drinks in the song
More gladly than the summer's rain,
The stars their nightly watch prolong,
Enraptured by the heavenly strain—
And one, more brilliant than the blaze
Which flashing lightnings fling,
Descends to dazzle mortal gaze,
And sentinel its King.

Full sixteen hundred years, and more,
Since then have rolled away—
And still the heart bounds as of yore
To welcome Christmas Day.
Welcome, old friend, with thy hoary head,
Right welcome art thou here;
Bright is thy brow, and light thy tread,
Soft beams thine eye and clear.

And though in beauteous robes arrayed
The Earth no more appear,
But dead upon her breast are laid
The glories of the year :

And through the branches of the trees,
Where pensive sit the birds,
The dirge of Nature sings the breeze
In sounds more sad than words :

Welcome, Christmas—thy robes of snow
Proclaim the birth of Him,
Who shed upon this world below
The glory which brightest Cherubim
Adoring sing—and we will sing
This morn : for, amongst men,
This Altar is thy Throne, great King!
Here is our Bethlehem!

Welcome, old friend, for thou dost bring
Back to his home the child
Whose heart to that dear spot will cling,
Albeit bleak and wild—
For hill, and dale, and stream, and tree,
Each has its tale to tell:
We garlands strung in that lone lea,
Or wandered down this dell.

And when the vacant seat appears,
And thou hearest the bitter sigh,
Thou quickly bidst us dry our tears,
And pointest to the sky.
Thou tellest of the loving prayer
Which the blest spirit breathes,
When freed from earth and worldly care,
For those dear friends it leaves—

Of infants whom their mothers wail,
As torn from their love,
Now pleading for their parents frail
Before the Throne above—
Of dearest friends whose loss we mourn,
Now as the Cherub bright,
Whose rapturous prayer to God is borne,
For those who weep their flight.

Our erring steps, however far
O'er this wide world they roam,
Still find in thee a guiding star
To lead them to their home.
And when the lamp of life low burns,
And Death's cold hand is near,
To thy bright light the spirit turns,
And sees her SAVIOUR near.

Shortly after the hymn was ended, the priest ascended the altar and commenced the holy sacrifice of the Mass. He had no one to assist him but the boy who sang, and his cousin, who was about the same age, who officiated as clerks, so that he could not celebrate a solemn Mass, but he sang the Epistle, Gospel, Credo and Gloria, in honour of the great solemnity of Christmas. At the Communion almost the entire congregation partook of the bread of life, and Father John (for such was the priest's name) delivered a simple but affecting sermon on the Nativity. The greater part of the congregation, now retired to their homes, but this unwearied pastor again resumed the labour of hearing confession, which he continued for two hours, in order to allow such members of the different families as were obliged to remain at home during the first Mass to arrive in time for the second. After each of the Masses the people paid their contributions towards the support of their clergy, and though but small they

were really generous, considering the means of the contributors. They were, moreover, the sincere testimony of the affection of the entire congregation for the pastor whom God had placed over them. It was nearly two o'clock before the duties of the day had concluded, and up to that time Father John had tasted nothing but the sacred elements. He now, as usual, accompanied us home, where breakfast was prepared for him. Old Paddy was in great good humour, and as soon as the priest entered he saluted him—"A merry Christmas to you, Father John, and I hope you got a good Christmas-box this morning?" "Thank you, Paddy, the people are always kind and generous." "Oh, 'deed, Sir, it's yourself has the soft word of every body, but I'll lay a wager Jemmy the Guldercock did not give you a *black dog*, for all that?" "Come, come, Paddy, you are a little too severe, and I fear you have been taking your 'morning' to-day. I do not mean to say that you are drunk, Paddy, but a small drop lets your tongue loose." "Why, troth, Sir, I drunk jist one glass, in honour of this blessed Christmas mornin', an' a soberer man there isn't in Ireland this day. But as to Jemmy the Guldercock, by Gor, I'd as soon try to pull a cat, by the tail, out of a silk stocking without tearing it, as to get a hog out of his pocket." "That's your opinion, Paddy," said my grandmother, "but Father John's breakfast is ready for him, and I think he must be ready for it." "True for you, ma'am, and I'll not detain his reverence any longer, an' I'll gist go to the young master, whom I've had no time to talk to yet, and try how he's gettin' on at the langidges." "By my word, Paddy, I would rather lose my breakfast than that examination, so you must hold it in my presence, for I can listen, and eat at the same time." I must candidly confess that, for the first time in my life, I had stolen away from Father John, and hid myself, for fear of being examined on my progress in Latin, which I had just begun to translate. I advise all those who would preserve the good will of schoolboys to give up this pedantic habit, which was much in vogue in my youthful days. I believe, when Paddy announced to me that Father John wished to examine me (for the villain did not dare to tell me that he was to be the operator himself), that, for the first and last time in my life, a momentary feeling of displeasure towards him flashed across my mind. What was my astonishment, on coming into the good priest's presence, to hear him say—"Paddy, proceed, for I am quite ready to listen." Paddy loved me as if I were his own child, and I certainly returned his affection most sincerely; but, at the same time, I was thoroughly acquainted with what I scarcely know whether to call his impudence, ignorance, or simplicity, or a compound of all three, which made him imagine that he was tolerably conversant with all *spoken* languages—a conclusion at which he arrived by persuading himself that it was not in the nature of things that there could be any *spoken* language, except the English or Irish, and that all others differed from them only in the names by which they were called. He carefully excluded *dead*, or, as he called them, *read* languages, which he obstinately maintained to be their true name, and that it was derived from the fact that those languages had never been and never could be spoken.

On those points—although, as must be observed, they were manifestly incompatible with some of his other theories—he was totally beyond the reach of conviction. As soon as Paddy got Father John's

permission he asked me "how many *spoken* languages are there in the world?" "Two, I suppose," said I, "English and Irish." "Ara, how 'cute you've got," said Paddy, "since you went to school in a town." "Will you tell me the *names* of all the spoken langidges in the world?" "Why," said Father John, "I think that, long as you have been at sea, you could scarcely tell that yourself, for they are very numerous." "Why, then," said Paddy, "maybe there are not so many of them as you think, unless your reverence knows all the spoken langidges as well as the *read* ones, for, you see, there are a great many of them that are only tongues, and not langidges at all. Now, the Hebrew's a langidge; but there's the Harrow-back (Arabic), and that's no langidge—it's only a tongue. That's the tongue of the Harrow-backs, who are called that by reason of their backs being for all the world like harrows." The maid having come in with a kettle during this harangue, told Paddy that it would be a charity to "scald the lies out of him," which turned the torrent of his eloquence in that direction, and my grandmother desired them both to go and settle the matter in the kitchen. "Paddy," said Father John, "before you go I have a word to say to you. I hope you have not been in Brian Maguire's shebeen this morning?" "Is it in Brian Maguire's, yer reverence? Why, then, not to speak of your hindrin' us to go there, I'd jist as soon have two buck cats in my belly as two glasses of the same man's whiskey. It's fightin' and scratchin' they'd be all day."

I cannot attempt to express the happiness I enjoyed during those happy Christmas holidays. I visited all my old friends over and over again. I renewed my acquaintance with the few youthful companions whose society I occasionally and at rare intervals had enjoyed. The fields were covered with snow, but the little lake was frozen, and we had great amusement on the ice. We visited every nook where we had sat together, every bank on which we used to gather the sweet primrose of early spring—every spot which was hallowed by the memories of childhood and of early youth. With what gushing delight, and, at the same time with what a full sense of its absurdity, did we recall the conversations which we held together, when the bright light of reason was just breaking on our youthful minds. I well remember one of these, which occurred when I was scarcely four years old. Another boy of the same age sat down by my side, under a large hawthorn tree, then in full bloom. We were grave as philosophers, and our discourse naturally turned on the miseries of human life. Various were the topics which we discussed, but at length we both agreed that the greatest misfortune we had to endure was, that neither of us could fasten the back buttons of his suspenders. I recollect my own declaration most distinctly—"that, whatever other misfortunes he might have to endure, I did not pity *any man* who could button his own—inexpressibles."

But I must hurry away from those scenes, on the memories of which I could linger for ever. I must try to forget childhood, with its innocent laughter, its witching smiles, and its bright tears, which fell soft and sweet as vernal showers. I must pass over the period of schoolboy days and college life, and come to the time when I returned, an ordained priest, from a far distant clime, to discharge the sublime duties of my ministry amongst the poor, persecuted, but ever faithful inhabitants of this "fairest isle of all the main." And yet its early morning is the only portion of my

life which is unclouded by sorrow and undimmed by tears. Whenever I look at a later period, my brightest visions are darkened by the sorrows of my people, or by the death of dear friends. But, though scarcely one of the companions of early youth now remains, and I am like an old withered trunk, without leaves or branches—still, when I look back to my childhood, all the lost ones rise up before me, not in the cold shroud of the grave, but with the rosy cheeks and curling locks, and merry laugh of boyhood. I find it as painful to make “fond memory” leave those scenes now as I used to find it irksome to abandon them for school or college, and I can still repeat, with equal truth, what I wrote on one of those occasions :

And still as I leave the green fields of my birth,
 Their beauty seems brighter as they fade from my eyes ;
 For the image of Fancy is fairer than Truth,
 As the stars shine more pure in the seas than the skies.

The Ruined Castle.

WITHIN a mile of the bright, beautiful, and romantic little village of Dinan, in Brittany, stands the noble ruin of the Chateau de la Garraye. All that the painter's pencil can portray, or the poet's mind embody, is there represented, adorned and embellished by the magic hand of nature. It is indeed a lovely spot, and one which the wanderer feels loath to leave. There you have mountain and valley, and wood and water, and all the innumerable graces which the bounteous hand of God can alone supply. And amidst this vast assemblage of nature's choicest works stands the ruined castle, as if to give a striking proof of Time's decay. All around is beauty, bloom, and verdure ; but look at the chateau, and it tells a sad tale of rapine and war, with all its accompanying evils. The tottering tower, the mouldering walls, the ivy-clad windows, the grass-grown court-yard—all, all bespeak the desolating influence of the sword and the faggot. The companion of my wanderings in this vicinity was a young lady, a native of Dinan ; and, seeing how deeply interested I felt in the scene before me, she kindly recounted to me the history of its former inhabitants.

The young, wealthy, and handsome Count de la Garraye had just attained his twentieth birth-day, and around the vast territory that owned him for its lord, nought was seen or heard but smiling, hopeful faces, and the merry echo of the light laugh. The lord of the soil was about returning to the castle of his ancestors, bearing with him a young and beauteous bride, whose dowry extended far beyond the reach of probability. All was bustle, preparation, and anxiety. The orders given, that the castle should be adorned and ornamented to art's most profuse extreme, were complied with as speedily as the nature of the alterations would permit. Nothing was left undone to welcome the bridal train. The neglected tenantry of many years, looked smilingly hopeful of the future, when the young heir would not only be their lord but their benefactor. The children were told to be thankful for the return of the great man—for education would soon dispel the cloud of ignorance, as poor-schools were sure to be established by the young countess, and their infant minds would be trained to become good and useful members of society. The horizon of their destiny brightened at the prospect before them ; and

joy reigned around and about all—for all were alike interested in the cheering future.

THE ARRIVAL.

The bridal party had arrived, and nought was heard from the interior of the castle but sounds of light and joyous revelry. The dance, the song, the merry thought, was succeeded by the gorgeous and profuse banquet. Sounds of celestial harmony greeted the ear on all sides. The hills, far and near, sent their glowing flames high into the air, and the peasantry danced to the merry pipe, and were occasionally observed in grave conversation with each other, hoping that the young lord would condescend to notice his long-neglected tenants, by appearing himself amongst them. But this hope was scarcely uttered, ere it was annihilated by the order—that the tenants were to instantly disperse, and betake themselves to their homes, as their rude merriment was disagreeable to the young countess. And so it was, for the fair and flattered Christina had no heed for other's enjoyment. The world, she thought, was made for herself alone ; and the great object of existence was to extract and enforce perfect subservience to all her whims and caprices. A coquette by nature, and nurtured by flattery, the wants of others were totally unheeded. She cared not to soothe the mourner's tear ; but deemed it the privilege of high birth and fortune to be exempt from all those vulgar annoyances that are the fit attendants upon poverty and obscure origin.

“Well, my love,” said the count, the next morning, to his blooming bride, as they stood upon the ample terrace that fronted the noble mansion, “what think you of the picturesque scenery that lays before you ?”

“I think, dearest, 'tis surpassingly beautiful ; and when the horses arrive, we shall often enjoy a good day's sport. You know how fond I am of violent exercise, and that a tame life would kill me. I require constant excitement in order to feel happy ; and I have found no means so successful in producing that, as keeping a fine steed, and, well mounted, flying before the breeze.”

“All your wishes shall be strictly attended to, my love ; and in our walk to-day we shall visit the stables, and see if they are fit for the reception of the noble animals that, I hope, will arrive by to-morrow.”

“Poor Charles !” sighed the lady, “how he would have enjoyed this sweet place. My poor brother was so fond of beautiful scenery—and to be taken off so suddenly, in the midst of all his enjoyments, was too bad.”

The stables were examined, and not at all approved of : they wanted space, capacity, and air, and it was determined that a new range of stabling should be built upon the site where a row of cottages stood. These cottages were inhabited by a number of the labouring tenants, who got instant notice to quit or their houses would be burnt over their heads. Entreaty and remonstrance were alike in vain ; the lady liked that situation, and determined upon carrying her point. Thus were thrown pitilessly upon the world these poor and unprotected people, and the lady watched with anxiety the commencement of the building.

The poor tenants soon learned that they were totally uncared for, or unthought of by their princely lord ; whose whole thoughts and time were devoted to forwarding even the half expressed wishes of his arrogant bride.

The stables were built, and money expended in pro-

fusion. The vast range of building was a miracle of elegance and comfort.

The Lady Christina was esteemed the very best horsewoman in the country, and right bravely did she sustain her character. The fleetest horse bounded gracefully under her slight form. The wildest and most untamed animal became docile at her touch. She rode until she left not a single perch of her hopeless tenants' land that was not trodden into powder. Over hedges and ditches, through promising fields and laboriously cultivated crops, on, on she went, accompanied by her retinue, till the ruin of her people followed the foot-steps of her charger. Arrogant and haughty, she listened not to complaints; she heeded not the mutterings which met her at every pass; and if any were bold enough openly to remonstrate, a notice to quit was instantly served upon them. One by one the tenants drooped, and sunk unheeded and uncared for by those who ought to have studied their interests and protected their rights—dismay sat upon all faces, and smothered curses followed in the foaming train that passed gaily along. Heedless and heartless, on they went, regardless of all but the mere sense of personal gratification.

Years rapidly fled in heartless gratification. Years rolled on—slow and desponding years, to the uncared and cruelly-injured tenantry, whose mangled crops yielded but little produce, until at length utter ruin, or in many cases untimely death released the sufferers from further allegiance to their cruel oppressors. Still naught appeared to rouse from the lethargy of sin those lordly despoilers of the poor man's sole means of existence. The horses were well fed—but the tenants pined in sorrowful destitution.

THE DRAWBRIDGE.

The dawn of summer was fast brightening into verdure the grounds around and about the castle. The fishing lake was dancing and glistening under the glowing rays of a May sun. The fairy fountains sparkled with foaming waters; and the birds coquetted in the bushes, or hailed, with full and joyous harmony, the return of that season which restores to nature her most charming aspect. A light and gentle breeze cooled the air, and perfume was wafted in every zephyr.

The Lady Christina bounded on her steed, accompanied by her lord and a train of noble visitors. Her habit of purple velvet reached even to the fetlocks of her pawing courser. Her long and jetty ringlets fell in profusion from under her plumed hat. Her fairy form, graceful and bounding, looked as proud as the noble animal she rode; which, in its turn, appeared fully conscious of its lovely burthen, and pawed and reared, and foamed and pranced, as if anxious to show to the greatest advantage the inimitable horsemanship of its graceful mistress. The avenue leading to the castle was a mile in length, and was arranged in winding pathways of singular beauty. At one moment you caught a full and picturesque view of the castle's front; the next moment it was hidden from the sight, and an uninterrupted view of wood, valley, and rivulet, alone presented itself before you. At the end of the avenue was a drawbridge, so skilfully constructed, and of such fine and exquisite workmanship, that one would have thought that fairies' hands could alone have perfected such an ornamental acquisition in so felicitous a spot.

After a long summer's day, the party were return-

ing, many of them weary and worn out by the day's sport, when they unexpectedly came before the drawbridge. The Lady Christina patted her foaming courser, as if to encourage him for some heroic deed, and, drawing tightly the reins, and spurring her steed, she dashingly leaped her horse across the bridge, leaving her party in consternation behind, for not one amongst them would dare to make so venturesome an attempt. The applauses she received for her extraordinary courage and skill, together with a desire of excelling all others, made her reckless, and in repeating this great feat of horsemanship, unmindful of the necessary precautions, her horse fell, and she was violently thrown; and upon being raised from the ground, it was discovered that her leg was broken in the fall. Doctors of all grades and classes were instantly in attendance, and every art used to allay the pangs of the sufferer; but fever set in, and for some time the life of the Lady de la Garraze was in imminent danger.

THE VISION.

Whilst enduring all the agonizing sufferings of bodily pain, the mental anguish of the young countess was also considerable. For the first time for many years, she reflected upon the uncertainty of this world's happiness, and thought with alarm of her total disregard of the good counsel she had received from a dying and devoted parent. Her young and innocent days passed in review before her, when happy and hopeful they glided peacefully by at the Benedictine Convent, where her mother had placed her. Her fervent friendships and innocent pastimes—her mind full of fervor, and her heart full of love. Her faithful observance of all the duties her holy religion had inculcated—her daily attendance at the holy Sacrifice of the Mass—her constant and fervent approach to the most sacred mystery of our faith—her close and holy communion with God, telling Him of her weaknesses, and beseeching strength from Him; and the heavenly consolation those acts produced in her mind—all, all recurred with painful precision to her stricken thoughts—those days, those happy, peaceful, calm, and innocent days, when naught was around or about her but smiles and blessings. And then she mused on after times, when she had lost her virtuous and vigilant protector—when that dear mother, who so faithfully discharged her duty, was called to receive the reward of her fidelity, and she, young, and scarcely sensible of the extent of her loss, was left to the care and guardianship of an aunt, the very reverse of that sainted mother. Her mind next turned to her removal from the convent to a fashionable Parisian boarding-school, where manners took the lead of morals, and affectation laughed simplicity to shame. By nature, proud and arrogant, and possessing more than an ordinary share of beauty, with considerable wealth, the young Christina became the leading belle of the school. Her faults were lauded, and her virtues ridiculed, until at length her religious principles were subverted, and she became the thoughtless votary of fashion and self gratification. All that wealth could purchase was at her command; and she unsparingly revelled in fashionable gaities. Her attendance on divine worship became less regular; her approaches to the sacraments were rare; till year succeeding year, and irregularity awakening tepidity, the practice of religion became forgotten, and duty remembered but as a childish dream.

These thoughts, and many more, passed through the sufferer's mind, till at length thought became painful.

She closed her eyes, and sought for sleep. Presently a sort of torpor came over her mind; she was not asleep, but in that dreamy condition between waking and sleeping; and, whilst in this state, she fancied she saw one of the tenants who had lately died beckoning to her to follow him. She did so, and he led her through dark and thorny paths, until at length they reached a deep and dismal abyss, where nought was heard but groans and lamentations, yells and shrieks; flames were around and about her, and she turned for aid to her conductor, but he had disappeared with a wild laugh. She felt as if she would momentarily catch fire, and saw that her garments were blackened by the burning masses which threatened to bury her in their raging flames. Her agony was fearful as the conviction that she was standing on the brink of hell flashed across her mind. She tried to raise her hand to make the sign of the cross, but she appeared to be pinioned by little ragged and wild-looking children, who seemed to gloat over her sufferings. The earth was giving way under her feet, and, looking down, she saw herself upheld by the arm of a man, who was in the midst of the raging flames. Upon looking again, she discovered that this man was her own and only brother, who had been suddenly called from this world, in the midst of a wild and reckless course of dissipation. She gazed upon him until her eyes ached, and appeared starting from their sockets. Their eyes met, and no pen could describe the mournful misery of that gaze; there was an utter hopelessness of woe, combined with the most agonizing torture, in the expression of that countenance, as in hollow accents he articulated—"Christina, look upon thy brother, thy unfortunate, suffering brother, who is doomed for all eternity to suffer the agonizing pains of hell. I thought not during life of my duties to God and my fellow-creatures, and madly argued in the strength of youth and health, that when these had passed away I should have time enough to repent. Consequently I drained passion's cup to the dregs, and behold me now and take warning. Return—but lead not the life you have done. Serve God faithfully and vigorously—benefit your neighbour—'tis to do those things you were created." A loud shriek brought the countess's attendants to her bedside. She spoke not of what she had seen, but she treasured it in her inmost heart; and her first act was contritely and humbly to beg God's forgiveness for the many years she had lived unmindful of her duty to Him, and solemnly to promise, if it was His blessed will that she should recover, that she would devote all the years of her future life, and all the energies of her mind, to His honor and glory, and her own sanctification. After this heartfelt prayer, her mind felt soothed, and she became tranquil. She calmly but bitterly reflected upon the ruin and devastation she had brought upon her unsuspecting tenants—of the rude and ragged children that it was her duty to have clothed and taught—and, as if by magic, the veil of self-gratification, which had for years blinded her, fell from her eyes, and she saw her conduct in all its innate depravity.

THE RECOVERY.

The invalid recovered, and her first act was to order the noble range of stabling we have before described to be converted into a spacious hospital for the afflicted poor, whom she attended night and day herself. She next had a beautiful chapel built, where the Holy Sacrifice was daily offered up. In addition to this, she had poor-schools built, in which she herself educated

and clothed sixty orphan children. In fine, from the moment of her recovery, her whole life was devoted to God's service—attending the sick, clothing and feeding the destitute, and instructing the ignorant. The velvets and costly silks gave place to the coarse and humble stuff dress; and the bounding steed was exchanged for the strong and graceless boots of the poor peasantry; and in how incredibly short a time, what a change was to be seen around and about her—nothing but happy looks, and cheerful, well-fed children, and heart-felt blessings. But it were vain to endeavour to describe the bliss that the Lady Christina enjoyed in these acts of mercy. Suffice it to say, that even in this world they yielded a rich reward.

Years rolled on, yet still was the Lady Christina untiringly pursuing her works of charity. Her zeal increased with her years, her fervour ripened with her hopes, and, after a long life, spent in the exercise of every Christian virtue, she calmly yielded up her soul to her merciful Creator, amidst the heart-rending anguish of those whom she tended with her own hands, whom she taught with her own lips, and whom she hourly edified by her saintly example.

At the time of the French Revolution, the Chateau de la Garraye was besieged and taken possession of, and the chapel was converted into a store for hay, but tradition avers, that the light which burnt before the Blessed Sacrament would never be extinguished, and that the hay which was put in in the evening was always consumed before the morning.

Reader, if you are disposed to doubt the truth of my tale, by going to the little church-yard of St. Lehon, in Dinan, you will there see a tomb erected to the Countess de la Garraye, and hear from the simple peasantry the recital of the foregoing facts.

A Spanish Inquisition.

THE LYNCHES OF GALWAY.

It has become so fashionable to ridicule the Irish of the middle ages, their wars and miserable feuds—their want of all the great virtues which reflect lustre on a nation—that very few ever dream of looking back to these ages for models of genuine patriotism. Some credit is allowed for their martial spirit, and that vigour which never despaired in the darkest hours of defeat; but the peaceful genius of modern times, robed in scarlet mantles, and cushioned in the glittering state coaches of civic authorities, would blush to receive a lesson in the arts of peace, in public beneficence and literary taste, from their rude, old predecessors in the Anglo-Irish towns. At some other time, a sketch may be given of the general history of those towns. It would exhibit many proofs of private munificence, which shame the degeneracy of modern burghers. It might, perhaps, suggest some useful reflections, some long views and generous aspirations, in those modern days, when the Irish towns and cities, for the first time in our history, can be strictly said to belong to the Irish people. From 1172 to 1600, the towns were literally English garrisons, inhabited by the descendants of the English, with purely English sympathies, and of course vehemently opposed, not only to the mere Irish, but also to the degenerate English. From 1600 to 1641, was a period of transition. There was then a slight infusion of new

English Protestant blood on the one hand; and on the other, the mass of the citizens, being Catholics, began, under the pressure of persecution, to merge their anti-Irish hereditary prejudices in the more powerful religious sympathy towards their Catholic mere Irish brethren. From 1641 to 1650, a period of war, the towns belonged exclusively either to Catholic or Protestant. From 1650 to the Irish Corporation Reform, 1834, the towns and cities, that is the life of them—corporations—were the property (a few years, and occasional instances, excepted) of Protestants alone. Now, in law, they belong neither to Catholic or Protestant, but to Ireland; except perhaps Dublin, where a crippled dwarf—the spawn of British wrong and Irish discord—a corporation, shorn by the Imperial Parliament of the best rights of the old municipalities, presides in the second city of the greatest empire in the world. Perhaps, at some distant day, citizens of all creeds and parties may at length discover that, where the rights of a city are concerned, the interest and honour of all are the interest of each. But, passing from such a dreamy possibility as Irish national union, it may be stated as a fact that now, for the first time in our history, the Irish corporations are integral elements of Irish nationality, vested with great influence, for good and evil, over the principles and tastes of the people at large, and accountable to posterity for the use they make of their power. Surely it is unnecessary to adduce school-boy proofs of the wonderful influence of municipalities on the destinies of Europe. The free cities of Germany—the petty republics of Italy in the middle ages—and the glorious states of ancient Greece!—what a brilliant page in the history of the world—and what were they but towns? To illustrate briefly these observations, let us take the town of Galway. It is fortunate, beyond other Irish towns, in having such an historian as Mr. Hardiman, who has edited, for the Irish Archæological Society, several interesting documents connected with the history of the capital of the West. To a very late period, it ranked as the second town in Ireland, immediately after Dublin. “Indeed,” says Dr. Molyneux, who visited it in 1709, “Dublin excepted, this is the largest town, taken altogether, I have seen in Ireland. The houses are all built of stone; of a coarse kind of marble; all like one another; like castles—from their arched doors and strong walls, windows and floors—and seem to have been all built about the same time, after the model, I hear, of some town in Flanders. The inhabitants are most Roman Catholics, and the trade is wholly in their hands. Here are two nunneries, who, keeping somewhat private are connived at by the governor and mayor. The inhabitants, I find, are all what they call English-Irish, that is, families that came over at or soon after the Conquest, and were here settled in this strong town as a colony against the *natural Irish* of those parts, and whose posterity still live here, and with their old religion, enjoy also their old possessions.”* Neither religion nor possessions, however, were enjoyed at this time, except under such restrictions, as paying to the soldier at the gate two sods of turf or two herrings, from every horse that entered the gate, and occasional expulsions of the whole population out of the gates. But our object is not to exhibit the magnanimity of those worthy burghers in adhering to their old faith,

when it was under a cloud; but to propose as a model to our degenerate days some of those old English-Irish, who erected “the marble houses, like castles, with their arched doors, and strong walls and windows;” colonists who, unlike the immigrants of later times, felt themselves at home in Ireland, and built like men that felt so; leaving marble houses like castles as the imperishable monuments of glory, which neither the cannon of the Puritan, nor the more withering hand of penal law, could destroy. Pre-eminent among all those Galway English-Irish, like the Titans of old, in Catholic munificence, stands the family of Lynch.

From the many proofs of their burgher munificence, let one be selected, for which we are indebted to Mr. Hardiman and the Archæological Society. It is amusing in many of its details; and is doubly interesting, because it justified to the noble and generous Spaniard in 1674, the open hand which he extended to the fallen Irish, exiled for their faith. It proved to him that the ancestors of those exiles, if they had the means, would have bequeathed to Ireland monuments as noble as his own Cathedral at Seville, or the proudest erections of Spanish genius. But, leaving to others to dream what they might have done, let us see what they actually did with Irish resources alone—and the aboos of their terrible neighbours, the O’Flaherties, ringing in their ears.

To understand this amusing document, published by Mr. Hardiman, the reader must bear in mind the singular importance attached to nobility in Spain. To be everything that a Spaniard would wish, you should be a son of somebody—“an Hidalgo.” Dominic Lynch might have been prudent and pious, and so learned as to compose great tomes, and shine as a bright star of the Dominican order, but to grace with due dignity the Regent’s chair of a Spanish College, to which his other merits entitled him, and to which he was actually elected, it was most desirable, said the Spaniard, that something should be known of his family. It was dangerous, no doubt, for a Spanish monk to visit Galway in 1674, to hold a court of inquiry on the subject, these being the penal days, so feelingly bemoaned by Davis; but it should be done. Dominic does not, if he dared, decline the inquiry; and forthwith, in the fair city of Seville, on the 13th of May, 1674, witnesses and notary public, and all legal Alcades, are summoned to the hall of the Dominican college of St. Thomas of Aquin, in said city, and with all the punctilious gravity of the Spaniard, a document is drawn up to the effect, that Dominic Lynch has been elected to the dignity of Regent of the Dominican college in Seville; but that Michel de Mendoza, Doctor and Rector, Fra. Gabriel Vaguerito, Fra. Petro Barrero, Fra. Francis Ximenes, Fra. Francis Torregrona, and others, in the name of all the brethren, do appoint the Rev. Father Francis de Ayora, Collegial of the said College, to go into the kingdoms of Ireland, England, and Scotland, and take due information on the pedigree, life, and behaviour of said Dr. Dominic Lynch; examine witnesses of approved fidelity, and bring home to Spain the depositions, signed and sealed. No expense deters them. And for the better security of Father Ayora in discharging this great trust, “we hereby engage the goods and rents of this college, present and to come.” Truly imposing inquisition into the ancestral merits of a man, who could not count a lord or a sir in all his line, or at least did not rest his claim upon them, but on the industrious and enterprising burghers, who made their wealth by the

* “Journey to Connaught.”—*Miscel. I. Arch. Soc.*, edited by A. Smith, M.D.

people, and dispensed it munificently for the good of the people, and did not, from silly pride, stand aloof from the municipal council of the people, but made the general good of their town the ruling passion of their lives.

On the second of September, 1674, Fra. Francis de Ayora is sitting in the good old town of Galway, armed with the authority of the Dominican College of Seville. But how changed was Galway then? The Catholics, that is, all the inhabitants had been driven outside the walls by Cromwell in 1652. They received letters patent for their restoration from Charles II., in 1660, in compliment to their having been the last town that held out for him against the Parliament. But these letters never had their full effect; and Galway was subjected to the "new rules for corporations" of 1672, which made the cities of Ireland what they were within our memory. Yet, Fra. Francis holds his court, and collects his evidence. But what evidence does he need, save the monuments around him? One hundred years ago, Elizabeth and the Reformation had dried up the well-spring of charity and munificence; the Cromwellian troopers had, during nearly ten years, patrolled the grass-grown streets of Galway, and revelled in its tenantless mansions; but the Lynches had never worshipped with either Elizabeth or Cromwell—the monuments of their fathers forbade the change. Even now, these monuments speak to Fra. Francis de Ayora more eloquently than any genealogist. "I do testify," he says, "that, in the church of St. Nicholas, in Galway, there is, in the chief place of the great chappel of said church, a window with glass of divers colours, whereon are painted different arms, and on the upper part of said window, the arms of the Lynches; in the same great chappel, at the Epistle's side, there is a stone, a yard long and high, on which are escutcheons, the arms of the Lynches alone: in a 'bigg chappel, sideways to the great chappel,' a tomb of black marble, five feet high, stretched across the whole breadth of the chapel, 14 or 15 yards, and bore the arms of the Lynches. On the chief doors of the church, in several places inside and without, appeared the same arms, and *no other*." On the bridge, on the walls of the town, on public places and private houses, Fra. Francis de Ayora is greeted by the same arms, and is proud of the choice of his brethren of Seville. Happy Dominic Lynch, Regent elect of the College of St. Thomas of Aquin!—thy fathers were unacquainted with gingerbread brick, barn-walls, or gothic hunting-lodges. Such churches could not survive a century's neglect; but those coloured windows and gigantic tombs, the city walls and public places, had an eloquence then for the Spaniard, which they have not, we fear, now for all the countrymen of the Lynches.

In executing his commission, Fra. Francis examined the records of the city. A manuscript folio, four fingers thick, which belonged to the chapter, and recorded the antiquities and remarkable events that happened in Galway, was interrogated, and it gave glorious evidence of the magnificence of the Lynches. In 1312, Nicholas Lynch, the Black Marshal, erected the first work near the great gate built by himself. In 1442, Edmond Lynch Fitzthomas erected, at his own cost and charges, the large and beautiful bridge of Galway, "on the river of Lockcorb." In 1485, Dominic Lynch, commonly called black Dominic, obtained letters patent from Henry VII., authorizing the citizens of Galway to elect out of their corporation a mayor every year. Peter Lynch, brother to Dominic,

was first mayor: the thirty following mayors, four excepted, were Lynches—and altogether, down to the day on which Fra. Francis inspected the registers, nearly half the mayors of Galway had been Lynches. And well had they merited their civic honours.—Black Dominic, and his son Stephen, obtained a Bull from the Pope constituting St. Nicholas' Church a Collegiate Church. He also founded the college, and bestowed upon it three stately houses of marble within the walls of the town. He built the east door of the church of pure marble, and its south wing near the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. And what would he not build, were he living in our days, if the Head of his Church, the great Municipal reformer, invited the Irish Prelates to erect for themselves an independent University—a centre for Catholic intellect—in that place where such a bulwark is most required? Dominic's purse would have poured out its glittering treasures to aid the great work. These so called "dark ages!" how far are we from comprehending, much less imitating, their noble generosity. In 1493, James Lynch Fitz Stephen built, at his own cost, the choir of our Lady's Church in the west of the town, and adorned St. Nicholas' Church with "sumptuous glass windows." It was he that was generally believed to have hanged his own son, for having broken trust with a stranger. In 1500, Margaret Athey, wife of Stephen Lynch Fitz-Dominic, commenced the erection of the convent of St. Augustin, on Fort-hill, and endowed it with houses and lands. Four years later, Stephen founded an hospital in Galway. In 1510, James Lynch erected, at his own cost, the Chapel of St. James, in the new Fort near the city. In 1513, Walter Lynch granted a house near St. Nicholas' Church, for poor and religious women. The ignorance and immorality that paved the way for the rebellion of Luther and Cranmer had not affected the great public virtues of this wonderful family. In 1541, Thomas Lynch founded the Chapel of St. Bridget, in the east suburbs of the town, and near it an hospital for the maintenance of reduced citizens, for whom a general collection was made every Sunday. In 1557, James Lynch, mayor, built the east part of the town-house, at his own cost and charges. Even when the withering blight of the Reformation had set in, in 1561, the Lynches still build, as if in the conviction that the church of their fathers would survive the tempests that were gathering around her. In that year, Nicholas More Lynch made, at his own cost, a sumptuous work, near that of his grandfather, in the church of Galway; and also a belfry on the south side, with a pair of organs and a great bell, whose key was always in his own custody. In 1580, when Catholics were not allowed to have public chapels, Dominic Lynch builds, at his own cost, the west side of the town-house, and a free-school, in a commodious place, near the sea side. Two copies of the great folio book were duly collated; the preceding extracts authenticated in presence of Fra. Francis, and formally signed in his name as Notary Apostolic.

Now comes the examination of witnesses.—Fra. Francis was ordered by his convent to propose seven demands regarding Dominic Lynch, Regent elect, and his family—whether he was born in lawful wedlock, celebrated according to the rites of the Catholic Church? whether any of his ancestors were Turks, Jews, public penitents, or new converts? whether they had been citizens of Galway, and had not, during at least four generations, any base employment, or vile office, which could disqualify them from holding sta-

tions in the corporation of the town. These, and a few other points regarding the character of the witnesses themselves, and the public belief in the munificence of the Lynches, were proposed by Fra. Francis. Among other witnesses, Dr. James Lynch, Archbishop of Tuam and Metropolitan of Connaught deposes—

That he is a relation of father Dominic Lynch, but says only what he knows to be truth before God and his conscience. He was present at the thesis sustained by Dominic for the Master of Arts in the royal convent of St. Paul, of Seville. Peter Lynch, father of Dominic,

“Lived in the country at Sruell, with much splendour, honour, and repute of hospitality—how great soever were the persons that passed by, receiving and treating them with all manner of courtesy and hospitality, both the noble and the meaner sort, whether ecclesiastic or lay, as Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Knights, Lawyers, and the Lords Judges, whom he treated twice a-year most splendidly; as also the now Duke of Ormond. All this he attests as known by public report.”

Philip O'Sullivan was a bitter enemy of the Anglo-Irish. Had they united, he says, with the Milesian Irish, at the close of Elizabeth's reign, they would have extorted from that wicked woman the liberty of their church and the security of their properties. But how his heart warms to them, when he describes them rivalling his own old Irish in attachment to the Catholic faith. Many of the best defenders of that faith, by pen and sword, were the English-Irish. What a host of brilliant names these English Lynches gave to the Irish Church—Archbishop Lynch deposes that he knew three Lynches bishops “of this town;” Bishop Kirwan, of Killala, exiled in 1652 for the faith; Walter Lynch, Dean, and afterwards Vicar Apostolic of Tuam, D.D., LL.D., and finally Bishop of Clonfert; the Dean and Archdeacon of Tuam, before the present, both Lynches; James Fallon, Vicar Apostolic, and Charles Fallon, Provost of the Cathedral of Killala; Michael Lynch, Vicar Apostolic of Kilmacduagh; Stephen Lynch, Provincial O. S. A., well known in France, Spain, and Rome, and Vicar Apostolic of Scotland; Richard Lynch, S. J., Professor of Divinity in Salamanca; Stephen Lynch, Guardian, Irish Franciscan Convent, Rome; Andrew Lynch, Bishop of Kilfenora; Nicholas Skeret, Archbishop of Tuam—all these, with Richard Martin and Patrick Darcy, Chief Justices, Sir Richard Blake and Geoffrey Brown, Councillors of this Kingdom—were all relations to Dominic Lynch, Regent elect of the College of Seville. Well might deponent feel proud of the fidelity of his blood to the faith of Rome.

The Lynches, it was also found, had married into the most noble families of the kingdom—Elizabeth Lynch was married to the O'Shaughnessy; another to the Earl of Clanrickard; another to Sir Terence O'Brien, son of the Earl of Thomond; and a fourth to the head of the O'Flaherties. These, together with Sir Henry Lynch, who married the eldest daughter of the Lord Mayo, were relations to Father Dominic Lynch. To the fourth demand, the Archbishop answered—

“That Father Dominick Lynch, his parents and forefathers, are ancient Catholics, pure and unspotted, and that never any of said race forsook the Roman Catholic religion ever since the reign of Henry VIII., in the year of our Lord 1532. And in proof of their constancy, the Lynches, as well as several other families of Galway, together with the loss of their goods and rents, were content to quit the very town they founded themselves, having surrounded it with great walls, and embellished it with churches and stately houses, upon their own cost and charges. In like manner they were forced to forfeit their privileges and liberties of freemen and natives of

the town, and to have only right to be members of the senate or town-house, of the chapter and magistrate. All which they suffer for not entering into communication of the Protestant religion with those that govern at present. The last mayor of the town who was a Lynch has been deprived of his office with much ignominy, although he took it as a great honour to be so persecuted for the love of Jesus. He was also deprived of his whole revenues, goods, and houses in that town in 1652, when the Rump Parliament became masters of it, after a whole year's siege, at the cost and charge of the townsmen, who never surrendered themselves until they had express orders from their prince and king to surrender. At which time the parents of Dominic Lynch lost all that they had, and were excluded (as all the rest of the inhabitants were) from all manner of employments, both in the town and throughout the kingdom, for being Catholics; forced for to see others possess their ancient estates and goods or embrace the new religion, which they would never do; so that it cannot be at all doubted of said persons but that they are most pure and unspotted, and most firm and constant in the Catholic faith.

“Scilicet ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus aurum
Temper sic duro est inspicienda fides.”

Here was enough to entitle Father Dominic to raise his head in any assembly of Spanish grandees. But the Notary Apostolic extends his inquisition, and examines several ancient wills, in Latin and parchment, made by the ancestors of Father Dominic. One of these wills was approved in a provincial council of seven bishops in 1520; another, of 1482, ordains that Martin Lynch should be buried in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, in St. Nicholas' Church, to which he had bequeathed three houses. He had also left legacies to the wardens and clergy of the town, to every convent and religious in the same, to young women of birth, and to seventy-two convents throughout Ireland. For the perusal of these wills, still preserved in the college library, Galway, Mr. Hardiman is indebted to Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Galway. They are published as an appendix to Fra. Ayora's inquisition, in the valuable miscellany of the Irish Archaeological Society. One of them, made in 1496, by John Lynch Fitz John, merchant of the city of Galway, after providing liberally for all his family, bequeathed a *stone house* to Nicholas Lynch, on condition that Nicholas and his heirs should celebrate the anniversary of testator and his wife. To the college he bequeathed two marks; to the convent of St. Mary, a chasuble and stole; to the convents of Clare, Kilconlyn, Rorryalla, Mayne, Rosherk, Sligo, Rayhanna, and seven others, two ounces; to the convents of Roba, Rorysturra, and others, *xxd.*, all to be paid in merchandize.

The will approved of by the seven bishops in provincial council, was copied by Mr. Hardiman from the Rolls' Office, Dublin; but unfortunately the enrolment was carelessly made. Enough, however, is legible to prove the wealth and charity of the testator. Dominic Lynch, merchant and burgess of the town of Galway. Fra. Francis could read therein legacies to rich and poor; to the college, and churches, and public buildings of the town; and to all the convents in Ireland of all orders—an act of charity more comprehensive than strikes the modern eye at first sight, for, in 1508, when the will was made, the Irish and Anglo-Irish convents even of the same order, sympathised but too deeply with the rival feelings of the two races, and were, in many instances, governed by different Provincials.

Mr. Hardiman closes his ancient evidences of the public munificence of the Lynch family, with a document of Martin Lynch, who founded an hospital, called “the poor men's house,” in Galway, in 1567. A significant date! Well may it have been the last, for, next year, 1568, public mass was first prohibited in Gal-

way, though all the inhabitants were Catholic. Who can measure the debt of justice due to this country from England?

The result of the inquisition is briefly told. Father Dominic Lynch lived long to enjoy his honours in the University of Seville. He died in 1697, leaving behind him the reputation of a good son of St. Dominic, and of a profound scholar. He had been successively Lecturer of the Arts and Philosophy, and Professor of Divinity; and held a high place among the writers of Spain and of his order.*

Mr. Hardiman closes his learned notices with an expression of his acknowledgments to an amiable member of the Lynch family, for the use of a document so honourable to her house. It were well that other families would avail themselves of the intimation made, we believe, by the Archæological Society, to publish similar documents; especially if, like the present, they would prove to our wealthy citizens, that the nineteenth century, with all its boasted civilization, has still many lessons to learn from the disinterested munificence of ruder ages.

* Dr. Burke, *Hib. Dom.* p. 545, says, he heard from some Spaniards, that Father Dominic wrote an entire course of theology, which was, unfortunately, lost at sea, when going to be printed in France. He certainly wrote four volumes of philosophy, printed successively in 1666, 1667, 1670, and 1686; but these, like hundreds of others composed by Irishmen, are now unknown in Ireland by even name.

Life and Labours of a Catholic Curate.

CHAPTER III.

ONE circumstance still, however, continued to gratify his parents, and this was, that during the whole time of his attendance at Shannon's school, with the exception of the first two or three months, they could observe that he frequently made efforts, and very often successful ones, at curbing the hasty ebullitions of temper to which he was subject. In this respect, his mother's occasional remonstrances were invaluable; especially when her son saw with what singular beauty her advice and example uniformly harmonized together. Neither was the example of his father at all lost upon him—on the contrary, we question but the triumph, so to speak, which the latter had gained over a disposition prone to resentment, was of much value to him, if not more, than that of his mother herself. At all events they saw, with sincere satisfaction, that he was labouring in secret to establish for himself such a system of self-control, as might enable him to imitate the examples that shone so brightly before his eyes.

After the lapse of a few months, another schoolmaster was procured—a man named Molloy—but of a very different disposition, indeed, from that of his predecessor; he was a mild, amiable man, of a kind, but, at the same time, independent character, and an excellent scholar besides—a want of scholarship having been, by the way, one of the hidden blemishes of worthy Shannon.

We have mentioned the parish priest, whose name was O'Brien. He was a small man, but of easy and gentlemanly deportment; he had been educated in France, and narrowly escaped with his life during the sanguinary tumults of the French Revolution. At that time he had but one curate, named Brady, who lived in the house with him, and to whom he paid the

enormous sum of fifteen pounds a-year. It is true he boarded and lodged him, and allowed him the keep of a horse, and it is also true that the good-natured and contented curate did not seem to possess a single wish beyond the comforts of an office, whose duties were sufficient to kill about half a dozen men. How they met the severe and incessant demands that were, night and day, made upon their exertions, is a mystery which we are not able to solve—and the less so, as we know that at this moment, when the parish in question is depopulated of half its inhabitants by disease, emigration and the consolidation of farms, it requires four clergymen to discharge its duties effectually.

Father O'Brien, we have said, was a man of easy and urbane manners; he was also said to be a scholar, and an elegant one; but of this the writer is not competent to judge. His conversation, however, was not only easy and cheerful, but, whenever he wished, replete with humour that was sometimes bland, natural, and harmless, but occasionally pregnant with the bitterest satire. His curate, the Rev. Peter Brady, was a man of great simplicity of character, benevolent, when his miserable means were considered, even to that point at which the ridiculous becomes blended with the good and the charitable; he was unassuming also, full of quiet and unostentatious piety, and took a singular delight in speaking Latin, which he spoke with considerable fluency. Many a time do we remember to have seen him and Father O'Brien jogging on, on their two sober hacks, at day-break of a bleak winter's morning, to hold a station, perhaps in some wild, uncultivated district, that was distant eight or ten miles from their place of residence. Father O'Brien, though plainly dressed was yet possessed of taste enough and knowledge of the world to have something in his costume that was quite sufficient to determine his character as that of a gentleman, whilst Father Peter, whose means probably limited the extent and value of his wardrobe, was contented with a very plain black coat, made loosely and not of the most costly fabric, a black double-breasted waistcoat, and black velvet breeches, with cloth gaiters of the same colour. We really believe that neither the one nor the other entertained a wish beyond the hard and laborious station of life in which their lot was cast.

Father O'Brien was by far the older and feebler man; and Father Peter had but one wish—that he might live to see the day when his salary should be raised to twenty—or, heavens, could the thing be possible! maybe to twenty-five; for then he could be able to pay up many of the little bills for which he had made himself accountable, in order to relieve several of his poor but struggling and industrious parishioners.

As Father O'Brien and his curate were in the habit of holding a station, mostly every year, in Tom O'Donovan's house, they consequently became aware of the object for which his parents had placed their son at Shannon's school. This circumstance threw him into occasional conversation with them, and was the means, besides, of eliciting some plain but excellent advice from both; but especially from Father Peter, as to the state of mind with which he ought to prosecute his studies, and the solicitude with which he should watch the development of every passion and propensity in himself, that was likely to obstruct his progress in the paths of virtue and religious advancement.

"Look at our lives," said Father Peter, "and what do you see, or can you see, in them, but care and unceasing labour, the endurance of hardship, meals often

limited and hasty—nights of abridged rest, when we must, in a state of exhaustion and fatigue, forego the comfort of a repose that the previous day's toil had rendered so necessary? This is what you see, and let me ask you is there any thing that could tempt even the humblest ambition in this? that is, in this severe routine of endless fatigue and hardships? Yet, let me tell you," he added, "that whilst we ride through wind and sleet and snow, to perform the sublime mysteries of our holy religion—probably on the road side, or under the scanty shelter of a hedge, or in some rudely-constructed shed, which can only shelter us when the wind blows from one direction; when you see all this, and know that the elements are beating against our unprotected heads, whilst in the act of God's solemn worship—I say, my dear boy, that we then enjoy an inward sustainment and an elevating support—arising from the consciousness of having discharged duties fraught with such happiness to our fellow-creatures, according to the best light of our conscience and our knowledge—that we would not exchange for the highest secular honours of this world's ambition."

Now, in order to render much of Father Peter's language intelligible at the present day, it becomes absolutely necessary that we should pause a little in our narrative, and give our readers a sketch of the wretched condition in which the people and their Clergy were placed with respect to church accommodation and the other external means of administering the ordinances of religion.

We have already stated, that in the large parish which was native to the subject of our memoir, there was, at that period, a population nearly double what it is at present. The consequence naturally is, that the religious accommodation and the general demand for the administration of its rites and sacraments, must have been double what they are at this moment. This, to be sure, is reasonable enough—for it ought to have been the case, although it was not. In the first place, the demands for the duties of religion were much more than could be met by those who were educated in Maynooth, then only in its infancy, and by no means adequate to afford the necessary supply of clergymen to the growing population.

We must observe here, by the way, that the circumstances of diminished population alluded to in this parish, are of a peculiar nature, and somewhat at variance with those of the country at large.

Be this as it may, the situation of the parish of Mullanabrogue, with respect to church accommodation, was exactly as follows:—In the lower part of it there was one chapel, built at the foot of a range of mountainous hills, at which the inhabitants of the adjoining mountain and hill-ranges attended, as did those of the wealthier inland for miles around. This was the only chapel then standing in this immense and populous parish. Another place of worship consisted in a small shed, somewhat longer, but not higher, than a sentry-box, which was open in front, and partially roofed in. It was placed under shelter of some fine whitethorn trees, of great growth, and stood at the extremity of a green circle of close grass, which circle was itself enclosed by rows of whitethorn similar in size and beauty to those which covered the altar. To this simple and strikingly solemn-looking place of worship the people flocked in thousands; and although the accommodation was wretched—in fact there was none at all during the winter months—yet we must confess, that to witness the devoted multitude prostrate

in the bending attitude of devotion, the priest in his robes celebrating the rites of religion, whilst the sound of the storm, as it swept through the surrounding trees, seemed to add its solemn diapason to the sacrifice which was offered up;—these, we say, were calculated to give more impressiveness to religion than probably the most highly ornamented cathedral in the world. This, however, is only one view of it—but to complete the truth of the picture, we must fancy to ourselves the rain, and the hail, and the snow, beating strongly, by the force of the blast, upon the defenceless and unsheltered congregation, as they knelt in the now plashing clay, or upon the hard snow, with probably a stone, or wisp of straw or hay, by way of luxury, under their knees. The other two places of worship were precisely of a similar description. One of them was a little stone shed, built upon a roadside, so simple and primitive in its construction, that, to such as knew not the purpose for which it was built, it possessed all the mystery of an Egyptian symbol. The third resembled the first, being a little round garden, enclosed by a shallow ditch, which, in point of fact, was no protection to it from the neighbouring cattle, whenever they took a fancy to taste the grass within its little circle.

Here, upon a Sunday, were to be seen the aforesaid priests, each having his two altars—for they were literally such, and nothing more—to attend to; each altar being, at least, from four to five miles distant from the other. They rode pretty briskly from altar to altar, as may be supposed; each priest with a pair of leathern saddle-bags behind him, in which it was necessary to carry the vestments, books, chalice, &c., and whatever was requisite for performing the ceremony of Mass.

And yet these two men were cheerful, and full of that harmless mirth which is so frequently associated with great piety and simplicity of character. In society, when they happened to be together, no man laughed so heartily at Father O'Brien's jokes as Father Peter, nor did any man enjoy Father Peter's pleasantries with half the zest that was manifested by Father O'Brien. If you happened to sit beside the latter, he would whisper to you that there never lived a parish priest so fortunate in a curate as he was; whilst, on the other hand, if you chanced to have a private chat with Father Peter, he would tell you that no curate ever was blessed with such a parish priest as was Father O'Brien. In point of fact, they were as perfect a picture of harmony and unambitious happiness as this world, in any of its many phases of life, either private or professional, could possibly present.

It is, indeed, a delightful thing to look back upon these men—their piety, their simplicity, their incessant labour, and their singular zeal—and to think upon those houseless congregations where there were evident such humble but fervent devotion to a religion which had so little of this world or its spirit either to support or diminish its influence.

The change in that parish is now, indeed, as gratifying as it is striking. Principally, upon the very sites of the primitive old altars we have described, stand at the present time, four large, but plain and commodious, chapels, in which we are certain there is no diminution of the piety that characterized those who worshipped on their once unsheltered foundations.

We have stated, however, that the population of this fine parish has been much reduced, and that the causes of it were, in some degree, peculiar and distinct

from many that have operated in other instances. In order, however, that our readers may more clearly understand what we are about to relate, and enter more fully into our feelings, we shall give them, without any straining whatsoever after effect, the precise impressions that were made upon us in revisiting it, after an absence of twenty-seven years.

When we left it, we may indeed say, that the whole parish was literally teeming with a light hearted, industrious, and happy population.—Go where you might, the voice of laughter and of song was sure to be heard, either enlivening the darkness of the winter night, as you passed along the road, or stirring into greater mirth the pleasant hearth, now lit up by the bright and cheerful blaze of the warm turf-fire, whose ruddy light danced in the bright pewter, or delf, that, in due order, graced the shelves of the white and well-scoured dresser. Nor can our description end here. In spring, in summer, and in autumn, the same voices of mirth and glee and good humoured banter met you in all directions, as you passed through the country—nor could your heart fail to be touched into sorrow, or stirred into mirth, by the old songs, whether of melancholy or joy, that streamed in untaught melody through the meadows and fields on every hand. Every fair-day was then a day of festive delight, in anticipation of which, there were made, by both young and old, the most agreeable and anxious preparations, even for weeks before it arrived. And even when it did arrive, like Christmas, and Easter, and other festivals of those happy days, how few eyes, especially young ones like ours, were closed during the night preceding it. On that morning early, how delightful were the sounds which greeted our ears, even long before we were up, from such a busy din as now assailed us from every part of the road which led to it. The neighing of horses, the wild and startled lowing of cows, the bleating of sheep, and the melancholy baaing of the affrighted lambs, joined to the grunting or ear-piercing squeal of the swine, whilst the eager, or angry, or good humoured voices of those who owned them, when taken into account, all formed a chorus that was indeed music to our young and happy heart.

Then the fair itself! What a living mass of beings, rational and irrational, all moving by the several impulses of pleasure or business—each face animated by the peculiar interest by which its owner was moved in this great hum of life! What a variety of tents, each known by its characteristic sign! What an infinity of amusement! What a tempting array of cakes, fruits, and other wonderful description of refreshments, all meet the eye, and set the teeth a watering! Indeed, it is no wonder that the eye and ear should both be confounded by the endless and indescribable variety of sounds and sights which all press upon them at once; and if it were not that some particular circumstance, more striking than any of those about you, is certain to arrest one's particular attention, from time to time, we should not feel surprised if one were to fall into a kind of somnambulism by the stunning effect of the whole scene. For instance—Take care! take care!—get out of the way!—a cow has got wild by the din, and broke away, followed by her owner, calling, in a state of distraction, upon the affrighted crowd to stop her, or to leave the way, if she happens to be dangerous. There, again, is a row in another direction, and lo! a rush is made from all parts, to know what it is, or who the parties are that are fighting. In another place is a drunken man, staggering about, or some individual with his

head cut and bleeding; whilst, most awful case of all, comes some comfortable farmer's wife, in a state of wild despair, who has been robbed of six pounds, the price of her butter, and she is now proclaiming her loss to the whole fair. Then, the bargaining—the huxtering—the disputing—the wrangling about matters of little value, when compared with the din and tumult that are made about them! Look, for instance—to turn to another and more pleasing image—look at that sweet and innocent country girl, who stands with her bright but longing eyes fixed upon that showy pattern of cotton, that hangs in tempting folds from a shelf in that tent. Ah! what a gown that would make, and how handsome! and to what advantage would I look in it, she thinks to herself. That and a pair of stays—and wid Peggy Boyle to make the gown—would show my figure all to pieces!

Lowly ambition! one may exclaim—but not the more innocent that it is lowly! Is not that the squire's profligate son, who stands, with keen but falcon eye, observing the force of this same lowly ambition, and calculating upon the certainty of success with which he may administer the temptation, now that he knows what it is?

We find we must check ourselves, however, and leave to the imagination of our readers fifty other sights and sounds with which, we presume, they are as well acquainted as ourselves. We have not time to show them the dancing in the tents—the festive and neighbourly computations, nor the family courtships, which are going on in the inns and public-houses. We must pause, therefore, and say, that such as a fair was then, in our native parish, it is not now. Far from it—the old mirth, the rustic abundance, and the commercial spirit, which formerly prevailed in our fairs, are all nearly gone; and little else remains, but a cold and feeble parody upon the joyous and healthy spirit with which those good old times animated them.

We shall now proceed to show the causes which have, in a great measure, if not altogether, produced this melancholy and painful change; and, in order to do it with more effect, we shall proceed with an account of our return home, after such a protracted absence.

We arrived at our native place, in the month of October, about the hour of ten o'clock at night. There had been a dim and dreamy moonlight, which we hoped might have continued until we should reach home, in order that we might catch even a faint glimpse of the beautiful scenery with which our nightly visions had been haunted for many a long year. It continued until we had reached a town distant about eight miles from the place of our destination. On we proceeded, however, at as rapid a pace as the unfortunate horses could accomplish, and had just arrived near an elevation on the road which commanded a view of the greater part of the magnificent valley in which our native parish lies, when we found, to our bitter disappointment, that the last faint glimpse had disappeared, leaving all that we so much desired to look upon shrouded in the most impenetrable obscurity. This, however, was an event for which we had no remedy but patience, and accordingly we reached the inn, and, after taking some refreshment went to bed; but, in consequence of the tumultuous state of our feelings, we found it impossible for a considerable time to sleep.

The next morning found us up by the very dawn of day; and as soon as we were dressed we proceeded to a beautiful spot, immediately adjoining the town, called

Castle Hill. From this spot we commanded a magnificent view of the whole parish. However the actual change there may be for the worse, we at once perceived that the aspect of the whole country was much improved—just as a poor man with a good suit of clothes on him may look wealthier than a rich man badly clothed. This apparent change for the better was the mere result of time, and the spontaneous efforts of nature. It proceeded, in this instance, from the growth of the trees that had been planted about the dwelling-houses and in some few barren patches of the country—a circumstance which gave to the landscape a warmth and richness of colouring that had a fine effect, and seemed to tell well for the prosperity of the people. This appearance, however, was deceitful, and reminds one of those females who, on perceiving that their charms are beginning to fail them, have recourse to artificial colouring, and the creation of a false complexion to repair them.

After breakfast, we resolved to go and see the old places which were so long embalmed by early and happy associations in our memory; and with this purpose we started across the fields, until we came out upon a beloved old road, which led to the spot where we were born, and along which, fleet as a deer, had our young feet often danced in the happy and sportive exultation of youth.

Now this village which we approached had been a sweet and delightful little village—full of life and humble happiness, and having the green hills and picturesque streams about it made vocal with the voices of cheerfulness and mirth. There was one white house in it that stood on the road side, belonging to a respectable and wealthy miller, opposite to which was the grey warm-looking mill. As we turned the bend of the road which led down to this sweet picture of wealth and cleanliness, judge of our surprise and grief, when, on surveying this once comfortable looking scene, we found that all was desolate. The white house we have spoken of—well stored with abundant and well-filled meal chests, from whose ample bins many a poor and hungry creature was largely relieved—this white house, we say, which, in fact, stood as the abode of charity in the country—was now lying a heap of ugly and melancholy ruins—its walls levelled to the ground—its floors covered with grass, and its once hospitable hearth the abode of utter desolation.

From this, however, we passed over to the mill we have spoken of, and here again did a similar sight and as miserable a scene await us. The mill was unroofed—its machinery gone—its lofts removed—and the dreary impress of utter ruin upon it, even to the rank grass which grew in its window sills and along its crumbling walls. The dam and race by which water was supplied to it were long since dry, and had their bottoms covered with grass; and, in short, as before, all was solitude, silence, and desolation. Leaving the mill, we proceeded to the village, called Milltown, and here again we were met by desolation, or rather by obliteration—for, in fact, there was not a single house of the whole village visible. All had disappeared—extermination had done its work. But, what had become of the inhabitants? Where they had dispersed themselves, or been dispersed to, it is impossible now to tell. A fine house, belonging to a decent farmer, remarkable for the skill and success with which he cultivated flowers—in fact, a botanist by nature—had also shared the same fate. Not a vestige of it remained, or of the beautiful flower-garden

which had so often arrested our attention when a schoolboy, excited our admiration, and, in fact, filled our young hearts with pure and singular pleasure when we passed it.

[To be continued.]

A visit to Hugh O'Neill,

EARL OF TYRONE.

[If there were a prospect of having the following, and similar documents, collected and published in a volume, it would not be given here. We present it now as a specimen of what may be found even in printed books—though hardly ever opened by our historians. In the work from which we transcribe it,* there are several other original papers on Irish affairs, at the close of Elizabeth's reign.]

MANY of our readers are familiar with the beautiful vignette to the fourth volume of "Moore's History of Ireland," representing the meeting between Hugh O'Neill and the Earl of Essex. That meeting was arranged by Sir William Warren and Sir John Harrington, who visited the great chieftain, and enjoyed his Irish hospitality. Sir John sketched the following picture of his host, family, and attendants:—The two boys dressed like noblemen's sons, with short jerkins and gold lace; the beardless, devoted body-guards, who waded like spaniels over frozen rivers; Father Nangle, the family tutor; the fern tables and fern forms, laid out under the canopy of heaven; these, if well grouped by the genius of a poet, would make interesting items in the proudest day of O'Neill's life. His glory was then culminating. Never had he ventured to ask conditions so favourable as those which he now proposed to the representative of Elizabeth. They are given in detail by Primate Lombard. Harrington was one of the very few Englishmen who showed any kind feeling to Irishmen in those days. "The Irishrie," he says, "do appeare in the upper sorte very kind and hospitable to all new comers, as I did well experience in this countrie, even so much as if my own lands were here I would hazard my dwelling with them for life. I was often well entertained, and in some sorte got ill will for speakeinge in praise of their civil usage among our own commanders, whom I often told that though I was sent out to fight with some there did appear no reason for my not eatinge with others. I was well used, and therefore am in duty bounde to speak well of the Irishrie.† For his interview with Elizabeth, and his reception by that foul-mouthed woman, see Mitchell's admirable "Life of Hugh O'Neill."

"REPORT OF A JOURNEY INTO THE NORTH OF IRELAND, WRITTEN TO JUSTICE CARY, BY SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, 1599.

"Having expected shipping till the 8th of this month, and meeting with none convenient, in respect that all were taken up with sick soldiers, or with my lord lieutenant's horses, I was desirous to make some use of the time that I should stay here, and therefore was easily persuaded to go with Sir William Warren, my learn'd friend, with whom I had formerly been acquainted in England, and to see some part of the realm northward, and the arch-rebel himself, with whom Sir William was to treat. But staying at Dundalk till the 15th of this month, and no news certain of the earl's coming, I went to see the Newry, and from thence to D(C)ar-

* *Nugæ Antiquæ.*

† *I. A. Soc. Journey to Connaught.* By A. Smith, M.D.

lingford by the Narrow Water, and was hindered by waters, that I could not come back to Sir William Warren before his first meeting with the Earl of Tyrone, which was on the 17th day; what time, how far they proceeded, I know not, but it appears the earl was left in good disposition, because he kept his hour so well the next morning. And, as I found after, Sir William had told him of me, and given such a report of me, above my desert, that next day, when I came, the earl used far greater respect to me than I expected, and began debasing his own manner of hard life, comparing himself to wolves, that fill their bellies sometimes, and fast as long for it: then excused himself to me that he could not better call to mind myself, and some of my friends, that had done him courtesy in England, and been off in his company at my Lord of Ormond's, saying, those troubles had made him forget almost all his friends.

"After this, he fell to private communication with Sir William, to the effecting of the matters begun the day before, to which I thought it not fit to intrude myself, but took occasion the while to entertain his two sons, by proving them in their learning, and their tutors, which were one fryar Nangle, a Franciscan, and a younger scholar, whose name I know not; and finding the children of good, manly spirit, their age between thirteen and fifteen, in English cloths, like a nobleman's sons; with short gerkins, and gold lace; of a good, cheerful aspect, freckle-faced, not tall of stature, but strong and well set, both of them their English tongue.

"I gave them, not without the advice of Sir William Warren, my English translation of Ariosto, which I got at Dublin; which their teachers took very thankfully, and soon after showed it to the earl, who called to see it openly, and would needs hear some part of it read. I turned, as if it had been by chance, to the beginning of the 45th canto, and some other passages, which he seemed to like so well, that he solemnly swore his boys should read all the book over to him.

"Then they fell to communication again, and calling me to him, he said that I should witness and tell my lord lieutenant how, against all his confederates' wills, Sir William had drawn him to a longer cessation, which he would never have agreed to, but in confidence of my lord's honourable dealing with him; for, saith he, now is my harvest-time, now have my men their six weeks' pay aforehand, that they may have nothing to do but fight, and if I omit this opportunity,

and then you shall prepare to fight me in the meantime, I may be condemned for a fool.

"Also one pretty thing I noted, that the paper being drawn for him to sign, and his signing it with O'Neill, Sir William (though with very great difficulty) made him to new-write it, and subscribe Hugh Tyrone. Then we broke our fasts with him, and at his meat he was very merry, and it was my hap to thwart one of his priests in argument, to which he gave reasonable good ear, and some approbation. He drank to my lord's health, and bade me tell him that he loved him, and acknowledged his cessation had been very honourably kept. He made likewise solemn protestation that he was not ambitious, but sought only safety of his life, and pardon of his conscience—without which he would not live, though the queen should give him Ireland.

"Then he asked of Sir Henry Harington, and said he heard he had much wrong, to have an imputation of want of courage for the last defeat at Arklow; protesting that himself had known Sir Henry serve as valiantly as ever any man did, naming the time, place, and persons, all known to Sir William Warren. Other pleasant and idle tales were needless and impertinent; or to describe his fern table, fern forms, spread under the stately canopy of heaven. His guard, for the most part were beardless boys without shirts, who, in the frost, wade as familiarly through rivers as water-spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love him I know not, but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it. He makes apparent show to be inclinable to peace, and some of his nearest followers have it buzzed amongst them that some league of England with Spain or Scotland, or, I know not where, may endanger them. But himself, no doubt, waits only to hear what my lord-lieutenant intends, and according to that will bend his course.

"Fryar Nangle swears all oaths that he will do all the good he can, and that he is guiltless of the heinous crimes he is indicted of; for if he had his pardon there might be made good use of him. This is all I remember any way worthy the writing to you; not doubting but Sir William Warren, that hath the sole charge of this business, will give you much better account of the mightier affairs than I, that only went to see their manner of parting.

"I remain, in much duty,

"JOHN HARINGTON."

END OF FIRST VOLUME.

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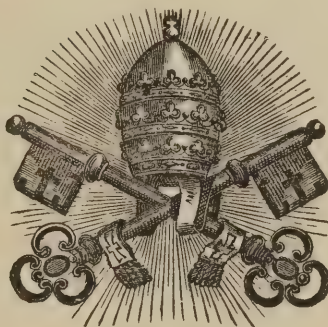
A MONTHLY REVIEW, DEVOTED TO
NATIONAL LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES,
BIOGRAPHY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN,

MILITARY MEMOIRS, &c.

"Inclita gens hominum, milite, pace, fide."

A race of men renowned in faith, in peace, and war.

Donatus, Bishop of Fiesole in Tuscany, 9th Century.



VOLUME THE SECOND.

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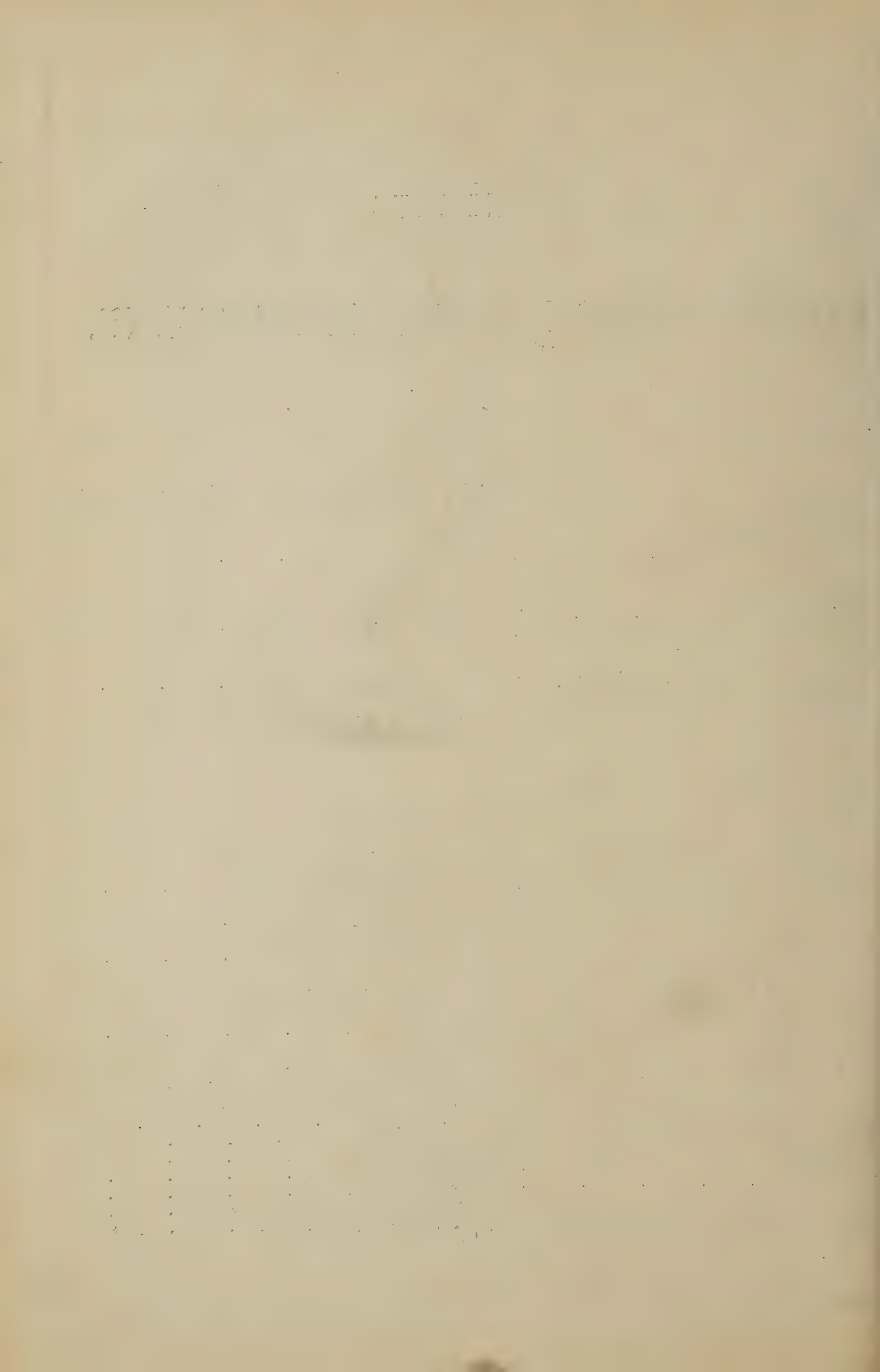
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FEBRUARY, 1848.

Present State of Switzerland.

LORD PALMERSTON AND THE JESUITS.



SWITZERLAND consists at present — or did consist, until within the last few months — of twenty-two independent states, confederated together for mutual protection and mutual assistance. The government is administered by a General Diet, the president of which is styled the Landamman, but the sovereign independence of each of the cantons is the fundamental principle on which the whole confederation rests. The federal Pact was concluded on the 16th August, 1814, and solemnly guaranteed at Vienna by England, France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia in the following year. About this there can be no cavil, it is distinctly acknowledged by all parties, including the Radicals of Switzerland and even Lord Palmerston himself. In the debate on the affairs of Switzerland, which took place in the French Chamber of Peers, during the last month, M. Guizot read a despatch of Lord Palmerston, dated June 9, 1842, and addressed to Mr. Percy, then the representative of the Court of St. James in Switzerland, in which he expressly declares that the sovereign independence of each of the cantons is the fundamental principle of the Swiss Confederation—that it has been guaranteed by the treaties of 1814 and 1815, and that it must not be infringed without the consent of *all* the cantons. It is manifest, therefore, that no one State can be robbed of its sovereignty by a vote even of all the others, for it entered the Confederation with the express stipulation that it was to remain an independent State, and nothing but its own free act can deprive it of this character. To constitute all the confederated cantons into one independent republic—which the radicals openly proclaim to be their intention—would be as great an invasion of the rights of the non-consenting states, as if Austria were to force Saxony or Hanover or Wurtemberg to incorporate themselves in her empire. If the continental powers have the least regard for their own safety they will not suffer this last consummation of radical iniquity on any pretext whatever: for it is impossible that the minority can speak their sentiments freely or truly whilst the present “reign of terror” continues in the republic. We would rather hope that, laying aside their petty jealousies, they will yet check the growth

of religious infidelity and social disorder in the bud, and force the Swiss robbers to fulfil the seventh commandment if they cannot induce them to *believe* it.

It will be within the recollection of our readers, that a body of troops, called the “free corps,” was assembled in Switzerland, within the last few years, under the leadership of a fellow called Ochsenbein, and that without the authority even of the General Diet, they attempted to take, by storm, the town of Lucerne, which at that time had not given them the pretext of the Jesuits. They strove to overturn the government simply because it was Catholic, or, rather, because it was Christian; but on that occasion they were signally defeated. In any other country in Europe Ochsenbein would have been hanged, but the bloody revolution in Geneva, and other circumstances, enabled the radicals to send such representatives to the General Diet as chose this man for their president. Seven of the Catholic cantons—Friburg, Zug, Uri, Unterwalden, Lucerne, Schytz, and the Valais—found it necessary to enter into a separate alliance for mutual protection, which was called the Sunderabund. The General Diet demanded that this separate confederation should be dissolved, and that each of the cantons in which there were Jesuits, should expel them from their territories. As the year 1847 advanced, the Diet became more urgent; it dismissed from the army such officers as held any post under the Sunderabund, and declared its resolution of imposing its decree on the refractory cantons by force of arms. It must be observed that the question at issue was a constitutional one—whether the General Diet had a right to interfere in the purely internal affairs of the separate states—for the Catholics were prepared to dissolve their confederation the moment they received a sufficient guarantee that their cantonal independence would be respected. It must be sufficiently obvious, that to say to the sovereign states of Friburg or Lucerne, “though you wish to have your children educated by the Jesuits, we will not allow you to do so, but will make war upon you if you do not expel them from your territories,” was an invasion of its civil rights and of religious liberty. So thought the Protestant state of Neuchatel, which declared that the principle for which the Catholic cantons were leagued was the very principle for which the Swiss of old so nobly fought, until they were declared free and independent states by the treaty of Westphalia in 1648; so M. Guizot unanswerably proved in his despatch to M. Bois-le-Comte, of the 2nd July, 1847. “It is pretended,” he says, “that not to recognize in the Federal Diet the right of enforcing its decisions on the minority, is to strike a blow at the principle of the independence of the people. To show the total falsehood of this assertion it is sufficient to reply, that by the terms of its constitutional Pact, as well as by virtue of its entire history, Switzerland is not one state, but a confederation of states, which, in delegating to the General Diet certain powers recognized as necessary for the common weal, have reserved to themselves, with regard to their internal regimen, the essential rights of their sovereignty. This is the Switzerland

which the treaties have recognized, and it is in consideration of this organization of Switzerland, that the treaties have been concluded. If the Diet, yielding to deplorable excitement, should make an attempt on the rights which are the basis of the federal Pact and of the treaties; if, under the pretext of watching over the security of the confederation, it should pretend to prescribe or to interdict to the cantonal governments every measure which it might please to consider as being capable of affecting this security, some time or other; so extravagant an interpretation of the Pact—an interpretation analogous to that which the ministers of Charles X. gave to the fourteenth article of the charter—would evidently be nothing else than the first step towards the destruction of the individual existence of the cantons; that is to say, towards the abolition of the Pact itself, and, consequently, towards the annulling of the treaties concluded in virtue of that Pact.

Yet the Diet proceeded to prepare for a violent invasion of the Catholic cantons. The whole male population of the country is placed under arms, on one side or other, and war appears with all its pride, pomp, and circumstance. The radicals—those lovers of liberty, suppress, wherever they have the power, every newspaper that is not in their interest. Yet all Europe looks on with folded arms, and M. Guizot's next despatch is dated in November, four months after the one just quoted was written, and when the civil war had already commenced in Switzerland. The Catholic cantons had done everything in their power to avert this calamity; they even went so far as to consent to the withdrawal of the Jesuits after two years, provided the suppressed convents of other religious orders, which the radicals had plundered in Argau, would be restored. But the radicals were inexorable, and some of their deputies declared openly, that as they had now an overwhelming force at their command, they would trample on the weaker party. The Sunderabund had not quite twenty thousand troops to oppose to nearly a hundred thousand; they could not, therefore, act on the offensive, and as each canton would require most of its troops to protect its own soil, it was quite evident that only a section of their small army could be brought together to oppose the overwhelming force of their enemies. Under these circumstances, they appealed to the protection of the five powers, which in 1815 had solemnly guaranteed their cantonal independence. It was clearly the duty of those powers to fulfil their engagements, by interfering to protect the rights of the weaker party. Only words would have been necessary, for the radicals would not have dared to oppose their wishes. Yet it was so managed, that their collective note was not agreed upon until the Sunderabund was crushed, and then Lord Palmerston declared that there were no two parties in Switzerland! Thus, according to this liberal and constitutional statesman, a free state loses all its rights, and in fact ceases to exist as such, the moment it is robbed of its independence by brute force. No Russian Ukase ever proclaimed a doctrine more false, more despotic, or more subversive of liberty. The Czar naturally took part with the English foreign secretary, and after all M. Guizot's efforts, only France, Austria, and Prussia presented the collective note to the Swiss Diet.

From the very first we suspected that Lord Palmerston, who is the most unprincipled statesman of the age (and God knows that is saying a great deal),

would be the patron and protector of the infidels, or, as he chooses, by a diplomatic fiction to call them, the Protestants of Switzerland. We knew him to be the consistent, though, perhaps, the unwitting enemy of Christianity—we will not say of Catholicity, except in those places where the two names are identical. We do not speak of his intentions, but we say that such is the tendency of his acts. In Syria the Christians enjoyed perfect liberty, under the mild but firm rule of Mehemet Ali. Lord Palmerston interfered for the sole purpose, one would almost imagine, and certainly with the sole effect of creating anarchy, and leaving the Mahomedans at liberty to persecute the Christians. In Spain he interfered to help an infidel party to execute the unjust will of Ferdinand VII., by which a monarch assumed to himself alone the absurd power of changing the succession to the throne, without consulting the nation, and of bequeating a kingdom to his own daughter, as if it were his personal property. The result both in Spain and in Portugal, where a similar game was played, has been that pitiable anarchy which has reigned ever since, and has ruined both; and the preparation of the former country to receive its sovereigns from the family of the king of the French. This is a meet reward of the Palmerstonian iniquity in the Peninsula. All these facts led us to believe, long before we had it under his own hand, that he would prove himself the fast friend of the Swiss infidels. And it must be acknowledged that he managed the matter dexterously; for had he candidly refused to interfere from the first, the other powers would most probably have done it without him—but by feigning a desire to settle matters, by inventing excuses and raising objections, he managed to delay all interference until the Sunderabund was vanquished, and then he triumphantly exclaimed that there were no two parties, and that consequently there could be no mediation. That this was his object, is manifest, for from the time of Sir Stratford Canning's departure from London, it must have been obvious that he could not reach Switzerland before the fall of Lucerne, and the consequent submission of the Sunderabund, in which case he was instructed by Lord Palmerston, to treat the radical party as if it alone constituted the whole of Switzerland, and as if the other party no longer existed, but was a pure fiction. These are his words, as quoted in a despatch of the Duke de Broglie to M. Guizot, dated London, December 2nd, 1847—"Our mediation, *I fear*, will be anticipated by events. Behold, *nevertheless*, the instructions which I have given to Sir Stratford Canning. He is to go directly to Berne, and if he find the Sunderabund still on foot, he shall present the note agreed upon in concert with the other powers. . . . If the Sunderabund does not exist, mediation is at an end. He shall then address himself to the Diet *alone*." Thus he temporizes and deceives, until the weaker party are trampled on, and then he declares that there shall be no mediation.

We must now direct attention to a previous despatch of Lord Palmerston, which is dated 16th November, 1847. It is a reply to the invitation of France to join with the other four powers, which had guaranteed the cantonal independence of the Swiss confederation in 1815, for the purpose of terminating the civil war in Switzerland. He says, "her majesty's government are of opinion, that the objections of the Diet to the continuance of the Jesuits in Switzerland, can be justified by excellent reasons. The society of the Jesuits should be regarded in a religious and political

point of view." He then attempts to prove, that in both these points of view the Diet had just reasons to insist on their expulsion from Switzerland. It will be observed, from his lordship's reasons, which we shall presently transcribe, that he alleges no particular crime against the Swiss Jesuits. They are not accused of having interfered in any of the cantons which had not freely demanded their services, nor of having applied themselves, even in these, to any other object than the instruction of the youth whom their parents and guardians committed to their care. It is quite evident, without descending to any analysis of his lordship's religious and political excuses, that to invade a free state, for the purpose of forcing it to expel persons who were charged with no crime, and whom that state wished to retain, was, to use the language of M. Guizot, "an extravagant interpretation of the Pact, and the first step towards the destruction of the individual existence of the cantons, and the cancelling of the treaties concluded by virtue of that Pact." But let us now take a glance at the Jesuits from a Palmerstonian point of view. And first as to their political delinquencies.

"In a political point of view, the society of the Jesuits," says his lordship, "has always been known as favourable to arbitrary power, and hostile to the rights of the people." Now this is simply false. The Jesuits are always on the side of legitimately constituted authority, but they are now, and ever have been, the best friends of the rights of the people. The celebrated Spanish Jesuit, Francis Suarez, was among the very first who, in modern times, combatted the "divine right of kings," for which he was honoured with the enmity of that pedantic despot James I. of England. We are prepared to prove, that the writings of the Jesuits have done as much for popular liberty as they have done for literature and science. But, in the first place, the Swiss Jesuits are not specially accused, much less convicted of this crime; and, in the next place, Lord Palmerston lays down the monstrous doctrine, that if an independent state has amongst its subjects, persons, whose views are supposed to be favourable to despotic power, its neighbours have a right to invade it, and to expel these individuals by force of arms. According to this principle England ought to invade Austria and Prussia, and Naples and Russia, because, doubtless, Lord Palmerston considers that their sovereigns and ministers are horribly despotic. On the same principle, England herself ought to be invaded by America, and, in this case, his lordship would doubtless get the benefit of his own sound and statesmanlike principle. But, not to speak of one state enforcing this principle against another, only imagine, for a moment, that it was carried into effect in England herself; the Radicals would expel Whig and Tory, the Chartists would expel the Radicals, and, doubtless, these would be expelled in their turn by some other sons of liberty, who would call their principles by the name of despotism. No; there cannot be any true liberty in a country where any body of men, unconvicted of crime, are expelled merely on account of their principles, provided they do not lead to anarchy. How much more heinous a violation of liberty must it be when these principles are not proved against them, but only imputed to them vicariously, and even thus by their open and avowed enemies.

But his lordship's religious objections are still more singular. "In a religious point of view," he says, "it is a Society, instituted with the avowed object of

making war upon Protestantism; what then is there astonishing in the fact, that in a small country like Switzerland, where two-thirds of the population are Protestants, the introduction of such a society should cause dissension between Catholics and Protestants, and should be viewed with aversion by the majority of the nation." This is truly one of the most pregnant sentences we have ever read. The society of the Jesuits firmly believes and openly professes that the Catholic religion alone is true, and this is the only war it has ever made on Protestantism. In Switzerland the Jesuits are not even accused of having vindicated their faith with any peculiar warmth or acrimony of language; they did not argue with cannon, and powder and ball, like the radicals, and it is some consolation to know that these were the only arguments by which the radicals could effectually oppose the truths of Christianity as propounded by the Jesuits. But let us apply Lord Palmerston's argument to Ireland. In this country not a third, as in Switzerland, but not one-eighth are Church of England Protestants; yet these Protestants were sent to this country to found an establishment antagonistic to the religion of the great majority of the nation. They are not, as in Switzerland, confined to sovereign independent states, in which the vast majority of the people are Catholics and supported by them alone; but, on the contrary, they are a small, miserable minority in the midst of a Catholic people, who are obliged to support them in affluence whilst they themselves are starving. They have, moreover, always been the enemies of the civil and religious liberty of the people amongst whom they dwell, and have manifested their hostility, not only by words but by long and bloody persecutions. His lordship's religious argument for the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland by force of arms would, therefore, apply *a fortiori* to the Protestants of Ireland. We wonder does the Foreign Secretary admit the inference.

But the good Protestant Lord Palmerston justifies the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland, on account of their antagonism to the equally good Protestants of that country. The Swiss infidels Protestants! No! no more than we are Turks. It is long since the *Quarterly Review* declared German Protestantism generally to have become a mere minstrelsy of the border. Mr. Rose, a Protestant divine, thus speaks in his sermons of the German Protestant Rationalists:—"I do them no injustice in saying that the general inclination and tendency of their opinions (more or less forcibly acted on) is this—that in the New Testament we shall find only the *opinions* of Christ and the Apostles *adapted to the age in which they lived*, and not eternal truths; that Christ himself had neither the design nor the power of teaching any system which was to endure; that when he taught any enduring truth, as he occasionally did, it was without being aware of its nature; that the Apostles understood still less of real religion; that the whole doctrine both of Christ and his Apostles, as it is directed to the Jews alone, so it was gathered in fact from no other source than the Jewish philosophy, and that *Christ himself erred, and his Apostles spread his errors*."

The German Rationalists, amongst whom the Swiss Protestants now occupy the first place, deride the doctrine of inspiration as an absurd fiction, and jeeringly call those who profess it Supernaturalists. Not content with this, they even deny the authenticity of those books which the Jesuits, or as they used to be

called in old-fashioned times Christians, believed to be inspired. Thus, Fulda, Hasse, De Wette, Berthold, and many others quoted by Rosenmüller in the *Prolegomena* to the Pentateuch, hold that the five books of Moses were not written until *after* the Babylonish captivity. Herder, Eckermann, Gieseler, Sartorius, and Paulus contend that the Gospels were not written by those whose names they bear, but by some unknown persons. Michaelis and Kunoel say that the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke were taken from some old Syrochaldaic affair; whilst Vogelius ascribes that of St. John to some Jewish Christian; and Balenstadius and Hortius to some unknown Alexandrine, who wrote about the *end* of the first, or the *beginning* of the second century.

They say that true religion should be distinguished from ecclesiastical religion. True religion is that of reason, which alone should be admitted; ecclesiastical religion is made up of faith in positive revelation. Revealed religion neither can nor ought to be any thing else than the vehicle of reason; and the false doctrines of the former disappear as the truths of the latter are discovered by each individual in his own mind. In one word, the dogmas of reason are true; whilst those of positive revelation are positively false, and contain only the errors of the vulgar at the time the Scriptures were written, or at most the private and erroneous opinions of the writer of the book. They explain away all mysteries and miracles as so many allegories or myths. In this system Moses and the Prophets, and even Christ, are made out to be a kind of Indian jugglers who imposed on the credulity of the people. Scherer, a Protestant clergyman, has written a book to prove this. A Prussian Rationalist has published a work, the title of which is—"Was Jesus Christ anything but a simple Jewish Rabbi?" And De Wette says that the Apostles were not only imbued with various superstitions and falsehoods, but so stupid and indocile withal, that if Jesus spoke a little more obscurely than usual, they could not understand him. But Dr. Strauss has surpassed all the others in his "*Life of Christ*," in which he explains everything by the myths or allegories, and endeavours to set aside every supernatural thing and every miracle in the Gospel. Yet this man was chosen, about six years ago, by the Protestant Grand Council of Zurich, in Switzerland, to fill a chair of Theology! The Protestant Ministers rose against him at the head of their flocks, and overthrew the Government. A Conservative Government succeeded; but as the principles of Lord Palmerston's Protestants gained ground previously to the civil war of last year, a party very much akin to that which invited Strauss was again installed in power. The truth is, that the Evangelical Protestants, and such as profess anything like the doctrines of the early Reformers, are as much hated and persecuted by the Palmerstonian Protestants, as the Catholics or the Jesuits. Thus, in the canton of Vaud the Protestant ministers have been forbidden to preach, and their churches have been closed by the radicals. The present is a purely infidel movement in Switzerland; and, as it has assumed a propagandist character, it is impossible to say how far or how rapidly its baneful influence may spread amongst the neighbouring nations. Its abettors fully understand its character, as is evident from the following scene which took place in the French Chamber of Peers, on the 10th of January, 1848. The speaker, Count D'Alton Shee is quite a disciple of Lord Palmerston's on Swiss affairs.

After praising the Radicals, he exclaims—"We, who are neither Catholics nor Christians"—(murmurs.) The Chancellor rising—"Let us see! Let us see!" M. D'Alton Shee—"We, who are neither Catholics nor Christians." The Chancellor—"What you say wounds the feelings of the Chamber, and of all France." M. D'Alton Shee—"What I say, I have a right to say by the 5th Article of the Charter." Several voices—"Do not say *we*." M. D'Alton Shee—"It is an expression which escaped from me inadvertently. I say I, and not *we*. I say I, who am neither a Catholic nor a Christian." These are Lord Palmerston's allies, and the protectors and apologists of the Swiss Radicals. These are the men who wish for the expulsion of the Jesuits not only from Switzerland, but from every other country.

For so far the radicals are triumphant. Lord Palmerston now declares that no power has a right to interfere to assist the sovereign states which have been conquered, although the Duke de Broglie, in his despatch of the 2nd December, which we have already referred to, asserts that the foreign secretary agreed with him at that time "that the great cantons have no more right to conquer and subject the small ones, than one of the great states of Germany would have to do as much with respect to one of the small ones; consequently, if that were to happen, all the powers of Europe would have a right to arrange matters by mediation, or by force." On the 27th of the same month, however, Palmerston writes to Lord Normanby that all he admitted was, that if the Swiss attacked *foreign* powers, they would have a right to repel them. What a kind and considerate admission of the foreign secretary! Emboldened by the protection of England, the Diet, on the 7th of December, treated the notes of France, Austria, and Prussia—which had been presented on the 30th of November, offering their mediation and advice—with indignation, and almost with contempt, telling them that they were able to settle their own affairs without any intermeddling from strangers. Not only the Jesuits, but many of the other religious orders, have been expelled; large fines have been imposed on the religious houses which have not been suppressed; the federal troops still occupy the Catholic cantons, and their bayonets have proved the most efficient instruments for carrying the elections of the radicals. In some places the conservative candidates and electors have been seized on their way to the hustings, and thrust into gaol until the elections were over. In others, the mode of voting is by a show of hands, and in those the president frequently proposes himself, and declares himself to be duly elected. On one of those occasions an enemy of liberty—probably a Jesuit in disguise—ventured to suggest that the votes should be counted, whereupon he was instantly seized and ignominiously expelled from the canton. Hence we find Dr. Steiger and others, who have just escaped from the felon's cell, placed at the head of the civil government. In Friburg, where the Catholics are as ten to one, a furiously radical grand council has been elected. "They have drawn up a long decree," writes the *Times* correspondent, who is their friend, "which declares an amnesty for all political offences, but with a mass of qualifications and exceptions which almost belie the old doctrine that 'exceptions form the rule.'" In the first, the principal authors of the separate alliance who are named, and thirty-one in number, are deprived for six years of their public rights, and fifteen of them are during that period

to be expelled from the canton, and, moreover, among them they are to pay 1,200,000*fr.* to the Government; secondly, a great number of others comprised in the decrees of the 29th November and 13th December last are to be deprived for five years of their political rights; thirdly, the convent of Past Diren to be suppressed, certain allowances being made to the members of it; fourthly, an extraordinary contribution of 460,000*fr.* to be imposed on the bishop and the religious houses designated, of which the bishop is to pay 20,000*fr.*, these sums to be paid *half by the 20th of January, and the other half in March*; fifthly, *no ecclesiastic or religious person, whether foreigner or of the canton, shall be able to exercise his mission, or give public instruction or private in several families at a time without special authority from the council of state.*" Yet these are the friends of liberty! The radicals of the Valais were not ashamed to plunder the renowned hospitium of the monks of Mount St. Bernard, which has always been regarded as one of the most glorious monuments of Christian charity in Europe. No political accusation was ever preferred against this monastery, and yet it has been deprived of its ecclesiastical patronage by a decree of the 2nd of December, and sentenced to pay a fine of 80,000*fr.* On the 18th of December two federal commissioners, M. Delarageaze, of Vaud, and M. Frey, of Basle, presented themselves at the monastery, to take an inventory of the moveable and immoveable property of the house in the name of the confederation. They forced open the doors, placed sentinels there and at the windows, with loaded arms, who received orders to fire on any one who should attempt to remove anything from the building; and a garrison of forty Vandois has since then been kept in the monastery.

In the meantime the three Powers, France, Austria, and Prussia, which presented the note *identique*, offering their advice and mediation on the 30th of November, and to which the Swiss Diet replied on the 7th of December, have transmitted a second note to the radical assembly at Berne. This document asserts, first, that the cantonal independence of each of the states is the basis of the whole confederation, and that many of them were induced, by the recommendation and interference of the Great Powers only, to give their assent to the federal alliance; second, that this cantonal independence cannot be said to exist so long as certain cantons are in the military occupation of other cantons, with all the circumstances resulting from such occupation; and, thirdly, that Switzerland will not be restored to her regular condition until all the cantons shall have received the full and complete exercise of all their rights, upon which the fulfilment of the mutual engagements of the other powers towards the confederation is based.

Nothing could be more just and moderate than this note. It is not to be endured that the Diet, having expelled the Jesuits from the Catholic cantons, should continue their military occupation for the purpose of enabling a revolutionary minority to commit the most abominable acts of violence and injustice—that they should place a small and malignant faction in power at the point of the bayonet, and support every species of persecution which they can devise—that these malignants, who are not one-tenth of the population, should pass laws as in Friburg, to secure their power for *nine years*—that they should make it a crime punishable by fine and banishment to have aided the late Governments, which were at the time the recognised legal Governments of the country—that, finding this process

too slow for their vengeance and cupidity, they should cut the matter short by publishing an amnesty, which is in reality a proscription and confiscation of all the principal citizens and of their property without any trial whatever—that they should seize all church property, and place it under the control of the State, and extend their confiscations to nine religious houses which had no connexion with the Jesuits, and even to the bishop of the diocese. The real question is not about the Jesuits nor about Catholicity, but it involves the toleration of any *real* Christianity, and the very existence of social order. The subversion of the *Sunderbund* may be as pleasing to the passions of many as the *Avalanche* on the Swiss mountains is to the eye of the traveller. But the principles of the Swiss radicals will no more confine themselves to Switzerland, than the *Avalanche* will cling for ever to its native Alps, and the fall of the latter cannot be more terrible and destructive to the peaceful vallies which lie beneath, than the progress of the former would be ruinous to the peace and to the institutions of Europe.

Lorica S. Patricii;

OR,

HYMN OF ST. PATRICK WHEN GOING TO PREACH
AT TARAH.

THE original Irish of this hymn was published eight years ago, by Dr. Petrie, in vol. xviii., "*Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.*" It is in the *Bearla Feine*, the most ancient dialect of the Irish, the same in which the *Brehon* laws were written. It was printed from the "*Liber Hymnorum*," preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, a manuscript, which, as Dr. Petrie proves by the authority of Usher and others, must be nearly 1250 years old. The manner in which it was edited reflects the highest credit on the learning and industry of the editor. The text is given in large letters, with interlinear literal Latin translation, an English translation at the close, and one hundred and fifty-five notes, telling what words of the hymn are still in use in their old or in a modified form, and authenticating by all the ancient glossaries, the meaning given by the translator to the obsolete words. That the hymn was popularly known in the seventh century, as the production of our apostle, is proved from the very ancient life of St. Patrick, by St. Evin, and also from the annotations of Tirechan, in the Book of Armagh, which, among other prescriptions, ordain that the "*Irish Hymn of St. Patrick* ought to be sung for ever."—"*Canticum ejus Scotticum semper canere.*" "It was ever after," says St. Evin, "held in the highest esteem among the Irish; because it is believed and proved by manifold experience, that all who recite it piously are preserved from the dangers that threaten their body and soul." But if it were once a popular and national hymn, it may be safely stated that it is now generally unknown, "though," according to the editor, "*the Luireach Phadruig (Lorica Patricii)* is still remembered popularly in many parts of Ireland, and a portion of it is to this day repeated by the people usually at bed time, with the same confidence in its protecting powers, as, according to St. Evin, was placed in it previously to his time." With the exception of the closing part of strophe viii., we are ashamed to confess that we never heard anything, in our young days in the country, which bears any resemblance to St. Patrick's Hymn. The translation

now presented to the public, is rigidly, wonderfully literal, the best substitute that can be had for the original, since it is not yet in our power to effect what ought to be one of the great objects of an IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE—the publication, in their native dress, of every fragment of religious literature that ever made the Irish heart swell with the glories of the olden times, or scorn the threats of the tyrant in later ages.

The original is exclusively Irish, except the closing words, which are in Latin, namely, "*Domini est salus, Domini est salus. Christi est salus, salus tua Domine sit semper nobiscum.*"

In the old "Liber Hymnorum" the hymn is prefaced by the following prose statement in Irish, which we give in the words of the learned translator:

"St. Patrick composed this hymn. In the time of Leogaire, the son of Nial, it was composed. The cause of its composition was to protect himself with his monks against the enemies unto death, who were in ambush against the clergy. And this is a religious armour to protect the body and soul against demons and men and vices. Every person who sings it every day with all his attention on God, shall not have demons appearing to his face. It will be a protection to him against every poison and envy. It will be a safeguard to him against sudden death. It will be an armour to his soul after death. Patrick sang this at the time that the snares were set for him by Leogaire, that he might not come to propagate the faith at Temur (Tarah)."—Ed.

St. Patrick's Hymn before Tarah.

[From the original Irish.]

I.

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour,
I call on the holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father, and Son,
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

II.

AT TARAH TO-DAY I call on the Lord,
On Christ, the Omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from Death and Sin
Our fallen race;
And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
His Incarnation lowly,
His Baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil, and tears, and affliction,
His dolorous Death—his Crucifixion,
His Burial, sacred and sad and lone,
His Resurrection to life again,
His glorious Ascension to Heaven's high Throne,
And, lastly, his future dread
And terrible coming to judge all men—
Both the Living and Dead

III.

AT TARAH TO-DAY I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's love,
And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the Archangels and angels above,
And in the hope of the Resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the Fathers of old,
And in the truths the Prophets foretold,

And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the Confessors' faith and teachings,
And in the purity ever dwelling
Within the immaculate virgins' breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good men, the just and the blest

IV.

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this fateful hour,
I place all Heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the Sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness,*
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.†

V.

AT TARAH TO-DAY
May God be my stay!
May the strength of God now nerve me!
May the power of God preserve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty espy me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent speech!
May the arm of God protect me!
May the wisdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to preach!

* Properly, "strength," "firmness," from the Anglo-Saxon, *stark*, "strong," "stiff."

† "Powers of Darkness."—It has been conjectured, we perceive, that this hymn would not be considered orthodox in the 17th century, and that no other reason can be assigned why Colgan, who certainly must have had a copy in his possession, did not publish or take farther notice of it. The conjecture we believe is groundless. There is nothing in the hymn inconsistent with sound doctrine, nothing that requires even an explanation, except, perhaps, the introduction of the "whiteness of the snow, the force of fire, the swiftness of the wind," &c. &c. in this verse, and the allusion to the spells of "woman, smiths, and Druids" in line thirteen, of strophe vi. The appeal to the elements of nature appears to us to be only a repetition, at least in spirit, of the words of the Psalmist, "Praise ye Him, O sun and moon; praise Him, all ye stars and light—praise the Lord from the earth—fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy winds, which fulfil his word."—*Ps.* 148. This appeal is, moreover, singularly appropriate on the lips of an apostle—a man who was going to dispel for ever the dark clouds of paganism from Ireland, for in Psalm 18, we read "the heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands. Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night sheweth knowledge. There are no speeches or languages where their voices are not heard. Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world." This passage, which describes *literally* the glorious works of visible creation proclaiming the majesty of God, is applied by St. Paul to the Apostles: "Faith then cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ. But, I say, have they not heard? Yes, verily, *'their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the whole world.'*"—*Rom.* c. 10 v. 18. But if, moreover, we find in Scripture all creatures grieving over the fall of man, and indignant at their subjection to him, and sighing for his resurrection by grace in this life, and glory in the next, St. Patrick may have appealed to the glittering host of heaven, and all created nature as his allies in the war he was going to wage at Tarah against the powers of darkness which held man in slavery. Now read St. Paul, *Rom.* c. 8. "For the expectation of the creature (the creation) waiteth for the revelation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity not willingly, but by reason of Him that made it subject in hope: because the creature also itself shall be delivered from the servitude of corruption, into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. For we know that every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain even until now." The reader need not be reminded of the lines of Milton, after Adam had eaten the forbidden fruit:

"Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original.

As to the prayer against the spells of Druids, &c. &c., it is sufficient to say that there has been always an order of exorcists in the Church—the "women" may have been the "bean-draoid" or sorceress: that one smith, at least, was reputed a magician, see note 126, p. 49.—*Antiquities of Tarah Hill.*—Ed.

May the shield of God defend me!
 May the host of God attend me,
 And ward me,
 And guard me,
 Against the wiles of demons and devils,
 Against the temptations of vices and evils,
 Against the bad passions and wrathful will
 Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,
 Against every man who designs me ill,
 Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

VI.

IN THIS HOUR OF HOURS
 I place all those powers
 Between myself and every foe
 Who threatens my body and soul
 With danger or dole,
 To protect me against the evils that flow
 From lying soothsayers' incantations,
 From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
 From Heresy's hateful innovations,
 From Idolatry's rites and invocations,
 Be those my defenders
 My guards against every ban—
 And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
 In fine, against every knowledge that renders
 The light Heaven sends us dim in
 The spirit and soul of Man!

VII.

MAY CHRIST, I PRAY,
 Protect me to-day
 Against poison and fire,
 Against drowning and wounding,
 That so, in His grace abounding,
 I may earn the Preacher's hire!

VIII.

CHRIST, as a light,
 Illumine and guide me!
 CHRIST, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!
 CHRIST be under me! CHRIST be over me!
 CHRIST be beside me
 On left-hand and right!
 CHRIST be before me, behind me, about me!
 CHRIST this day be within and without me!

IX.

CHRIST, the lowly and meek,
 CHRIST, the All-Powerful, be
 In the heart of each to whom I speak,
 In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
 In all who draw near me,
 Or see me or hear me!

X.

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour,
 I call on the Holy Trinity!
 Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
 The God of the Elements, Father, and Son,
 And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
 The ever-existing Divinity!

XI.

Salvation dwells with the Lord.
 With CHRIST, the Omnipotent Word.
 From generation to generation
 Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

J. C. M.

RECOLLECTIONS, CONFESSIONS, ADMISSIONS, AND AVOWALS
OF AN

Irish Parliamentary Reporter.

BY WM. B. MAC CABE, ESQ.,
 Author of "A Catholic History of England."

"Report me as I am."—*Shakspeare.*

CHAPTER I.

The Reporters introduced—much politeness and simulated respect for them—the duties of a Dublin Reporter—various classes of Reporters in London—the Penny-a-liner, the Law Reporters, the Parliamentary Reporters, various grades of—the good, the indifferent, the bad, and the odious Reporter. Why Reporters ought to be respected—why they are not—Irish pride—a Cook's definition of "a real Irish gentleman." The neglect of Reporters insures impartiality—the author claims this merit for himself, and makes great promises as to what may be expected in future chapters.

"CLEAR the way for the Reporters—make room for the gentlemen of the press—the *gentlemen* of the press MUST BE ACCOMMODATED."

Such was the cry, that for many a day, and many a long, long year saluted my appearance at a public meeting, when I ventured, in company with my old friends Christopher Hughes and William Dillon, and Joseph Leech and Charles O'Flaherty, to appear within its precincts. No matter what was the description of meeting—Catholic or Orange, Whig or Tory, ultra Liberal or fiery Brunswicker—the cry was still the same. There was the same extravagant politeness—the same superabundant attention—the self-same exaggerated demonstrations of respect, which might be sincere, but that were seldom felt to be so; for, no matter who might be the secretary of the meeting, and, therefore, discharging the duties of "the Chesterfield" of the day, there was, almost 'always, laid by him a most unlucky emphasis on the word "gentlemen," which sounded gratingly on the ear, and seemed to intimate to us that a very strong doubt existed in *his* mind, that we had any claim of pretension to the rank which he himself assigned to us.

I wish the reader to bear in mind, that I am describing what occurred in Ireland a great many years ago—so many, that of the reporters I have named above, not one, but worthy, honest Christopher Hughes is now living.

It was impossible not to feel, *at that time*, from the manner in which we were received—the space that was made for us—and the oft, too oft, repeated phrase of "*gentlemen* of the press," that we were regarded as nothing more than necessary evils—as persons whose presence was to be endured, because without us the meeting would be nothing. Its greatness would be unknown—its transcendent! eloquence unheard of—its orators might talk patriotism or treason, either would be, as far as the world in general was concerned, precisely in the same position, unspoken of and unthought of, and as absolutely lost as if never pronounced.

Respect was paid which was not felt—politeness exhibited, which was but a badly-acted mockery, because it was thought to be necessary (and here was the great mistake), that reporters should be coaxed into what was simply but the performance of their duty.

Without us "the winged words," the *επεα πτερόεντα* might fly to that "bourne, from whence no traveller returns;" but with our assistance, and ours only, could they be *caught*. We, alone, could bring them down with small-shot short-hand, cook them into a report, and serve them up in print, that orators, and

orator's friends, and orator's friends' friends might feast upon the beauty of their tropes and the fatness of their statistics.

The truth is, that though orators can "discourse most excellent music" in a crowded meeting, and be there applauded "to the very echo," still if they do not get into print, their fame is but limited and the entirety of their glory unaccomplished. An orator cannot talk print—a reporter must do it for him. *We* are the bellows-blowers, *they* the players on the organ; and they, high and mighty as they were, seemed to labour under the conviction, that if they were not unduly civil and intrusively polite to us, the bellows-blowers, that they could not extract a *puff* out of us; and that, though they might run their fingers over the keys, still, if we were not conciliated, not one in a thousand could ever know anything of the brilliancy of their execution. Hence the civility, the over-acted civility, and the superabundant use of the designation of "*gentlemen of the press*" bestowed upon us—a designation which had become so hateful to me, that I remember, at one time, asking Mr. O'Connell, as a great favour, never to apply it to us, but simply and shortly to name those that he liked "*the press-gang*," a request with which he complied, and a desire which he ever afterwards fulfilled.

And here let me introduce the reader to *the Reporters*—to the various classes into which they may be grouped, and the different positions they occupy.

In Dublin, *still* a provincial town, as with us at other provincial towns in the empire, the same person may be seen in the police-office, in the law-courts, in public meetings, in the theatre, at concerts, at scientific meetings, at a clerical conclave in the Rotunda, and at a cattle-show in Smithfield. To be a perfectly accomplished reporter in Dublin, a man should be a walking cyclopedia and a first-rate stenographer—he should know everything, and do everything, and if he had a spare half-hour, write a leading article! He should be able to detect a flaw in a steam-engine, to discover a false quantity in Virgil, to prove Surgeon Corbet wrong when he lectures on botany, and be competent to demonstrate that Sir P. Crampton made an error in the manipulation of a broken-legged patient. He should,—long ago,—have had all these gifts, and, with these, be content with two other indispensable qualities—a low estimate of his own capabilities and a contented mind, with a very small salary. If he had not all those qualifications, gifts, and indispensable requisites, then there was a certainty that he was not a first-rate Dublin Reporter, nor—likely long to hold that position.

In London, the position of a reporter is somewhat different. The occurrences at the police-offices, as well as all events not of a political nature, are communicated to the offices by a class of persons, who being paid in accordance with the quantity of their contributions and the space they are permitted to occupy, are known as "*penny-a-liners*"—these form a totally distinct class from all others. The second class consists of the law-reporters—those who give an account of the different proceedings in the several courts, and they are, for the most part, young barristers, and, frequently, gentlemen who have been gallery reporters, but retain, in this position, their connexion with the papers with which they were formerly associated. The last class is that of the parliamentary reporters.

These are divided into two sections. 1st, Those who are engaged during the session of Parliament;

and, 2nd, those who are permanently connected with the several newspapers; the latter constitute the working staff of the morning journals. Few men hold the position of permanent parliamentary reporters, who are not something more than mere short-hand writers; who are not master of some other science or branch of learning beyond that of the art of speech-writing, and who are not able to distinguish themselves as classical scholars, as writers, as persons versed in some peculiar art, or in the knowledge of modern languages, &c., &c. From them are commonly selected editors, and amongst them are almost universally found those, whose previous studies have fitted them to be correspondents in various parts of the globe. Parliamentary Reporters are very seldom seen at public meetings in London, but they were to be met with on the coast of Syria, when war was raging in that quarter of the world; they were in Oporto, and in Lisbon during the war in Portugal, in Berne, and in Friburg, and in Lucern, whilst the armies of "*the Liberals*" were marching to put down liberty, and fighting, with an unhallowed success, for the further persecution of religion; in Ireland a few of the parliamentary reporters were to be seen during "*the monster*" trial.

Such, readers, are *the reporters*—in their various classes, in provincial towns, and in London; but you must not suppose that when you go into a public meeting, and you see some fourteen or fifteen persons writing at a table, that all that you look upon as thus engaged are reporters—that all are competent to take down in their note-books every word that is said, and, afterwards, to transcribe it and put it in readable English, and in such a form that it is fitted for publication. To suppose any such thing would be to render yourself liable to fall into a very great and grievous mistake.

I remember that when I was connected with the Irish press I found it necessary to make a marked distinction between the various grades of those who *appeared* at public meetings as reporters.

The grades were four:—1st, a good reporter; 2nd, an indifferent reporter; 3rd, a bad reporter; 4th, an odious reporter.

The good reporter was competent to take down and transcribe every word that was said.

The indifferent reporter was capable of giving the half of what was said.

The bad reporter could give nothing of what was said.

The odious reporter always gave the very opposite of what was said.

And now in order that those who are ignorant of the craft of reporting may the better comprehend what is the distinction made, I shall take the liberty of opening the note-books of the four classes of reporters I have specified, in order that it may be seen how the following sentence—the first in Mr. O'Connell's speech in defence of John Magee—would read in each.

The good reporter would thus give it, as it had been spoken:—

"I consented to the adjournment yesterday, gentlemen of the jury, from that impulse of nature, which compels us to postpone pain: it is, indeed, painful to me to address you—it is a cheerless, a hopeless task, to address you—a task which would require all the animation and interest to be derived from the working of a mind fully fraught with resentment and disgust created in mine yesterday, by that farrago of helpless

absurdity with which the Attorney-General regaled you.”*

The indifferent reporter would make Mr. O’Connell say, “that he consented to the adjournment of the preceding day, because he wished to postpone the pain of having to reply to the farrago of absurdity that had been spoken by the Attorney-General.”

The bad reporter would declare that Mr. O’Connell said he “consented to the adjournment of the previous day, because he had been so pained by listening to the Attorney-General.”

The odious reporter would make Mr. O’Connell declare, “that he had been opposed to the adjournment of the preceding day; because, so far from being pained by anything the Attorney-General had said, he rather liked it.”

Take them, however, in their various grades—good, indifferent, bad, and even odious, I never knew but one (and that one presumed on his extraordinary abilities) who did not desire to give conscientiously, and to the best of his capacity, that which had been spoken in his hearing. I have known numbers to fail; but it has always been from their incompetency—never from a wilful distortion of the meaning of the speaker.

To be a good reporter is to be a good and useful member of society—it is to discharge duties which, in the present state of the world, are indispensable for the promotion of justice, the advancement of right, the prevention of wrong, the exposure of oppression, and the punishment of the wicked. There is no life which requires in its fulfilment such constant care, such watchful anxiety, and such laborious exertion. Those who are competent to perform all that is required from them as reporters, ought to be respected. There was a time in Ireland when it was not so, and the *cause*, rather than the *reason* for its not being so, I shall attempt simply, plainly, and candidly to explain.

There are few persons so stupidly, or so malevolently hostile to the Irish people as to deny that the Irish are possessed of many virtues. Much abused as they are, and they are so overmuch, still there are few, if any, who will be disposed to speak of them, even for the sake of a shabby antithesis, or of a miserable pun, in the terms once applied to them by Giraldus Cambrensis.† On the other hand, it is not to be denied that they have their faults, and one of these, I am sure, is a fault engrafted upon their character, and not indigenous to it, and that is a senseless contempt for the exercise of any art, science, or profession, which is emolumentary to him who devotes himself to it.

It is a feeling that is neither Irish nor Catholic; for in “Old Ireland” the bard and the poet were respected, and the man who distinguished himself by his learning and his science was honoured; and as to Catholicity, there will be found amongst its saints those who exercised even the humblest of trades—such as the shoemakers, SS. Crispin and Crispinian, and St. Bonavita, the blacksmith.

No matter how the feeling originated, nor whence it was derived, it would be in vain to deny that it has existed, and still continues to influence social life, and

that it was and is so prevalent as to win for itself a peculiar designation; and that is, “Irish pride.”

That this “*Irish pride*” is an exceedingly inconvenient ingredient in social life, and that it by no means tends to promote social happiness, I can aver from my own experience; for I remember that in one of the very first newspaper controversies in which I ever was engaged, that my opponent, failing in argument, began to call me the worst names he could think of, and one of them was “a *hireling*”—not meaning thereby that I wrote anything that was opposed to my principles, but simply that I was paid for writing in a newspaper which was not my own; and that, in fact, there was something very like impertinence in my presuming to contradict one who was the *proprietor* of a newspaper!—that newspaper being at the time so particular and select in the number of its readers, that the aforesaid proprietor used to carry the stamps for an entire publication in one of the pockets of his big coat!

There is nothing in which this Irish pride delighted so much as “a *real Irish gentleman*,” and what “a *real Irish gentleman*” is, was thus defined by a woman, who wished to be engaged as a cook in the family of Dr. Boyton, once a very eminent physician in Dublin.

This woman had proved her qualifications to the satisfaction of Mrs. Boyton, had stated the terms on which she had been engaged in the family of Lady — and the Countess of —, but stated that she must receive some five or six guineas more if she entered the family of Dr. Boyton, because, as she said, she had never before served in any family except that of “a *real Irish gentleman*.”

“But, my good woman,” remarked Mrs. Boyton, “Dr. Boyton is an *Irish gentleman*.”

“Oh, that may be,” answered the cook, “he may be a purty, civil, well-behaved, genteel man enough—but I never served any but a *real Irish gentleman*.”

“And do you mean to say that my husband is not a *real Irish gentleman*?” inquired Mrs. Boyton.

“In troth I do, ma’am, for a doctor never could be a *real Irish gentleman*.”

“Then pray, my good woman, what is a *real Irish gentleman*?”

“Why, then, ma’am, as you insist on knowin’, I’ll tell you—a *real Irish gentleman* is a gentleman that never earned the price of a meal for himself, nor for any one belonging to him.”

When duly analyzed, this Irish pride will be found to result in this—an idolization of idleness—although the motive from which it has sprung may be of a far more commendable description. It is, in its purest form, “a respect for antiquity of family;” and Adam Smith justly remarks, that “antiquity of family means, everywhere, the antiquity either of wealth, or of that greatness which is commonly either founded upon wealth or accompanied with it.”*

In Ireland, the struggle has been since the first relaxation of the Penal Laws, to recover back by industry, by talent, by trade, and by labour, that wealth which was the accompaniment of antiquity of family, and that baleful ingredient in Irish society—“*Irish pride*”—has been the impediment, the draw-back, and the dead weight upon that most laudable struggle. It is the upas tree of Irish society, poisoning every thing that comes within the circle of its noxious influence; and never is it more fatal, nor more dangerous, than when the inactivity and the slothfulness it engenders

* “Wealth of Nations,” Book v. ch. 1, p. 529, (Harrison’s edition.)

* Omitting all arbitraries, the sentence would thus proceed in short-hand:—“I consnd t th djrmnt ystrdy—gentlmn f th jry—fem th impls f ntr wh cnpls s t pstpn pn . &c.

† “Nationis subdolæ longe fortius timenda est ars, quam mars; pax quam fax; mel quam fel; malitia quam militia; proditio quam expeditio; amicitia præfata, quam inimicitia despiciata.”—Giraldus Cambrensis, *Hibernia Expugnata*, Lib. ii., c. 97.

can discover a consolation for themselves in sneers, or sarcasms, or bad jokes, and worn witticisms, upon exertions they will not imitate, struggles that they would not dare to rival, and toils which they would shrink from undergoing.

The worst form of *Irish pride* is that in which it aims not at exalting itself to a level with that which is truly great, but seeks to obtain a fictitious elevation for itself upon the ruined character, the blighted hopes, on the ineffectual exertions of those who have failed in their struggles to rise in the world.

Fatal—most fatal have been its effects upon Ireland. It has seduced men into expenses which they could not afford—has induced them to assume the possession of a wealth that they did not possess, and has left them in the mid career of their course, with a ruined reputation and a bankrupt fortune.

This “*Irish pride*” which would not condescend to notice, “as a gentleman,” a young barrister, if he had not a fortune, nor to bestow attention on a young physician if he were labouring to acquire a practice, would not, of course, condescend to look down upon the Irish reporters, nor suppose that their useful labours, and never-ending toil were conferring greater benefits upon the community, than its insipidity, its inefficiency, its idleness, and its practise of the *dolce far niente*.

One good result to the reporters from this was, that it made us perfect citizens of the world. No party recognized us as bound up with its politics, and each party seemed to conceive that we were only made to forward its objects. We were the heralds of opposing armies—with all the privileges and disadvantages of non-combatants; and no matter what our private opinions, or our fixed principles might be, nor how much we might have done to promote them, it was, has been, and is, a settled rule, not less in London than in Dublin, that the services of a reporter never should be recognized—that he is not, and cannot be a citizen of the state, that though he may vote for a party, work for a party, write for a party, yet though there be gratitude, and even prizes for “the whole camp, pioneers, and all,” he is never to look for the expression of the one nor the benefit of the other.

It is wonderful, how exceedingly impartial the enforcement of this principle has made the reporters; and with what perfect indifference they have seen Lord John Russell sitting on the right of the chair, and succeeded there by Sir Robert Peel—and the same place again resumed by Lord John. No matter what can be said, and no matter what may be done—the repeal of a corn law, the enforcement of a coercion bill, the concession of a tariff, or the revision of the pension list, as far as the reporter is concerned, in consequence is the same—it brings down upon him a day of toil and a night of labour.

We “live, move, and have our being” in politics, but, as reporters, do not participate in them. We are, in politics, as the witches in *Macbeth*,

“Not like the inhabitants o’ th’ earth,
And yet are on’t.”

To the orators in Ireland we were known. By the great body of the meeting we were unthought of and unrecognized. The persons who read the proceedings of the meeting never dreamt of those who gave it to them, unless some pet subject was treated with the brevity it merited, and then we were remembered, with no complimentary expression of opinion as to the discretion we had exercised.

Holding, as we did, the scale in society I have described, and which the gentry, or would-be gentry assigned to us—placed in what I may term “the debatable land” of social life—between those who delivered speeches, and the mobility who read over reports of them, it was not likely that we should be unfairly warped by party prejudices, nor improperly biased by personal partialities.

These merits I claim for myself in my “*Recollections*,” and if the reader shall not be dissatisfied with this gossiping specimen of them, I may venture in future chapters to state what I witnessed, as a reporter, of events that occurred in a most important portion of Irish history. I cannot promise that I shall be brief; but I do promise that I will be impartial. I have no resentments to gratify, and no obligations to repay.

I do believe that I have in Ireland many sincere friends, and not one personal enemy. The reader, therefore, may feel assured, that in what I do write, malevolence will not find even an inuendo on which it may hope to gratify its evil spirit.

And thus, reader, for the present I bid thee farewell, hoping that I may be able to state some incidents which will interest, and others that may amuse you; for in the life of a reporter the scenes are multitudinous and various, and his “exits and his entrances” innumerable.

Life and Labours of a Catholic Curate.

[Continued.]

PASSING, with a disappointed and heavy spirit, from this ruinous solitude, we proceeded across the fields, with a full and beating heart, to take a long look at the humble house which gave us birth. But, alas! here again the desolating sweep of ruin had been before us. There had not one stone of it been left upon another; nor any thing remaining by which a single vestige of it could be traced. We enquired in what precise spot it had stood—but we enquired in vain. Those who could have told us—the ancient inhabitants—who owned the old familiar faces, had been removed either by the fell hand of the consolidator, death, or by emigration.

Having failed here to acquire the information for which our heart yearned so earnestly, we passed up towards another village, to which our family had removed during our early youth—we should say childhood. We approached that; but, although there was here no trace of absolute ruin, yet there was a painful and melancholy change—need we add for the worse? It did not contain by any means as many houses, nor anything like the population of our early days. At the end of this village stands a Rath—or, as they are called in that part of the country, Forth—which had been the scene of many a youthful sport and pastime to us and our companions. On ascending this, however, a sight awaited us to which anything we had yet seen bore no comparison whatsoever. About five or six hundred yards to the south-west of this Forth was formerly another village, inhabited by very wealthy farmers, who lived in great comfort and independence. Some of them were the descendants of the Scotch settlers in James’s time, and were remarkable for extreme civility towards their neighbours, as well as for those neat and antiquated habits of domestic comfort, and precise judicious modes of agriculture,

that were so much overlooked as examples in the country by those who ought to have had more sense than to neglect them. Here had been several two or three storied houses, great old ancestral trees, trim and well-cultivated gardens, out-offices in good repair, and even the very pigsties roofed in and made both clean and comfortable. The first things we, in the adjoining village, usually saw and heard in the morning were the lively smoke from those wealthy farmers' houses dancing in the air, and the busy sounds of cheerful and prosperous, because skilful, industry. On the present occasion, we looked and rubbed our eyes—then rubbed our eyes and looked again. Could it be? Were we in a dream, or had we gone back to Aladdin's palace, and the time of the good Haroun Alraschid? We looked, we repeat, but neither house nor smoking chimney, nor large ancestral trees, nor trim well-managed gardens, nor comfortable office-houses, nor pig nor pigsties were there. The site of that happy village was now a level naked field of stubble, on which we could scarcely force ourselves to look.

Having left the Forth, we proceeded towards the site of this obliterated village, and on our way passed the beautiful spring well from which the villagers of the Forth brought their water; and this, in fact, was the only object we had seen that was altogether unchanged. There it was, in its pure and crystal depths, just as we had seen it a thousand times in our boyhood. The broad stone on which we stood to lift the water lay exactly in the same place as usual—the superabundant stream trickled into the soft little morass, covered with water-cresses, as it ever did, and in no discernable circumstance was it different from what it had been. This, then, was the first object connected with our early life that we had yet seen unchanged—its face seemed to us like that of a friend who was faithful and true. In that light we contemplated it, and for that reason it was the first object that touched us into tears. We stooped down—filled our hollowed hand with its dear old water—we drank it, and could no longer restrain our grief. We stood alone looking upon it—we remembered all we had suffered since last we had tasted these waters. We then were young and bounding with happiness—now care-worn and grey. We could not proceed with this painful parallel, but stood over it, and fairly wept like a child. As yet we had not proceeded,—commencing from our first scene of ruin at the mill, to the second, or stubble-field alluded to,—more than at least a mile and a half; but still we must proceed, for on every hand there are ruined and depopulated hamlets and villages around us. About a mile further on, and up the stream which runs by the land that once belonged to these “settlers,” we found a third instance, still as melancholy as those we had yet met. We went on, therefore, along the old road, and turned up to another mill, connected with which had been a village containing at least sixty or seventy houses. Here, as before, the destroyer had been. In this village there remained not a single house. All had been levelled to the earth; and the only appearance of life that remained was to be found in the solitary house which had been built for the miller and his family. An old castle—a magnificent ruin by the way—to which access had ever been given, was now surrounded to its very walls by a field of newly-sown wheat, over which we were obliged to proceed to examine it once more. In every quarter these melancholy signs were visible.

From this we turned our steps to another sweetly situated village, in which we had spent some of the happiest of our school-boy days. We went up by “the old road,” for indeed the whole country has been very well intersected with new lines since we left it, and, on turning round the angle which brought us in front of it, we found not a habitable house standing. There was nothing but a barn, which stood cold and chimneyless amidst the solitude which stretched around us. The house, however, in which we had spent so many happy days, stood about a hundred yards below this, in a sweet little spot—or what had once been so—and, perhaps, thought we, it may have escaped. Alas! no. Nothing but a portion of its naked walls were standing. Its floors were covered with rubbish and chicken-weed—the out-houses were all down. The beautiful green that stretched before the door was no longer either green or smooth—and the well, equal in beauty to that which we have already described, and far surpassing it in situation and picturesque effect, had gone dry, and was filled with dank weeds and rotten brushwood. But, indeed, we have observed that few wells will remain open, unless they are frequented by the foot of man.

Our readers may judge of what we felt on following this track of ruin, as it led us from one depopulated village to another. But how, they will first enquire, were these melancholy scenes of desolation occasioned? To this we are about to proceed. One individual—an agent, whose policy is execrable—by being transferred from Scotland, his native place—for, thank God! our country has to answer for neither the sin nor the disgrace of having produced him—has established in this locality a principle which, however it may be applicable in a thinly inhabited country, is totally unsuitable to one that is thickly peopled like this. The principle we speak of is that of *consolidation*, or the casting out of their small farms, no matter whether by foul or fair means, those who have held them, and throwing their tenements into one—held, of course, by an individual tenant. It is useless to deny that the application of such a principle to a country whose habits, usages, social advantages, miserable standard of food and comfort—all render it unsuitable to our general circumstances, must operate only as a cruel and unfeeling scourge upon the people. It is utterly impossible to consolidate farms without, in various instances, having recourse to extermination—without availing yourself of the law to disperse the people, and to leave them houseless and homeless, or destitute of any fixed or permanent mode of subsistence.

If those changes are to be effected, let them be brought about gradually, and with every humane consideration for the lives and possibility of living of the unhappy people. Let the circumstances be so managed as that the introduction of a principle repugnant to the spirit and condition of the country, may bring out no evil to our population, who are not to be treated like slaves, or turned out like wild beasts to the elements, without any other object than a desire to banish them off the soil. The system of consolidation, however, is one which never ought to be introduced into this country. It is not merely at variance with, but strongly and fearfully opposed to, the genius of our people, as well as to the nature and undulating surface of our soil, and those thousand other circumstances which render its cold and selfish spirit incompatible with all our notions, impressions, and capacities for enjoying social happiness.

We may, it is true, be asked why, in writing the "Life of an Irish Curate," we introduce such topics as this?—to which we reply, that, in doing so, we cannot forget the interest—the deep and earnest interest—he always felt in the happiness of his neglected countrymen; and, further, we cannot forget that it was under his eyes, and everywhere around him, that the circumstances we are describing took place—and as these circumstances, besides being of deep importance in themselves, were the first means of working into his heart those impressions of sympathy and affection which raised to such a moral height the tone of his pastoral duties, and mingled together, so greatly and so nobly, the love of his country with that of his religion and his God;—we say, then, for these reasons alone, we hold ourselves justified in detailing them, and in painting, with truth and accuracy, the state and condition of the country in which he was brought up.

The man to whom we have alluded, who forced those unnatural changes and principles upon the people, was, as we have said, no Irishman; neither was he capable of one generous feeling in the interest or welfare of those whose destinies were placed in his hands. Low-bred, uneducated, hard-hearted and cunning—without one generous emotion, or the power even of conceiving one, he was, as every illiterate upstart like him usually is, a most ready and willing slave in the hands of his employers, to promote whose interests—without any enlightened views of those mutual duties which render the welfare of landlord and tenant identical, and, as they ought to be, mutual—he was always active and sedulous, and never so much so as when he could do it at the expense or injury of the tenant. He was, in fact, one of those supple servants who, if he can anticipate his employer in anything that may prove injurious to him with whom the said employer may happen to be on but indifferent terms, will take a singular delight in becoming the vile instrument of his vengeance or resentment upon him. The man is consequently destitute of general capacity, vulgar, arrogant, replete with the insolence of office, and devoted, heart and soul—that is, according to the narrow measure of each which he possesses—to the class interests of those landed proprietors who are blind and ignorant enough to employ him. In a word, when he finds that he has a wealthy and independent tenant to deal with, he is plausible, and even friendly to him; but, on the other hand, he is uniformly the harassing scourge and enemy to the struggling man. Such is this vulgar, oppressive, and impudent Scotch adventurer, who has done more to injure a large portion of the property and the population of the parish we are describing, than any man who ever resided there in the same capacity.

As a further proof of his iniquitous practices in the capacity of agent, we are bound to state that, whilst he depopulated, or, as it is more fashionably termed, consolidated, the farms we described, he took care to send over to Scotland for men—whether of his own blood or not we cannot say, because we wish to state nothing at random—whom he placed in the consolidations, for his object was to banish the old occupiers, whether Protestant or Catholic—but especially the latter—altogether and completely from the soil, which he has been attempting to place in the possession of a new class of "settlers."

The consequences of this man's principles and practices in his character of agent have been deeply detrimental to the interests of every class, without excep-

tion, in that portion of the country where he is felt. From a not unnatural fear of coming under his resentment, many families in the neighbourhood have, even at a considerable sacrifice of convenience, property, and feeling, made it a point to emigrate to America, so that now the country, which we have already described to our readers as teeming with life, cheerfulness, and happiness, has been, for many years past, almost the reverse of what it was. If the reader were to stand upon one of the hills which in this glorious valley command such a beautiful and extensive prospect, he would see nothing in comparison to what it has been, and, with reference to its population—but a dull and hopeless solitude; the hamlets and villages gone—the large, newly-built farm-houses "like angels' visits, few and far between;" and on a Sabbath, or fair day, or festival, a population dwindled down to one-half its former numbers—dead, heartless, solemn, and evidently labouring under the depressing and ruinous principles which this bad agent has brought into operation in the country.

It was very fortunate that the father of our hero, to both of whom we must now return, did not live under this man's influence, especially as we are inclined to think that a knowledge of his practices would, to a warm and generous mind like that of Thomas O'Donovan, have completely undone all that his invaluable wife had effected.

The new master who replaced Shannon, was a mild rational man, whom no consciousness of scholastic authority could harden into tyranny. His influence over young O'Donovan removed from him all those evil consequences which party feeling and personal animosity, joined to a growing facility in tampering with truth, all occasioned by the master's injustice and undue severity, had left behind them. Owen had reached his fifteenth year when this change of masters took place, and by degrees it was observed that the capricious resolutions of the boy were beginning gradually to show themselves under a manlier and more rational guise. Many of his observations now were of a deeper and more solid cast of thought; but, on the other hand, although he was capable of reflecting with more clearness and accuracy, he was swayed, when they did occur, by fiercer outbursts of resentment and darker gusts of passion—so true is it that no earthly good can be found in this life without some corresponding evil to balance our lot, and enable us to take a high and courageous part in the battle of good and evil which is going on around us, and by which it often happens that our moral position in this world is to be determined.

Owen's mother observed, with something like alarm, that whilst his intellect and general powers of thought and observation were expanding, his passions were all but keeping pace with them. To enable him, or rather to assist in enabling him, as far as in her lay, to subdue those passions, was the great task which she had imposed upon herself during her whole life.

His new master possessed one faculty which, although the most necessary, is yet the most rare in a teacher—we mean the power of making the acquisition of scholastic knowledge an agreeable task rather than a painful one. Owen soon perceived this, and, indeed, we are not wrong in saying that the consciousness of it by degrees established in him a habit of application and a spirit of industry which probably he might never otherwise have possessed so eminently as he did.

Owing to this application, and the remarkable suc-

cess which followed it, he began not merely to feel the preparation of his lessons as a pleasure, but, what was of still more importance, to experience larger, more solemn, and more becoming views upon the subject of his future duties. In forming these views he was aided considerably by his own clergymen, who now began to feel a deep interest in his life and studies.

He himself saw many things in operation about him which, to a mind naturally reflective, led him to feel what an enlarged sphere of duty presented itself like this in a country where the people had been neglected so long, and where, in consequence of the ban that had been placed upon both religion and education, there was yet much to do in forming, or rather in reforming, our national character in many points as a people.

One branch of study—at that time a very unusual one, and even still one that is very much neglected—he himself, urged by the state and condition of the country, and the existence of many circumstances for which he could not account, made a point to become acquainted with, that is as well as the imperfect sources then within his reach could enable him to do so. A willing mind, however, joined to industry and determination, will do much, and if Owen O'Donovan did not make himself a profound Irish historian, he had learned enough to teach him the principles on which the country had been uniformly governed. But it taught him more—that, after all, the whole weight of offence had not been confined to the one side; and that although the national mind had been degraded by a course of sanguinary oppression and crying injustice, yet that there still existed great faults for which it was difficult to account except upon principles not quite creditable to ourselves.

In acquiring a knowledge of Irish history he found it absolutely necessary, if he wished to reach the pure, original sources, often corrupted in their course, to make himself acquainted with the Irish language also. This, to him, was no great difficulty. He spoke it fluently, as did both his parents, and it is never difficult to master a living language in books when one can speak it with ease.

One great advantage, to which we have already alluded, lay in the piety of his mother—not simply as a personal influence, but as creative of habits of domestic happiness. Night and morning they prayed together: and it was utterly impossible that those acts of family devotion should not solemnize the day, and the whole circle of their feelings. This not only kept the living principle of religion alive and practical, but it did more, it expanded and enlarged its influence so powerfully, that, towards the close of his school career, it was a perfectly delightful thing for a stranger to spend a few days and nights in this truly Christian little fold.

We have already said, that Owen O'Donovan was generous and affectionate. These, it is true, are merely natural qualities, and are possessed by many whose lives reflect anything but credit upon religion, or even morality itself. The country around him, however, was pretty frequently visited by those periods of distress and suffering which carry destitution and sickness, in so many shapes, to the habitations of the poor and struggling. Now, we say, that Owen, in addition to generosity and affection, was also in possession of charity towards his fellow-creatures in an unusual degree. This virtue, resulting as it did from a spiritual feeling, added to a strong sense of duty, solemnized his other qualities, and gave them a religious

tone which purified and elevated them. His father was now a wealthy man; and Owen, during the seasons of sickness and sufferings to which we have alluded, hearing necessarily of many individual cases of destitution and death in the neighbourhood, not only cast aside the fear of contagion, but did all that lay in his power, and in that of his kind-hearted family, to soothe, relieve, and support all those on whom the hand of God had been laid. It often happened that, during these pious visits to the sick beds of the poor, he met his clerical friends, who had now an opportunity of witnessing the first exhibition of those virtues which afterwards shone so conspicuously in his life.

His name now began to be on the lips of his neighbours, with that warm and enthusiastic feeling of gratitude which so well becomes the poor man who has experienced kindness and relief at the hands of his fellow-creatures. In his own family, too, where they had an opportunity of knowing him best, he was loved with inexpressible affection. Still, notwithstanding all that we have written, he would occasionally—but rarely, however, did he suffer such occasions to come—still, we say, that occasionally the ebullition of sudden resentment would make its appearance, and, in spite of all his efforts to suppress it, would carry him away for the moment.

He was now on the eve of his eighteenth year, and one day, about a week before he closed it, one of his father's servants, named Tommy Tracy, on being spoken to and remonstrated with by his next brother, John, retorted in a manner that did not seem to Owen to be sufficiently respectful. Tracy had been taxed with neglecting to mend a gap in a ditch behind the garden, when he replied that his master, who was then at the mill, had desired him to defer it until the next day, in order that he might bring one of the horses to be shod, as the animal stood in need of it very badly.

"Aye, aye," replied John, "that's a very good way to get out of it."

"I'm tellin' you nothing but the truth," replied Tracy, "and if you don't believe me I can't help it—nor, what's more, I don't care."

"I don't think there's a word of truth in what you say," replied John; "my father's not a man to ordher one thing and then make you do another."

"Isn't he?" returned the other; "aye, as much as any one I know; I have often known him to do it—for that matter," he proceeded, rather disposed to give the matter a good-humoured turn, especially as he saw the young man rather serious upon it—"I tell you that for the matter o' that he's a perfect weathercock."

"That's a lie," said the other, warmly, "and you know it is."

"No," returned the other, "but it's you that dales the lie out—and that, too, you have from the ould chap—sure divil such a liar in Europe as he is—and when he goes to a fair or market they make him always dale on his book oath, bekaise they couldn't believe him otherwise."

Owen, who was present during this slight altercation, felt his heart and spirit inflamed with resentment, and laying down a book which he held in his hand, he rushed at Tracy, whom he struck several times, until John interfered.

"Aisy, Owen dear," said he—"don't you see he's only jokin'—humbuggin' me—I didn't see at first, myself, but I did this moment."

Owen's passion was up, however, and it required all his brother's strength to keep him from Tracy, and

perhaps he might not have succeeded after all, had not his father, at the moment, made his appearance, his mother having gone to market.

"What is this?" asked his father, alarmed, and a good deal surprised at the excitement and deep passion in which he found Owen—"what's the matter? In the name of goodness, Owen, how did you get into this state?"

"It was his—that impertinent scoundrel's fault—his impudence."

[To be continued.]

PAPERS ABOUT

Irish Missions and Missionaries.

NO. II.

ABOUT the middle of January, just twelve o'clock at night, three knocks, like blows from a carbine, announced a muscular visiter. The door of the missionary opened, and a figure presented itself—one every way worthy of the notice which had been given. The man was six feet high. A huge homespun overcoat surmounted an apparent accumulation of heavy underclothes. Long red hose covered him from toe to hip. His nose—and only his nose—peeped over a "comforter" of ample and numerous folds. A black hairy-cap, covering head and ears and brow, completed his costume—only, that he was covered beside with half-frozen masses of snow. The Missionary grew colder, as he surveyed this impersonation of a North American winter.

"Pardon, Sir!" spoke a strong Tipperary accent, "but I came to your reverence for a sick call."

This was delivered far away in the depths of the red cashmere, but it was sufficiently intelligible to arouse one, when the thermometer was twenty-two degrees below zero, and the water-jug on the hearth was covered with ice.

"Where do you come from?"

"Some thirty miles beyond —— river."

"You belong to another district."

"Yes; but the clergyman is thirty or forty miles further off than you, and the man is dying."

There was no use in reasoning or advising—the journey must be made. Accordingly the Tipperary man takes a seat, the clergyman begins to prepare, and the sweep of the sleet against the window, with an occasional howl of the norther', give notice that the outgoers shall have a reception "worthy of the time."

God can never be sufficiently praised for the true spirit of faith with which he has imbued the masses of our countrymen. It makes them a "priesthood" in zeal, and heroes in self-sacrifice. At home, 'twould appear that circumstances prevent, or, at least, lessen, its manifestations; in a foreign country each deems himself a guardian of the "*deposit*," and nothing possessed or hoped for is esteemed so much as the preservation of its integrity and the extension of its influence. This may be readily explained. In Ireland Catholicity is "*in tuto*." Hostility may assail, and ignorance asperse her doctrines and practices; but, we feel that we are the millions, and that the old sentinels on the watch-towers are sufficiently numerous and powerful to do battle. It is not so abroad. There we find ourselves the few. The many are leagued to oppose our progress, and prepared to misconceive our dogmas. In the sympathy created by her loneliness, her beauty, and the unmerited enmity of prejudice, we circle around faith. Then, the religion of *home* is almost all

that remains to the exile. Its pride, too, frequently quails beneath the contempt of the stranger, who has learned to identify Ireland with ignorance and rags. Its memories are hidden in the heart of the only one who will appreciate them; its misfortunes are attributed by those who create them—and they are believed—to causes which are not calculated to elevate the estimate of our national character. And thus the Irishman's arms twine around his religion as the last heirloom of the heart which fate has left him. Long, very long, may the hallowed spirit continue. The moment which makes religion the agent, any other thing the end; the moment which beholds a national feeling constituting religion secondary to anything, however dignified or honourable—the moment which shuts out God from the causes of social amelioration, and deifies the self-sufficiency of such creatures as we—such a moment is the shadow of a coming eclipse which Ireland has not yet experienced.

The Irishman who, as we have already stated, called upon the Missionary Priest, was an illustration of the feelings and principles to which we have just referred. He had travelled some fifty miles in the depth of a North American winter. He had subjected himself to the thousand contingencies of sleigh-riding through half-made roads in the back woods; through the badly made roads of the country—over lochs, and lakes, and ruts, and swamps; and yet Mulrenan, that, we believe, was his name, scarcely knew the individual for whom he toiled—had never before seen him, and after he would have saved him, was unlikely to behold him again. The fact was, that the dying man, as well as a large family, had lived without the profession of any religion, and, we believe, with very limited knowledge of any. Mulrenan had been passing by the settlement and saw the man on the verge of judgment. No clergyman was in the vicinity—or no clergyman, we mean among the sectarians, would inconvenience himself by a lengthened journey; and hence our countryman succeeded in inducing the invalid to call for a Catholic Priest. 'Twas a weary journey, that of Mulrenan; but we remember the poor fellow's consolation—

"What harm, Sir, if the light of glory shine on the poor soul, and we bring him into the brave old Church? O, may God send it! Amen."

It was an awful night even for North America. Drift, dash, and sweep of snow saluted the travellers immediately on their egress from the house. Only an occasional glance could be taken at the path; the eye, on being raised, was instantaneously filled with snow. Then the cold—it crawled into the very marrow; the question continually reverted to the mind—"how long can this be borne?" Mulrenan clove his way, like a lord of the mist—the priest was not either so powerful or so fortunate; but he clung to his companion's side. It was inspiring to any fervour, and should stimulate any zeal, to follow the large Catholic heart, that so loved the glory of his father's house as to become its apostle in such circumstances.

"Boat a hoy!" cried the Irishman, as himself and the clergyman now approached the dock or wharf, for they had to cross an arm of the sea.

"Aye, aye!" was the reply. "All right; now, boys, stretch to your oars! the four last and greatest things depend upon haste—pull out, then! Well done!"

Off flew the boat, and, for life and limb, the men

could not ply the oar more laboriously. The snow-storm increased, however, and an oar's length could not be seen ahead. The way was made, and the time wore, and wonder began to grow that the shore-light did not appear on the opposite side. They began to persuade themselves that they had *not* been so long on the water. "Now, then!" and a still more vigorous pull. The vessel flew with the impulse of excited energy—'twas vain. Still and still they laboured, and no shore presented itself.

"Lord, have mercy on us!" cried Mulrenan, "where can we be?"

The men paused. Fortunately the sea was not rough, and the snow-storm had partially abated. It was obvious that they had turned out to sea, and that the most imminent danger full stared them. "Lord, have mercy on us!" fell from every lip.

But a light on the lee bow gave them, after some time, a knowledge of their position. They found that they had been sailing for the light-house, and had, indeed, most providentially escaped. A squall—a gust of wind, or even a heavy sea, might have made poor Mulrenan only have secured a confessor for himself.

An hour and a-half had been lost in the peregrination sea-ward; and the process of disembarkation was as brief as might be. The tinkling of the sleigh-bell sounded sharply in the darkness, and told the wayfarers that the horse was impatient for his journey homeward. A moment, and they were seated in a species of tax-cart, with its iron-shod shafts upon the snow. They tucked their rug about feet and knees, touched the spirited animal, and started at the rate of nine miles or ten in the hour.

There is something exhilarating in the sleigh-drive by the broad day light, when a cloudless sun glances from the boundless field of white; the country is ringing round, with the bells which announce the rapid movements of industry or pleasure; and one is conscious of the almost airy sweep over surface of ice and snow, by the rapid transition of the landscape with its countless objects passing by. Then there is the sweet security of the sunshine, and the knowledge that a "spill" or a "break down" will engage sympathy and secure succour. Not so at night. On, on—jingling in loneliness—you feel as if you were some spirit on its tour of expiation, and that your night-bells gave warning of the penance to which you had been condemned. Now, rushing under a shelving rock—again, hurrying precipitously down some descent, of which heaven only knows what is to be the end or the incidents—then, caught in some land-snap, which centrifugally sends you off to describe epicicloids, from which you recover by a miracle; in truth, we would—although by no means given to heroism, or learned in the sword exercise—prefer a battle-field by day to a snow ice and rocky field in the back woods by night. Mulrenan had a singular specific to tranquillize his mind, amid the dangers to which the night-route exposed himself and his companion. First it was a signal blessing of God, he said, that they could not view half the dangers through which they were passing; and secondly, as a man was aware that by going to sleep he was likely to awake in the other world, it prevented him from yielding to the solicitations which the god of drowsiness so constantly employed. "Nevertheless, father," said the honest, good-natured fellow, "if anything *does* happen, I shall be sure to prepare, and you will not forget to raise a hand over me."

Through hissing and splashing, and many a long-drawn sigh, that followed, recovered, and unexpected equilibrium, the travellers arrived, about four A.M., at a kind of inn by the way side. The horse had certainly an ardent desire to complete the journey homewards, but his ability had not been improved by a hard trot of thirty miles. He made an instinctive *detour* as he approached the solitary light of the rude hostelry, stopped short, and shook himself, like one who felt that he had done his duty. The light of the candle showed that the creature was half cased in ice—so were his two companions cased; and if we must admit Mulrenan to have been so rude, we must record that he perpetrated the saying, 'twas "a hard case."

Two men, each holding a rifle, and an Indian girl, were in the house. The former were talking about "Sam Slick;" the latter had only just entered as the travellers alighted at the door. We mention the incident to introduce to the reader a singular phase in human destiny, and a singular illustration of human and religious feeling. Noemi, for such we discovered to be the Indian girl's name, was shaking the snow from her shawl of blue cloth, and had laid by the witch-like conical hat or cap, so favoured by the squaw and so frightfully unbecoming. Her mocassins were cut—her frock considerably torn—the long black rich hair fell about her neck and face in Indian profusion, and her eyes shot forth that calm yet brilliant beam which so peculiarly marks the Micmac race. The girl seemed quite unconscious of the presence of any one, and, in truth, was quite indifferent to it. The truest lady in bearing and address, whom we ever recollect, was an undegenerate Indian woman. Mulrenan knew and soon spoke to her. She turned towards him with a familiarity and dignity all her own. The Indian was beautiful, and she knew it; but her sweetest smile was accompanied by a look so self-possessed and so decisive, that "*noli me tangere*" repressed even more than kindness wooed confidence.

"And where does Noemi go so early, this blessed morning?" inquired Mulrenan.

"Ah!"—said the girl, in that soft complaining tone, which gives to the Indian woman's address the interest of very childhood, "Noemi go town to see Padlias (Priest); Indians want to have mass for Noemi's mother;"—and she began to gather together her baskets, mats, and other Indian work which she was bringing to town for sale, and in the manufacture of which, these Indians, considering their resources, are quite unrivalled.

"But isn't Noemi afraid to travel all the way by night and alone?"

"'Fraid!" and she tossed her head carelessly; "no, no—Noemi love her mother . . . and God," she added in a low tremulous tone. And she was right—no one would dare to harm the gentle and firm Indian maiden. A tear rose to the Missionary's eye, and he blest her filial love and heavenly confidence.

"Do you know, Sir," said Mulrenan, when they had proceeded on the road, "do you know that Noemi is no Indian?"

"You do not say so?"

"I do, Sir; Noemi is an Irish girl."

"An Irish girl! Why, what do you mean? you amaze me."

"It is most true, Sir. Poor Noemi! A soldier's wife, Sir, an Irish woman, young and fair and unfortunate, had followed her husband to America, I know not how, and had travelled after him, I know not

where. They say, Sir, that she must have seen better days, for her hands were small and delicate as those of the Indian women, and that *something*, you know, which only early comfort and command can bestow, she had it. She had walked hundreds of miles in a state of pregnancy; and sixty miles from this place, by the road side, she was seized with the pangs of young motherhood. Providentially an Indian camp was located in the neighbourhood, and the unfortunate was discovered by a woman of her own age, a widow. You saw the crucifix and beads about Noemi's neck—no Indian goes without them. Well, the poor Irishwoman's eye, they say, rested upon the blessed cross, Sir, and a ray of heaven was in the smile she gave her deliverer, then. In the wigwam of the savage, Sir, she became a mother and a corpse. The poor Indians did what they could to procure a priest in sufficient time, but in vain. In such company, and in such a spot, she died, who had played by the fields and rivers of Ireland. When they softly laid her in her baby cradle, how little could they dream of the rude hands that should place her in the coffin."

"Well, and Noemi is the child of our poor country-woman."

"Yes. The husband had died even before the wife, and Noemi was left an early orphan. She has been reared and fondled, and almost spoiled by the Indians; she is their little queen. 'Twould delight you to see Noemi of a holiday going to mass, her adopted mother and brother by her side. The shadow of an early evil was upon her face, to be sure, but then she looked religiously happy. For the first time, I have heard of the good squaw's death—it is a sad blow to the 'flower of the wigwam.'"

"But the foster brother?"

"Is dead, Sir. The officers of the neighbouring garrison, with whom debauchery is almost the sole employment, made him the companion of their hunting excursions, and, in their more than savage brutality, made him drink to death. He lost his way on a lake of ice, over which, it is said, Noemi went to meet him. She saw him directing his steps towards his doom, and hurried towards him shrieking. He was drunk—he heeded or heard her not—and he sunk in the view of his sister and betrothed."

"God, have mercy on him, 'twas a sad fate! and the girl?"

"O, probably she had gone after him, had not some fleet Micmac overtaken and brought her back by force."

"The mother had not then died?"

"No; and, Sir, you would have wept to see the gentle fondness of Noemi for the childless widow. Well has she said, 'Noemi loved her mother.' A glorious day's devotion it will be, Sir, and delightful for them who will be present, while the Indians sing the dead mass."

"In truth it is delightful to hear them," said the priest.

A long silence followed.

It is a disgrace to the British uniform and citizenship that the inhuman practices of commissioned officers are permitted in the Colonies. Hospitality, though great for the number of the inhabitants in garrison towns, is not sufficiently extensive; duty is not very engrossing; there is no intellectual taste whatever among these gentlemen by regal impress; and the consequence is, that blighting ruin and wretchedness are spread over many a homestead, and the seeds of eternal hate sown in many a colonial soul. We have

known fathers and mothers lie down and die of broken hearts; and young girls—in one instance, two from the same hearth—abandoned to misery and dishonour, while the unprincipled vagabondism which rioted in their destruction, was feted and loved, and honoured by *the great* of the world! May God in his mercy save us from such greatness! Why will not the horse-guards take prudent cognizance of disgrace, with which it must be perfectly acquainted? Why not render intellectual engagement or military exercises imperative, which may have some influence in preparing these gentlemen for active service? The authorities must know, that the young men who fill the list of subalterns have, in general, had no education beyond the shooting grounds or the race course; that for any intelligent display of their profession, they are as incapable as idiots; and that their pursuits are not only calculated to engender contempt of the English army, hatred of English rule, and public insecurity, but to render it impossible that they shall ever be worthy of their position. Let his Grace the Duke feel assured, that if the projected defences are manned by coxcombry and sensuality, we may as well call in Prince Joinville at once. There is no regimental library, no lecture, no study. And the young men themselves are too frequently the victims of the system. We have known a young fellow, leaving his college pure and high-minded and active—an exalted idea of his professional relations, and a virtuous though limited education made every eye turn towards him with interest. . . . In two years he almost ruined his family, broke his constitution—and he had followed to the grave the first victim of his passion. He was called home, and we hope he has become a better man. If this page meet his eye, he will recognize the writer, and feel assured that he has his prayers. While upon this subject, we may say that we would wish to be able to reach the hearts of our fair and humble countrywomen, who sacrifice home and friends and hope, for the imaginary bliss of a barrack square, and the competency of a shilling a-day and a washing-tub. On the earth, as a general rule, there is nothing to approach the unmitigated hardship of a soldier's wife. Filth and want, and, often, insult, are her wretched portion; while the licentious habits of the barrack room efface every religious impression, blunt all feeling, and lay the foundation of future ruin. Present unhappiness is almost inevitable—the happiness which religion promises is almost as certainly lost.

We laughed a good deal—forgive us the irreverence—the other day, when noble peers and wise commoners vended their folly for English fame, and gave us a dissertation on the confessional. It was delectable to behold with what sagacity they would make an alliance between penance and the powers that be, and aid the executive by the perjury of the priesthood. It looked, however excessively like the man who put his head out of his window to announce that he was "not at home." We have some small experience of the Colonies—Lord Stanley was once their minister. Along the coast from Cape Sable to the Labrador, there are thousands of Scotch, Irish, aye, and English soldiers, within an easy journey of freedom, affection, and affluence. The Irishman and the Scotchman, in particular, have there their connexions by blood and the friends of their childhood. They have labour's ready reward, and thronged and thronging mart. Home—for the Irishman—has ceased to be his. His relatives are dead—have starved—or, ejected, have made the

great new world his heart's anchorage. Why does he not desert? Paley would give rise to fallacies, which would lighten his estimate of his oath. The scene of disorder, irreligion, blasphemy, obscenity of a barrack room, is not fascinating to a moral man, is irremediable, and nearly intolerable. Few good men would cast their lot with our armies could they anticipate such scenes of abomination. Why do the Irish and Scotch Catholics remain? A word with you, my Lord! May we assure you, that we have known numbers—the events were spread through years—hundreds stayed and fixed firm in their allegiance, by the influence of the priest and the confessional? The clergy knew the commanders—good, bad, and indifferent they were. Had the men imagined that their projected desertion was a topic of conversation, between their pastor and their major, how many would consult the priest on the morality of their journey to Massachusetts or New York? Are men to be supposed fools, my Lord, while legislators bark in session? You might destroy the confessional if we could make your *dictum* canon law, but you could not serve the government. Some people, indeed, think you too wise to have been sincere in any thing which you spoke on this subject, and think that in operating upon the gullability of your hearers, you only “treated a fool according to his folly.”

The bright daylight lit up the woods, “*nive candida*”—the rocks, ditto, ditto—and the travellers and their horse, composing part of the same fair view, before the sleigh and its freight arrived at the home in the back settlements. The scenery we cannot describe. There were patches burned in the woods—blackened trunks half fallen, like a drunken toper steadying himself—great huge rocks on and beside the way—not road—an occasional peeping out of a distant lake, with a shanty here and there upon its brim; a sky above, which, from the road, generally looked like a race-course for the young stars; they cleared off in the morning, and then—woods, woods, woods! Well, this is very nearly *all* that can be said. Though we fall under Quinetillian's curse, “*Miser ille orator qui nullum potest detrudere verbum*,” we have given all.

It was neither brief nor moderate labour to get to the “home in the woods.” Whoever made the song on this subject was a fool, and, we'll swear, never saw what he sang. The immediate approach was “an entertainment for man and horse;” but had not the brute very much the advantage of the man, we should have much preferred to be far away from the vehicle. The animal, however, stepped like a minuet dancer of the old times. What by balancing, pirouetting, pausing, and prancing, he at length came to his own door, the most satisfied of the whole three. The farm yard had a barn like a rope-walk; sheep without number chorussed within; an axle of a cart, with one wheel, lay in the middle; a stake-hedge ran along the side; pigs snored like sleepy sentinels along this frontier, and the house appeared, by one end of it which came into the yard, to give the cold shoulder to all the afore-said. The “one end” of the house was on a rising ground, and the remainder was, consequently, sustained by a right-angled-triangle stone-wall, behind which, the interior of the house showed you, there was a cellar. The welcome was *not* warm. The patient appeared to be dying. The room in which he lay was low, dirty and small. A woman, the young man's youngest sister, wept by his side, and five brothers and four sisters-in-law stood in the long passage, talking

in under-tones, apparently about the clergyman, his journey and his charge.

Only among our clerical readers can be felt the hours which followed the long night, the hours employed in preparing an unbaptised and dying adult for his long home. Instruction, explanation, exhortation, the foundation of the “*rationabile obsequium*.” Well, they had been at length concluded. The unsophisticated backwoodsman had become a man of religion and a penitent. The baptismal grace seemed to be actively and overtly miraculous; for the young man's conversation and advice brought tears to the missionary's eyes. The latter had partaken of a large loaf, a herring, a bowl of boiled bohea, and the contents of a broken teapot which had upset into his lap. He shook hands with his penitent and convert, gave him the kiss of peace, and said “farewell.”

“I say, Sir!” said one of the huge brothers in the long entry.

Looking round, the clergyman perceived one on a loft, a second peeped from the cellar, a third stood at the door, and one, the interrogator, stood just by.

“Well, my friend,” replied the Missionary.

“You've had a cold night's work, I guess?”

“Why, rather. My patient is your brother.”

While the Missionary spoke, the backwoodsman looked very earnest while he unrolled a large goatskin purse, from which he carefully drew five provincial pound notes.

“Will this pay you for your trouble?”

“Oh, much more than pay me—I shall not accept of any money.”

The backwoodsman looked at the Priest, then round at the young men, then at the clergyman again.

“Do *you* mean to say that you travel all night to see *my* brother, and won't take no pay?”

“Yes.”

“Well, that *is* queer,” said the backwoodsman, restoring the money to its former place in the goatskin bag. He shook hands with the clergyman, but said not another word.

The young man recovered, and the whole family soon knelt before the same altar. Mulrenan was a proud man on that day. “Glory be to God,” said he, “isn't it a fine thought that I had a hand in saving so many souls, by bringing them back to the old faith!”

It is melancholy, were it not necessary, that such immense districts should be committed to one Missionary in our colonies. Whilst a clergyman proceeds to one extremity of his peculiar charge, his services are sometimes deeply demanded in the other; and many, in their isolation, can neither have the hope of visiting him or of being visited. The consequence must frequently be, unprepared souls appearing before God—defections from faith, and uncorrected scandals. We have sometimes thought that the case might obtain partial remedy by appointing Missionaries to the duty of continued travel for a month—these to be succeeded by others, or another, during the succeeding one; and thus a series of travelling clergymen would impose the duty, perhaps not more than once in a year on each, while many and great exigencies might be met. These things, however, we say with all humility—praying pardon if our ignorance may have rendered our zeal indiscreet.

We had intended, in this place, to examine the interesting question of the progress of Catholicism in America. Men of every creed, religious or political, have spoken and written on the subject, and, were we

only to bring their opinions together, for mutual illustration, we should, we imagine, accomplish a work useful to religion and agreeable to our readers. We find, however, that in our present number we cannot indulge our desire. We have already trespassed beyond our limits, and, perhaps, your patience. Craving favour, then, we shall suspend the inquiry until March.

But we may be permitted to express our astonishment at the fatuity of our government—that, looking abroad at the Catholic Church in this empire—contemplating her Irish citizens in the East and the West, in the North and the South—viewing Catholicism—Irish Catholicism—standing on every soil—the very depository of the kingdom's life's treasure—we may be permitted to express our astonishment that England does not awake to the necessity of cherishing Irish and Irish Catholic good feeling; nay, that she is the patroness of bigotry and the active cause of division among her children. Why is there no enlarged effort to supply the population with the ministers of their confidence? Why is it ever to be work—work—work—for the purpose of enriching and ennobling a state which contemns and oppresses them? The spectacle of millions upon millions of men, whose interests are identical in one regard, and whose fidelity is a nation's only safety—many of whom are patronised by our foes, and who may be said to hold the keys of our most gigantic possessions—such a people, oppressed in peace, might be dangerous in war. Troubles at home might make them foreign foes; and troubles abroad might make them hostile subsidies. Why not unite them?

Look on our Canadian possessions—they are held by the loyalty of Irishmen. We should be very unwilling to depreciate the attachment of the French Clergy; just as unwilling to impugn the morality of the French laity; but it is not in the nature of things that men of different language, habits, historic recollections, and whose living parentage is our “natural enemy,” should be attached to our connexion. We speak the sentiments of reason, and the results of an experience which no English minister can ever possess, that Irishmen are the surest guardians of England's power over the American frontier. The Orangeman of Upper Canada hates England—many a Frenchman sympathises with him; all these have their eye and their wishes over the St. Laurence; Ireland is the only country from which the traveller in Upper Canada cannot find a disaffected citizen. Yet, may we reprint from Lord Durham's report:

“The Catholics constitute at least one-fifth of the whole population of Upper Canada. Their loyalty was most generally and unequivocally exhibited at the late outbreak. Nevertheless, it is said they are wholly excluded from all share in the government of the country and the patronage at its disposal.”

“In Upper Canada,” says Mr. Manahan, “there never was one Irish Roman Catholic an executive or legislative councillor; nor has one been ever appointed to any public situation of emolument and profit in the colony.”

“The Irish Catholics complain very loudly and justly of the existence of Orangeism in this colony. They are justly indignant that, in a province which their loyalty and bravery have materially contributed to save, their feelings are outraged by the symbols and processions of this association.”

And this is the country whose soldiers, two years ago, were compelled to stand, for hours, bareheaded under a

West Indian sun, because they could not violate their conscience by worshipping in the Church of England. This is the country from whose Priests we have before us, at this moment, letters from many parts of the earth complaining of official tyranny, sordid bigotry, irreligious aggression, relentless persecution of almost every kind—while England encourages, by not improving her minions! Well—let it be.

The Celtic Society.

“THE BOOK OF RIGHTS.” Edited by JOHN O'DONOVAN, Esq., M.R.I.A.

THERE is a French proverb, that “Time spares nothing which has been done without his co-operation;” and, if the destroying monarch awards a durability to the works of man, proportionate to the space consumed in their growth and perfection, we may fairly augur a long reign for the Celtic Society, and permanent influence on Irish literature from the publication of the “Book of Rights.” That book is now before us. It is the first-born of a society founded two years and a half ago, and it ought to be as good as the acquirements of its distinguished editor could make it, in order to compensate the many disappointments and satisfy the legitimate expectations of those members who have been enrolled “paid” on the lists of the society in the first months of 1846. We know that no blame can be attached to the learned editor; we do not take upon ourselves to censure the printer, or the council, or the secretaries, or the working members of the Society, but it were treason in a public journalist to attempt to deny that the primitive members had arrived at the conclusion, that blame should rest somewhere, and that the very great delay had induced many to believe that their subscriptions were embarked in a South Sea scheme.

Knowing that the object of the Society is good—fervently hoping, therefore, that it may succeed—confident that it must succeed under proper management, we have assiduously collected, as far as was in our power, every excuse that could palliate the extreme delay. The beautiful illustrated title-page and exquisite topography of the associates' copy, must disarm the censure of all who believe there is anything worth preserving in ancient Irish literature. Such persons will ask no explanation of the delay; but, for such as may require it, it will be answered by some, that the young Society combines Irishmen of all parties for a national object, and union never having been the characteristic of Irishmen, misunderstandings, rivalry, compromise, fickleness, disgust, secession, were naturally to be expected, and must have wofully retarded the advent of the first book. If this excuse were true, which it is not (so far, at least, as to cause the secession of any of the original members), the Society was incapable of profiting by the example of a similar society, which has been steadily doing its work since Patrick's Day, 1840. The Archæological Society is not exclusive, and yet it has worked harmoniously. Its younger brother, not rival, the Celtic, would have long since produced a book, if last year had not been the ever-memorable 1847, the year of famine and pestilence—of every woe which the chastening hand of God can send down on an afflicted people. It would have been

inhuman, in such a year, to ask men to give their money for any object, however national, when famine was devouring its victims by tens of thousands. Far better was it for the founders to bide their time. Every subscription given in during such a year was an earnest of the enthusiastic and persevering support of the subscriber. The founders saw with delight that subscriptions came in slowly but steadily, they adapted their own progress to these indications, and now, without any extraordinary exertion, hardly even a single puff in journal or periodical, they are able to say that if the Society fall, it will not be from want of support, but of men to use it.

The founders tread dangerous ground, and they know it; the prospectus details, very honestly, the various attempts to establish similar societies—all, with one exception, ending in nothing. It is well that this danger of failure is known. Those who are indifferent to Irish history, either from ignorance or contempt, who believe that there is nothing worth preserving, or that there is not spirit to preserve it, say, like the messengers sent into the promised land, "no, let us not go up there, the land which we have viewed devourerth its inhabitants;" and, truly, neither high names nor friendly combinations could save preceding Celtic Societies from ruin. Examine the roll of the Ibero Celtic Society, founded in 1820, Patron, His Excellency Earl Talbot; President, the Duke of Leinster; Vice-presidents, the Marquis of Sligo and Thomond, Earl O'Neil, Viscounts Montmorency and Monk. Among the members you read, the Earls of Rosse and Mount Charles, Lords Viscount de Vesci, Carberry, Castlecoote, Clonbrock, and Garvagh, Dr. Murphy, late Bishop of Cork, and Dr. M'Nicholas, Bishop of Achonry, Dr. Crotty, President, and Rev. Paul O'Brien, Professor, Maynooth College, Rev. F. Sadlier, F. T. C. D., Rev. J. Singer, F. T. C. D., Rev. W. Phelan, F. T. C. D. And yet, with this imposing array of titles and dignities—those omens of general support—the work which records their names was the first and last of the Ibero Celtic Society. There is, however, one marked difference between the Celtic and its defunct namesake, that the former has not merely noble names and friendly combinations, but a stout phalanx of enrolled members to support it, with scholars, who, in the Irish language at least, may, without any offence, safely be pronounced far superior to their predecessors. The learned works which Mr. O'Donovan has edited for the Archæological Society, his intimate acquaintance with the manuscripts extant in our libraries, his connexion with the Ordnance Survey, which, to the amusement and wonder of the rising generation, raised its flags and cast its net of chains over the country, marking down old churches and holy wells with as much diligence as if her majesty's title depended on them—all these have given to him such an Irish education, as no man living can be expected to acquire. All the historic scenes in our land, the churches of SS. Kevin and Columba and St. Patrick, the battle-fields of the Strongbowman, and the succeeding colonists, together with the localities mentioned in our ancient martyrologies, which baffled the industry even of Colgan, all are familiar to our editor as the scenes of their boyhood are to ordinary scholars.

This profound knowledge of topography has enabled him to detect many serious errors of preceding writers, which often perplexed and confounded their narratives. Who, that studied in Maynooth, forgets Laraghbrine?

the venerable old church, with its crumbling tower and ivy-clad walls, shaded by the graceful lime-trees, and looking down, from its gentle eminence, on the college-ranges and the old fortress of the Geraldines? Its very name reminds us of days, when, with the buoyant heart of youth, we tripped happily on the "walk-day" along the Royal Canal or the road to Killock; for the seniors in the church it possesses more solemn and endearing associations, because, for many years after 1795 it was the burial-place of the students and professors who died in the College.* Surely there could have been no mistake regarding the locality of Laraghbrine, no erring topographer could have robbed it of any of its legitimate claims to veneration; yet Dr. Lanigan, on whose "extensive knowledge, deep research, and accurate criticism" Dr. Doyle pronounced an eulogium which has been ratified by all succeeding scholars, even he, with one touch of his pen, transports Laraghbrine to the Desies, or present county of Waterford. Colgan (A. A. S.S., p. 360) records, from the Irish Annals, A. D. 854, the death of Cormac, an author and Bishop of *Lathrigh Briuin*; Dr. Lanigan (vol. iii., p. 324), relating the same event, places Lathrigh Briuin in the country of the O'Féolans, or County Waterford; and, in proof of his assertion, refers to Colgan (A. A. S.S., p. 541), where we read of the death of St. Senanus, contemporary of St. Columba and patron saint of Lathrigh Briuin, in Hy Féolain. But Mr. O'Donovan restores Cormac, author and Bishop, and St. Senanus to their true home—the Laraghbrine of Maynooth. In a note to that part of the "Book of Rights," which treats of the tributes and territories of the King of Leinster, we read:

"*Ui Féelain*.—This was the name of a tribe and territory, containing about the northern half of the present County of Kildare. It comprised the Baronies of "Clane" and "Salt," and the greater part, if not the entire, of those of "Ikeathy" and "Oughteranny," the town of Nas (Naas), and the churches of Claneadh (Clane), Lathreach Bruin (Laraghbrine, near Maynooth), Donaghmore Muighe Luadhat (Donaghmore), Cluaine Conaire (Cloncurry), and Fiodh-Chuillin (Feighcullen), were in it. See the "*Feilire Énglais*" and the "*Irish Calendar*" of the O'Cleries, at 18th May, 8th June, 8th August, 2nd and 16th of September, and 27th of October. After the establishment of surnames, the chiefs of this territory took that of Mac Féelain, and, soon after, that of O'Brain (*anglice*, O'Byrne), but they were driven from this level and fertile territory about the year 1202, by Meyler Fitzhenry and his followers, when they retired into the mountains of Wicklow, where they acquired new settlements, and, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, they were possessed of more than the southern half of the now County Wicklow."

The writer then refers for detailed proofs of his statement to his splendid edition of the "Four Masters," published by Messrs. Hodges and Smith. Thus Laraghbrine, which was one of the first churches plun-

* Maurice Ahearne, Priest of the diocese of Kerry, Licentiate of the Faculty of Theology, Paris, Fellow of the College of Navarre, Professor of Philosophy in the University, Paris, Canon and Vicar-General of the Cathedral Church of Chartres, Professor of Theology in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, died in February, 1801, aged 66 years. Augustine C. McCormick, Priest of the diocese of Down (last Abbot of Bangor), died in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, May 7th, 1807, aged 70 years. Edmund Ferris, Priest of the diocese of Kerry, Head Coadjutor of the Society of Missionaries in France, Vicar-General of the diocese of Amiens, Master of the Sacred Faculty, and Professor, Maynooth, died in December, 1809, aged 72. The epitaphs, from which these notices are extracted, are still legible (we hear) in the ruined church of Laraghbrine. Portions of the walls of that church are falling every year, though it is better protected than most of our rural churchyards. Edmund Ferris was so generally beloved that his funeral service was celebrated in several parts of Ireland. One of the members of the Council of the Celtic Society was selected by the *alumni* of Maynooth to preach his funeral oration in the city of Kilkenny, in the year 1810.

dered by Strongbow, and which holds the ashes of several of the Geraldines, recovers its historic name, which carries us back to its patron saint Senanus, and his contemporary, St. Columba, Apostle of the Piets.

To appreciate the value of the editor's notes, the reader will bear in mind that as "The Book of Rights" records the political relations of all the Irish Provincial kings to the head King of Ireland, before the English invasion, it was necessary to survey the whole island and define the precise limits of its ancient principalities. So perfect is this topography, that a map of ancient Ireland could be easily constructed, and is, we hear, in an advanced state of preparation for the members of the Celtic Society. It is generally, and perhaps truly, believed that the ancient Irish attached too much importance to genealogy and topography—but can the ecclesiastic, at least, censure a diligence which enables him to identify the venerable ruin, and associate it with those great ages when Ireland was the light of western Europe and the Island of Saints? Is there no solemnity imparted to the 2nd of September by the discovery that it is the festival of St. Senanus, whose church is almost within the walls of the great nursery of the Irish priesthood?

As another example of the historical value of these copious topographical notes, let us take the native country of St. Laurence O'Toole, patron saint of the archbishopric of Dublin. Mr. O'Donovan proves that the southern half of the county of Kildare, not Wicklow, was the ancient patrimony of the O'Tooles.

"Soon after the death of the celebrated Saint Lorchan O'Tuathail (*Anglice* Laurence O'Toole), the family of the Mc Tuathail (O'Tooles) were driven from this level and fertile district by the great Baron Walter de Riddlesford, or Gualterus de Ridsfordia, who, according to Giraldus (*Hibernia Expugnata*, lib. ii. c. 21), had his castle at Tristerdermott (now Castledermott). Dr. Lanigan (*His. Ecc.*, vol. iv. p. 174), and Mr. Moore, in his history of Ireland (vol. ii. p. 308), and all subsequent writers state that Muirheartach O'Tuathail, the father of St. Laurence, was prince of "Imaile;" but this is a great mistake, for Ui Mail (Imaile), into which the tribe of O'Tuathail migrated, had been, before the English invasion, the patrimonial inheritance of the O'Tadhg (*Anglice*, formerly O'Teige, now Tighe). Equally erroneous is the statement in the life of "St. Laurence," published by Messingham, in his *Florilegium*, that St. Laurence's father was the king of all Leinster, for we know, from the best authorities, that though he was of the royal family of Leinster, and next in superiority of that province, he never became king of it."—p. 210.

These two examples—Laraghbrine, and the royal home of St. Laurence—are taken at random from a single county. Similar proofs of topographical knowledge could be culled from the notes on every province, and county, and barony, and townland in the island. If the ancient glory of Ireland be not a monster humbug, concocted by the writers of every country in mediæval Europe, this "Book of Rights" is a valuable accession to ecclesiastical literature.

In admitting that the tendency of Irish literature to mere topography appeared excessive, we do not wish to be understood as condemning the reflection of Dr. Johnson, among the ruins of Iona: "that whatever raised our thoughts above the present, and stirred an association of the invisible past, or future, elevates and refines the soul." Now Irish topography is eminently suggestive. It is the reflection of the history of the country, natural, political, religious.—Even the wells have a language for the initiated. On the summit of Sliev-bloom is "Hugh O'Neil's" well; in Wicklow there are twenty-five, in Dublin thirty-five, in Carlow ten, and in Wexford eighty wells called by the name of the Blessed Virgin, or the saints.

This is not the fashion of the present day, and if Ireland were now colonised from England or France, the nomenclature would assuredly be very different, as different as the present stiff botanical names are from those of ancient ages, when the flower bore the name of a saint, or a friend, or suggested some other moral association; as different, in a word, as St. Mary's and St. Kevin's-street are from Camden-street and Bedford-row. It is that suggestive character in Irish topography which relieves the dull monotony of a mere dictionary of places, and lends a charm to the comprehensive notes of the "Book of Rights."

We have hitherto confined our attention to the notes. The body of the work we leave to the members of the Society, which, there is some reason to believe, will soon include all who buy books, or subscribe to literary institutions in Ireland. In a learned introduction of sixty-six pages, the editor gives a valuable dissertation on the authenticity and date of the work, and various important questions on the ancient history of Ireland. Here we find him correcting generally-received errors, adding to our stock of general knowledge, and plucking with stern, but scholarlike hand, the pretenders who decked themselves with the well-earned fame of others, and were not ashamed to claim the labour of their neighbours as their own.

"An abstract of the Book of Rights," says our author, "is given by Dr. John O'Brien, Roman Catholic bishop of Cloyne, in his Dissertations on the Laws of the Ancient Irish—a work which was published by Vallancey in 1774, in the third number of the "*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicæ*," where this abstract occupied from p. 274, to p. 389. The suppression of O'Brien's name in the publication of this has caused some confusion. Thus, where the author says "in my copy of the *Annales Innisfallenses*, I find," &c., all subsequent writers took for granted that this referred to Vallancey's copy of these Annals, whereas the fact turns out to be that "my copy of the *Annales Innisfallenses*," throughout this work (the Dissertation on the laws the Ancient Irish) refers to a compilation of Annals made for Dr. John O'Brien, by John Coury, in 1760, at Paris, from all accessible Irish, Anglo-Irish, and English sources, of which the autograph is now preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, with various marginal condemnatory notes in the hand-writing of Charles O'Connor, of Belanagare. In consequence of the suppression of O'Brien's name in connexion with that work, it has been quoted as Vallancey's, even by all those who have since treated of the subject, but more particularly by Mr. Moore, who frequently quotes Vallancey's Dissertation on the Laws of Tanistry, in his History of Ireland, as a work of authority."—p. ii. *Introd.*

It must not be supposed that the editor is one of those who take a malicious pleasure in exposing the errors of their predecessors. His theme extends over a very wide range, comprehending not only topography, but the political, and religious, and social state of the ancient Irish, together with the fragments of their literary history which have come down to our times. In a subject so ample, it was but natural to expect that the disagreeable duty of emendation and censure should frequently devolve on him, but neither in the introduction, which comprises dissertations on the Psalter of Cashel, the roads and chariots of the Irish, their chessmen, their computation of the year, and also on the colonies of Dublin Danes, nor in any part of the work do we find him stepping out of his way to parade his knowledge, or pick a quarrel with his predecessors. Above all, there is no straining after hypothesis or conjecture; authorities, where they can be had, are given circumstantially; where they cannot be had, to clear up a point, the point is always left for future investigation. This is a canon of the utmost importance in publishing a literature of which the greater part yet remains in manuscript. How often

have the most plausible and consistent theories been laid in the dust by the discovery of a few unfortunate lines in some hitherto unnoticed manuscript, which substitutes fact for theory.

The "Book of Rights" was generally attributed to St. Benen, or Benignus, disciple and successor of St. Patrick, but the editor proves that though such a work was certainly drawn up and sanctioned by Benignus, immediately after the establishment of Christianity, it cannot be said "that any part of the work, in its present form, was written by that bishop.

"It gives an account of the rights of the monarchs of all Ireland, and the revenues payable to them by the principal kings of the other provinces, and of the stipends paid by the monarchs to the inferior kings for their services. It also treats of the rights of each of the provincial kings, and the revenues payable to them from the inferior kings of the districts, or tribes subsidiary to them, and of the stipends paid by the superior to the inferior provincial kings for their services.

"These accounts are authoritatively delivered in verse, each poem being introduced by a prose statement; and of those joint pieces, twenty-one in number, seven are devoted to Munster, and the rights of the monarch of all Ireland are treated of under this head, for it first supposes the king of Munster to be the monarch, and then subjoins an account of his rights, when he is not king over all Ireland. Two pieces are then devoted to the province of Connaught, two to each of the three divisions of Ulster, two to Midhe, or Meath, and two to Leinster, with an additional poem on the Galls, or foreigners of Dublin, and a concluding piece on the rights of the kings of Teamhair, or Tara. The prose usually purports to be a short statement, or summary of the poem which follows, and which it treats as a pre-existing document. Those prose introductions almost uniformly conclude with an allegation that Benen said or sang as follows, *de quibus Benen dixit*."

As a specimen of the translation, which is, as it ought to be, rigidly literal, we give a few quatrains from the rights of the king at Tara.

"Teamhair, the house in which resided the son of Con,
The seat of the heroes in Liath-druim, (a name of Tara)
I have in memory
Their stipends to the chieftains.

Every king who occupies strong Teamhair,
And possesses the land of Eire,
He is the noblest among all
The hosts of Banba, the fertile.

If he be a rightful king of Teamhair,
It is right for the chiefs
To make, each of them, submission, even at his house,
To the just, and justly-judging king.

Teamhair is not due to him
Unless he be a very intelligent historian,
So that he may tell his chieftains
The stipend of every person."

Among the merits of the book, a very high place must be assigned to the copious index of nearly thirty-three pages, in which all the chief places in Ireland, and many of her most celebrated names are found. Judging from the productions of some of our literary societies, one would be inclined to think that our literati were a sect of semi-Pythagoreans, who, though not observing in all its rigour the discipline of the secret, yet contrived to make their works of the least possible use to the public, by either giving no index, or one so scanty that it rather perplexes than aids the reader. There is also another feature in the work which has, at least, novelty to recommend it—some persons may question its general utility, but there can be no question that it will save future scholars a vast amount of labour, and enable them to devote their time, not to emendations of their predecessors, but to making original accessions to an already perfect capital—it is nothing less than a compilation of "various read-

ings," on the principle, we presume, of the "*variae lectiones*" of the classic authors of antiquity. The "Book of Rights" was printed from two vellum manuscripts of great antiquity, the Book of Lecan and the Book of Ballymote, and from the collation it was discovered that there were 900 "various readings," generally differing only in one word, all of which are subjoined to the volume. They take up nearly twenty-four pages. Not withholding the meed of our wondering applause from this singular diligence, and the almost luxurious niceties of typography, we cannot help remembering with apprehension that one of the literary exquisites of antiquity was in the end strangled, we believe, by a grape.

Time will soon tell the fate of the Celtic Society. If it deserve success, it will assuredly obtain it. It is already out of danger, having received pledges of general and enthusiastic support.* But we would take the liberty of offering a word of advice to two classes of Irishmen, and the advice is applicable to some in every party which owns that denomination—To one we would say, your expectations are too enthusiastic and visionary; you will not get for your money an Irish Demosthenes, or an Irish Homer, simply because such treasures really are not found in our manuscripts. To the other party we would say, you despise Irish literature, because you are ignorant of the contemporary literature of other countries, you have adopted the slang of our transmarine fellow-subjects, or of that class which has been so appropriately denominated "*shoneens*" in this country, because they aped the language of "big brother John" at the other side of the water. You talk of the meagreness of our annals, and you will not aid in publishing the auxiliary pieces, which are the flesh, and complexion, and breathing spirit of history. You appear to forget that there are such unexplored repositories of Irish manuscripts as the Burgundian Library, Brussels, and the Roman archives of St. Isidore's, and above all, that to the disgrace of Ireland, there are lying unpublished this moment in some of our Irish libraries, great, and undoubtedly authentic and coeval monuments of Ireland's fame, when the annals of all Europe proclaimed that she was not a country without a history.†

* The following is prefixed to the Book of Rights:—

"The Council of the Celtic Society having intrusted me with the superintendence of this volume in its progress through the press, I hereby certify that it is in all respects conformable to the rules of the Society. I also take this opportunity of expressing, upon the part of the Council, their thanks to the Royal Irish Academy, for the permission to print this work from their most valuable MSS.: to the Provost and Board of Trinity College, for access to their manuscript library: and to the Rev. Dr. Todd, for facilities in the consultation of it, which he was kind enough to afford. To John O'Donovan, Esq., our thanks are pre-eminently due, for the learning and zeal he has exhibited in the editing and general arrangement of the work. In it will be recognized a further proof of the critical and profound knowledge which he possesses of the language of our country, as well as of its topography and history. The services of Mr. Eugene Curry have been invaluable, and I am happy to record that his intimate knowledge of our ancient literature has throughout the work been made available.

"WILLIAM ELLIOT HUDSON,
Member of the Council."

27th July, 1847.

† It will be not a little remarkable if, in these awful times, the foundations have been laid of a genuine Irish Historical and Literary Association, which will carry out its motto: "Truth is the life of History." But such an origin, in such times, would not be without a precedent. During the last thirty years, the press has been teeming with books of all sizes, proving to us that the "dark ages" were not so black as people generally imagined. But where did that good work commence? Who gave it its most vigorous

impulse, and when? M. de la Porte du Theil, in the coming gloom of the French Revolution, 1791, published his "*Recueil des chartes, &c. relatifs à l'histoire de France*," and among them many inedited letters of Innocent III.—whose life is the key-stone of the middle ages. In l'an IX. of the French era, he vindicated that pope. In the ninth vol. of the "*Notices et extraits des manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Nationale, publiés par l'Institut National de France*" he laid the foundation of all that has been since accomplished, and gave, even then, a fairer view of that pope's pontificate than has been since given by some of our Catholic historians in England.

SKETCHES OF

The Lives of Great Christian Artists.

NO. III.—THE FAMILY OF VAN EYCK.

WE are so accustomed to dwell upon the memories of those men who have accomplished great works in art, or in science, that the more humble, yet not less useful characters who have, in opposing and depressing circumstances, travailed in the origination of ideas matured or perfected by their successors under favourable auspices, are frequently forgotten. Thus, while the world is filled with the fame justly awarded to a Raffaele, an Angelo, a Dominichino, or a Corregio, the merits of a Fra Bartolomeo, an Angelico, or a Lippi, are only known and appreciated by the few who penetrate beyond the vulgar gaze into the mysteries of art, and who love to trace the steps by which it progressed, from its humble beginnings to the greatest perfection which has been vouchsafed to it. Those who admire the classic elegance of Rubens, the "mystery and silence which hung upon the pencil" of Rembrandt, and the mysticism of the old, or Catholic feeling of the modern German schools, seldom, we fear, bestow a thought on the geniuses to whom all were so much indebted—"the family of Van Eyck." Be it our duty here to recall a few circumstances of their lives, and to take a hurried glance at some of their works; for indeed they were great productions for their times—Catholic in spirit and feeling, withal—and present beauties which it would be well for artists to study and imitate, and connoisseurs to admire.

About the middle of the fourteenth century there resided in Maaseyk, a German town situated on the borders of the river Meuse, a good man, named Van Eyck, who lived by the exercise of the pictorial art. His simple works pleased the simple tastes of his countrymen for whom he painted, and little is related of him personally but that he discharged the duties of a Christian and citizen with fidelity. His wife was also skilled in painting, and assisted her husband in his daily avocations. To these was born a son in 1366, to whom they gave the name Hubert; and four years later, another, whom they called John. These brothers were destined to exercise a powerful influence on the art which their parents practised after the conventional methods and simple fashions of former times.

At an early age, Hubert became the pupil and assistant of his father, and attained such proficiency in his art that he was enabled to take the sole direction of his younger brother's studies, when he had arrived at a suitable age. The brothers continued to practise their art in their native city, where they were much esteemed by their fellow-citizens, till their fame became so general that they were induced to remove to Bruges, then one of the most opulent and picturesque cities in Europe. Here they painted and taught publicly—laying the foundation of the subsequently flourishing Flemish school. It is not known precisely at

what time they removed from the place of their birth; but in Bruges most of their great works were unquestionably accomplished, so that that city is intimately associated with their names and celebrity; John being often called in history "John of Bruges." They frequently visited Ghent, and were employed by Philip le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, to paint the celebrated picture of the "Adoration of the Lamb," for one of the churches of that city. Of this great work we shall have more to say hereafter. Margaretta, the sister of the Van Eycks, was also an eminent artist, and assisted her brothers in many of their works. She resolutely refused all solicitations to marriage, preferring to live in the study of religious subjects, and the exercise of her art—which to her was a religious occupation—than in the distractions of the world; and such of her works as yet remain, are evidences of the depth and sincerity of those devotional feelings.

The great advantage, however, derived by art from this family is the invention, or discovery of oil as a vehicle for colour, and on this account they are justly to be esteemed amongst the greatest benefactors of the art of painting. Most great discoveries have, in their origin, been the result of chance, if we may so speak; and the discovery of that vehicle which has given so much charm to modern painting may be ranked amongst the number of those fortuitous circumstances. The credit of this discovery has been entirely given to John Van Eyck, and it would appear that his brother or sister had no share in it. He painted with tempera till about the year 1410, when having finished a picture which he wished to have quickly dried, he varnished and set it to dry in the heat of the sun; with dismay he found that the colours had cracked, and that his work was entirely spoiled. This circumstance, at first sight so unfortunate, proved to be that from which a great part of his fame arose. His attention was thereby turned to the discovery of a varnish which would dry quickly in the shade, and so prevent the recurrence of similar accidents; and, after various experiments, he found that a mixture of the oil of nuts and linseed, proved the best for that purpose. This he intended merely to use as a varnish, while the old tempera vehicle remained untouched. Another step, and his important discovery was complete. The idea of using the varnish as a vehicle suggested itself. In this his experiments were satisfactory. He found that the oil, used as a vehicle, gave hardness and clearness, with force and brilliancy to his colours. The tempera, consequently, was abandoned, and oil became the vehicle in his future works.

It may easily be imagined that, in an age when the love of painting was almost a popular passion, the fame of this invention soon extended itself into France and Italy. But Van Eyck, careful of his life-interest in this fortunate discovery, was not eager for its revelation. On the contrary, he jealously guarded his secret. He was, however, overreached by a "worthy brother of the craft." Antonello De Messina, a painter of Sicily, had journeyed to Naples, to see a work of the now famous artist. He was so charmed with its beauty that he determined to procure, at almost any sacrifice, the precious secret of its excellence. Giving up all his other pursuits, he left his native country, and travelled to Bruges, where he found means of introducing himself to the inventor and keeper of this much-prized art. He at length succeeded in ingratiating himself with Van Eyck, and thereby became master of his secret. Antonello then imparted it to others; and

Van Eyck, finding that it began to spread, revealed the entire mystery, with the occasion of its discovery, or invention. He lived long after this, still continuing to instruct great numbers of pupils, and died in the year 1441.

Hubert, who principally resided during the latter years of his life with his sister Margaretta, at Ghent, died there in 1426; and so high was his reputation, and the esteem in which he was held by the citizens, that he was buried in the family vault of the united families of the Vyds and Borlouts, the chief burghers of the city. Margaretta survived him but a short time, and was, according to the account given by Lucas Van Heere, buried with him, in the Vyd vault, under the church of St. John, now St. Bavon's.

The school of Van Eyck flourished long after the death of its first masters; amongst the most distinguished of whose scholars was Antonello de Messina, who combined the style of the Italian schools with that of his master. Petrus Christophorus was also a distinguished artist of this school, and the celebrated Johann Hemling retained much of its mannerism in his improved style.

There are but few remarkable circumstances known of the lives of the Van Eyck family. The life of an artist is the exercise of his art. The busy scenes which occupy the less thoughtful, or less imaginative portion of mankind are none of his. They interest him not. The natural tendency of his mind, and the different habits of his life lead him to that position from which he may calmly survey the occupations of his less fanciful, but, perchance, happier brethren. A world beyond theirs is his. The glorious orb of day rises and sets for them as a "matter of business," as it were, and in which they can see nothing beyond a natural and usual occurrence. To them the freshness of spring, or the solemnity of autumn brings no sweet emotions. The remains of the most venerable antiquity are neither sweet nor bitter to their thoughts, nor humiliating to their hearts. Not so the artist; he lives in a world of fancy, but no less real. The dawning of the day, or the opening of the spring-time, fills him with joyous hope and bright visions, haply extending beyond the span of this transitory life. The decline of autumn leads him to the solemn contemplation of that unerring destiny which involves decay on men and empires, and on "this great globe itself." The contemplation of the remains of an antique age recalls to his mind memories of men, and times, and civilization, which he fondly believes to have been braver, wiser, and more truthful than those of his own generation. A true artist's works are the reflexes of his emotions; his emotions are the great sum of his life; and so his works are the best memorials of his existence.

The works of the Van Eycks are scattered over nearly all the continent of Europe. There are few collections without one or more of them; and some have reached England—all attesting the wonderful industry, as well as genius, of their authors. The most remarkable, both as a work of art, and in the history of its fortunes, is the celebrated picture of the "Adoration of the Lamb." This, we have already said, was painted for Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, by the brothers Hubert and John. The Church of St. John, at Ghent, was built in the tenth century, and was consecrated by St. Transmare, Bishop of Noyon, in 941. It was rebuilt, with the exception of the crypt, in the thirteenth century, on a more extensive scale and in grander style. It was to decorate

this church that the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Van Eycks was painted.

The style of painting in the middle ages harmonized with the architecture of the period. It was not the rival of the sister art, but her handmaid. No church was considered complete, without its suitable paintings; and no picture was consistent, except in its appropriate frame-work, the productions of the architectural art and its sculptured accessories. Thus, a beautiful harmony subsisted between the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture, which were then esteemed as *one*, and not as three distinct arts. So that it was not unusual for one individual to exercise successfully the three arts, or, more strictly speaking, the branches of the one sublime Christian art. This union contributed to that severe, yet graceful, elegance which so peculiarly characterizes the style of the painters of the middle ages, by causing them to adapt the composition of their subjects to outlines and spaces less capricious than those which have been suggested by the unguided fancies of modern artists, or the influence of vitiated taste and fashions. This austere style of painting has been, like its corresponding architecture, called "*Gothic*"—an opprobrious name given to that which should be called *CHRISTIAN*, by those who were unable to appreciate its beauties or comprehend its spirit or its meaning. The picture of the "Adoration of the Lamb" was adapted to one of those *Gothic* forms,—the ancient tryptic. "The extent and profound aim of this composition," says a judicious critic, "render a clear comprehension of the subject, at first sight, difficult; and therefore an explanation is necessary. It may be said to embrace the most important mystery of the Christian religion; painted one hundred years previous to the Reformation, and, consequently, according to the conceptions and forms of the Catholic and Greek Churches. It is known under the name of "The Adoration of the Lamb," and intends to represent the mystery of the Redemption, taken from the seventh chapter of Revelations. It is divided into two principal compartments—the upper and lower pictures, both of which are subdivided into centre and wings. In the centre of the upper picture is represented God the Father, as supreme Pontiff of the Church, performing that part of the service called the Benediction, attended, on one side by the Blessed Virgin, and on the other by St. John the Baptist; on the two wings are seen St. Cecilia at the organ, with musicians, and opposite singing choristers, chanting the Benediction. On the extreme ends of the upper wings are represented Adam and Eve, as symbols of sin, and above them the sacrifice and murder of Abel, to show the depravity of the human race, and the necessity of Divine mediation—alluding at the same time to the prototype of the Messiah. The centre of the lower picture represents the confirmation of the Divine blessing from above, in the sacrifice of the Lamb on the ark of the covenant—the blood of the Lamb flowing into the chalice of the new Testament, surrounded by kneeling angels carrying the implements of crucifixion. Under the ark is the fountain of life, on the one side of which kneel the prophets, followed by 'multitudes, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne, and in the sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.' On the other side, kneel the Apostles, followed by martyrs, 'they who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes,

and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb.* From other parts of the landscape stream multitudes of saints, with palms in their hands, to approach the throne of the Lamb. One of the lower wings represents the gigantic St. Christopher, leading pious hermits to the group of martyrs; the other closes the procession, with the Duke of Brabant on horseback, with their whole retinue of men-at-arms and painters; among the latter, John and Hubert Van Eyck, and Antonella di Messina."

This great work contains upwards of three hundred figures, and was so highly prized at the time of its execution, that it was only exhibited on great festivals; the concourse of spectators being so great, that special police regulations were devised, in order to protect the painting from injury. Philip the First of Spain wished to purchase it at an enormous price; but, failing in obtaining it, he employed Michael Coxis to make a copy, for which he received the sum of four thousand florins, having spent two years in the execution of the task. The original remained in the church for which it was painted till Napoleon, in his vain ambition to make Paris the centre of the arts, as of political government, caused it to be removed to that city. After his downfall, the painting was restored to its original place in St. Bavon's Church,* where the upper portion of it yet remains in the Vyd Chapel. The lower part forms, at present, one of the principal attractions of the Berlin collection. It was sold for 6,000 francs to Newenhug, the picture-dealer, during the absence of the Bishop; and was re-sold in Aix-la-Chapelle, to M. Solly, with whom it remained until the king of Prussia purchased his entire collection for 500,000 Prussian dollars, when it was transferred to Berlin. Thus, through the cupidity of unfeeling men, the two essential parts of this harmonious work are separated. One part, in its present position, is an object of mere insensate connoisseurship; while the other is meaningless, deprived of its correlative. Verily, neither the Chapter of St. Bavon's, nor the virtuosi of Berlin are the true protectors of art, or they would not allow the object for which both profess regard, to be thus mutilated. There were several copies of this picture besides that made for Philip of Spain; but that which was in the collection of the late Mr. Aders, and which formerly had been the ornament of the chapel of the Hotel de Ville at Ghent, till the arrival of the French army under Pichegrew, is the only copy at present existing of the entire subject. In it, according to Passavant, the head of the Blessed Virgin is more lovely than in the original. Many excellent prints, from parts of this celebrated work, have been published in France and Germany; and Passavant, in his tour through England, has given an outline engraving of the entire subject, from the copy in the Aders Collection.

In the Duke of Devonshire's collection are two pictures attributed to John Van Eyck; one of which is very much obliterated. The subject of the injured picture is the "Consecration of St. Thomas A'Beckett, as Archbishop of Canterbury. Its date is supposed to be about 1422. It was presented to King Henry V. by his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, then Regent of France. The other picture represents the "Dedication of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple," and possesses great beauty. It represents the interior of the

Temple, with our Blessed Lady standing before the altar, by the side of the High Priest, and surrounded by virgins. Over her is a dove, the symbol of the Holy Ghost, with two winged cherubs. Choristers kneel on each side of the Temple, and in the foreground are seen St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin, and St. Joachim. Many of the heads in this beautiful composition are said to be portraits. Horace Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," says that figures of Lord De Clifford, his lady, and family, are amongst the number.

A beautiful tryptic, by Van Eyck, is in the collection of the Earl Shrewsbury, at Alton Towers. The centre contains Our Blessed Lady and her Divine Son. On the right wing is St. Agnes, St. John on the left.

In the National Gallery, London, is a small picture on wood by this master—a perfect specimen of his peculiar depth and brilliancy of colouring. It shows the interior of a room with two figures, supposed by some to be portraits of John Van Eyck and his sister Margaretta. In the collection of the British Museum, there is a beautifully-finished pen-and-ink drawing of a half-length figure of St. Barbara.

Mr. Spiker, in his "Tour in Wiltshire," speaks with enthusiasm of a Holy Family, in the collection of paintings at Corsham House, near Bath. He calls it the "star of the collection." In the centre is seated the Blessed Virgin, attired in a blue mantle, with our Saviour in her lap; St. Joseph stands behind the Blessed Virgin, and on her right is St. Anne; on her left, St. Catherine.

Turner, in his "Tour in Normandy," vol. 1. p. 219, describes a beautifully pathetic picture by Van Eyck, of the "Virgin Mother in her domestic retirement."

Our space prevents the possibility of giving any further details of the numerous works of these great artists. We cannot conclude, however, without taking especial notice of a charming picture by Margaretta, formerly in the Aders collection, which is best described in the words of that excellent artist and enlightened scholar and critic, M. Passavant:—"The picture is in three compartments, and about three feet high. In the centre and larger one, the Blessed Virgin is represented seated on a grass-plat, reading a book; while before her, and on a velvet cushion, sits the infant Jesus. He is turning towards St. Catherine, who kneels on the left, holding in her hand a ring with a sword, and a broken wheel by her side. Behind this holy group is another saint kneeling at a table, which is covered with roses and cherries. A third saint, seated on the right, is receiving white and red roses from another holy virgin, dressed in blue. Of singular beauty are the figures of angels standing behind, three of whom accompany this pleasing scene with musical instruments; while a fourth holds a dish of cherries beneath a stream flowing from a fountain in the centre. The facade of a church, dedicated to St. Michael, brilliantly lighted within, forms the chief background, and a thicket of trees, from among which tower some slender cypresses, throws a deep shadow on the surrounding scenery. In the wing on the right of the spectator is seen St. Agnes, wandering with another saint, upon grassy lawns, among orange trees. The other wing represents a kneeling figure of St. John the Evangelist, blessing the chalice which he holds in his hand; an angel is gathering roses behind him, and still further, among orange trees, is a boy plucking fruit, which a girl receives in her lap. This very delicious and poetical picture has a peculiar charm of composi-

* In 1530 the name of St. Bavon was substituted for that of St. John, the Cardinal Alexander Farnese having transferred to this church the chapter of St. Bavon.

tion, and is executed with the greatest delicacy and care. In colouring, it is rather tender than powerful, and the shadows are of a light brown. The various countenances are more singular than beautiful, the details being too large, and the eyes somewhat staring; but there is much that is graceful in the forms and attitudes to admire. I have never hitherto seen an authenticated picture by Margareta Van Eyck, but am the more inclined to consider this genuine, from its bearing indubitable characteristics of a feminine mind and touch."

Reminiscences of the Irish Mission.

BY A RETIRED PRIEST.

NO. II.

CHAPTER I. STUDIES ABROAD—RETURN TO IRELAND —RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION AND PROSELYTISM— EVICTION OF PADDY SULLIVAN, AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

I HAD travelled far, over sea and land, in search of that learning which no one was allowed to teach in my own country. I had traversed the plains of beautiful France and of sunny Italy, and had gazed, with rapturous wonder, upon the mighty Alps, which seemed to realize the ambitious design which the children of men vainly attempted to execute on the plains of Senaar, and to reach even to the heavens. I beheld, with no cold or apathetic eye, the city of the Cæsars, from which all my youthful imaginings derived their gorgeous hues and their dazzling brilliancy. Here were centered the memories of the most matchless heroism and of undying song—it had never fallen as Athens and Constantinople fell, but, in its very ruins, it was still the "eternal city." When its temporal rule passed away it had not lost but exchanged its empire, and the new dominion was far more noble and extensive than the old. The tomb of Peter and Paul and Laurence, sanctified by the blood of innumerable martyrs, dignified by the presence of Christ's vicegerent upon earth, who holds in his hands the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, Rome has ever been the very sun of the Christian firmament, around which all the other parts, however distant, must be attracted and retained in their proper spheres, and from which they must derive all the light and beauty which they possess. If Rome had apostatized where would Christianity now be found? In almost all other places—with the exception of our own dear Island, which was ever faithful to the chair of Peter and was, therefore, saved—the Faith at one time or other has been obscured, but she has still remained immortal, unchanged, and, therefore, divine. Whenever any church has separated from the centre of unity, she has become the prey, at first, of the most wild and extravagant doctrines, and then, by a natural reaction, of the most daring and reckless scepticism; and a sincere enquirer, if he could be induced to make an impartial survey of the creeds of all the congregations which profess to be Christian, would necessarily acknowledge that the quantity of error in each became greater as it receded farther from the doctrines and the influence of the Roman Church. It would be impossible for a person, of a temperament far less sanguine and enthusiastic than mine, to behold, without deep emotion, the ruins of the proud queen of the earth everywhere crowned with the triumphant glories of Christianity; and that religion,

which alone she despised and persecuted enthroned high above the Pantheon, in the noblest work which was ever conceived by the mind or executed by the hands of mortal man. I felt, but could not express, what was long afterwards said by a gifted but erring child of song:

"O Rome! my country, city of the soul,
The orphans of the earth must turn to thee!"

But not all the teeming glories of "imperial Rome," nor the serene majesty of the capital of the Christian world, nor the proud triumphs of genius and of art, which—Prometheus like—stole fire from heaven and gave life to the marble and the canvass; not the witchery of that fairy clime, whose sky is the cloudless dome of heaven; nor the beauty of those fields, where the fig, and the grape, and the melon, grow by the way-side, could steal away any portion of my heart or divide its love with the dear land of my nativity. I longed to look once more on its blue lakes, its green hills and its fertile vallies, and to embrace the dear friends from whom I had been so long separated.

I had not seen my native land for more than seven years; and, when I did return, few of my old friends remained to welcome me. My father and mother had both fallen victims to that terrible scourge of our country, typhus fever, and my grandmother and grandfather, full of years, had been gathered to their ancestors. Old Paddy was still living in the old house, which was now occupied by my brother; the body was indeed there, and in its usual condition, but so sombre, so changed that the spirit which animated it seemed to have fled and left the old trunk quite untenanted; the very walls seemed cold and altered, and in spite of all the kindness which was lavished on me, I felt uneasy and unhappy. The feeling was of that undefined kind, which we cannot assign to any particular cause, and which is, therefore, more painful because it is unattended by hope—the great comforter amid all the ills of human life. On Sunday morning, I celebrated mass at my brother's house, and then went to the chapel to greet my old friends. I arrived early, and the old chapel and yew tree seemed to welcome me as kindly as ever; but they were the only unchanged things my eyes fell upon. I looked in vain for my old friends—they did not come, and still I was afraid to ask for them. Of the children to whom I used to teach the catechism with such delight on Sunday evenings, I did not recognize one—they had all grown out of my recollection—those of my own age were almost all scattered and gone; some of them were dead, many had emigrated during the bad times, and those who remained were so altered by the cares of the world—light hearted boyhood was so completely lost in sober manhood, that I could scarcely believe them to be the same persons—I seemed to be the only one who had the least recollection of what we used to be

"When we were young, ah! woful when—
Ah! what a change 'twixt now and then;"

and, though my heart was bursting with early memories, I did not dare to breathe them in this ungenial atmosphere. At length I summoned courage to ask for a dear old friend, of a young man who stood near me; the tears started to his eyes as he replied, "that was my father, Sir; he died of fever about a year ago, and almost at the same time with your own mother." This confirmed all my worst suspicions, and I could

scarcely help weeping outright. There was a strange priest also on the altar when I entered the chapel—for Father John, though still living, had been appointed to a parish on the wild and beautiful coast of — The little choir, which used to sing in the chapel, was as changed as everything else, but I particularly noticed the absence of the boy and girl who sang the Christmas hymn, and who were by far its greatest ornaments. I did not dare to ask for them until I returned from chapel, and, though I took out old Paddy to walk, for the express purpose of being able to put the question to him whilst alone, I could scarcely force the words from my lips, lest I should receive the usual answer, “they are dead.” At length, after talking of a great many other things, I said, “do John Sullivan and Catherine M’Quillan not sing in the choir now?” “Oh, no!” he replied, “they are many a mile away from this, and a poor choir it is without them”—“They are married, then?”—“No; and they say they are not to be married at all.” “But why did they leave this country, Paddy; and are both the families gone?” “Aye, indeed, Sir, they an’ many another had to go, for whin the bad times an’ the sickness came on thim, the craters couldnt get the rint in time, and the new squire wouldnt give thim time to pay it—barrin’ they’d become Protestants, which they’d die of the hunger sooner nor do—so they and a great many more were put out, an’ had to take the wide world on their heads. Thim that had the manes wint to Amiriky, and thim that had not, had to beg their bit—the craters; but Father John, whin he hard it, was in great affliction all out about his owl frinds. So he came up, you see, and he towld them, that as they war all used to the say if they’d go up to his parish he wud help thim to get boats, and they could earn a livelihood by fishin’—more-be-token, he said, the owner of the place, though a Protestan’, was greatly agin the way the squire was gettin on, an’ that he’d give a house and garden to as many as Father John wud pass his word fur. So a great many wint, and they say they’re richer and happier than iver they wur at home. An’ troth, Sir, but for my fondness of the ould place an’ the childre here, I’d have gone with Father John myself, jist to farm his bit ov land for him.” “Well, Paddy, whatever may be said about the farming, you must come and take care of Father John and me, for I am going to him to be his curate.” “Oh! then, glory be to God, we will all be happy together agin—an’ I’ll come up every summer, whilst I live to see the owl place; an’, whin I die, you’ll have me buried near my dear master and mistress.” The poor old man’s eyes filled with bursting tears, and we both, without either communicating his intention to the other, turned our steps to the little graveyard, where our dear friends sleep in the hope of a glorious resurrection. We knelt down upon their graves and prayed fervently to God to admit them into his glorious kingdom. I quickly felt here that Christian charity is superior to death—that it carries our best feelings beyond the grave, connects the living with the dead in bonds the most holy, and that it reaches even from earth to heaven. I arose from my knees comforted, and was far happier than before I trod the consecrated earth which charitably covered, with its green mantle, the ashes of the dead and hid them from the gaze of day. Their spirits seemed to converse with me, not from the cold earth on which I knelt, but from the bright heaven on which I gazed, and to assure me that in a few short years I should be

united with them in that happy country, where no friend is lost, no tear is shed, and where death shall be no more. I still, indeed, thought what a sad havoc seven years make amongst our earthly friends! but I also remembered that the virtuous are only separated for a time, and that death, however terrible it appears, is nevertheless

— The golden key
That opes the portals of eternity.

When I returned home I could talk freely to my relations of our departed friends, and of the sad distress which had fallen on the country generally, and on this parish in particular. They confirmed all that Paddy had told me and communicated other intelligence still more distressing. The old landlord, who had lived on the most affectionate terms with his tenantry, was dead, and his heir returned from college a violent bigot, determined either to convert or to exterminate the Papists from his estate. He did not try to turn any man out of his farm merely because he was a Catholic, but whenever sickness in his family, death among his cattle, or any other misfortune rendered him unable to pay his rent on the very day on which it was due, he was ejected without mercy and “none but a Protestant need apply” was his motto. His wife was worse than himself, and, indeed, it was generally believed that she was his evil genius in all his persecution. She got up proselytizing schools for the benefit of the Catholics, and threats of extermination were used to force parents to send their children to them; she went about herself reading the bible, or, I should rather say, like a wasp extracting not honey but poison from God’s sweet word; she thus filled a peaceful parish with enmity, strife, and hatred.

A year of famine and fever afforded these evangelical Christians a splendid opportunity for exercising their religious zeal. There was mercy and forbearance for the Protestant tenant, and the utmost rigour of the law for the Catholic; there were Protestant clothes and Protestant meal, whilst the poor Catholic beggar was left to starve with cold and to die with hunger. But the converts—that is, a few bad characters, who, having no religion to lose, allowed themselves to be starved into Protestantism—were the chief favourites of this evangelical lady, and of the evangelical curate of the parish. The trade of being converted, as it was called, became so profitable, that several of the poorer Protestants declared that they could not be strong in the faith and weak with hunger at the same time—that their faith hereafter would be very much regulated by the state of their stomach; and to prove that this was no idle threat, some of them professed Catholicism gratuitously, in order to be bought back to Protestantism. As for the few miserable Catholics who became Protestants during the hard times, they generally relapsed into Popery as soon as the new potatoes became plenty. Indeed we never knew an instance of any person being permanently perverted by such means, when the priest discharged his duty with zeal and energy. We cannot either acquire or preserve faith naturally—it is a great, an inestimable, a supernatural gift of God, and the proud man who vainly trusts in the strength of his own weak mind, whose studies are unhallowed by prayer and unaided by God, whose intellect is perhaps clouded by passion and darkened by crime, is almost sure to be deprived of this divine lamp to the feet and heavenly light to the eyes, for the Lord “resisteth the proud and giveth his grace to the humble.” There were

apostates in the time of St. Paul, "deserting the congregation" of the faithful, whom he warns, that they have nothing to expect but a "dreadful judgment, and the rage of a fire which shall consume the adversaries;" there are apostates now, and there will be, alas! until the end of time. But the instances are very rare—not one in a thousand—in which a good, a mild, and a zealous priest may not prevent the desertion or reclaim the deserter. When St. Gregory Thaumaturgus was dying, he asked how many infidels were left in the city of Neocæsarea; and being told that there were seventeen, "thank God," said he, "there were just so many faithful when I became bishop." In this way a really laborious and efficient priest will never allow to be diminished, and will almost always increase the number of the faithful committed to his care. There are some persons whose lives are irreproachable, who go through all their duties regularly, but at the same time in a cold and apathetic manner. If any one is lost, they say his blood be upon his own head, I have done my duty; but they do not think of pursuing him into the wilderness like the Saviour, and carrying him back to the fold upon their shoulders; they do not think of preaching penance, like St. Paul, from house to house, and of crying out with the same model of pastors—"who is weak and I am not weak, who is scandalized and I am not on fire."

When Father John was curate in my native parish, a system of perversion was attempted by a far more powerful person than the squire. A poor widow, with several children, was bought and "duly gazetted as a convert to Protestantism, and she and her little ones went to church in fine new clothes. Father John uttered not one harsh word concerning her, but he pitied her, and made the whole congregation join in public prayers for her conversion, on the next Sunday; "for God alone," he said, "could restore to her the priceless gift which she had cast away." As soon as the duties of the morning were over, and before even breaking his fast, he went to her cabin, now filled with many comforts. At first she would not speak to him, but when she found that instead of abusing her he addressed her in kind and soothing language, she freely entered into conversation, and said that her distress alone had made her a Protestant. He gathered the children, and knelt down with them to say the Rosary of the Holy Virgin, and asked the woman to join her innocent little ones in prayer. She knelt down, and before they had finished the first decade, she burst into tears, and starting to her feet, she tore off her new gown which she wore, and with her hands clasped, and streaming eyes, she exclaimed: "Oh! Father John, dear, will I be lost for ever; will God ever forgive me for denying Him?" The kind priest assured her of the Divine mercy, and the next Sunday she was at mass in her rags, whilst the new dresses of the mother and children were exhibited as the cheap price at which it was sought to purchase an immortal soul. A few days after this, Father John met, in the poor widow's house, one of the young ladies who had been the means of perverting her. At first she would not even speak to him, but his mild, kind, and gentlemanly manner so gained upon her, that she entered into conversation. He prevailed upon her to beg of God to enlighten her mind, as none of His creatures should be too proud to ask for light from Him. She promised, she prayed, she read, the scales fell from her eyes, her prejudices were dispelled, and before a month she was a member of the Catholic church. She suf-

fered much persecution, but her firmness conquered all, and she now heaped more favours on the poor widow and her orphans, whom she regarded, under God, as the means of her conversion, than when she beheld in them the first fruits of her proselytism. It need scarcely be added, that this ended the new reformation whilst Father John remained in the parish.

The curate who succeeded Father John, was not less virtuous nor less anxious to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people than his predecessor. He was loved also, as every good priest is sure to be, by his flock, but he lacked that burning zeal which no obstacle can withstand, and before which the most hardened iniquity is abashed and confounded. The most irreligious man in the parish feared Father John almost as much as the most religious man loved him. Father Peter was almost as much loved by the good, without being so great a terror to evil doers. During the season of hunger, pestilence, and persecution, day and night he spent with the sick and the afflicted; and strengthened by his exhortations and the grace of God, they suffered almost as much as martyrs. The few who had preferred Protestant meal to death by starvation, returned to the church. But there were two, in particular, who had abandoned the faith from the basest motives, and who seemed to be animated with the most deadly hatred of the church which they had deserted, and of its inoffensive minister, Father Peter. One of these was a young doctor, who thought that his perversion would get him into "genteel practice." The name of the other was Murtagh Devlin. His elder brother, Henry, was the boy whom I before mentioned, as having served mass on Christmas morning along with John Sullivan, his cousin. Murtagh—though his elder brother had generously agreed to divide the farm with him after their father's death—became a Protestant, and got a lease made out to himself alone of the whole farm. His old father was sitting at the table when he heard the news, and he instantly fell down and expired. His brother and sister took their father's body out of the house, and *waked* it in a neighbour's barn. After the funeral, they both left the parish, and after suffering great hardships, they made their way at last to Father John, and were the first of his old parishioners who settled near him. Murtagh knew before hand that his brother would leave him, and the thought made him glad; after the first shock, he felt relieved by his father's death, which left him at once in possession of the farm, but he was deeply mortified by the desertion of his sister Peggy, who was really good and amiable, and whom he knew to be the only one of his family who had ever loved him. He was, moreover, left quite alone, for his mother was long dead, and he had fully calculated on retaining Peggy for a housekeeper until he should get married. He thought, however, that the best thing he could now do, would be to marry at once; and as the bad times had set in, and he had got several new farms at a cheap rate, he was sure, as he expressed it himself, that "there was not a girl in the country that would not snap at him." He accordingly offered his hand to Catherine M'Quillan, who shrunk from him as she would from a serpent. That same evening he skulked behind a hedge that surrounded her father's garden, through which he saw her and her two little sisters, walking with John Sullivan. He heard her tell how that vile apostate, who had murdered his father, had dared to ask her to become his wife; and he heard Sullivan wish that he had been

present, that he might have pounded the base villain into jelly. He heard the lovely girl, who now seemed to him more beautiful than she had ever before appeared, consent to become the wife of the fine manly youth who walked by her side; and as he rushed from the spot, filled with jealousy and with rage, he swore a terrible oath that their marriage should never be solemnized, even if he should be hanged for the murder of one of them.

Paddy Sullivan, the father of our humble hero, was what is called a man "well to do in the world." He had a good farm, well stocked and well tilled, and it was generally remarked that there was not a more comfortable family in the parish than the Sullivans, nor one which deserved its prosperity better, or divided more cheerfully with those who needed their assistance. John Sullivan was the only surviving child of his parents, and his manly beauty, as well as his deep religious feelings, his unblemished integrity, and his respect for his admirable parents who had trained him up in the fear and love of God, rendered him worthy of the great affection which they bore him. From the period, however, of the interview which we have mentioned, as having taken place in M'Quillan's garden, everything went wrong with the Sullivans. Every dog they got to watch about their house was invariably poisoned; three fine young horses, which they calculated on selling for a very high price, were stolen in one night, and no traces of them could ever be discovered; two valuable cows were found strangled in the cow-house, on the very night before they were to have been brought to a neighbouring fair, to be sold for the purpose of making up the rent. The very bee-hives were carried out of the garden and cast into a pond of water near the house. Yet, though they themselves, and all their neighbours, without exception, were watching for the perpetrators of these outrages, not the slightest vestige of them had ever been found. So many heavy misfortunes rendered the Sullivans unable to pay their rent. They were, however, so notoriously unmerited, that the landlord, though he set them all down to the account of Popery, consented to receive one-half the rent for the current year, but under the express stipulation, that unless the whole, including the arrears, should be paid on the next, they should give up their farm.

The second summer after that in which these transactions took place was what is called a dear summer in Ireland; that is, provisions were so very high that vast numbers of the people were unable to procure any, and were obliged to subsist partly on the charity of their neighbours—who were themselves scarcely beyond the reach of starvation—but chiefly on the young nettles, of which they made broth, and on the yellow flower of the *prushoe*, which they boiled and eat. It was really heartrending to behold the hollow eyes and sunken cheeks of these poor creatures, and to see the ravenous glare with which they looked upon the provisions which they could not touch. Many of the poor died of starvation, and the typhus fever, which by the month of June had become an epidemic, quickly extended its ravages to those who had not been touched by the famine. Mick M'Quillan, Catherine's father, was amongst those carried off by this terrible malady, and Mrs. Sullivan, with the characteristic charity of her class and country, went to the house of disease and of death to assist the afflicted family to prepare for the *wake* and funeral. Such kind offices are regarded as a sacred duty, and few, very few,

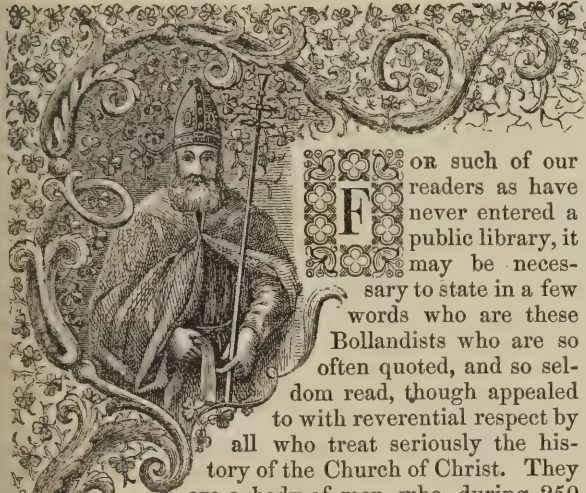
shrink from their performance, even at the imminent risk of their lives. On the occasion of which we are speaking, Mrs. Sullivan had scarcely returned to her own house until she was seized with the fever. Though the family had laboured night and day, yet, in common with most of their neighbours, they found it impossible to pay the entire rent of the current year, not to speak of the half year's arrears which were hanging over them. The agent was inexorable, and when poor old Sullivan made a trembling appeal to the landlord, he became enraged, and ordered the servant to thrust him out like a dog. The ejectment had been regularly procured, and the bailiffs came to execute it whilst Mrs. Sullivan was ill in fever. She was lying in the kitchen, on a wad of straw, every article of furniture having been *canted* on account of the arrears due to the landlord. She told the bailiffs, with her dry and parched lips, that she had but a few days to live—that she felt death approaching—and entreated them, for the love of God, to allow her to die in the house where she had spent so many happy days. These hard men were so moved that they went to the agent and represented the case to him, but he ordered them to return instantly and do their duty. They came back, and announced to the afflicted family that there was no mercy for them; and having taken possession by pulling a handful of thatch out of the roof, and extinguishing the fire on the hearth, they ordered them to leave the house. The features of the young man were lighted up by a momentary flash of indignation, but the pious mother instantly checked it, and clasping her burning hands, piously exclaimed, "God's holy will be done." The father and son, with streaming eyes, and without uttering a word, carried her to widow M'Quillan's house; for Catherine insisted that as she had caught the fever there, so should she, now that she had no house of her own, be nursed and tended in it. She watched over her with the care and affection of a daughter, but the pious woman, having humbly confessed her sins, received the Adorable Sacrament, and been anointed with the holy oil, calmly resigned her soul to God, on the second day after her removal, amid the tears and prayers of her husband and son, and of the family, but for whose hospitable roof she should have expired by a ditch side.

After the funeral, the Sullivans returned to thank their benefactors, and to take leave of them for ever. They had about as much money as would pay their passage to America, and their determination was to go to Liverpool and to seek a passage in the first ship which was bound for the New World. John, taking Catherine's hand in his, said, "farewell, Catherine, I once thought to have called you mine, and to have brought you to a happy home, to live with her who loved you as her own child, and whose dearest wish was to have called you daughter. But God has willed it otherwise, and His will be done. Her hope, however, was fulfilled, that your hands should smooth her pillow in her last illness and close her eyes when she was dead. "And do you think, John," cried the generous girl, "that I could *manely* abandon you in your distress? No, rather let us hasten the time of our marriage, that we may all live together, and that I may comfort the afflicted old man, who so much needs a daughter's care." "And do you imagine," said John, "I could take advantage of your generosity, and wed you to a houseless wanderer. No, never. Come, father," he continued, and taking the old man by the arm, in spite of all entreaties, they both left the house.

Acta Sanctorum.

Octobris ex Latinis et Græcis, aliarumque gentium monumentis, serva tã primigenia veterum scriptorum phrasi, collecta, digesta, commentariisque et observationibus, illustrata a Josepho Vandermoere et Josepho Vanhecke. Societatis Jesu presbyteris theologis, nonnullis aliis ex eadem Societate operam conferentibus Tomus VII., Octobris quo dies decimus quintus et decimus sextus continentur. Price, in France, 90 fr. (£3 12s.), separately *Acta S. Theresie a Jesu*. Carmelitarum strictioris observantiae parentis, commentariis et observationibus illustrata, a Josepho Vandermoere. One volume, 700 pages folio, with fourteen illustrations, price £1 8s.

THE BOLLANDISTS.



FOR such of our readers as have never entered a public library, it may be necessary to state in a few words who are these Bollandists who are so often quoted, and so seldom read, though appealed to with reverential respect by all who treat seriously the history of the Church of Christ. They are a body of men, who, during 250 years, have been writing the "Lives of the Saints," and have not yet advanced beyond the 16th day of October, in the Ecclesiastical Calendar. Alban Butler, and many like him in other countries, gave popular "Lives of the Saints" in twelve small octavos—not so the Bollandists. They sometimes devote a folio volume to the life of a single saint, and though they publish in their last volume the life of the Irish St. Gall, at October 16, Ireland shall very probably see a new generation, all of us shall be in our graves, before they have arrived at the feast of St. Malachy, on the 2nd of November.

The following critique is inserted at the suggestion of a distinguished foreign ecclesiastic, who has proved by deeds his interest in the Catholic history of Ireland. It is from the pen of a worthy living representative of that great branch of the Benedictine order, which, according to the infidel Gibbon himself, conferred more lasting benefit on true historical studies than all our British Universities. It will be received with favor, we trust, by the Irish ecclesiastic, as the Bollandists often appear in the pages of Dr. Lanigan, and, as it will be seen, that Irishmen, 250 years ago, bore a distinguished part in aiding this great work:

HAGIOGRAPHY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The original conception of the "Acta Sanctorum" belongs to the sixteenth century. Bellarmine, who was contemporary of St. Pius V., of St. Theresa, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Philip Neri, and of the four SS. Francis, of Sales, of Borgia, Xavier, and Regis, styled his age the age of saints,* the heroic age, the cradle of a new world, in which, as in the youth of Time, the children of God encountered the Titans. The issue of the battle is well known.

* Apud Bolland, *Acta S. S. Præf. Gener.* p. xxi. *Januar.* tom. I.

The good triumphed, the abyss was closed for two centuries, and the monuments of the sixteenth century still survive the tempest* that swept over our fathers. The Council of Trent, the Polyglot of Ximenes, the Vulgate and Septuagint of Sixtus V., the Breviary of St. Pius V., the Annals of Baronius, the Summa of Suarez, the Controversies of Bellarmine, are monuments bequeathed to us by the sixteenth century. Even at the distance of three centuries, we behold them towering still, and at every new pace of time, rising higher over the horizon.

The controversy of a few casuists, on the subject of indulgences, rapidly extended itself to every point of religion; hermeneutics, the works of the Fathers, dogmas, history, liturgy, hagiography, the entire vast system of religion were drawn to an inevitable combat on the field of tradition—either the tradition of written documents, or living tradition as exhibited in facts and institutions, and especially in the lives of the saints.

But though the principle of "private judgment" was generally defeated in all the discussions both of law and fact, the best champions of authority acutely felt their deficiencies, on a few isolated points. A text had perhaps been corrupt, or facts were misrepresented. Bellarmine was afraid to handle the primitive monuments of tradition, though invited by the great names of SS. Clement and Ignatius.† Baronius, even after having delivered nine times his historical lectures on the sixteen ages of the church, and that in the city of Rome, under the scrutinizing control of a public chair, still invited additional information on every century of the Christian era. The lives of the saints, especially, disconcerted the most intrepid controversialists. Melchior Cano expressed himself on that subject in a tone almost of bitter discouragement: "I declare," said he, "with pain, but not with contempt,‡ that Laertes has written the lives of the philosophers more scrupulously than Christians the lives of the saints; and there is much more correctness and authenticity in Suetonius, the historian of the Cæsars, than in Catholics who have written the lives, not of emperors, but of martyrs, virgins, and confessors. They generally were swayed by prejudice or system, and published fictions which fill me with shame, or rather disgust; I am sure they are not useful, but very injurious to the Church." He mentions no names; he pardons the want of historic skill, but complains that he could not depend even on historic honesty, and appeals to Lewis Vivez,§ who makes the same complaint, "as if," he resumes, "the holy men of God, who performed such stupendous works for Christ, stood in need of such fables; as if the best concocted inventions were not, like cowardly soldiers, rather an incumbrance than an advantage. My opinion undoubtedly is, that the real lives of our heroes are great and stupendous, and far beyond their fame. But such exalted heroism found neither genius nor eloquence to celebrate it."||

* The French Revolution.

† The authentic text of St. Ignatius was first discovered in 1646, by Vossius in Florence. The 7th epistle to St. Polycarp was first published in 1680, by Dom. Ruinart, from a MS. in St. Germain de Prés. The *Codex Alexandrinus* of Cyril Lucar, brought to light the two epistles of St. Clement, published in 1633 by Patrick Young; and in 1745, Welstein accidentally discovered the Syriac text of two other epistles, unknown since the days of St. Jerome.

‡ *De locis Theologicis*, lib. xi. cap. 6, f. 332, edit. Colon, 1685.

§ *De tradendâ Disciplinâ*, lib. v.

|| The reader must remember that in the infancy of the Church, there were many false gospels, and false acts and writings attributed to the Apostles.

This was an eloquent and severe condemnation of superficial hagiography, but it was unjust to the real lives of the saints of which Melchior Cano was ignorant. He continues long in the same strain, but softens down somewhat on a reminiscence of his stay in Trent. When he was there he heard that Aloysius Lipomani, Bishop of Verona, had resolved to cure this evil, by publishing the lives of the saints in a becoming and consecutive plan. That work he never saw, and, possibly, it would not have answered his expectations.

Lipomani, who had been successively Bishop of Modon, of Verona, and of Bergama, and, afterwards, Secretary of Julius III., Legate of the Holy See, and President of the Council of Trent, published between 1551 and 1560, in the few leisure hours of his exalted functions, six folio tomes. The lives of the saints are arranged according to the order in which they came to his hands, sometimes isolated biographies, sometimes in the order of the calendar, sometimes in long series, where Palladius and Gregory of Tours, Metaphrastes and John Moschus* walk hand in hand, but followed by some notes which were the germs of future hagiographical criticism.

These, however, were but the scattered stones; to make them a true sanctuary, a Pantheon of the Saints, a calmer hand and more skilful architect was required. In the solitude of his cell, a disciple of St. Bruno, commenced the work. Laurence Surius, fellow-disciple of P. Canisius, devoted his life to two undertakings. In the first place, he translated for the literary world of his day, and into exquisite Latin, the best masters of the spiritual life, such as Taulerus, Rusbrock, Holding de Melburg, Florence of Harlem, and Henry Suzo. Having completed the masters, he gave the models of sanctity in a new work—the *Lives of the Saints* in six volumes folio (1570, 1575), arranged in the order of the Roman Calendar. Besides the regularity of his plan, he made a selection moreover of the lives published by Lipomani; rejected a great number which were open to the criticism of the malevolent; but added, by way of compensation, several inedited documents, and imparted to all, through fear of the Erasmists and nice language-men, the gentle touch of his own elegant and pious Latinity. His fear carried him farther—he expurgated and suppressed deliberately: he returned on his task in a second edition, which he did not live to finish. A third time, some anonymous editors resumed this absurd restoration of original documents. The work in this repaired form extended to twelve volumes, but its originality,

* The first tome appeared in 1551 (Rome), in four books, containing 163 lives. The second in 1553, 225 lives. The third in 1554, containing, besides a new series of detached lives, Palladius, and the book of St. Gregory of Tours, de *Miraculis Martyrum*, S. Juliani, et S. Martini, Epis. The 4th volume, 270 lives, appeared in 1554. Metaphrastes commences the 5th, A.D. 1556, with the months of November, December, January, and February. Two vols. appeared in 1588, one containing the months of May, June, July, August, September, October; the other was divided into three parts: 1. The months of March and April; 2. Another collection of Metaphrastes, from a MS. of the Crypta Ferrata, and translated by Cardinal Sirlet; 3. The "*Pratum Spirituale*," of John Moschus. Lipomani was in a hurry, but death carried him off in 1560. His nephew, Hieronimo Lipomani, published an 8th posthumous tome, containing another series of "*Lives of the Fathers*," translated from the Greek by his uncle. This compilation was reprinted in Louvain in 1566, and translated into French by Gabriel de Payorbault, Paris, 1572. In the article in the *Biographie Universelle* on Lipomani, though signed by two honourable names, there are three errors: they give but six volumes—state that Metaphrastes fills the two last—and that all were published from 1551 to 1558.

its authenticity, its historical and dogmatic value had more and more disappeared.*

Still, so great was its popularity, that editions were exhausted as soon as the volumes appeared. Each new Latin life was instantly translated into all the vulgar tongues:—Hondorfs, Vellers, Lœmmel, Engelgrave, Ribadeneira, André Duval, and Arnauld d'Andilly, by their combined exertions, composed for the people "those flowers of the saints," illustrated with gothic images—those fine old books, every page of which was familiar to every child; they were the sole library of the poor, the treasure of every family—their spiritual food during the long winter nights, and their relaxation on days when they could not work.

These works were but the tottering step of the child; still Surius commands our respect. That laborious monk had a profound sense of the great want of his day—the necessity of authenticating the written documents,† the facts of tradition. Together with his ascetical works, he published an universal collection of homilies, taken from the most respectable authors;‡ and even before his lives of the saints, he made the first attempt at a Collection of Councils,§ in four folio volumes, dedicated to Philip II., who was so delighted with them, that he ordered the Duke of Alba to present 500 florins to the humble monk.

Nevertheless, Surius was but one of a thousand others marching on the same track, with Baronius at their head. Notwithstanding the numerous editions given by Erasmus, Pamelius, Feuarent, Paul Manutius, Billius, the Aldes, Stephenses, and Louvanians—notwithstanding those editions of the Fathers, which followed each other in rapid succession, from the first modest "*Antidotum*" of twenty Fathers, published by Sichar, and enlarged successively in six editions, until it extended to nine folio volumes, in the hands of Margarin de la Bigne, before the close of the 16th century, yet that century had made but a very imperfect restoration of the monuments of Catholic tradition.|| There was too much noise, too much dust clouding the air, too much battling on the hot field of controversy, to allow the great works of ecclesiastical erudition to be executed in all their perfection.

But the foundations were laid wide and deep; and in the last year of that ever-memorable century, two

* *Vita, S. S. ab Aloysio Lipomano olim conscripta*, Colon. 1569—1575. Again, Colon. 1576—1580. Surius died in 1578. Father Mosander, a monk of the same Chartreux monastery, Cologne, finished this second edition in 12 tomes, or 6 volumes, and added a 7th vol. as supplement. The whole work was remodelled, revised, and enriched in the Paris edition, 1618, 12 vols. Two other Carthusian monks, Lippeloo, and Grassius, gave two portable editions, elegantly printed, Cologne, 1604—1616. Tom. i. *Præf. General.* p. xxii. But Father Canisius had already taken the start of all, perhaps, by his *Predigern der Kirchen-Calende*, published in 1562.

† A work which yet remains to be done for all the ecclesiastical monuments in the Irish language, of which there are far more than respectable Catholic scholars appear to imagine.

‡ There are MS. Irish homilies more than 800 years old—not published, nor likely to be so, in the present state of taste for Irish religious literature.

§ An edition of the Irish councils is a well-known desideratum. There are such documents as the *Seancus beg*, an old Brehon tract which gives the laws regarding the clergy, and also the *Chanoin* of SS. Patrick and Adamnan, never published, no more than the monastic rules of the great patriarchs of Irish monks.

|| Had there never been an ever-fatal 1641 in Ireland, her monuments would have been all restored by the Franciscans before 1700. But legal and peaceful agitation was unknown two centuries ago, and the landed property of Papists was then a tempting prize for the monopolists of loyalty.

incidents, purely accidental, revealed the dawn of a glorious day.

During the college vacations of the year 1599, a student and a Jesuit professor set out, one from Pont a Mousson, and the other from Douai, to relax their minds from philosophical studies, by a visit to two neighbouring Abbeys. The young student took up his quarters in St. Vanne, where, under the name of Frere Didier de la Cour, he was to become the restorer of the Order of St. Benedict, and the founder of those two congregations of St. Vanne and St. Maur, destined, in the designs of God, for editing the works of the Fathers. The Jesuit was Father Heribert Rosweyde, who, according to his custom, was spending the leisure days of his professorship in exploring the neighbouring Abbeys of Douai, and especially the library of Lessies, one of the precious bequests of the venerable Louis de Blois. There, in addition to the hospitalities so generously lavished in all the old monasteries, he found a cordial and most affectionate reception. The Abbot D. Antony Wingham was his friend, his Mæcenas. Another Abbot, D. Thomas Luytens, afterwards became his disciple, and was to him as a devoted son. All the literary treasures of the abbey were unlocked to him without reserve; manuscripts were produced, and corps of copyists placed at his disposal. But the sole object of his search were some lives of forgotten saints; a taste as rare perhaps then, as it is to-day, when no publisher ventures to shake off the dust which has accumulated during fifty years on the old legends of the saints.

This, however, was not a mere passion in Father Rosweyde; it was far more serious and absorbing—it was a vocation. Driven on by an overwhelming instinct, which amazed his superiors, left at full liberty to obey all its impulses, he examined, one after another, all the libraries in Belgium. From every side he invited help, and enlarged the circle of his correspondents. He transcribed with his own hand as much as he could. By character, ardent and impetuous, he husbands neither his time, his strength, nor his exertions. He burns with indignant enthusiasm on discovering thousands of unknown documents and of forgotten saints. His heart swells, like St. Paul's, when discovering among the statues of Athens, the altar "to the unknown God."† The trophies of Miltiades deprived a Grecian hero of sleep; the triumphant records of the saints disturb the midnight dreams of Heribert Rosweyde. After twelve years' researches, the fire of enthusiasm still burns and gleams in the first page which reveals his grand project. In 1607, he published his preliminary work, the "*Fasti Sanctorum*,"‡ where he gives as specimens the proconsular and partly incited acts of the holy martyrs, Tharacus, Probus, and

Andronicus. He announced seventeen folio volumes, two on the Life and Festivals of Christ and his Blessed Mother; one on the Solemn Festivals of the Saints; one on the non-solemnized Feasts of other Saints, or on their "*Acta Liturgica*;" twelve on the "*Acta Sincera*" of the Saints of every month; one on Martyrologies;* and, finally, the two last, for eight categories of notes and thirteen tables.

When this book was laid before Bellarmine—"how old is the author?" he asked; "about forty years," was the reply. "He intends to live about two hundred years, I suppose," said the veteran controversialist. The two hundred years are passed, and Rosweyde still survives in his work, which is now carried on by the New Bollandists, the heirs of his bicentenary conception, enlarged in the execution by Father Bollandus, who has justly given his name to the entire work—a blameless and successful supplanter of another Christopher Columbus.†

And, indeed, on reading the few pages of that little book, you think you see those charts which Columbus, before his embarkation, unrolled on the council-tables of kings. The proposal is, if we can so render the picturesque Latin of Rosweyde, to force together from all quarters,‡ the known and unknown lives of the saints; to collate them with other manuscripts and all old books—to restore their primitive style and their original integrity—to illustrate them with notes, to clear up their obscurities, and reconcile their contradictions; to give dissertations on the authors, the tortures of the saints, the types (or symbolism) of holy images; ceremonies sacred and profane; chronology, chorography and glossaries; all the lines and limits of this new world were plain to the eye of this ardent soul; during full twenty years he laboured, single-handed, to digest and execute his plan: and certainly he would have at last seen it in operation had he not lavished his energies on a thousand different cares. Heart and soul he was a child of the sixteenth century. Reared in the din of controversial conflicts, he slept in harness—the spear never left his hand. Many a time, to use his own expression, did he march from the "armarium" of the saints to their "arsenal."§ From 1607 to 1629 he published more than twenty *opuscula*;|| fired numerous pamphlets against Casaubon, Scaliger, Cappel, and some Calvinist ministers; broke several lances for Thomas a Kempis; projected an ascetical library of the Fathers, and a collection of the primitive apologists of the Church; promised to

* There are at least four ancient martyrologies in the Irish language never published: one of the 9th, another of the 10th, a third of the 12th, and a fourth, perhaps a fifth, of the 17th centuries. Colgan intended to publish them, but the pious duty is reserved for some other. When will the Irish clergy look to it?

† The learned reader knows that the same accident of fame occurred in the publication of our imperfect Irish *Acta S.S.* Ward had collected almost all the materials, and was really our Rosweyde, but dying on All Saints' Day, 1635, he was succeeded by Colgan, who by order of his superiors published the *Acta* in his own name. Ward's life of St. Rumold is not the life of a saint merely, but a most learned and very copious dissertation on the ancient history of Ireland.

‡ An Irish Jesuit, a native of Clonmel, was one of his most enthusiastic assistants. He drew up eight catalogues of the saints for Rosweyde, and wrote an excellent and copious refutation of Giraldus Cambrensis, while Dr. John Lynch was yet in his mother's arms, and Usher had hardly obtained his majority. A sketch of this Irish Jesuit's critique on Cambrensis has been promised to us for an early number of the IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

§ *Relictis sanctorum armariis, ad sanctorum armamentaria me converti. VITE PATRUM in nova allocut.*—2nd edit.

|| See a catalogue in Sotwel. *Bibliotheca Scrip. Soc. Jesus*, Art. Rosweyde.

* When there is a public taste for great works, Irish publishers have proved that they do not shrink from expense.

† It is amusing to listen to Father Rosweyde complaining of the mania of the antiquaries of his day, who, while manuscripts recording the triumphs of the saints became the prey of worms, or fire, or grocers, built what he calls *lararia*, or sanctuaries, where they arranged with reverential awe, the mutilated club of a Hercules, or the broken bow of a Cupid, or perforated cap of a Mercury. "*Belli homines*," he indignantly exclaims, "*qui domi sue lararia statuunt.....et præclarè lucere putant.*"—*Fasti Sanctorum*, p. 4. This preference of the Pagan to Christian antiquities is not confined to the 17th century.

‡ *Fasti sanctorum quorum vitæ in Belgia Bibliothecis manuscriptæ, item acta præsidialia. S.S. M.M. Tharaci Probi et Andronici, nunc primum integrè edita: collect. Herib. Ros-Weydo, Ultrajec. e. S. Jesu, Antwerp. ex Officinâ Plautinianâ, 1707, in 12. p. 92.*

the Abbot of Lessies a Tertullian, an Arnobius, a Minutius Felix, a Lactantius; commenced an edition of SS. Eucherius and Paulinus of Nola; and published in Flemish the "Hermits of the Thebaid," the "Lives of Holy Virgins," and Ribadeneira's "Flowers of the Saints."* His most important work is the edition of the *Vitæ Patrum*, the best that has been ever given. In 1629, at the age of sixty, pressed by his society, harassed by the importunities of his friends, he at last commenced his great work. He asked twelve years only to finish it. He was to go to press in the month of October following; but news comes that Bois le Duc is taken by the Dutch, that the Jesuits are expelled by the Calvinists, and that all their books are huddled together in narrow boats. He rushes to those mouldering treasures—inhalas greedily their deleterious effluvia—falls sick, and in that state was called to attend a person in a contagious distemper. On the 5th of October, 1629, he was himself, after a few days' illness, carried off by a violent fever, a martyr of a new order. Well might they have given to him, as epitaph, his own adjuration, as if bequeathing to his brethren his noble conception. See how it becomes the monumental form in which we present it to our readers:

PINGAT, PINGAT (alter)
Manu constantiore, fide tutiore, labore fructuosiori
Tutus ego ipse latitabo.
Post tabulam.
Et gaudebo colores.
Meos fusciores lumen accipere.
Ab Apellis penicillo
A Protegenis manu
Ita voveo

HERIBERTUS ROSWEYDUS. S Jesu.† [D. Pitra. O.S.B.]

When the children of Israel returned from the captivity of Babylon, they held the sword in one hand, and with the other urged on the erection of the second Temple, while their doctors were gathering together and revising the remnants of their national and sacred literature. Ireland is now emerging from a worse than Babylonish captivity; during her long and peaceful struggle against the penal code, her churches, colleges, and convents have been slowly but steadily rising from their ruins. Surely men ought to be found who will complete the resurrection, by publishing the monuments of her ancient religious literature. That work is certainly expected from the present generation.

* This work (Antwerp, 1619), was illustrated with engravings, representing the types or symbols of the saints—such, for instance, as the serpents under the feet of St. Patrick, or the thrush perched on St. Kevin's hand. It was the favourite family-book of the Flemish.

† *Fasti Sanctorum*, fol. 12.

Lochlan O'Daly,

ON THE SUPPRESSION OF THE MONASTERIES.

In England, the suppression of the monasteries was one brief act in the tragedy—Henry VIII. spoke, and it was done. But in Ireland, the Parliament of the Pale was powerless beyond the banks of the Barrow and Boyne, except in the towns; monasteries could not be suppressed, except at the point of the Lord Deputy's sword, and Henry was compelled to tempt (but generally in vain), the avarice of the Irish lords to assist him in his sacrilege. He ordered, says O'Sullivan Beare (*His. Cath.* p. 76), the Irish princes to seize the churches in their territories, and banish the monks; but hardly one of the old Irish, and very few of the old English—the Burkes, or Geraldines—thought that a king could justify the robbery of the church and the poor. The new English, who were needy and avaricious (*inopes et avari*), were the most efficient

agents in appropriating the piety of past ages—the property of the many to the benefit of the few. It was believed that the vengeance of God fell upon some of the spoilers. Thus when Roland Fitzestace, Viscount Kilcullen, "a good man, and a Catholic," had seized, by the king's order, one of the abbeys of St. Bernard, he heard in a vision a figure announcing in Irish verse the awful fate, which O'Sullivan, who relates the story, has thus Latinized:

"Quæ jus Ecclesiæ pervasit avara cupido
Illa gravi pagos opprimet ære tuos
Et dabit ut subito soboles tua corruet omnis
Ut folia æerio præcipitata loco."

The fact is certain, at all events, that Jaimus, the son of Roland Fitzestace threw himself, with all the ardour of an Irishman, into the cause of the last Earl of Desmond, in 1575, and was torn up, root and branch, by the soldiers of Elizabeth.

These facts are given, that the reader may understand the allusion in strophe viii., to one monastery's surviving all its brethren. The truth is, the monasteries fell as the English power advanced; "new laws," say the Four Masters, "were enacted by the king and council, according to their own will. They ruined the orders which were permitted to hold worldly possessions: viz. monks, canons, nuns, and brethren of the cross, and the four mendicant orders: viz. the Minor order, the Dominicans, Carmelites, and Augustinians. They broke the monasteries; they sold their roofs and bells, so that there was not a monastery from Aran of the Saints, to the Iccian sea (the German Ocean), that was not destroyed, except a few only, in Ireland." The abbey of Multifarnham, or as it is called in the Latin annals, Mont Fernand, was one of the few. It was the meeting-place of the Anglo-Irish, when driven from Dublin, by Borlase and Parsons, in 1641. Wadding states that in his own time (1630–1641), it was supported principally by Nugent, the Earl of Westmeath. It then afforded a secure refuge, among its pleasant lakes and gentle slopes, to the superannuated friars, who wore their habits, and were not molested during the reign of Charles I. and in the closing years of his father. But it had not escaped the general wreck. In 1590, all the friars were carried off to Dublin, and thrown into prison, where some of them died. On the 1st of October, 1601, Francis Shean, at the head of a troop of soldiers, seized the provincial, and guardian, together with the Right Rev. Friar Richard Brady, bishop of Kilmore, and his dean, Bernard Moriarty. The convent was laid in ashes. It was burned again in 1604,* but we have not been able to ascertain to which of these robberies strophe iv., &c., alludes. O'Reilly's Irish writers place Lochlan O'Daly under the year 1552, but there are so many Irish poets of that name, that they may have been easily confounded. The original Irish has been copied from an old manuscript, and the translation is as literal as English idiom and rhythm allow:

I.

"Oh! lone, oh! lone, and most forlorn,
House of the Brotherhood, thou art!
Well may thy banished members weep and mourn,
An evil day, a dark, dark hour,
Was that which forced them to depart
From thee, coerced by ruffian Power.

II.

Yes! they are gone, are gone from thee,
Those poor, but truly noble men:
A choicest band, a pure fraternity,—
They wander guideless to and fro.
Movrone! movrone! what tongue or pen
Can tell, can paint my heart's deep woe!

III.

A kind, a loving tribe they were,
Grave, prudent, hospitable, just,
Who dwell in thee, O House of Hymn and Prayer.
Children of God, God's own elect,
Who still place in His power their trust,
Albeit their hopes awhile seem wrecked!

IV.

O Abbey of the lowly Friars,
Which hast thy name from Fernand's Hill,
Mourn for thy chief, the noblest of all Priors!
That saintly man, who knew not wrath,
Now suffereth grievous wrong and ill,
And persecution tracks his path.

* Wadding, ad ann. 1236, tom. 2. p. 423, last edit. The Abbey was visited in November, 1612, by Tichbourne, the sanguinary governor of Drogheda. "Not long after, I entered into the County of Westmeath, with a considerable party of horse and foot, took the town of Fore and another castle, and burned them, with several other places, and abundance of corn in store and stack, as far as Multifernham."—*Siege of Lougheda*.

V.

O chaste and holy Domicile !
 O spacious Pile all desolate !
 Pure-minded habitants were thine erewhile.
 Why art thou solitary now ?
 O woe is me for that sad fate,
 Whereto the Time hath made thee bow !

VI.

Changed art thou—and with what a change !
 From songful praise to silentness—
 From light to gloom !—all widowed, lorn, and strange !
 Thou mournest, O forsaken dome !
 Cold, lampless, chantless, incenseless,
 Thou servest but the owl for home !

VII.

Though now thy lone state so appals,
 Time was, when many a holy band
 Of white-haired monks would meet within thy walls,
 As never more they shall, alas !
 To solemnize with song, the grand
 And thrilling mysteries of the Mass.

VIII.

Yet long the Ancient Faith remained,
 Changeless in purity and worth,
 Among thy Brethren !—Banished or enchained,
 All Orders perished : Thou alone,
 When they were cruelly driven forth,
 Still sentest praise to God's high throne !

IX.

A bitter memory unto me,
 Is that of thy departed joy !
 Sharp are the pangs I suffer, as I see
 How thou, whose children, love-imbued,
 Found in God's praise their best employ,
 Now sittest mute in solitude !

X.

The raven and the fox are now
 Endenized in thy grass-grown aisles,
 My very bosom bleeds to witness how
 Thou hast in latter years become,
 O holiest of ancient Piles !
 A desert mansion, dark and dumb !

XI.

Upon thine altars, blank and bare,
 The chalice-cup no more appears,
 Thy silver bells no longer peal those rare
 Melodious tones that woke the soul.
 Oh ! how can I forbear from tears ?—
 How overcome my heart's deep dole ?

XII.

Through many a blessed year, within
 Thy walls the Penitent found peace ;
 The guilty soul, down-bowed by Grief and Sin,
 Sought thee, O House of Holiness !
 And ere long time obtained release
 From all its dolor and distress.

XIII.

Beneath that sacred roof of thine,
 The sons of Chiefs and Nobles oft
 Partook of joyous feasts, and gladdening wine,
 While, in a solemn, choral strain,
 The holy anthem rose aloft
 From thy celestial-minded train.

XIV.

Nor didst thou scorn, or slight the Poor—
 The way-worn wanderer ever found
 Best welcome at thy hospitable door.
 O House of Psalm and holy Mass !
 Where be thy sons ? I glance around,
 But see them now no more, alas !

XV.

O meek of heart ! O pure in mind !—
 Pure as the white swans on the wave,
 Were they ; those blameless men—devout and kind,
 Serene, untiring, patient, mild !
 Their hopes lay hid beyond the grave,
 For each of them was God's own child.

XVI.

Their days rolled o'er in peace and calm,
 Studying the sacred Word of Heaven,
 Praying night and morn, and chanting hymn and psalm,
 Yet where they roam to-day, none know,
 For they were doomed, and left bereaven
 By kingly power—the more's the woe !

XVII.

O shame to him who banished them !
 None dared arraign them of a crime.
 The Powers of Hell found nothing to condemn
 In their pure souls, that knew no guile ;
 They were, indeed, the salt of earth,
 The good, the gentle, yet sublime,
 The men of superhuman worth.

XVIII.

O may it please the God of Love !
 And may it prove His gracious will,
 To look down from His Throne of Grace above,
 And give back to this ruined spot,
 To-day so desolate and chill,
 Those who in exile mourn their lot !

XIX.

O Virgin Mother ! unto thee
 I offer up my fervent prayer,
 Restore to us this lost Fraternity !
 The children of Saint Francis—they
 Of truthful thought and tongue—O spare
 These just men yet another day !

XX.

And thou, O flower of chastest growth !
 O Francis, pray to CHRIST the Lord !
 Pray Him, and pray His Blessed Mother both,
 That he may look with pitying eye
 On these meek sufferers, and afford
 Them peace and comfort ere they die !

XXI.

Then shall that Dome, so long left sad,
 So many a year in mourning guise,
 Again look heavenward, hopeful, cheerful, glad,
 And casting off its weeds of gloom,
 Once more in glorious form arise,
 With tenfold glory from its tomb !

J. C. M.

RECOLLECTIONS, CONFESSIONS, ADMISSIONS, AND AVOWALS

OF AN

Irish Parliamentary Reporter.

BY WM. B. MAC CABE, ESQ.,

Author of "A Catholic History of England."

"Perdendi simul et pereundi ardebat amore."

Silius Italicus, lib. vii.

CHAP. II.

THE College of Maynooth, as seen by a child—its Students, Professors, and awe-inspiring Dean !—the greatness of the Catholic Church in Ireland become a fixed idea with the author. His first and only political preceptor—the brave Paddy Quirk—Paddy's achievements in 1798—hopes to see "Boney" in College Green, a Gallic-Irish Republic established, and liberty and equality for every one. Peasant-politics in Ireland. Paddy Quirk as an instructor in military manoeuvres—the desire to witness feats of arms inspired by him. The South American Patriots—the Legion of General Devereux. The respect entertained for Irishmen in South America. Emigration recommended there in preference to any other part of the world. The Oriental Republic de Uruguay, and Buenos Ayres. The doleful narration of "Captain Kilkeely, of the Lancers" brings this chapter to an abrupt conclusion.

My first recollections as a child were, that the Catholic Church was a great, a paramount, nay, *the pre-eminent power* in Ireland ; for it was my good fortune to have been removed from Dublin to Maynooth when about six years of age, and to have remained in Maynooth until I must have been at least ten years old. As a child, I remember the impressions produced upon my mind, by comparing the ruined castle of the Geraldines which flanks one side of the College, and the finnikin-looking, sneaking-seeming, tiny Protestant church

which hangs upon the opposite side of the College. Bigness is one of the elements of grandeur, in the mind of a child, and the size of Maynooth College—its long front—its multitudinous windows—the newness, the freshness, the whiteness of the building—its flower-plats—the sun-dial—to me a most marvellous thing, all these tended to demonstrate that the Catholic church was greater than the Geraldines, for they, it was plain, were not able to save their own house from being “blown about their ears,” whilst as to the Protestant establishment it seemed to be reduced to so low and so contemptible an ebb, that it could not afford to keep its solitary large window free from dirt, and dust, and cobwebs.

Then there was next the students in Maynooth College. Priam did not look with half the wonder and admiration, from the walls of Troy, upon the assembled leaders of the Greeks, as I did upon them. They were—although the bloom of youth was on their cheeks, to my childish apprehensions—great old men—such old men—the youngest of them could not, I thought, be less than twenty; and to the child of six, or seven, or eight, that seems to be “so very old!” and then their dark robes and their graceful caps (I never could endure the Dublin Trinity College caps, because of my love for that of Maynooth), and then their decorum and their gravity, and what amazed me most of all, the fear, the reverence, and the respect evinced by *these old grown men*, for other men so much older than themselves—for professors, for president, and for vice-president—and their awe of the *Dean*! Why, I used, as a child, to tremble even to hear that the Dean was in sight, even though I can remember his once presenting me with a most delicious rosy-cheeked apple. What was George III., on his throne of gold, in my apprehension, as compared with the Dean of Maynooth College? And then, there was the High Mass on Sundays, the lights, the vestments, the music, the censer, the pealing voices of thousands, as I thought, answering from the choirs. I remember kneeling from its commencement to the close, awe-struck with wonder and delight.

I have since then seen many grand sights, and among the rest the coronation of the Emperor of Austria in Milan, when forty mitred prelates conducted his imperial majesty to receive, from the hands of the Cardinal and Milanese Archbishop, the iron crown of Italy; but never have I beheld anything which filled me with a thousandth part of the awe, or inspired me with anything like the mingled feeling of rapture and wonder which used to fill my mind, when kneeling Sunday after Sunday at the corner of the rails fronting the high altar in the chapel of Maynooth College, during the celebration of High Mass.

As a child, I saw the Catholic Church in Ireland as it is only known to others, by reading of former times, when its monasteries overspread the land, and when men willingly acknowledged that their prelates and their priests were the wisest, and the most influential, because the most virtuous members of the community. To me it appeared in all the substantiality of its greatness, flourishing where the lords of land had been stricken down—great, and grand and magnificent, and overtopping by its majesty the new, little, intrusive foreign church which had sidled up so close to it, and that looked so glum and so woe-begone, that it seemed repentant and ashamed of the position it occupied.

This fixed idea of the greatness of the Catholic Church in Ireland, was one portion of my education;

and although I did not again see Maynooth College, which first inspired it, until more than twenty years afterwards, that idea was not in the slightest degree impaired by the change I then perceived in what had been the object of my infantine wonder.

And now candour compels me to confess, that political ideas were inspired into my mind by a person who was, I believe, regarded by those who knew him best, as no very high authority on any subject, even that with which he might be supposed to be thoroughly acquainted. The individual to whom I refer, was designated Paddy Quirk, a servant to my grandmother, with whom I lived. Paddy Quirk was a short, sinewy, dark-haired, weazle-eyed little man, with a deep indentation in his left cheek, of which he was particularly proud; for its hollowness, and its triangular form attested to the truth of Paddy's asseveration, that it had been inflicted on him by the bayonet of a yeoman in the year 1798, and that Paddy returned the compliment to the self-same yeoman, by running four inches of a pike into him, which, to use Paddy's expression, had the desired effect, “of settling the vagabone's hash.”

Paddy Quirk, my political preceptor, had been “out” in '98—had fought at Kilcullen, and run from Kildare—had hid himself in a bog, and emerged when “the troubles” were over; but, as he declared—pointing to his cheek—he was “a *marked man*,” he did not trouble himself with a walk to Dublin on the night of “Emmet's *business*,” thinking that if it succeeded he might be “useful” in his own county, and if it did not, then he might save the government the trouble of being bothered any more about such a poor creature as himself.

Paddy Quirk (my political preceptor) was firmly convinced that he should live to see the day when “Bonaparte”—or “Boney,” I think he called him—would march at the head of a regiment of grenadiers, dressed all in bright green uniforms, into College-green for the purpose of pulling down the statue of King William, which was for the occasion to be dressed in Orange ribbons, and over its ruins proclaim that Ireland was thenceforward, and to the end of time, to be a republic, in which there was to be nothing at all at all seen but liberty and equality for everybody.

The politics which I imbibed from Paddy Quirk were, undoubtedly, those of the peasant class to which he belonged; for, although born of the middle class, and of a family which had never taken an active part in the insurrection, but yet had perilled life and property to save from destruction, by concealment in their homes, more than one of those for whose apprehension large rewards had been offered; I can truly affirm, that I never heard my father nor my uncles speak on the subject; whatever were their opinions they were too wise or too cautious to give utterance to them in presence of a boy. And hence, having a strong tendency to pick up information whenever I could procure it, I believe I acquired from Paddy Quirk all the political and historical information it was in his power to impart to me. The result was that I remember confounding together Cromwell and the Danes; Brian Borhoime and “Giniral Hoult;” my namesake, William Putman McCabe, and Sarsfield; William the Third and Lord Castlereagh; “Jimmy O'Brien” and Sir Thomas Wentworth; a hatred of all invaders, and a desire to see the French landed in the Bay of Dublin, and the firm conviction that Ireland would never be in a proper, peaceable, and respectable position,

until it was a republic after the French pattern, with some great, fighting, Irish hero as its "First Consul."

These were the peasant politics in the early years of the present century, and I dwell on them for two reasons—one of which shall be speedily mentioned, and the second reason why they are introduced here is, that whilst they were animated with a burning desire to wreak vengeance on the Orange, armed yeomanry, for all the atrocities and inhuman cruelties which they had committed in 1798, there never was uttered (and if there had I should have recollected it) one single word against persons of a different creed from that professed by the great mass of the peasantry.

Paddy Quirk was grand in describing a charge of pikemen. He was fine as he stood opposite a haycock, armed with a pitchfork and supposed the inanimate object before him to be one of the North Cork Militia, or a mounted "Hussian," or one of Wardle's Welsh soldiers—how he fenced off all their blows! parried their strokes, and, at length, gave them the *coup-de-grace* by leaving his pitchfork sticking deep in the haycock, and finishing all off with capering round his defeated opponent, to the tune of "Terry High Ho! the grinder," and then permitted his excitement to evaporate in a gentle, soothing, and pacific blast of his du-deen!

Paddy Quirk's meadow-lectures and stable precepts were very near influencing my entire course of life; for they not only made me a theoretical republican, but actually inspired me with the military propensities of a young Norval, and "I longed to follow to the field some warlike lord;" so much so, that when childhood had passed away and boyhood was nearly completed, I was about giving up all that I held dear to become an officer in General Devereux's legion of "Patriots," which was then enrolling in all parts of Ireland, for the purpose of aiding the South American provinces of Spain in throwing off the yoke of the mother country and establishing an independent government for themselves.

Old Spain had certainly never done to me, to mine, nor to old Ireland any harm; on the contrary, we were under many obligations to the Spanish monarchy, which had ever afforded a hospitable home to exiled Irishmen; and what interest or rational motive we could then have had in fighting against its supremacy I cannot divine—unless it was that "the young blood of Ireland" had been under the preceptorship of the Paddy Quirks, and that as the opportunity was not afforded to it of fighting for a republic at home, it sought to establish one abroad—besides the green and gold uniform of the Devereux "Patriot" legion was, if not a consideration, a very great temptation.

How such an expedition came to be connived at by a "paternal" government is inexplicable; but if it were the object of the same government to get rid of some thousands of the fiery spirits of Ireland, and for ever, nothing could have been more fittingly contrived for such a purpose.

The formation of the "Patriot Legion" originated with an Irish gentleman, named Devereux, who was, at the time, in the service of General Bolivar. This gentleman arrived in Dublin late, I think, in the year 1818, and was so successful in inducing young persons, and, especially, of the middle classes, in purchasing commissions, that, in the year 1819, the streets of Dublin were crowded with young men in the most magnificent uniforms that ever yet were seen. My military ardour was inspired—my republican Paddy-Quirk no-

tions were excited—and I asked one who loved me with the affection of a brother and the tenderness of a father to purchase a commission for me, because I was, I assured him, determined upon being—a South American Patriot!

The request I made was attended to; my dearest uncle—how I wish he were now living to read these lines—did go to purchase a commission. Fortunately the person he applied to was an old and trusty friend, and that gentleman's answer to the application was, that "if he wished to get rid of his nephew, to buy the commission; but, if he loved him, not to permit him to quit Ireland."

This answer decided my uncle's course, and converted me into a civilian for the remainder of my life.

Never was there a worse conceived project than that of General Devereux, nor one carried out with less care, less caution, and less forethought.

The plan of Devereux was—with the money received from the officers' commissions to enlist and equip soldiers. So far the plan was honestly adhered to; but then the place appointed for the rendezvous of the several regiments was the Island of Margarita, and there, when officers and men arrived, they found no preparations made to receive them. There were neither barracks, nor tents, nor rations, and, in a few weeks, hundreds were carried off by want and sickness. Those whose good fortune it was to reach the mainland and to arrive at the head-quarters of Bolivar, distinguished themselves in the service of the Republican States, and won for their native land so much of love, respect, and honor, that there is now no port of the world in which the Irish exile, or Irish emigrant, is so sure of a hearty welcome, and, with industry, of making out a prosperous livelihood as in the South American States.

The war of the various republics has not deadened this feeling. In Monte Video, of which state I have the high honour to be consul, as well as in Buenos Ayres, now at war with Monte Video, the feeling of regard for Irishmen is the same, and, was peace established between these states, there is not in the world a place where the Irish emigrant, with a few pounds in his pocket, could go with so perfect a certainty of acquiring, in the course of a few years, independence and fortune, as to the banks of the Parana, or the Uruguay.

As a proof of the feeling that exists towards the Irish Catholic people, both in Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, I may mention that, in the year 1829, General O'Brien, now the Consul-general to the Oriental Republic de Uruguay, originated the subscription list to "the Catholic Rent;" the first name signed to it was that of an Irish hero—the Nelson of Ireland—Admiral Browne, commander of the Buenos Ayres fleet, who put down his name for 500 dollars. In less than a week there were 3,000 dollars paid in, and had not the news of the Emancipation being carried put an end to the projected subscription, there would have been more than 100,000 dollars raised in the South American Republics for that Irish and Catholic object alone.

The brave young men who reached the army of Bolivar did good service to the cause in which they were engaged, and won fresh honour and a new glory for their native land.

Thus far the South American "Patriot" expedition was beneficial; but it entailed frightful calamities on those who were drafted to the Island of Margarita,

and fancied they would find in it either a depot or a barrack.

In order that the reader may the better appreciate the sufferings of those brave young fellows, I must tell, in his own words, the narrative of his misfortunes, as they were recited to myself, by the son of one of the most respectable citizens in Dublin. I give this statement as I heard it, and I pray the reader to believe that every important circumstance mentioned in it is true, except the name I have given to its hero, and which, for obvious reasons, is a pure *nom du guerre*.

"And so my dear friend," said Captain Kilkeely, of General Devereux's Lancers, as he mixed, with a cunning and experienced hand, his third tumbler of steaming-hot punch, "you never heard of my adventures when I was in the Patriot service. Well, Sir, you must know I never had in all my life the slightest taste for the army—I would sooner any day play a game of ball than look at a review; and I don't know what in the world put it into my head to become a Lancer—except this, that there was an ugly-looking thief that lived next door to us—one Tim Conolly—and he should go and buy a lieutenancy in the Fusileers, and there he used to be walking up and down my father's door every day, as grand as a turkey-cock, all in green and gold, and beautifully clean white facings, and an iron sword rattling at his heels, and making as much clatter as if he were steeeling two or three tin pannikins after him; and then I'd hear all my sisters running to the windows, and, worst of all, my cousin Patrick's cousin by his first wife—my own pretty, little, smirking Susey—and they all crying out with one voice, as if they were paid for it, 'Oh! my dear Mary! Oh! my dear Nancy! Oh! my dear Susey, there's Lieutenant Conolly of the Fusileers. Oh! but isn't it he that's the beauty with that elegant grand uniform. Sure if the Duke of York saw him he'd make him a general, if it were only for the honour of the army. And then, look at his gold epaulette—why its as big as a nosegay. What a pity it is he has only got one of them! What a *nagur* his old father must be not to buy him two epaulettes—and then wouldn't he be grand—*Captain* Conolly of the Fusileers! Oh! sure she would be a queer girl that would refuse to be Mrs. Colonel Conolly; for once *he* was a Captain, he looks so very brave, sure he must soon be a Colonel.'

"Now I didn't mind my sister's saying this very much; but when my cousin Patrick's cousin by his first wife, when Miss Susey said something very like it one day, I could stand it no longer, and I determined to buy a commission—and I was resolved it should be a captain's commission.

It never occurred to me to inquire who were the colonels, or lieutenant-colonels, or majors, or captains of any one particular regiment; but what I did was to go off to the army-tailors of the different legion regiments, in order that I might see which was the grandest uniform. I looked at the infantry, they had a great deal of green, and a little gold, and, therefore, I wouldn't have anything to say to them. I next saw the fusileers, they had more gold than the infantry, but then they had too much of white facings, and I was resolved not to be a fusileer; then I looked at the dragoons, but the green of their coats was too dark—it was only fit for heavy work, and I made up my mind to stay at home all my life sooner than I'd be a dragoon: I knew well I never would look half handsome enough as a dragoon. At last they showed me the

uniform of the lancers; it was almost all gold, scarcely a bit of green to be seen, and even that was the nicest, prettiest light-green ever you saw; whilst in full dress you could wear light pink tight pantaloons, with a great broad stripe of gold down the sides, and hessian-boots with gold tassels. 'Take my measure at once,' said I to the tailor, 'for a captain's uniform in *that* regiment, and if you ever hope to be paid for the clothes, have them home at six o'clock in the morning with me. You may bring a receipt with you, if you have them at that hour. Bring them at nine o'clock, or you might as well whistle jigs to a milestone as hope to see a tenpenny piece of my money in your pocket. I'm going now to buy my commission, and if I haven't the clothes home at the time I tell you, I'll sell it for half-nothing to-morrow and quit the country for ever after.'

"Sure enough, I had my commission that day—and at two o'clock the next day, I walked into the drawing-room in full uniform; and though Lieutenant Tim Conolly kept rattling with his huge sword against the rails in front of the house, not one of my sisters would run to the window to look at him, whilst as to my cousin Patrick's cousin by his first wife, the darling little Susey, I thought she never would take her eyes out of me.

"Well, Sir, that was all very well for one day; but the very next day I received orders to embark on board a vessel that was starting for Margarita, with the first detachment of the regiment. By dad, Sir, I never counted on this misfortune. For months upon months; at all events, for week after week—I had seen Tim Conolly walking about the streets in his uniform, and before I had time to show myself to my friends—aye, and even before I had time to let my moustachios grow—just as I had left off shaving, and when my upper lip was looking more dirty than fascinating, I had to make up my kit and be off with myself, and that in such a hurry, that I hadn't time to kiss my own sisters, and what I regretted more than that, to tender the same compliment to Miss Susan, my cousin Patrick's cousin by his first wife.

"'At all events,' said I to myself, as I took my last farewell of Howth, 'there is one in Ireland, that, I think, will sigh after the departure of Captain Kilkeely of the Lancers, and that is—my cousin Patrick's cousin by his first wife.'

"I won't trouble you with my sea-adventures in going to Margarita, nor all I suffered when I arrived there. It is sufficient to say, there was nobody there who knew anything about us, and none to give us a night's lodging, a morsel of meat, nor a bit of bread, unless we paid for it. I had a few pounds in my pocket, but between what I spent on myself, and what I lent to my brother officers, I was in the course of four months cleaned so completely out, that all my fine uniform was gone, and all I had on me was a battered hat with the crown out of it, a shirt that was more ragged than dirty, for I washed it in the sea-water every morning myself, and neither shoes nor stockings on me.

"That was the very state I was in when I was sitting lonely and disconsolate on the sea shore, and thinking what a fool I was to come out soldiering, merely that I might wear a grand uniform, and be called Captain Kilkeely of the Lancers for a day and a-half in Dublin. There I was, in the very height of a perplexity, as to how I was to make out my dinner, as I had dispensed with a breakfast, and had nothing to comfort me but a short pipe of tobacco, when what should I

see landing but a whole batch of officers, and one of them was nearly as grandly dressed as myself when I had arrived.

"The chap who had just arrived seemed uncommonly pleased with himself; for he went along tapping his boots with a lady's riding whip, and he hardly condescended to look at the crowds about him until he perceived me, when he walks over to me, and says—

"I say, you dirty-looking fellow, can you speak English?"

"Oh! by dad, I can," I answered; "I speak it like a native—I speak it elegantly."

"And do you know this island well?"

"Tis I that do, your honour, to my sorrow and hardship."

"Are you aware, fellow, that a detachment of the Lancers landed here about four weeks ago?"

"I would swear to that as a fact, for I seen it myself."

"And you know all the officers, I suppose you mean to say?"

"I be bound I do, your honour."

"Hah! hum—do you know Captain Kilkeely, of the Lancers?"

"Do I know him?" I exclaimed, "why you might as well ask me do I know myself?"

"Come—come—fellow!" said the new comer, "do not be saucy. You cannot pretend to say that so highly respectable a gentleman as Captain Kilkeely of the Lancers ever spoke to you?"

"Well, your honour," I replied, "I will not say that he ever spoke to me; but I have heard him more times than I can mention speaking to other people."

"Oh! very well—and now can you tell me where he is at this moment?"

"Indeed, I can, Sir," I said; "I can show you the very spot he is standing in."

"Well, then, conduct me to him."

"What will you give me?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "if you bring me direct to him, I will give you five shillings."

"Hand it here," I cried out, jumping up, "and in less than a minute you'll be introduced to Captain Kilkeely of the Lancers."

"He placed the money in my hand—I immediately crammed it into my pocket, and, taking off my hat, said, 'And now, your honour, may I take the liberty of asking your name and rank in the army?'"

"I am," said he, quite pompously, "Captain Macmanus of the Lancers."

"Well, then," I answered, "Captain Macmanus of the Lancers, I have the honour of introducing myself to you as Captain Kilkeely of the Lancers! And all I can tell you is, that when you are here as long as I have been, you will be highly delighted to be able to earn five shillings as easily as I have done."

"It was true enough; for many weeks had not passed away until Captain Macmanus was as ragged as Captain Kilkeely, and we had actually to turn pirates to support ourselves. In one of these expeditions, I was made prisoner by a Liverpool vessel, and they were bringing me home to be tried as a pirate, when the Captain discovered he was a school-fellow of my own,* that we both had gone to Courtney's school in Aungier-street. He took care of me, provided me with

* This, which is the strangest incident in the story of my friend, Captain "Kilkeely," is a positive fact. The length to which this chapter runs, compels me to give merely an abstract of his adventures, as told by himself.

clothes and passage-money; and when I arrived at home, I found that Lieutenant Tim Conolly, of the Fusileers, had been seized with a most convenient illness, as his regiment was about to be despatched—had staid at home, and—had proposed, was accepted, and married to my cousin—Patrick's cousin by his first wife—the fair-faced, dark-eyed, fickle-hearted Susan.

"Since then, the greatest comfort in life to me is—a tumbler of punch. I'll thank you to push over that decanter to me."

WE have rarely seen the beauty and truthfulness of Hugo so happily rendered as in the following. We hope our pages may be enriched by many future efforts of the talented and distinguished translator:

Espoir en Dieu.

"Espère, enfant! demain! et puis demain encore!
Et puis toujours demain! croyons dans l'avenir.
Espère! et chagne fois que se lève l'aurore,
Soyons là pour prier comme Dieu pour bénir!

Nos fautes, mon pauvre ange, ont causé nos souffrances:
Peut-être qu'en restant bien longtemps à genoux,
Quand il aura béni toutes les innocences,
Puis tous les repentirs, Dieu finira par nous!"

VICTOR HUGO.

Hope in God.

"Hope! to-morrow, and still with each morrow returning;
Child! ne'er let our faith in the future be less:
Hope! every new day, as ariseth the morning;
Be we there to pray, as God will be to bless!

'Tis sin, my poor angel, our souls is oppressing;
Perhaps, if our knees shall unceasingly bend,
When God hath the innocent cheered with His blessing,
And then the repentant—with us He may end."

W.

PAPERS ABOUT

Irish Missions and Missionaries.

NO. III.

THERE are some over sanguine, and many, perhaps, over apprehensive of the proximate conversion of America. Strange as it may appear, the enemies of faith minister to the hopes of its friends; and its friends place their reliance on the clamorous fears which are expressed by opponents, to arouse the sluggish energy of sectarian rancour. We do not mean to say that all which has been said and written on the progress and expectations of Catholicism in the West has no better foundation than the fanaticism of one party and the zeal of the other; but, we feel assured, that many a weary spirit will lay him down to die in the vineyard before the weeds of heresy shall have been plucked out, and nothing grow there but what the "sun of justice" shall have fostered into being.

Assuredly, the tendencies of America are to Catholicity, but they are the tendencies of the planet to its period before it has yet travelled far upon its course.

God, in his miraculous mercy, may impart to the national mind another and a better direction; but at present the absorbing desire is the excitement of "advance" and accumulation. Religion of any description challenges attention, only when business cannot be decently transacted; and religion of every kind is, in these moments of disengagement, more acceptable than Catholicity.

He would deceive himself who should ascribe to America the religious liberality and tolerance which her constitution seems to guarantee. The really religious are insufferably bigoted; and even the indifferent retain bigotry by inherited sentiment when they have abandoned all principle. Through the weary pilgrimage of multiplied sects the sincere minority are, we apprehend, destined to travel, and to join the faithless majority, before, having been disgusted with the swine-husks, the prodigal will return to his Father's house. We recollect an occasion, when—who will believe it?—a minister, living by the "voluntary system," sacrificed his dinner sooner than sit down beside a Catholic Priest.

"Dinner, Sir," said the servant.

"Mr. ——— will take Mrs. ——— down stairs?" said Mr. Speaker.

"Gentlemen," again bowed our host. . . .

We all stood in our places.

"Mr. ——— will say grace Where is Mr. ———?" cried our entertainer.

But Mr. ——— had decamped, horror-stricken at the idea of having been within a yard of a Papist. Let us, however, quote Mr. Brownson, the editor of the ablest Quarterly in America:

"If religious liberty is, to a considerable extent, guaranteed to us, it is not owing to the liberality of any Protestant sect, but to the multiplicity of sects, which imposes on each the necessity of tolerating the others as the condition of being itself tolerated, and to the prevalence, among the leading and distinguished statesmen and politicians, of infidelity and religious indifference. There was, at the epoch of the Revolution, no Protestant denomination that had sufficient vitality to be intolerant. Religion was not then the dominant passion. Men's minds were absorbed in the contest for national independence, and were more intent on winning earth than heaven. Since then, the energy of the nation has taken an industrial, not a religious direction, and men have been more concerned about the conditions of making money than of serving God. The religious liberty we enjoy we do not owe to Protestantism, and if the Protestant sects could but unite and act in concert, we, as Catholics, would, before the year came round, have no longer a political or civil existence in the land of our birth."

It is difficult for a stranger to comprehend the furious hatred of Catholicism and the occasional appearance of liberality which are manifested by the States. We firmly believe that both qualities may be found in the same individual; and that to burn a convent or go to a sermon—to fete a clergyman or to tear down his residence would, to many, be an equally acceptable employment. It is probable that the opposition to Catholics, as a class, arises from a mixed feeling of jealousy and early abhorrence; and that the liberality so often lauded proceeds from the utter disregard of faith to which we above referred. Selfishness and instinctive bigotry lay the church in ruins—indifference prays in it. St. Augustine's, destroyed by the mob of Philadelphia, three or four years ago, is thus noticed by a Protestant:

"With confusion of face, yet with impartial justice before men and angels, the writer will state that in the season of the above terrible scourge, the Rev. Mr. Hurley, Priest of St. Augustine's, converted the rectory, then in his occupancy into a *cholera hospital*, and placed it under the control of the proper authorities. The doors of his quiet home were thrown wide open; and unmindful of the inconvenience to which such an act subjected him, he

not only invited the guardians of the city's health to deposit the victims of the pestilence in his house, but himself was employed, without intermission, in seeking out the wretched creatures upon whom the dreadful disease had fallen! Every room in his mansion was appropriated to this divine work; his own chamber was given to the dying, and *that study*, where he had learned his Master's will, was made the practical commentary of the judgment he had formed of it. Out of *three hundred and sixty-seven* patients which had been received in this private asylum of a heavenly charity, *forty-eight only were Roman Catholics—the remainder were professing Protestants.*"

We neither write nor quote in an angry spirit. The bigotry of America, like her slavery, is attributable to the past. And hence—though we lament that not a month since "Catholic soldiers, at Governor's Island, New York, were told that if they did not go to the Protestant chapel they should be sent to the guard-house"—we hope for the day when the quickening spirit of Catholicity shall brood over her social chaos, and produce that majestic greatness which seems to be the destiny of the West. We have, however, glanced at some of the causes which must delay that consummation; there are many others, to which we feel it a duty to refer; and we hope that prayer and exertion shall be offered and continued, until faith encircle her in "one arch of peace."

We have said and we have proved that the national tendency is almost entirely industrial. In the restless activity of manufacture and commerce; amid the din and confusion of political broils and schemes of acquisition, religion becomes only a pastime, and its ministers only actors hebdomadally employed. To think of the responsibility of a man's profession—its influence upon an eternity of woe or weal—is a labour rarely assumed. Men live as their fathers lived, and die as their fathers died; probably enough, a ledger and a pile of papers their last vision and their last solicitude.

It must be something very uncommon, and uncommonly influential, that shall change this direction. New motives must be implanted, new objects created or pointed out—a "new creature" must be produced, unfurnished by the selfishness which debases the present one. And all this must be operative not in a locality, nor a state, but through the world-wide union, which will yet comprehend every foot of earth which is bathed by the Western Atlantic.

We are confident it will come; and to "Irish Missions and Missionaries" shall the glory be ascribed. But the time, and labour, and difficulty cannot be denied.

Earnest men have been captivated by the unwavering confidence and fidelity of our poor countrymen, and many, by their example, have been brought to the fold. Many will continue to follow. But America is not only educated—she is educationally-proud. Her fourteen hundred newspapers in New York, and the *Ladies' Magazine*, by the factory-girls of Lowell, indicate an extension of education on which European legislators ought to ponder. In truth, the Yankees are a quarter of a century before us in the "march of mind;" and much of their excessive vanity may be attributable to the contrast which they themselves make with annual depositories, from the ocean of eastern poverty and ignorance.

We had a rather disagreeable rencontre at one period, all owing to our want of taste. Ever proud of our country, we were in the corner of a huge stage-coach, dreaming of that legendary lady who travelled Ireland, formerly, and

A bright gold ring on her hand she bore.

We were to leeward, and safe from the dust, which

* *New York Freeman's Journal*, January, 1848.

occasionally gathered up in spiral life and peeped in at the windows.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said a lady, just about nineteen, who stood up from her place in the opposite side, "you will take my place, the dust is very annoying?"

"Ahem!" said we, half to ourselves, for we knew the decree was inexorable; "of course," we added, which was perfectly true; "and most happy," which, God forgive us, was perfectly untrue.

Ensnconced in the villanous place to windward, and having swallowed a mouthful of dust in honour of American perfect obedience to ladies, my companion looked at me, rather pleased; in proof of which, she requested me "to take a basket on my knee, because it required care," she added: and then, having so placed me that my centre of gravity was just where a recruit's should be, she continued:

"Pray, do you know anything of the latest improvement on the steam engine?"

"I am not so fortunate."

"Oh, you are not—well."

After a moment:

"Don't you think there is much power lost—pray, keep the basket more erect—don't you think there is much power lost by the present direction of the forces?"

"I really cannot say."

"Oh! no."

Another pause.

"Well, perhaps you know something about aqueducts? You have seen our'n—the greatest and most perfect in the universal world. 'Tis constructed on the true principles. The water is purer, the repairs less frequent, and the stability much greater, than where the pipes are carried along under ground, according to the English style."

"Merciful Providence!" we exclaimed to ourselves, "is it to be thus for one hundred miles?"

And so it was. We soon became accustomed to it, and had finally very nearly enjoyed it. 'Twas a study. A young girl, alone, travelling hundreds of miles, inexhaustible as a lecturer on natural philosophy, and irresistible in every demand upon man's patience or labour. Next day we were to travel by a railway.

"Happy to meet you to-morrow, Sir. I travel by the nine o'clock train."

"You do? Very good!"

We were off by the seven o'clock; and should have been off by the four o'clock, had we been rich enough to order a special train.

This educational pride we believe to be the most dangerous opponent to the diffusion of true faith. It is not because the American cannot examine, but because he will not. His prejudices against our Church are active—his self-sufficiency is strengthened by his political institutions and the form of his belief. The professors of Catholicism are as they were in the time of St. Paul, "neither the wise nor the great." The ignorance and the poverty of the thousands who gather from our own land—they are faith's great heralds—steel him in contemptuous folly; and "can anything good come from Nazareth?" is practically effective in enveloping him in error. Two-thirds, it is said, of the States profess no religion. The whole population must be very nearly nineteen millions.* On this mass has Irish faith and charity to operate.

* The population of the United States was, in 1810, 7,239,903; in 1820, 9,638,166; in 1830, 12,858,670; thus making an in-

The Catholics of America are now little under a million and a-half; and they are ministered to by 919 clergymen. This gives to every Roman Catholic Priest a congregation of 2,000 souls. If we consider the immense extent of territory over which their congregations are scattered, we must feel convinced of the utter inadequacy of the number to the demands for pastoral charge; and, in the universal spirit of Christian charity, we should, according to our circumstances, endeavour to aid our brethren in their wants. It is such necessities as this that ALL HALLOWS' Missionary College might be made to relieve; and may we once again express a hope that public sympathy will be commensurate with the importance of that great establishment. The reader will be surprised to learn, that, while for their own population of one million and a-half, and to extend the blessings of religious information to seventeen millions and a-half beside, our Catholic brethren have only 919 priests; the Baptists of the United States have, for a half-a-million, a ministry of eight thousand clergymen, active and zealous in the discharge of whatever duties they are permitted to perform.* Thus, while the religious principle is rendered active by this widely-diffused teaching in one case, Catholicism feels herself circumscribed by the fewness of her authorised fathers; and, while the multitude who claim the orthodox clergyman's offices leave him little time to follow the sheep who have strayed from the fold, the heterodox have every opportunity of aggression which they can desire. We need not add the absorption of time and anxiety consequent upon our peculiar tenets, practices, and practical earnestness; and how, in this respect of America, the Catholic Clergyman must labour under ever-recurring disadvantages. We have named only one sect, and that not the most important: what would be the reader's feelings should we sum up the countless other bodies of clergymen with which the Republic abounds?

But, although we thus state the obstacles which impede its path, we have no doubt of the ultimate triumph of the Faith. Our education, our poverty, our paucity of number, the tendency of the minority to conform to the mass, and the consequent adoption of an *alien spirit*—all these will fling obstacles in the road of truth; but, nevertheless, we are not sceptical regarding its progress. Every sect in America has sent its contribution to Indifferentism. We are sure that their statistics would show a fearful defalcation in communicants. Only THE FAITH has been firm, and, as through all the world, grasping, day after day, a new dominion of soul. Catholicism has nearly doubled its numbers in twenty years.† The whole United

crease of 33·4 per cent. every ten years. It is now estimated—and ought to be—at nearly what we have stated. Boston has, since 1820, risen from 43,000 to nearly 119,000 souls!

* There are in the United States—Regular Baptist Churches, 7883; Ordained Ministers, 6751; Licensed Preachers, 1065; Communicants, 655,536; Colleges, 14; Theological Schools, 8; Religious Newspapers, 20; other Periodicals, 14.—*Bap. Magazine*.

† We take the following statistics with regard to Catholicity from the Directory:—Archbishops, 3; Bishops, 24, besides two who have resigned their episcopal charge; Clergymen, 919; Churches, 907. There are, in addition, 562 stations visited by the clergymen; Ecclesiastical Institutions, 22; Clerical Students, 217; Male Religious Institutions, 19; Literary do. for young men, 25; Female Religious Institutions, 53; Female Academies, 74; Charitable Institutions, 95. The number of Catholics is stated to be 1,190,000, but we have no doubt of its being fully two millions or upwards. The Catholic population in the diocese of New York, before the recent division, was 230,000; the number in the Diocese of Philadelphia is estimated at 120,000; in that of New Orleans at

States' population has done precisely the same. So that, while infidelity has enfolded in its clouds, it is stated, so many millions of the people, the faith of Rome is the only one which, by the "Armour of light," protected, saved, and multiplied its children. This progress must continue—and whenever it shall please the ALMIGHTY to infuse the spirit of apprehension, and inquiry into that heterogeneous collection of American religionists, every return to Christianity will be a return to the Catholic Church.

The "voluntary principle" is the most disastrous that can assail Protestantism. It unfixes all belief, and destroys the influence of every ministry. In the Catholic Church it is very different. The Priest is the exponent of a creed which can never vary—the representative of a power which can never, never deceive. Every understanding must bow to the "captivity of faith," having, once, reasonably acknowledged its rule. Hence, however his hearers may question his prudence or his ability, none will question his doctrine. Whilst he does his fixed duty, or as long as his Bishop connects him with a district, his people's obligation to support him is undoubted and recognised. But the poor Sectarian Minister!—if his congregation disapprove of his theological expositions—or if a majority dissent, or can be brought to dissent, from his commentary—if he produce a bad intonation, which might affect his flock in the estimation of "strangers"—or say a word of reproof which might affect them in their own—alas! alas! then for the voluntary system! Debt, misery, and *absquatulation* are the poor minister's doom. The American clergyman must preach nothing but generalities—he must flatter, fawn, and deprecate—he must avoid *all* dogmatizing; and, then, he is fortunate if some rival shall not supplant him, and send him forth on the world to seek a flock. From this it arises that there is no fixed religious opinion—faith is varied as minds—and that the shadowy outlines which distinguish consistent heterodoxy from "*nothingarianism*" have so generally disappeared. We once knew a most estimable preacher; he had studied Scripture at the Sorbonne, and Hebrew at Vienna. He once endeavoured to rationalize the belief of his people in the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures; and he spoke of the "version used by the Western Church," and of the influence which the "Western Church" had exercised in preserving the "Sacred Records."

"Minister, what did *you mean* by the Western Church—eh?" said an old crusty octogenarian—'twas on the Monday morning after the discourse.

"I meant the Roman Church, of course."

"Oh! so, so, aye; I know."

Poor fellow—he had no congregation on the following Sunday; and in ten days he had disappeared.

The "individualism" which results from this dependence of Christian teachers—and from the principle of Protestantism itself—is melancholy to behold. The protean shapes conceived by every undisciplined

160,000; in Boston, at about 80,000. During the past year there has been an accession of 76 to the number of the priests; 20 have died, and 95 new churches have been erected. In the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity, at St. Joseph's, Emmetsburgh, there are 120 members, 80 of whom are professed sisters and 35 novices. In addition, there are 222 sisters in different parts of the United States, having under their care 33 establishments. In Mont St. Vincent—the Mother House of the same order in New York—there are 51 sisters, besides having 11 institutions attended by the sisters. In the Convent of the Visitation, at Georgetown, near Washington, there are 81 sisters.—*Met. Directory.*

fancy are dignified by the name of Eternal Truth, and the essence of the Divinity made to vary as caprice or ignorance is caught by a new vagary. Fanny Wright will inveigh against the "Judaism of Christianity," while approving thousands cheer her blasphemies; and Parker's crudities are swallowed, while he raises the rudest republican above the dignity of the Son of God. Most religious men will recollect to mourn over it,—the exhibition in New York in 1842 or '43, when the "friends of liberty," contrasted by their multitude with the "Convention of Bible Societies, and the enthusiasm of infidelity chilled the souls of those who felt what America might become, were the standard of universal charity to wave above her sons. Let the reader only imagine the state of society which extensively adopts language such as the following. It is from a leader in their *Israel Parker*:

"We believe the truths that Jesus uttered in no degree because of the miracles he wrought; we believe them because our mind recognizes their *intrinsic* truth, and this we hold to be good ground of faith for all men. . . . God has given to all men the power to attain to a religious faith that needs no external evidence to support it. . . . The deepest, truest religious faith is *not capable* of support from any outward evidence whatever. . . . Men have recourse to outward evidence through the weakness of their faith. . . . The most deeply religious minds *never*, in any stage of their progress, have anything to do with such gross outward helps to their belief. To tell them to believe on the evidence of signs and wonders, to offer to *prop up their faith by argument and logic*, is to do violence to all their deepest and most sacred feelings. With hearts overflowing with love, and reverence, and gratitude to God, seeing him in all that is glorious and beautiful around them, feeling him within and about them everywhere, walking in his presence daily, as with a 'father and a friend'—what care such men for logic and cunning reasoning—what care they for signs and wonders? All around them is wonderful, for they see God in all. . . . Tell them a deep religious truth, and they cannot but believe it, though all evidence were *against it*. *For truth is native to their souls. God has made them of that nature that they cannot be deceived. Their minds are TOUCHSTONES whereon to try all words and thoughts.*"

And add:—

"Jesus fell back on God, on absolute religion and morality—the truth its own authority; his works his witness. The early Christians fell back on the authority of Jesus; their successors, on the authority of the Bible—the work of the Apostles and Prophets; the next generation, on the Church—the work of the Apostles and Fathers. The world retreats this ground. Protestantism delivers us from the tyranny of the Church and carries us back to the Bible. Biblical criticism frees us from the thralldom of Scripture, and brings us to the authority of Jesus. Philosophical spiritualism liberates us from all personal and private authority, and restores us to God, the primeval fountain, whence the Church, the Scriptures, and Jesus drew all the water of life wherewith they filled their urns."

The very excess of these absurdities is a Catholic source of augury. The Irish people preach by their endurance, faith, and proverbial honesty—the Irish Priests by their devotedness, labour, and unselfishness. Progressing, so rapidly and numerous, to a negation of all faith, the beauty and the necessity of the Christian dispensation must soon strike and remodel the commonwealth. If multitudes have not hitherto embraced Catholicism, it is because "there is no one who thinketh in his heart," and that gold is the god of the state. When the great world has time to think of religion the glories of Rome shall shine in the West.

We have freely spoken our opinion of the state and prosperity of religion on the continent of America. We have done so—not without an influencing motive. However poor Ireland may be, she has the "zeal of God's house," and she has proved that she "loved its beauty." A glorious and untrodden field lies open to her confessors—a crown of ineffable beauty to her

missionaries beyond the Atlantic. We would encourage the enterprise, enthusiasm and charity, which distinguished her of old. We would unveil her difficulties that she might prepare for them—describe the vantage ground of heresy, that she might know how to prepare for the assault. Home has its trials, and demands for its ministry qualities, moral and intellectual, of a character which every day requires to be still more exalted: but America—whether in our colonies or in the great republic—requires attributes of excellence, learning, piety, labour, and endurance, far transcending any which even for Ireland would be necessary. Arts are pursued—science is studied—reading is a passion—observation intuitively correct; and the man whose mental or whose religious qualities are not of a high order may accomplish much good in this country, when there his steps would be tracked by evils unknown.

Sam Slick is a well-known character—much admired in his books, more in his proper person. He writes a story well, but he is the only one in the world who should be allowed to tell one. We imagine he is before us now, his fine intellectual face beaming with the harmony of his soul, his noble forehead wrinkling up with the fancies which are working within, his light grey eye shooting forth that inimitable drollery, which, irresistible as electricity, thrills through your soul; and then the brow—the mouth—the whole face—why, before he has spoken a word your imagination is fired, and in two sentences he has you in a roar. We quarrelled with Justice Haliburton about the “Attache” and something else—no matter what. We wish, if he read these lines, to say, that we quote him and would see him with delight. The language is that of Mr. Hopewell, a minister, through whom Mr. Haliburton conveys his views:

“They gain constantly;—they gain more by emigration, more by natural increase in proportion to their numbers, more by intermarriages, adoption, and conversion, than the Protestants. With their exclusive views of salvation, and peculiar tenets, as soon as they have the majority this becomes a Catholic country, with a Catholic government, with the Catholic religion established by law. Is this a great change? A greater change has taken place among the British, the Medes and Persians of Europe, the *nolumus leges mutari* people. What, then, will the natural order and progress of events now in train here not produce? I only speak of this—I don’t dread it. I hope and trust and pray that it may be so; not because I think them right, for I don’t, but because they are a Christian church, an old church, a consistent church, and because it is a church, and any sect is better than the substitution of a cold, speculative philosophy for religion, as we see too frequently among us. We are too greedy to be moral, too self-sufficient to be pious, and too independent to be religious. United under one head, and obedient to that head, with the countenance and aid of the whole Catholic world, what can they not achieve? Yes, it is the only cure that time and a kind and merciful Providence has in store for us. *We shall be a Catholic country.*” (Vol. ii., page 240.)

Let us record Captain Maryatt’s opinion:

“That all America, west of the Alleghanies, will eventually be a Catholic country I have little doubt, as the Catholics are already in the majority; and there is nothing, as Mr. Cooper observes, to prevent any state from establishing that, or any other religion, as the religion of the state; and this is one of the dark clouds which hang over the destiny of the western hemisphere.”

Dr. Reid says:

“It should really seem that the Pope, in fear of expulsion from Europe, is anxious to find a reversion in this new world; the crowned heads of the continent having the same enmity to free political institutions which his holiness has to free religious institutions, willingly unite in the attempt to enthrall this people.”

The following, as indeed both the foregoing, from Protestant authority, will serve to illustrate and con-

firm our preceding remarks. ’Tis from the “Voice from America”:

“The Protestant cause in America is weak, from the evil effects of the voluntary system; particularly from its division into so many sects. A house divided against itself cannot stand long; and every year it will be found that the Catholic Church will increase its power; and it is a question, whether a hierarchy may not eventually be raised, which, so far from advocating the principles of equality, may serve as a check to the spirit of democracy becoming more powerful than the government, curbing public opinion, and reducing to better order the present chaotic state of society.”

We pass over De Tocqueville, because he is a Catholic, and Mrs. Maury, because she is an enthusiast. The shadow of coming events is seen, however, in some singular conversions and efforts which we shall hereafter note. The history of Brownson’s mind, during its progress from infidelity, shall probably engage a portion of our attention next month. Let us, meantime, pray himself and the *Dublin Review*, before they proceed further on “developments,” to give us some idea of what an orthodox and a heterodox “development” are, respectively.

Review.

SUNDAYS AT LOVELL AUDLEY; OR, STORIES FROM THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS FOR EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR. By Lawful Authority, and dedicated to Nicholas, Bishop of Melipotamus. DUFFY, Dublin, 1848.

SOME over-sensitive Irishman may, perhaps, denounce these “Sundays at Lovell Audley” as a kind of English invasion. They are by an English hand, and dedicated to an illustrious English prelate, and yet they seize upon one of the most interesting events in our ecclesiastical history—the life and labours of our Apostle St. Patrick. It is doubtful whether the fact of their being published in Dublin by our national publisher, can compensate, in the opinion of all, for this intrusion of an English sickle into the Irish harvest; but, for our own part, we look upon the work as a small instalment of the enormous restitution due to the Catholics of Ireland by their brethren beyond the channel. In truth, before the appearance of Lord Shrewsbury’s letters to Archbishop MacHale, a review of this work had been drawn up, which did not confine itself to the precise matter in hand, but gave a detailed view of the feelings of our English brethren towards Ireland, both in ancient and modern times, and especially as it had manifested itself in Digby, and the authors of the *Lives of the Saxon Saints* and in other new converts. The reviewer imagined he had discovered an inclination to cast off that contempt or constitutional English coldness which had too often characterised English Catholic views of Irish Catholic affairs; he thought he had discovered in those converts who have brought so much zeal and learning into the Church, a truer perception of the destiny of Ireland, and of her influence on the spiritual interests of the world-wide empire of Great Britain; he imagined, in his fond dream of a growing imperial Catholic connexion, that he heard them repeating with gratitude—“unless the Lord of Sabaoth had left us a seed ‘in Ireland’ we had been made as Sodom and we had been like unto Gomorrah.”* But Lord Shrewsbury must know the general feeling in England better than our reviewer, and yet he has written a letter which, if written

* Of Lord Shrewsbury’s million of *British Catholics*, two-thirds are Irish, or the sons and grandsons of Irish.

in the old character of the fourteenth century, and deposited in some of our Irish libraries, with a slight change of names and dates, would have all the intrinsic marks of authenticity, and would infallibly pass the most rigid critic as the work of Lionel Duke of Clarence, under whose government it was enacted that the mere Irish should neither marry nor associate with the English in Ireland, nor enjoy stall, prebend, or mitre, in any monastery or church where an English Earl held sway. In rejecting the review of our kind contributor, we do not mean to say that he has not made out a promising case; but can he prove that Lord Shrewsbury did not write those letters? Until he can establish that impossible fact, we beg of him to remember that the English and Irish characters were cast in widely different moulds. "How different those English ladies from your countrywomen," said the superioress of a celebrated convent in Paris; "in one fortnight the Irish girl adapts herself perfectly to our manners, and, though never forgetting her country, becomes 'all French'; but that rugged nature of the English struggles at every step, and after years spent in our convent-schools departs 'all English.'" If that be a correct view (and it was the remark of a keen observer), and if, moreover, the social and political edifice is to continue so very different in England and Ireland, long years must pass before the Catholics of both countries can fully understand each other. The English Catholic lives at ease in the well-ordered old home of his fathers, while the Irish Catholics are burrowing in the ruins of a Cromwellian castle, battered, rent, and tottering—a chaos of broken columns and gaping arches, with hardly an invisible line connecting "the Corinthian capitals" with the sightless mass which they should support and adorn. When English Catholics understand these facts we shall be happy to receive the literary aid of our rejected contributor.*

To compensate, in some way, the loss to our readers of that interesting review, we give a brief notice of the beautiful work at the head of our paper. It is a first series of stories, from the "Lives of the Saints," for every Sunday in the year. The present volume includes the months of January, February, and March. It is a mother who instructs her children on the wonderful works of God in his saints. The object of the work and the manner of its execution can be best learned from an extract. A heavy fall of snow prevents the children from enjoying their usual sports, but the affectionate and religious mother provides for the amusement of her Francis and Clarie:

"Do you remember, Francis, what we were talking of when I said I had something interesting to tell you to-day?"

Francis considered for a moment. "Yes, mamma; you were speaking to Father Blundell about the miracle of the Roses in the Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and I wanted so much to read it, and he told me to look for it in the great Butler, in the library. I did look for it, but there were so many hard words in it, and it was such little, close print, that I did not go on reading it. I was disappointed to find the Saints' Lives so dull; but when I told Father Blundell so, he only laughed, and said, 'You must tell mamma that, my dear child.'"

"He told me of your disappointment himself, my dear boy; and it was a very natural one. You are too young yet to understand and rightly relish Butler's Lives, and there are many things in them which are above your comprehension now. But what I am going to propose to you is this: every Sunday afternoon that I have had no bad report of you from Father Blundell, you shall come to me, and I will choose for you the life of one of the saints of the month, and either read his life for you, or write it beforehand for you, so

that you can understand it and take an interest in it; or tell you, in my own words, what he did; and you can always ask questions about it, when there is anything in it you do not quite understand the meaning of."

Clarie sprang off her stool at this proposal and clapped her hands. Francis only said, quietly, "Thank you, mamma." He knew that his mother always understood him perfectly.

"As this is the first Sunday of the year," continued she, "I wish to begin immediately, and I have therefore prepared for you our first story. Open the drawer next to you, Clarie, and you will see a paper book, full of writing. It is," she added, smiling at the eager eyes of the children, "the Life of St. Hilary." p. 3.

Coming now to St. Patrick, on the third Sunday in March, shall we complain that our work makes him a Roman Briton, and bequeathes his sacred body to Glastonbury? The former, we admit, is still an open question, and the latter has been rather sifted than settled by the researches of Mr. Petrie on the antiquities of Tarah Hill. Jocelyn is the main authority followed in all our work.

"We shall go back to the famous fourth century to-day," said Mrs. Lovell, putting away her desk and multitude of books which were always collected round her; "and while we do so, we shall still remain very near home. We are going to hear about St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland."

"Ireland!—dear Catholic Ireland!" said Francis. "I am so glad! What a saint St. Patrick must have been, to have made the Irish for ever such good Catholics!"

"Something, perhaps, is to be said for the character of the people," replied his mother, smiling, "as well as for St. Patrick's depth of zeal. Every nation has its peculiar characteristics, which are shown in its religious turn, as well as in every other point. Otherwise, we might as reasonable lay our English coldness at St. Augustine's or St. Anselm's door. It is very difficult to give exactly many of the circumstances in St. Patrick's life. The old chronicler, Jocelyn, the history of Glastonbury, and several other lives, give one account, while Tillemont, who is followed by Alban Butler, gives another, which is less wonderful, tells us fewer miracles, and perhaps has been sifted by a more precise and sceptical criticism. I have given you chiefly the version of the chroniclers, according to Father Alford's annals of England, although it is certainly a much more extraordinary account than the others."

"I am glad of that," said Francis; "and I feel as if it were more likely to be true, for it seems only natural that an apostle should work more miracles and do stranger things than anybody else."

"I agree with you," replied Mrs. Lovell, smiling at the unconscious faith, and correct instinct of the boy, "that such a number of miracles being recorded, is a great proof that St. Patrick worked more than usual." p. 249.

In illustrating the early life of St. Patrick, the work avails itself of the contrast between the old church system and that of modern societies. It also celebrates the mercy of God in preserving the Catholic faith in Ireland through ages of persecution; but here justice compels us to divide the grace with our good English friend, for nothing is more certain than that the descendants of the English colonists were, after the Reformation, as faithful as the native Irish, and that many of the most learned amongst them, such as Primate Lombard, Fitzsimon, Dr. French, and even Keatinge himself, rested their claims to toleration on the very grounds that they were English by descent.

"I should like to have seen a bishop's house then, mamma," said Francis, "how still and devout it must have been."

"Yes," replied his mother, "it would have astonished St. German and his quiet, modest acolyths and deacons, to have seen, some centuries hence, a schismatic community, whose bishops would have fashionable wives, and daughters, and sons, who would spend the patrimony of the true Church upon balls and concerts, fine horses, powdered footmen, and elegant country-houses."

"The Anglican bishops," said Francis, laughing; "yes, he would have thought it very funny! But then they have nothing to do with St. German, and they do not pretend to be saints at all; so it does not much matter. They are peers of the House of Lords."

* *The Tablet*, an English, or rather a Catholic Journal, does understand these facts.

"It matters so far as this, dear boy," replied Mrs. Lovell, mildly, "that the enormous wealth of the Church is spent for this world, instead of for God; the consequence of which is that England is reduced to such a point of hideous misery, as to have become a spectacle to all Christendom, while Ireland, of which I was thinking at the time, is the scene of every outrage and crime that can possibly be committed from the fruitless, and ever-to-be-fruitless effort to force upon her true-hearted children a belief, or rather an unbelief, which they abhor; for to an Irishman no evil that his country can ever be cursed with is so abhorrent as heresy."

"Honour be to him then," cried Francis, exultingly, "and 'good luck to old Ireland for that same!' as old dame Neill always says." p. 255.

Or, rather, glory be to Him "who holds the heart of man in his hands." If in the next extract any keen observer should detect an historic parallel, and be tempted to exclaim with the wise man, "there is nothing new under the sun; the things that have been, the same things shall be," the fault is not ours. Our object is to state facts, and review our book, whether the personage in question be a British prince or any other British title on the banks of the Severn.

"In the midst of Patrick's labours, he was distressed by a hand which ought to have helped and defended him. A British prince, Corotic, who was a Christian, made a descent upon Ireland, and carried off a great many of the inhabitants, whom he sold as slaves to the Picts and Scots. Now, it happened to be at Easter, and Patrick had just been giving confirmation to an immense band of neophytes, or newly-instructed Catholics, who were all still in their snow-white baptismal robes, according to the beautiful custom of that day. Among these pure troops of innocent children of Christ, the blood-thirsty Corotic came like a ravenous wolf; he killed some, and carried off a great number to be slaves. Patrick sent him a letter by a holy priest, who went about with him, and helped him in his labours, begging him to give up the Christian children at least, whom he had taken, and some of the cattle and food he had taken, otherwise many of his poor people would die of want; and he reminded him that he also was a Christian, and should have compassion upon his poor brethren. Corotic only answered by mocking the bishop, and said it was quite impossible that Irish Christians could be like other Christians, or indeed that the Irish barbarians could be Christians at all." p. 263.

From the sorrowful associations of this true narrative, we turn with pleasure to a happy specimen of solid argument, adapted to the capacity of a child. It is founded on the fact that St. Patrick was contemporary of the greatest doctors both in the Western and Eastern Church. St. Paulinus, that undisguised Papist, was proposed by St. Martin, the uncle of St. Patrick, as the great model of all perfect Christians.

"Ah!" said Clarie, "I am sure St. Patrick went to Rome!"

"He did. He went to get his orders from the successor of St. Peter, before he would venture to begin under him the work of feeding the lambs of Christ," replied Mrs. Lovell, "and as he recognised in himself the mission of an apostle, he went to lay his head upon the tombs of the great apostles, and to press his lips upon their sacred dust, that he might get from them a heart and a tongue of fire like their own. In going to Rome, Patrick may have visited St. Ambrose, who was then Archbishop of Milan, and may have spoken with him about the wonderful conversion of the young Manichee heretic, who was now beginning to delight the world by his reformation and fervent virtue, and who, soon after this time, was known throughout Christendom as the learned and saintly bishop of Hippo."

"St. Augustine, mamma?" exclaimed Francis in surprise, "was he once a Manichee?"

"He was indeed, and, while so, he led a life most displeasing to God. Patrick had thus, you see, familiar intercourse and interchange of sentiments with two of the great doctors of the fourth century, as well as with two celebrated saints and theologians, St. Martin and St. German, who taught him in all respects according to the tradition they had received from St. Peter's chair. This fact of itself is sufficient to disprove the silly assertion that Ireland, during the first ages of its Christianity, was independent of the successors of St. Peter, and had no communication with the Holy See. Such an assertion indeed could never have been made but under the profound ignorance of ecclesiastical history, and as a kind of forlorn hope, just as drowning men catch at straws. p. 257.

Truly, it is "catching at straws" to attempt to dis-

sever the connexion which has existed between this island and Rome, from the day on which Patrick announced the faith to the princes at Tarah. The fanatical Saul was changed into a zealous apostle; the luxurious Augustine into the doctor of love; and may not the Almighty, in those ways which dispose all things sweetly, have selected (without any merit of theirs) the unyielding Celtic natures in the end of the earth, to exhibit in those latter ages, by his grace, an example of constancy when all northern nations had revolted from Rome. Without discussing what Father Suarez, in his congruist theories, would have thought of our hint, we give the fact of Irish fidelity, as recorded in "Lovell Audley:"

"St. Patrick sought, and would labour only for the glory of God and the good of those precious souls, which were his only wealth and joy on earth, and are now his glittering diadem in heaven. And there is one desire of his recorded in a prayer which he often repeated in the course of his enormous labours, which shows that his ardent desire for the glory of God has been richly heard, and royally rewarded. It was this:—'May my Lord grant that I may never lose His people, which he has gained in the ends of the earth!'"

"Oh, mamma, exclaimed Francis, "St. Patrick's zeal then *is* the great cause of the faith of the Irish after all! How beautiful it is to think that he has been so heard, and for so many years!"

"Yes," replied his mother, "it is indeed beautiful to think that fourteen hundred years have passed away since that prayer was breathed by an humble monk, born in the very 'ends of the earth,' and that it yet lives to bring a fruitful blessing from heaven upon the children among whom he laboured, and for whom he spent himself. Fourteen hundred years have rolled by, very nearly four centuries of which have been stained by every crime which unholy violence and a persecution that can only be called Satanic could raise to rob the Irish of the faith planted by their beloved apostle. The ground has been drenched with their blood, and the noise of battle has succeeded the chant of psalms, and the sweet voice of bells of prayer. But still that prayer is heard, and, as we may believe, it will never cease to be heard for wronged, oppressed, wearied, but still holy Ireland. The people whom the Lord gained to Himself in the ends of the earth, by St. Patrick, will not be lost to His saving hands.—'Thou wilt arise, O Lord, and wilt have mercy upon Zion!'" p. 267.

May He have mercy on Zion! Assuredly in his own good day He will come. If the author of this book (which is not a Life of St. Patrick, but Lives of the Saints) should complain that our notice has been either political or national, we disclaim such intention. We are Catholics, and disclaim nationalism in religion. Facts are given—no commentaries. The book itself proclaims (p. 266) that "the poor Irish might turn round upon the English for having lost the faith and sold themselves." "We turn round upon them" by inviting their aid in exploring the unreclaimed wastes of our ecclesiastical history, and thereby knitting more closely the bonds of Catholic, and even of earthly communion. With one regret, namely, that St. Evie had not been preferred as an authority (even for legends) to Jocelyn, we hope for the continuation of "Lovell Audley." Every Christian mother, whose eye has scanned our extracts, must be anxious for their continuation. It is an arduous task. St. Paulinus of Nola, as cited by the Irish Dungal, against Claude, the image-breaker, professes his inability to do justice to such a theme.

But when the author shall have arrived at the festival of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the martyr of Church-liberty, we hope to receive a stern and impartial verdict on the mode in which that saint's principles have been carried out in England. Was he a sign raised up to be contradicted? We should wish for a comparative view of the conduct of the Henrys and Edwards, of the Beaumonts, and But-

lers, and Shrewsburys, because many believe that Erastianism was the root of all their perverse eccentricities. It is well known that a bad principle may exhibit itself in many different ways. Now, it is the constitutions of Clarendon; then it is an Edward the First, "ordering a search of all the monasteries in England, and carrying off their money to London," A.D. 1296; or an Edward III., "confiscating the property of the Cistercians and monks of Cluny throughout the whole kingdom," A.D. 1337; or, finally, a Henry VIII., carrying out the bad precedent to its natural conclusion. Charles Butler's vetoes against Dr. Milner; Beaumont's code of Joseph II., and Lord Shrewsbury's canons on the government of the Irish Church, are, in principle, the same; but that principle has been at all times odious to the Catholics of Ireland. In all their miseries, even when they were "the refuse of this world," and "the offscouring of all," they never were Erastian—they respected the lawful rights of the Church. That feeling was sometimes exhibited, doubtless, in a mode that would shock English propriety," though it was the only mode of keeping the Irish alive, and preventing the utter ruin of the kingdom. In fact, the Irish churches were—shall we say it?—converted during many ages to secular purposes—"they were public granaries." The custom among the Irish is, says Giraldus Cambrensis, "that no man shall dare to meddle with any goods, corn, or victuals kept in any church." "And this custom," says his Protestant commentator, in the reign of Elizabeth, "is still observed, and every church in the country is stuffed and filled with great chests full of corn, which the husbandmen do for safety keep therein, and this lieth safe at all times, even in the very wars among themselves." This was a deplorable, yet a necessary custom. Savage must that priest have been who barred his church door against such a secular concern as a "chest of wheat," without which his "oil for the sick" would soon be exhausted on his famished parishioners. But until English history is proved to be a historical novel, or English and Irish natures are changed, English views are an unsafe guide on the best means of preserving the faith in Ireland; nor can the favourable verdict of English opinion on an Irish ecclesiastic, afford him the slightest security before that great bar where the long accounts between both kingdoms shall be settled for ever.

As Lord Shrewsbury has defined "that we are a naturally vindictive people," it may not be out of place to protest, that if the instruction of the ignorant be not an act of revenge, we are not guilty of the crime. Against Lord Shrewsbury, personally, we can have no national antipathy, because he is Earl of Wexford and Waterford, and derives both titles from a grand-daughter of — M'MURROUGH.

Reminiscences of the Irish Mission.

BY A RETIRED PRIEST.

NO. III.

CHAP. II. THE SULLIVANS COMMENCE THEIR JOURNEY—TRAVELLING IN IRELAND IN THE LATTER PART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—A GLORIOUS DAY, AND A MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE BY NIGHT.

The father and son set out on their sad and weary journey; the former carrying a quantity of oaten bread and a mug of butter, which Catherine M'Quillan, having hastily tied up in a handkerchief and overtaken

them when they were but a short distance from her mother's house, had forced them to accept; and the latter a small bundle of clothes. These, with a few pounds in money, constituted all their worldly wealth; their object was to reach a small town on the sea coast, which was about twenty-eight miles distant. They had lived quite near the sea themselves, but the town towards which they were proceeding was situated on a different part of the coast, and in the direction of Father John's parish, from which it was distant something more than twenty miles. At the time we write of, there were no public conveyances, except from a few of the principal towns to Dublin, and if the journey considerably exceeded thirty miles, even these invariably spent a night on the road, and took two days to accomplish the distance of fifty or sixty miles. The mail was carried to other places by a boy, mounted on some old *garron* which, being fit for nothing else, was purchased for about the value of the hide and pressed into this service, which it performed at an amazingly slow pace, except when it ran backwards into a ditch, which feat was always executed with great expedition. We scarcely ever knew one of these old horses that was not essentially vicious; some of them would come to a dead halt, and neither whip, nor spur, nor red-hot iron would force them to move an inch until it was their own proper pleasure. Others seemed to consider that they ought to follow their tails instead of their noses, and on this account were perpetually running backwards, and ultimately reached their destination as the snail got to the top of the May-pole, which, whenever it advanced eight feet always came back four. Others, again, amused themselves during the journey by occasionally using only two legs at a time, in effecting which they displayed a degree of agility for which no one would give them credit who did not actually see the performance. Finally, there were many which, as the riders expressed it, were so piously inclined, that they were continually falling on their knees during the journey. We recollect one of these animals, which had just been helped up after a fall, breaking, with a kick, a pipe which a countryman, who was standing a little behind it, was smoking at the time; he retreated for a short distance very precipitately, and then taking out of his mouth the fragment of the shank that remained there, exclaimed, "well you are an evil beast." "Ah!" said the owner, "what splendid hind-legs he has; if the other pair were only half as good he would be worth a mint of money." In consequence of these various peculiarities of their steeds, you might see a philosophic post-boy sitting smoking on a horse which was perfectly motionless and seeming to enjoy the thing exceedingly—or a passionate post-boy belabouring his steed with all his might, and applying to it the most opprobrious epithets; or an unlucky post-boy lying on the road, bags and all, bemoaning his misfortune; or a false, flattering post-boy who strove to persuade the refractory animal that he considered it the very pink of its kind, his compliments being interspersed, however, very liberally with muttered "asides," delivered in an undertone not intended for equine ears, which proved that these were the very opposite of his real sentiments. Thus he would say, in the most soothing tones, "go on my pet—that's a darling;" and then add, *sotto voce*, "and the devil's own darling you are." But, whether it was that the horse suspected his master's sincerity, or that he overheard the uncomplimentary part of his discourse, or that he despised flattery, it is certain that

he was very seldom *moved* by the endearing epithets which were lavished on him. A clergyman bought one of these animals which had served its apprenticeship to the posting department, and, being a very placid old gentleman, he used to allow it to explore all the lanes and pathways in the country, to stand on the road for a long time at once, to graze by the road-sides, and to drink at every watering place, no matter how numerous they might be. One Sunday morning this horse stopped, and appearing to be in a more than usually meditative mood, his master, taking out his sermon, put on his spectacles and began to read it aloud; the steed, kicking up his heels suddenly, threw the rider into the ditch and broke his spectacles. The clergyman complained to the post-boy from whom he bought the horse, that he was very vicious. "Oh, Sir," he replied, "it must have been a *moving* discourse, indeed, when Roger could not *stand* it." But the mail was very commonly carried by persons who rode what they facetiously termed "*shank's mare*"—that is, their own proper feet. The roads also, with the exception of a few on which coaches ran (and even these were none of the best), were made for the most part over the very tops of the highest hills, and were, in general, so uneven and so narrow that no vehicle with springs could be drawn on them; the cars generally in use were what were called slide-cars, which were of a most primitive construction, consisting of two long shafts, across one end of which were nailed a few coarse boards; they came down hills splendidly, as the ends of the shafts which touched the ground were shod with iron, but to drag them up a hill with any kind of a load was quite impossible. The consequence was, that the manure had to be brought up the hills, and the produce to the market on the backs of the horses. To ride upon slide-cars was of course impossible: a few had cars with log-wheels, on which a quantity of straw being placed, covered over with a clean quilt, their families used to make short journeys, and to endure dreadful joltings without being absolutely shaken to pieces, heaven only knows how; but the general mode of travelling was on horseback—the women riding on pillions behind their fathers, brothers, husbands, or sons. How different are the present times from those when husbands used to write to their wives by the way, if they made a journey from Cork, or Limerick, or Belfast to Dublin, and when they made their wills before going to London! What a revolution has been wrought since then by means of steam in the mode of travelling by sea and land! We can go from Dublin to Paris now in as short a time, and with less fatigue, than we could then go to Cork. New York is almost as near us now as London was at the period of slide-cars and pillions. Vast advances have been made in science; the intercourse amongst nations has been increased a hundred-fold, and every facility of seeing the world is afforded to those who have the *means*. But the physical comforts of the poor have not been increased—but have greatly diminished since the "good old times." We speak not of the penal laws, which cruelly oppressed the Catholics, nor of instances of religious persecution which were even then too common, nor of the consequent ruin and misery which famine and disease inflicted on a particular district, but we speak of the state of the poor generally as it was then—and as it is now. The people then had, in general, food and clothes, and their food did not consist of "potatoes and d—n all," as a peasant pithily described his diet some time ago; on the contrary,

they had bread and milk, and meal and bacon, or flesh meat of one kind or another; they had even a few shillings in their pockets to spend with a friend. Now they cannot even get the potato, or as much food as will keep them alive. What is the cause of this lamentable change? We unhesitatingly answer that it is **LAND-LORDISM**. The prices for grain were, on the average, a great deal higher then than they are now, and the land which was then let at ten shillings per Irish acre now pays two guineas.

There was no public conveyance from the village which the Sullivans left to the place of their destination, and of course they were obliged to make the journey on foot. At first they would undoubtedly have attempted, in every hypothesis, to travel in this way, but, as will presently be seen, circumstances would have forced them to avail themselves of a public vehicle, if such a thing had been possible. The affectionate eye of the old man quickly perceived that his son was ill, and he said to him, "John, dear, I fear you are unwell?" "Oh!" he replied, "it does not signify; my head is aching a little in consequence of the trouble that's come on us, but plase God it will soon go away." "Let me carry that bundle," said the father, "or maybe you wish to sit down for a little while until you get better?" He caught the old man's hand, and gently pressing it, answered, "no, no, we must leave this unhappy place and this miserable country altogether; I could not bear to remain here since the death of my darling mother, and, besides, the M'Quillans would force us to go back to their house. I could not endure to be supported by *her* whom I once hoped to have supported; and, besides, it would be a crying shame for a man who is able to work to eat the meat of idleness and beggary."

It was a glorious day, that on which they commenced their sad and weary journey, and the sun shone in the blue, unclouded sky, like a monarch who had gone forth to survey and to gladden with his glorious smile the vast realms over which he reigned. The narrow road along which they were travelling soon led them to the top of a considerable hill, from which they had a prospect of a large tract of fertile land, which was everywhere covered with rich corn that gave promise of an abundant harvest. The only unsightly object in the landscape was the village which they had just left, where the deserted farm-houses, the roofs of which had been torn away, or had fallen in of themselves, displaying the blackened and solitary walls of the interior, told how the heartless cruelty of man can mar the bountiful blessings of Heaven. They turned away from the sickening sight, and descending the opposite side of the hill it was lost to their view for ever. It was some time before the sad thoughts engendered by this painful sight allowed them to attend to the cheerfulness and beauty which everywhere surrounded them; the birds were singing in every tree and shrub, and the joyful note of the cuckoo and the deep melody of the dove were heard in the distance. The sides of the narrow road were adorned with the violet, the shamrock, and the daisy; and the wild rose, the honeysuckle, and the hawthorn covered the hedges with their beautiful flowers and filled the air with their rich perfumes. All, too, was instinct with life, from man down to the insect which eludes even the power of the microscope. The cattle were grazing on the rich pastures, the birds were serenading their mates, the bee and the butterfly were hanging on the flowers, the ant was busy on the earth, the air

was full of humming insects, large balls of which kept up with the travellers, performing at the same time, to their own music, most wonderful evolutions—sometimes moving on in a tall and stately pyramid, and in an instant forming themselves into a globe, through which and around which they danced in such fantastic figures as would have puzzled Archimides himself. Besides these there were living things gambolling in the pure water—every leaf and every flower was a densely inhabited Lilliputian empire, and the gaudy sunbeam was a world in whose bright light countless nations and tribes of beings lived and died, and filled up the cycle of their years in a single hour. John Sullivan, the deep religious feelings of whose mind had been called forth by his sufferings, took the old man's hand, and said—"Dear father, I have been thinking how happy my darling mother must be with God; for how beautiful and powerful and good must He be who covers the fields and the trees with such beauty, and knows the proper food for every one of the infinite multitude of creatures which exist, and supplies them all every day! We are poor wanderers, it is true, but if we put our trust in Him, He will not desert us." The old man returned the pressure of his son's hand as he replied, "I, too, have been thinking of your mother; and that is not strange, for she was my guardian angel through life, and I know she still continues to be so in heaven. But your hand is burning hot and what would become of me if you, too, were taken from me? Oh! John, it would be worse than death that would part you and me." "No, father dear," said John, "I will not leave you; but you are now the only link which binds me to life; and, if that were broken, I would wish, if it were God's holy will, to be taken out of this world."

They had now travelled many hours without stopping, and, being wearied, they sat down under the shade of a large tree, past which there murmured a stream of bright water. The old man opened the little parcel which Catherine Sullivan had put into his hand—whilst the big tears coursed down her beautiful cheeks—and took out the sweet oaten-cake and the pure white butter. He commenced eating, himself, chiefly with the view of inducing his son to do the same. But all his efforts proved unavailing, for the young man only drank copiously, and bathed his face and hands in the water, after which they resumed their journey. When it was late in the evening they arrived at a small farmer's house, and the old man went to the door and rapped, for it was already closed and the family were about retiring to bed. The principal door was opened, but there still remained a half door, as was usual at that time, which served the double purpose of keeping in the children and keeping out the pigs. "God save all here," said the old man, leaning over the half door; "and you, likewise," the mistress of the house replied—"wont you come in?" "No, I thank you," said he, "but my son and I are travelling, and we would wish to know if we might sleep all night in the barn, on a *lock* of clean straw?" "'Deed and you may, and welcome," she answered; but sure there's room enough for you in the house, an' we'll soon make up a bed for you in the kitchen." "Oh, thank you," said he, "we would rather go to the barn." "But," she replied, after she had examined him a little more closely, "you must come into the house, and the young man, too, for it's seldom we're without givin' shelter to some creature who needs a roof to cover him, glory be to God, and there's room

enough the night, for there's no body here before you." What this good woman said was perfectly true of herself and of the whole class to which she belonged. The small farmers, especially, never refused the shelter of their roof to those who had no home, because it was *sonsy** to have them in the house, nor did they hesitate to divide their "meal's meat" with them; because, as they said, "no one was ever poorer for what he gave in charity." Even idiots and mad people—who had not then any other asylums—were fearlessly and unscrupulously lodged in the same manner. Sometimes, indeed, it became necessary to send *them* to the barn, either because they were dangerous or because they disturbed the family during the night. A case of this kind had lately occurred at Billy M'Loughlin's, for such is the name of the farmer to whose house we have just introduced the reader. An idiot, whose name was Dick Savage, used to sleep frequently in this house. He was generally placid enough, but very violent when excited. He entertained a mortal antipathy to dogs and women, for whose especial benefit he carried a huge pole with an iron spike in the end of it.

Old M'Loughlin used to take great delight in sitting by the kitchen fire, talking with Dick, after the rest of the family had retired to rest. One night, as they were seated as usual, Dick in front of the fire, and the old man in the chimney corner, one of the young urchins got up out of bed, bent upon mischief, and the door of the room in which he slept being open, and directly behind Dick, he hit him on the back of the head with a small potato. From the position in which they sat, it would have been physically impossible for old M'Loughlin to have committed the assault, but Dick seeing nobody else near, instantly set him down for the culprit, and crying out, "bad luck to you, for an old rascal, are you goin' to murder me!" seized the stool upon which he was sitting, and hurled it at the old man. The latter making a sudden inclination to elude the missile, lost his centre of gravity and fell on his back on the floor, where he was obliged to defend himself with his legs against Dick, who had renewed the attack more systematically, crying out at every new charge, "bad luck to you, for an old villain, but I'll make hawk's meat of you." The noise soon attracted the whole family to the scene of action, except the young mischief-maker, who feigned to be fast asleep during the whole of the uproar. No other person had the least suspicion of the real cause of the idiot's violence, and Dick himself had no other idea of the matter than that M'Loughlin had intended to murder him. Of course the young villain, who was at the bottom of the whole mischief, kept his own counsel. No one in the family would have been more deeply grieved if his father had sustained any real mischief; nor did he, for he was rescued before Dick made any progress in his benevolent design of reducing him to a proper state for hawks to feed on! He was, however, terribly frightened; "an'," said he, "amn't I as bad as Dick himself, to be sittin' up alone wid-a madman, not knowin' the minit the fit might come on him to murder me." The result of this scene was, that Dick was sentenced to sleep in the barn, and this was the reason why Mrs. M'Loughlin did not insist on Sullivan's entering the house until she had satisfied herself that he was "*compos mentis*." When, however, she made up her mind on this point, she peremptorily insisted that he and his son should stop in the house. She lit a rush-light after they had entered, and then went to

* That is, it brought good fortune.

her husband, who was in bed, and whispered to him that two decent men had come to the house seeking a night's lodging, and that she thought the young one looked sickly, and "maybe the crathers were hungry and needed a bit of supper." Her kind husband encouraged her to get them something to eat at once, and added, that he would put on his clothes and be down with them immediately. When she returned to the kitchen, she asked them if she would make some stir-about for their supper, which she said she could do instantly. But they declined, showing what still remained of the provisions which they had with them. "Well, then," said she, "you must take a posset, and I won't be refused. Anne," she continued, addressing a handsome young girl who had modestly stood back at the dresser ever since the strangers had entered, "get some milk and make a nice posset for this dacent man an' the poor boy, who does not appear to be quite well, and I'll get their bed ready." The posset was excellent, and the young man being parched with thirst, gratefully accepted it from the fair hands of Anne M'Loughlin. They were sixteen miles from home, and being entire strangers to the family by which they were treated so hospitably, they did not think it necessary to tell their names or their history, and old M'Loughlin who had got up to welcome them, perceiving their weariness, insisted on their going to bed.

The young man could not sleep, for he was racked by a burning headache and unquenchable thirst.—There was no moonlight, but still it was not dark, for the bright stars—the sentinels of the night—were shedding their dim mysterious light upon the earth. He was thinking of his mother, and wondering if the spirits of the dead ever returned to visit those whom they loved upon earth, when he distinctly saw a tall figure all dressed in white, standing between him and the window, and beckoning to him as if it wished him to rise and follow it. He was as brave where flesh and blood was concerned as any man could be—he even thought that he would have been glad that the spirit of his mother had appeared to him, as there were many things which he regretted not having asked her before she died, and many more which he would wish to ask her now, concerning her present state. He actually strove to rise, but whether it was owing to bodily weakness, or to the presence of a supernatural being, he could not move, and the very hair stood on his head with horror. The apparition came nearer—nearer—nearer still, beckoning him to rise, until it fairly leant over him. He could not see the features, but he heard it sobbing, and he felt the hot tears fall upon his face. Gracious Heaven, could his mother be in suffering! But, no; that was impossible. At length the apparition addressed him by his name—"John, will you not come with me. Indeed; I want to speak to you; and am I not your wedded wife? You will not come with me?" she added, after a pause. "Then, God forgive and bless you, for my heart is broken. There, I return you the only token of yours that I possess—it is that which you gave me on our wedding day." So saying, she laid a handkerchief on his pillow, and immediately disappeared. This could not be his mother, for the voice was not the same, and she called him by his name, which was different from his father's, and said he was her husband—yet he never was married. It must be all a delirious dream; but no, for there was the handkerchief beside him. He knew he could not sleep—he was too ill and excited for that; and, oh,

how he longed for morning! He did not wish to disturb the old man who was sleeping soundly, although that night appeared to him an entire lifetime. At length morning came, and at the earliest dawn the blackbird began to whistle and the cock to crow; then some labourer, who had to travel a considerable distance to his daily toil, passed by, beguiling the way with a merry tune. In a little time the lowing of the kine was heard in the distance; the early milkmaid tripped past to ease them of their fragrant burthen; the purple light streamed in through the narrow window, and it was broad day. It was only then, and when he heard the inmates of the cottage preparing themselves for the toil of a new day, that he ventured to touch the mysterious handkerchief, though his eyes had been revitted on it since the earliest dawn. It was a white silk handkerchief, adorned with the most exquisitely executed flowers, and in one corner of it was written, with some red substance, and in elegant characters, the single word JOHN. He hastily put it aside, and then rousing the old man, who still slept, he endeavoured to get up and prepare for his journey. He was unable to do so, however, until he was assisted by his father. He persevered, notwithstanding, in dressing himself, although he felt extremely weak and ill, for he knew that the family only awaited his rising to come to the kitchen. When they saw how unwell he was, they pressed him earnestly to occupy one of the beds in the house, but he resolutely refused. They could not, however, prevail on the family to allow them to resume their journey until they had partaken of the breakfast, which was quickly prepared by the young girl we have previously mentioned. The travellers could not help being struck by her appearance. She was about nineteen years of age, tall, and exquisitely formed. But her face was deadly pale, and her whole appearance betrayed the deepest melancholy and dejection. She seldom spoke, but when she did, her voice was low and musical, and she seemed to be treated with tenderness, if not with pity, even by the youngest person in the house. The breakfast consisted of flummery and new milk, of which healthful meal every one partook heartily, but the young girl and John Sullivan. She, indeed, took a little, but he was obliged to desist, after a vain effort to swallow the first spoonfull, and to content himself with drinking a great deal. As soon as the meal was finished, the travellers took their leave and set out on their journey. They had gone but a short distance, when they saw the girl following them. "I beg your pardon," said she, "but I dropped a handkerchief somewhere, and I cannot find it. I thought, perhaps, it might have fallen near your bed, and that you might have tied it up amongst your clothes by mistake." The old man was about to deny all knowledge of it, when his son stopped him, and admitted that he had a handkerchief which was not his own, but that he came by it in so extraordinary a way, that he must get some particular mark before he would part with it. "It is," said she, "a white silk handkerchief, flowered, and John is written in one of the corners." He took her a little aside, and, drawing it from his breast, gave it to her. "You do not suspect me," he said, "of having intended to steal this handkerchief." "Oh, no, no!" she hastily replied, "but do not think badly of me on account of what happened last night." He was about to question her, but she hastily gave him her hand, and returned to the house.

[To be continued.]

The Caliph, the Learned Doctors, AND THE Old Man.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

THE celebrated Caliph, Abbasside Haroun el-Rachyd, was one day seated in his flowery cupola, and beside him was the illustrious Abou-Abdallah Malek el-Medeny, the doctor Abou Sayd el-Asmay, and Faddel ben-Yahya, the foster-brother and favourite of the prince. The conversation had ceased, and some time elapsed ere the silence was broken.

At length, the caliph arousing himself from this species of torpor, addressed them in the following words.

"Tell me," said he, "something which will not only be pleasing, but will be useful to me, and he who fulfils to my liking these two conditions, shall receive as a recompense one thousand dynars."*

Abou-Sayd having bowed respectfully before the caliph, commenced in these words: "Prince of true believers, may happiness accompany, cheer, and lengthen your glorious reign!"

"Abdallah ben-Mokannah has told me that he had read in the ancient Persian historians, that Kayoumarath and the dynasty of the Pichdadiens, of which he was the illustrious founder, owe their pre-eminence over all the contemporaneous princes, to ten rules of conduct which they scrupulously practised.

"The first was never to give their daughters in marriage to a foreign prince.

"The second, to make it a rule always to marry foreign princesses themselves.

"The third, to admit all to their table, but to be careful not to partake of the hospitality of others themselves.

"The fourth, never to take the advice of one who tenders it as an obligation.

"The fifth, to keep their word strictly, and never break a promise when once made.

"The sixth, to restore in gratification to their vassals the annual tribute which their subjects are obliged to pay them.

"The seventh, to give less time to leisure than to occupation.

"The eighth, although their religion permits the use of wine, never to drink sufficient to unsettle their reason.

"The ninth, never to punish an offence until the anger caused by it had passed away.

"The tenth and last, to fly the society of the ignorant, and take pleasure alone in that of the learned and the philosopher."

The caliph did not testify the least admiration or pleasure when this narration was terminated; and believing that he saw in it an allusion to his kindness for Malek, Faddel, and Abou-Sayd himself, he was silent, and ordered not the promised reward to be given.

A short time after he made a sign to Faddel, who, hoping to be more successful, began in his turn his narration: "Great Prince," said he, "the learned historians who have compared together the characters of

the ancient kings of Persia, and the progress of their respective governments, have drawn therefrom the following remarks:

"In the first dynasty, that of the Pichdadians, Giam-schid, who was the fourth king, regarded an advanced age as the greatest title to honours and to public functions. Under his reign the old men were decorated with the most brilliant distinctions.

"Under his second successor, Afridoun, favour was attached not to great age, but to long services; and the older a man grew in a particular employment, the more sure was he of rising to an eminent post.

"Manougeher, successor and descendant of Afridoun, alone protected and watched over the nobility, and the illustrious descendants of an ancient race. A noble without merit could rise to the highest honours under his government.

"The system changed under the Kaynaides. Kay-Kaous, son of Kay-Kobad, and second king of this second dynasty, only patronized wit, judgment, and science. With him knowledge and learning were the indispensable titles to promotion.

"Under Kay-Khosrou, successor to Kay-Kaous, the palm was given to courage and daring in military exploits.

"Lohorasp, fourth prince of the same dynasty, and Kuschasp, his son, only sought in their turn for honesty and integrity. Their reign was that of the virtuous.

"Finally, Khosrou-Anouchirvan, son of Kobad, nineteenth prince of Sassanide, was the greatest monarch of this dynasty. Elected to the throne, he enacted that all these different qualities should be united. His favours were measured according to the degree in which these virtues were possessed. Wealth was the only title which obtained no honour from him."

Faddel had finished, and the caliph manifested as little satisfaction now as before. After a short silence, turning towards Malek, the caliph said, "'Tis now your turn, try if you can succeed."

Malek bowed respectfully, and commenced:

"Prince," said he, "they say that the caliph Abon-Giafar al-Mansour, towards the end of his life, finding himself one day amongst the most intimate members of his council, asked them if they saw any vice or essential fault in his son, Al-Mahady, whom he had declared the inheritor of his throne. They replied that they had not observed any, except that of not having gained the love of his future subjects.

"This declaration, which was unanimous, induced the most profound reflection in the caliph. The very next day he began the most iniquitous proceedings against his subjects, unjustly confiscating the property of one, and violently taking possession of the goods of another, without alledging any other motive than that of his tyrannical will. Having made out titles to all these immense properties, he presented them to his son, saying, 'I am terminating my days, after my death, as soon as you have succeeded me upon the throne, revoke all the acts by which I have so much displeased my subjects, destroy the deeds of property which I have assigned to you, and restore to the owners the wealth of which I have despoiled them, upon the condition that they will forgive me, and that they will pray that God will pardon me also.

"The caliph died. Al-Mahady executed the orders of his father. The first use which he made of his authority was to restore the property to those from whom the pretended tyranny of his father had wrenched it.

* Thousand dynars, or pieces of gold, is equal to about £560 of our money.

They joyfully pardoned Al-Mansour—they prayed for him, and Al-Mahady obtained in a moment the love of all his new subjects."

The caliph appeared still less satisfied with this recital than with the preceding. Al-Mahady and Al-Mansour, who had performed more prominent than reputable characters in this recital, were closely related to himself, one being his father and the other his grandfather; and the doctor had forgotten that the truth ought to be concealed or discovered according to the feelings or affinity of the listener.

Haroun, desirous of dissipating the ideas which this discourse had given birth to in his mind, conceived the surest mode of distraction was the chase, and Faddel accompanied him there.

The hunt had lasted some time, when the caliph found himself, owing to the superior speed of his horse, separated from the train that had accompanied him. Faddel alone remained near him. They stopped their horses and endeavoured to retrace their route.

After having vainly tried for some time to recognise the place in which they found themselves, they perceived in the distance an old man, who appeared busily employed in cultivating a field, and spurring their horses they directed their steps towards him.

The old man had a most venerable countenance, his beard and eyebrows were blanched with time, and his whole appearance denoted a very advanced age. He was occupied in sowing walnuts in his field. Haroun stopped his horse, admired for some time the laborious care which the old man gave to his plantation, and approaching him said—"My good old man, how many years have you already lived?"

"Four years only," replied the old man.

Faddel could not prevent himself from seriously reprimanding the old man. "Do you not see," said he to him, "that you are speaking to the Sovereign Emperor of the Faithful, to the successor of the apostle of God, to the upholder of Mahometanism, to the Sacred Pontiff of the true religion? How dare you, then, give utterance to so impudent a falsehood?"

"I do not tell a falsehood," said the old man; "I speak the truth."

"Nobody," continued he, "can doubtless disown that a good Mussulman ought not to call *life* the time which has passed away under the government of the heretical dynasty and usurpation of the Omniades. Under the fortunate reign of Abou-el Abbas Saffah, founder of the glorious dynasty of the Abbassides, now upon the throne, the cruel wars between the Mussulmen which had entirely occupied this unhappy period, never permitted a person, even for a single instant to breathe in peace, for, around and about, blood was flowing in torrents. Misfortune and terror reigned in all places, the fear which all had, of a fate almost certain, made their existence an anticipated death.

"I cannot, then count but four years of actual existence—that is to say, two years under the Caliph Al Mahady, your illustrious father, and two more years under the reign of your sublime Majesty, upon whom may God pour his benedictions and immortalize his empire."

This explanation pleased Haroun considerably. His followers now rejoined him, and he ordered his grand treasurer to pay the old man a thousand pieces of gold. "But," added he, "how is it, my good old man, that you take so much trouble, at your age, to cultivate this field, and to sow in it these walnuts, which cannot be useful or bear until they become large trees. It is

difficult to believe that *you* could ever gather the fruit from them?"

"Prince of believers," replied the old man, "the trees, the fruits of which have nourished me, were planted by those who have gone before me, and those which I plant now will nourish those who will come after me."

The caliph, more satisfied still with this reply than with the previous one, ordered the treasurer to give a thousand more pieces to the old man.

The old man said, "trees of this description do not ordinarily yield fruit to the cultivator until twenty years after having been sown, no matter how favourable the temperature may be or how invigoratingly the fertilising sun may beam upon them. But I, on the contrary, who have but sowed to-day, here, even to-day, thanks to the sun of the benevolence of our illustrious caliph, whom may God protect, have already called forth more fruits than their harvest will ever produce."

Haroun ordered that the old man should receive again another thousand pieces of gold, and turning towards Faddel, he said to him, "let us away, for if I remain here conversing with this old man I will sooner exhaust my treasures than in listening to you Faddel, or Asmay, or Malek, or all the other doctors that may be found in my far-famed city of Bagdad."

B. M.

Life and Labours of a Catholic Curate.

[Continued.]

ON BEING EXAMINED FOR MAYNOOTH—IS SUCCESSFUL.

His brother John then related the circumstances as they occurred, and his father, turning to Owen, calmly, but affectionately, observed—"Now, Owen, you see, after all, how little a man gains by bein' rash or givin' way to passion. I know, indeed, it's not often you do it—but still you do of an odd time. You wor wrong to intherfere at all in this business—all we expect you to do is to mind your books, and take no part in the affairs of the house or farm. I know you do mind your books, but still, I say, you wor wrong here. Now, if you had only waited till I'd come home, and asked me whether what Tom said was true or not, I could tell you that the boy said nothing but the truth—that I *did* ordher him to mend the gap, but afterwards tould him not to mend it yestherday, but to bring the hollow-back mare in to Jem M'Quade's, and get her shod; so you see, after all, the boy was right."

Owen was about to vindicate himself, and place the assault upon Tracy to its right account, but, on reflecting that such a step would seem like a justification, he overmastered his inclination to do so, and was silent. In about an hour afterwards, however, he went out to the barn where Tracy was, and approaching him, said—"Tommy, I am sorry for my conduct to you this day. I ask your pardon—forgive me."

"Troth an' I won't," replied the good-natured young man—"the sorra forgive I'll forgive you this time."

"Why, Tommy?" asked the other, a good deal surprised.

"Why, faith, for the best raison in life—the divil a thing I have to forgive you for. Do you think, Mr. Owen, that I'd remember sich a hasty blow as that?"

or that I'd harbour ill will in my heart about it—an' especially to *you*."

"But it would gratify me, and ease my mind, if you said 'I forgive you.'"

"Well, then, if it would, and that you're frettin' about it, I will. God sees my heart, then I *do* forgive you, from the very bottom of it."

On that evening, when his mother returned from the market, he related the circumstances to her, expressing deep sorrow, not simply for that individual act of violence, but for the fact that his heart was yet so far from being purified from the dross of human passion and frailty. "But mother," he added, "there is one thing I have made my mind up to, with the aid of God's grace and support."

"What is it, Owen?" she asked, mildly.

"From this forward," he replied, "I will become a monthly communicant; for, mother, I see now that I stand in need of more discipline and spiritual support to make me what I ought to be, and what I hope I shall be."

"Well, dear," she replied, "I have no doubt but the Lord will assist you; but, then, Owen, you must be in earnest, as I hope and believe you are. There's a great many, I'm afeard in this world that impose even upon themselves—that take, one would think, all the outward manes of reachin' a state of grace, yet don't, after all, find out that they're not in airnest; but, however one may impose on themselves, there's no cheatin' God; on this account, then, my dear Owen, be sure to look closely into your own heart to satisfy yourself, above all things, that you *are* in earnest."

From this time forward he exercised a constant vigilance upon his own temper; for the truth is, that the sudden outbreak manifested towards Tracy filled him with serious alarm, lest he might, if subjected to anything like strong provocation or opposition, relapse into fits of similar excitement.

The progress which he made under his new master was rapid and satisfactory. On thinking over his mother's excellent advice, he came to a very admirable conclusion, and one which is almost self-evident—to wit, that what is good for one purpose is generally good for others. To be in earnest, for instance, was good for reformation of character, but it was also necessary in his studies, or whatever good or useful end he proposed. He accordingly devoted himself, with his whole undivided energies, to the course of education, which he knew lay before him. Nor did he deem this sufficient. He not only read with unusual application himself, but, in addition to this, he rendered every assistance in his power to such of his school-fellows as asked or stood in need of it. The consequence was that he became exceedingly popular and was beloved by all who knew him.

This, however, was not extraordinary. It was impossible to come in contact with him and not feel the influence of his conversation and manners acting favourably and agreeably upon you. The pride which we have before alluded to, and which resulted perhaps as much from his position as a kind of political and religious champion for his party, under Shannon, as from his natural disposition, had now altogether disappeared, and was replaced by a frank, unaffected deportment, that was as free from arrogance or pedantry, on the one hand, as it was from sheepishness or servility upon the other.

Among other qualities possessed by O'Donovan,

was an excellent voice and a good ear for music. This caused him to make a suggestion to Father O'Brien, which was ultimately productive of much good in the parish. The suggestion we speak of was to establish a choir, so as that the worship of God might be accompanied by vocal music. With some difficulty a singing-master was induced to come to the parish, where, in a short time, he soon had a very flourishing school, in which Owen O'Donovan was one of the first and most promising pupils.

We believe we may safely assert that the period from seventeen, to that at which a young man enters college, is, beyond comparison, the most dangerous and important of his whole existence—at least we have his own authority for coming to this conclusion.

In a letter, written to a young friend of his, many years after he had entered upon the duties of his mission, he alludes to this very topic; and, as his observations are more forcible and striking than any we ourselves are capable of making upon it, we can have no hesitation whatsoever in placing an extract of it before our readers.

"I have always been of opinion," he proceeds, "that the period of life which extends from the sixteenth year to that in which the candidate for the priesthood commences his college studies, is by far the most dangerous, because it is the most difficult to pass through with the proper dispositions. It is, in point of fact, during that period that the young and newly-awakened passions possess the greatest ascendancy over our reason, the latter faculty not being yet sufficiently developed to aid in making the former subject to the law and will of God. The fascinations of pleasure are then most seductive, and the power of resisting its temptations are unquestionably at their weakest. If there be one thing beyond another within such a person's ability that can exclude the allurements peculiar to that season of life, it is the forming such habits of application and study as may completely fill up his time and leave him as little leisure or idleness as possible. By keeping the mind properly occupied you save it from much danger and temptation, and form it, besides, to such habits of industry and the acquisition of such knowledge, as may give it a satisfaction in the enjoyment of pleasures that are intellectual and legitimate. Early industry—assiduous and unabated—is one of the most promising indications of future usefulness. Whenever I see it in any young man designed for the priesthood, I generally take it for granted that it is accompanied by other virtues; but when I perceive idleness, negligence, and indifference to the proper occupation of time, I entertain great fears of that individual's fitness for the Church."

It is unnecessary for us to add anything to such self-evident truths as these, unless it be to say that his own early life was a striking and satisfactory comment upon them. As a proof that he had made these principles the rule of his whole conduct, we cannot omit stating here that he was by no means satisfied with such acquirements only as were considered sufficient for his fitness to enter Maynooth. So long as he had one half hour of unoccupied time upon his hands, so certain was he to devote it to something that might prove ultimately beneficial to him. An extensive acquaintance with mathematics, for instance, was no part of the course required for his entrance—yet, as he felt that he could devote a portion of his time to other branches than the classics, he commenced to read mathematics, for which he entertained a strong predilec-

tion. These he read under a hedge schoolmaster, who, possessing a high natural genius for the sciences, was gifted with a surprising knowledge of them; in this resembling a great number of that negligent and unfortunate class, many of whom, under proper training and encouragement, might have become distinguished men.

He had now reached his nineteenth year, and, as was evident to his parish priest and curate, might be pronounced perfectly well qualified for Maynooth. They had examined him three or four times, within the last two years—in fact, examined him until both of them declined the task altogether. His acquirements at this period, though far beyond those of young men designed for similar objects, yet were only such as every person possessing the same opportunities, may easily master. His knowledge, for instance, was not confined to either Latin, Greek, Irish, or Mathematics; on the contrary, he was well acquainted with *Belles Lettres* and the current literature of the day, having watched pretty closely the progress of scientific and mechanical discovery. He had sense enough, even then, to perceive, that a priest who knows nothing but the mere theology of the schools, can be acquainted with only half of what he ought to know. A knowledge of human nature, character, and the hidden springs that move the actions of men, constitutes that essential portion of his duty, which can be derived only from an acquaintance with works in which the motives and impulses of mankind can be traced and laid open to observation. No one will say that a clergyman, ignorant of these important principles of human life, can be perfectly adequate to discharge the various difficult duties involving the consequences of passion and the influences of the world in all their shapes and disguises as they fall within the sphere of his mission.

At length he felt satisfied with the progress he had made, and with the thorough knowledge he had acquired, not merely of all that was comprised in his necessary academic course, but in the still more extended one which he had marked out for himself. Fortunately enough, there happened to be two vacancies in Maynooth for the diocese to which he belonged, and, as there were a good number of candidates ready, and many of them well qualified to claim them, it was felt that the contest at the usual examination would be one of more than ordinary interest. Father O'Brien got intimation of the day appointed for this rather trying ordeal to the young men prepared for it, and lost no time in transmitting the communication to O'Donovan.

These events are not without their own influence on the hopes, and fears, and feelings of those who are interested, either directly or indirectly in them. It is true the subject of our memoir had the reputation of being admirably qualified for entrance, and, consequently, for ably sustaining any examination to which he might be subjected. But, notwithstanding this, it was impossible for his friends to divest themselves of the concern and apprehensions which the approaching contest rendered so natural. The boy himself felt confident without being presumptuous, and only smiled at the idea of being rejected.

"Wouldn't you feel very much cast down at being set aside by the bishop?" asked his father.

"Somewhat disappointed I would feel," he replied, "but I could console myself by reflecting that a person still better qualified had got the place."

"But what do you think yourself, Owen," continued

the father, "have you dependence in your own knowledge now?"

"I think," he said, "that I have as good a chance as most of them—I have read the College course well and thoroughly—but I have not at all confined myself to that—I have read a much more comprehensive course, and I have a good deal of confidence in my success."

"I feel," said his mother, "that you will succeed, beaise you laboured for it so well and with such perseverance."

"But even if I don't, mother, I hope I'll bear the disappointment without murmuring or repining."

"We must all learn to bear it, Owen," she replied, "beaise it's our duty to do so—but what matter, dear? sure if you fail now I hope you'll succeed another time—we can't have everything according to our own way and wish."

It is unnecessary to detail the nature and character of the examination. Many a sheepish face and palpitating heart were there, and many, on the contrary, who even then gave indisputable proofs of manly bearing and intellectual vigour. The contest, in this instance, was both severe and protracted, but it is due to Owen O'Donovan to say, that in quickness and comprehensiveness of intellect, in independence yet modesty of manner, and in a masterly and mature knowledge of the business before them, he was, unquestionably, *facile princeps*. Both his mother's presentiment and his own unassuming confidence in his success were verified, and he experienced the pure and reasonable gratification of being able, with his own lips, to communicate to his family the gratifying result of his examination. By this result he was entitled to a vacancy upon the free foundation, in point of merit, whilst the other successful candidate was obliged to pay a portion of the expenses that were necessary to support himself, having only the privilege of participating, to a limited extent, in the advantages of the foundation.

Owen, having been made acquainted with these circumstances, and knowing that the other young man was the son of struggling parents, who were burthened with the support of a large family, spoke to his father as follows:

"Father," said he, "we have all a right to feel grateful to God for the measure of prosperity that has, for several years, attended our exertions. You are not merely an independent man, but, as the world goes, a wealthy one; now, that's more than we can say of Terence Boylan, whose son and I have succeeded in the examination a few days ago—I, in consequence of merit, am entitled to live free in Maynooth, whilst that fine young man, who is hardly able to do it, must pay an annual sum for his support."

"Well, Owen," said his father, "and what do you propose to do? how can you remedy that?"

"Why," replied the generous boy, "by asking the Bishop's sanction to exchange with him—that is if you and my mother will allow me—you are able to support me in Maynooth, and it would gratify me very much to give him the free place."

The father and mother, neither of whom was insensible to generous emotions, were both touched at this benevolent proposal, and, so far as they were concerned, at once consented to his wishes.

Evenings with the Poets.

NO. I.—THOMAS HOOD.

O Musa, tu, che di caduchi allori
Non circondi la fronte in Elicona,
Ma su nel cielo infra i beati cori
Hai di stelle immortali aurea corona.

WHAT a beautiful picture Tasso has given, in these lines, of the muse crowned with a diadem of immortal stars. It is not, however, equal to the glorious passage in which Shakspeare describes not the allegorical muse, but the true poet himself, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream :—"

"The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

We have ever loved poets, poetry, and music, and we shall ever continue to do so, because they sweeten the ills of human life, and, when they are not desecrated, promote happiness and virtue. They beguile the weary hours of solitude or of sickness, they promote the domestic virtues and the family affections, and afford a rational means of spending that time, which, but for them, would be devoted to the tavern, to drunkenness, and dissipation. It must be acknowledged that a taste for reading of this kind—and, indeed, the same may be said of all literary subjects—is by no means so general in this country as could be desired. With not very numerous exceptions, reading amongst all classes is almost exclusively confined to politics. We do not blame this, except for its exclusiveness; but, on the contrary, believe it to be the natural result of the past and present state of the country—but excess is bad in this as in everything else. By accustoming ourselves to political reading alone, we gradually and insensibly view everything through the narrow and contracted medium of party; in effect we degenerate into mere partizans, and adopt all the exaggerated views which are put forward in the newspapers, concerning the righteousness of our own opinions and the iniquity of all who oppose them. Our adversaries, naturally reciprocate these feelings—we mutually misunderstand and mistrust each other—a matter of no importance in itself is made the cause of heart-burnings and dissensions. We become more anxious to triumph over our natural friends than over our common enemy; and, whilst we are tearing each other's eyes out about "goat's hair," the people are dying of hunger and the country is ruined. Has not this been the cause of Ireland's misery for so many centuries that we are ashamed to name them? To this every one answers "yes; but why dont the other party do what is right? why dont they agree with me?" Ah! there is no madness greater, nor, alas! more incurable, than the madness of faction. And what renders the matter still more deplorable is, that persons who hound on honest men to vilify and abuse each other, are often mere traffickers in evil passions—who lie by wholesale to serve their own base ends and care not one farthing for either side. Even honest men look with a more lenient eye on a misrepresentation or a falsehood which serves the cause, which they sincerely believe to be the true one, and this is, perhaps, the worst of the demoralizing effects which are inflicted on the country. We do believe that, if literary reading became more general—if Irish history and the lives of those Irishmen who, both at home and

from foreign lands, have shed an undying lustre on their country were studied, the crying evils which we have mentioned and the existence of which are universally admitted and deplored, would be in a great measure remedied. Such pursuits would enlarge our views, make us entertain strong doubts of our own infallibility, and, above all things, teach us that union, toleration, and truth, are absolutely necessary for the salvation of the country.

A taste for literature must be created by turning the attention to subjects of the kind, but it is a treasure, which when once acquired, will be esteemed so highly, it will be found to be an inexhaustible source of such pure and rational enjoyment, that, to use the words of Gibbon, we "would not exchange it for the riches of India." We know an excellent and intelligent gentleman, who, because he could not induce himself to read anything but a newspaper, was reduced to the sad necessity of going through the entire of the *General Advertiser* three times successively, although there were several interesting and amusing books on the table at which he sat. We have heard, indeed, that he read the gilded letters on the back of the "Pickwick Papers," of Shakspeare, and of some other volumes; he is said to have even opened a few—this is, however, a disputed point, but he certainly did not read one word of them, although he was obliged to remain alone in the place for nearly five hours. There is not a virtue in the inward world of the mind—there is not a tender thought of mercy or of charity, that does not appear more bright and loveable when it is adorned by the hands of true genius, nor is there anything so beautiful in all external nature, that it does not impart to it a brighter radiance and a more witching charm. As an example of the latter, take the following brief description from the "Merchant of Venice," of objects with which we are all familiar, and see how many new beauties are presented to the mind:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still chording to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal songs."

No one is so ignorant as to require a proof of the powerful aid which genius, when rightly directed, can lend to the cause of virtue, nor of the efficacy with which it can plead for the poor. It is a precious gift of God, given by Him to promote His glory, and He will require a strict and terrible account from those who desecrate and abuse it. This, as well as other blessings, and even His own holy word, are often used only to blaspheme the giver, and there is no poison more subtle and dangerous, none against which those who would preserve their soul's life should guard more cautiously, than against that which is contained in clever but immoral books. It is arsenic, although it be contained in a golden phial. Thomas Hood was the friend of mercy and of charity, and he pleaded the cause of the poor and of the distressed, with the most affecting eloquence. Mr. Henry Russell has made the song of the shirt familiar to almost every person. There are many other pieces in Hood's two posthumous poetic volumes, expressed in sentiments not less powerful, and whose moral is equally sublime. Take, for instance, the following brief extract, from the "Lay of the Labourer," which feelingly depicts the present condition of our own unhappy country, where,

as he feelingly expresses it, the poor ask for work, and not for the workhouse or beggary:

Aye, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer;
Break into his lordship's house
To steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman who had a purse
To welter in a ditch.

Whenever nature needs—
Whenever nature calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this;
With labour stiff and stark,
By lawful turn, my living to earn,
Between the light and dark;
My daily bread, and nightly bed,
My bacon and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And now from the overseer!

No parish money, or loaf,
No pauper badges for me—
A son of the soil by right of toil—
Entitled to my fee;
No alms I ask—give me my task:
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man,
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doomed by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean
Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labour can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man!

The "Lady's Dream" is a poem which does as much honour to the heart as to the genius of the author. It is a powerful appeal to the rich to divide their abundance with the poor. It deprecates, in the strongest and most touching language, the apathy or the culpable ignorance of those who, wallowing in wealth themselves, never attend to the squalid misery which dwells near them. It is so true and so beautiful, that we shall extract it entire:

The Lady's Dream.

The lady lay in her bed—
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still,
For turning often and oft,
From side to side, she mutter'd and moan'd,
And tossed her arms aloft.

At last she started up,
And gaz'd on the vacant air
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillows she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme;
And the light that fell on the broidered quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried:
"Oh me! that awful dream.

"That weary, weary walk
In the churchyard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things with shady wings,
That came and fitted round:
Death, Death, and nothing but Death.
In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;
And the voice that cried 'for the pomp of pride,'
We haste to an early tomb!

"For the pomp and pleasure of Pride,
We toil like Afric slaves—
And only to earn a home at last
Where yonder cypress waves;
And then they pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves.

"And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a world of woe!

"Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life
That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease and hunger, and pain and want,
But now I dreamt of them all!

"For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and widow poor,
Who begged to bury the dead;
The naked, alas! that I might have clad,
The famish'd I might have fed!

"The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long-forgotten years;
Aye, even the poor neglected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears!

"Each pleading look, that long ago
I scanned with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly then
As when I passed it by;
Woe, woe for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphurous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind,
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will wing my sinful soul.

"Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God!

"I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever was good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remember'd the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

"I dressed as the nobles dress
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk and satin and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart!"

She clasped her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large and bitter and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme;
And yet, oh! yet, that many a dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

Hood was not one of those who imagine that ill-nature and moroseness are essential to philanthropy. On the contrary, he was full of mirth, and the very soul of the society with which he mixed. It may be truly said of him in the words of Rosaline :

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal;
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant to his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

His "Comic Annual" was read, admired, and furnished food for laughter wherever the English language is understood. His wit, however, was never seasoned with bitterness, except when "blue Calvinists" and "evangelical ranters" were concerned. These he never spared, because he considered that they made Christianity a pretence, and that whilst they professed the religion of universal love, they proclaimed universal intolerance, and practised it as far as they were able. The ode to Rea Wilson need not fear a comparison with the most polished satires of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, in point, sarcasm, and elegance. The following are a few extracts :

"A wanderer, Wilson, from my native land,
Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee,
Where rolls between us the eternal sea,
Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand—
Beyond the broadest Scotch of London wall;
Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call;
Across the wavy waste between us stretched,
A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,
Wherein my likeness you have darkly etch'd;
And tho' I have not seen the shadow sketched,
Thus I remark prophetic on the picture:
I guess the features—in a line to paint
Their moral ugliness, I'm not a saint,
Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls,
Censors who sniff out moral taints,
And call the devil over his own coals—
Those pseudo privy councillors of God,
Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nibbed;
Ushers of Beelzebub's black rod,
Commending sinners, not to ire thick-ribb'd,
But endless flames to scorch them up like flax—
Yet sure of heav'n themselves, as if they'd cribbed
Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax!
Of such a character no single trace
Exists, I know, in my fictitious face;
There wants a certain cast about the eye—
A certain lifting of the nose's tip—
A certain curling of the nether lip
In scorn of all that is beneath the sky;
In brief, it is an aspect deleterious,
A face decidedly not serious—
A face profane, that would not do at all
To make a face at Exeter Hall—
That Hall where bigots rant, and cant, and pray,
And laud each other face to face,
Till every farthing-candle ray (Rea)
Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace!

Well! be the graceless lineaments confest!
I do enjoy this bounteous, beauteous earth;
And doat upon a jest

"Within the limits of becoming mirth"—
No solemn, sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious—
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious
To frame a Sabbath Bill, or *forge* a bull.
I pray for grace—repent each sinful act—
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;
And love my neighbour far too well in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract
That's turned by application to a libel.
My heart ferments not with the bigots' leaven

All creeds I view with toleration through,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As any body's rotten borough.

What else? No part I take in party fray,
With tropes from Billingsgate's slang-whanging tartars,
I fear no Pope—and let great Ernest play
At Fox and goose with Fox's Martyrs!
I own I laugh at over-righteous men,
I own I shake my sides at ranters,
And treat sham Abr'ham saints with wicked banter;
I even own that there are times—but then
It's when I've got my vine—I say d—canters!

He lacerates with the most cutting sarcasm the "modern saints" and "ranters," whose whole religion consists in quoting texts or carrying about a Bible:

For man may pious texts repeat
And yet religion have no inward seat;
Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth
A man has got his belly full of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth.
Mere verbiage—it is not worth a carrot!
Why Socrates or Plato—where's the odds—
Once taught a jay to supplicate the gods,
And made a Polly-theist of a parrot!

The Sabbath-day ranters,

Who look on erring souls as straying pigs,
That must be lashed by law wherever found,
And driven to the church as to the parish pound,

Do not fare a whit better than their pious neighbours.
Addressing himself to one of these, he exclaims:

You say—Sir Andrew and his love of law,
And I—the Saviour and his law of love;

And then waxing wrath, he declares that those legislative saints who "frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink the peccadillos of all Piccadilly,

Might sit for hell and represent the devil."

In the same poem are the following beautiful reflections on a cross by the wayside:

Say was it to my spirits gain or loss,
One bright and balmy morning as I went,
From Lieges lovely environs to Ghent,
If hard by the wayside I found a cross
That made me breathe a prayer upon the spot—
While Nature of herself, as if to trace
The emblem's use, had trailed around its base
The blue, significant *Forget-me-not*!
Methought the claims of Charity to urge
More forcibly along with Faith and Hope,
The pious choice had pitched upon the verge

Of a delicious slope,
Giving the eye such variegated scope;
"Look round," it whispered, "on that prospect rare,
Those vales so verdant and those hills so blue;
Enjoy the sunny world so fresh and fair,
But—(how the simple legend pierced me through)
PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX."

Those who will not look upon the religious practices of Catholic countries in this spirit,

"Should stay at home in Protestant dominions
Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes."

We have only room for one more extract, but that is full of sweetness and beauty:

The humble records of my life to search,
I have not herded with mere pagan beasts;
But sometimes I have "sat at good men's feasts,"
And I have been "where bells have knoll'd to church;"
Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells
When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcomes! faint now as farewells!
And trembling all about the breezy dells,
As fluttered by the wings of cherubim.
Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn;
And lost to sight the extatic lark above
Sings like a soul beatified of love.
O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels, and doubters,
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters?

Aspect of Affairs.

Is it be true "that coming events cast their shadows before," the aspect of the present times must fill the heart of every good man with anxiety and alarm; for never was the future heralded by darker and more ominous clouds than those which just now appear upon the horizon. The revolutionary fires which lately blazed in Spain and Portugal, and which have not been extinguished, but merely covered over for a time, have burst forth with more fierce intensity in Switzerland and in Naples. In Austrian Italy they have been extinguished as soon as they appeared, but the enormous army which is required to keep them down shows of how inflammable materials the great bulk of the population must be composed, and that the volcanic fire burns although its flame does not appear.

In France, the three days of July, 1830, have been eclipsed by the occurrences of the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of February, 1848. The history of civilized nations does not present us with a single instance of a revolution so utterly unexpected, as that which has been just accomplished in France. Louis Philippe, with the prestige of being the ablest sovereign in the world, was hurled from his throne, almost without the shedding of blood, by the unanimous wish, as it would appear, of the entire people. The National Guards fraternized with the people, the soldiers of the line refused to fire on their countrymen, and the Municipal Guards seemed to be the only persons who were inclined to strike a blow in defence of a prince, who, but yesterday, appeared to be the mightiest in Europe. On the 22nd a slight disturbance took place, which seemed to be perfectly quelled on the same evening, by the resignation of the Guizot ministry. On the following day the fighting was renewed; Count Mole wisely declined the impossible task of forming a ministry acceptable to the people; and on the 24th, Thiers and O'Dillon Barrot, having been commissioned to form an administration, were rejected by the populace, who having broken into the Chamber of Deputies, declared that nothing short of the abdication of the king would satisfy them. Louis Philippe was forced to abdicate in favour of his grandson, the Count of Paris, and immediately left the capital under an escort of cuirassiers. The palace of the Tuilleries was sacked by the people, the tricolour was torn, and the blood-red flag of the Gironde erected in its place; the furniture and pictures were destroyed, and the throne was carried in derision through the streets. The Duchess of Orleans, with her two sons, and the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier, repaired to the Chamber of Deputies, where M. Dupin announced the abdication of the king in favour of his grandson. A voice from the gallery declared "it is too late." The people crowded into the chamber—the president, the royal family, and most of the members retired. M. Dupont De l'Eure was carried to the chair, and a provisional government proclaimed amid the cries "*vive la republique!*" The new government is composed of the most violent, and (we are told) of the most incapable of the republican party, and it is therefore morally certain that it will be overthrown before long, probably by another revolution. Whether the present revolution will, like that which took place at the end of the last century, and kept the world in a blaze for more than twenty years, assume a propagandist character or not, it is quite certain that it will spread dismay and confusion through all Europe. Louis Philippe was the usurper of his cousin's throne, and some persons say the contriver of its overthrow. For seventeen years he laboured to destroy the principles which placed him on that throne; his enmity to liberty in fortifying Paris, in refusing to extend the franchise, in prohibiting the reform banquet, and in a thousand other ways was open and undisguised. We cannot, therefore, say that he did not deserve his fate. Still, we cannot pretend to predict whether the present revolution will be productive of good or evil. If it be based on the great and true principles of civil and religious liberty, it will serve France, and teach tyrants all over the world that they cannot, no matter how powerful they may appear, trample on the rights of the people; whereas, if it be based on infidelity, like the first revolution in France, and that which has just taken place in Switzerland, it will be the greatest enemy of true liberty, and after passing through many reigns of terror, and deluging Europe in blood, will ultimately end in a tyrannical despotism.

In the meantime it will make every sovereign, perhaps, in the civilized world sit uneasily on his throne, and teach their people to demand those concessions for which they heretofore only prayed at the hands of their masters.

The Sicilians and Neapolitans have extorted from their king the promise of a constitution, which, along with many minor privileges, will give them a chamber of peers and commons. How far these concessions, which have been extorted in Sicily by a successful appeal to arms, will now satisfy the people, remains to be seen.

The Swiss Radicals, far from showing any symptoms of moderation, have aggravated their tyrannical proceedings against the Catholic cantons. They have confiscated the property and destroyed the personal and political liberty of their chief citizens; they have plundered the churches, the monasteries, and the hospitals; they have openly proscribed the freedom of religion, and have avowed their determination of robbing sovereign states of their independence. England, or rather Lord Palmerston, is now the only supporter of these violent attacks upon civil and religious liberty—for Russia has joined with Austria, France, and Prussia in declaring that the Radicals shall not be allowed to consummate their iniquities.

From all these elements of confusion and strife, we look up with hopefulness to the illustrious sovereign and Pontiff, whose name has become the rallying cry of national liberty, not only in Europe but in America. He shows to the nations of the earth the glorious example of the head of the Catholic Church leading the van in the advance of freedom, whilst at the same time he denounces, as its worst enemies, the friends of anarchy and of irreligion. The regeneration of Rome—of the most renowned city and territory in the world—is a work worthy of the genius of any man; but the destiny of Pio Nono is still more noble, for he is already regarded by the whole world, by the Mahomedan as well as the Christian, as the bright star by whose light men will be able to discover true freedom. He has advanced with no timid or faltering step, for he has already granted an amnesty for political offences. He has instituted a municipal council in Rome, and a national council in the States of the Church; he has armed a national guard, increased his army, and placed it under experienced officers, in order to be able, if necessary, to protect himself and his kingdom from insult. He is, moreover, said to have just signified to his people his intention of granting them a constitution on the model of that of France, in conjunction with the King of Sardinia and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. At the same time, he has never forgotten for a moment what he owes to religion as the head of the Church; nor, ever temporised with its enemies, no matter how useful their political support might appear to him, in his glorious design of regenerating his noble country.

The subjoined documents, along with several others, were appended to the article on Switzerland, which appeared in our last number. We could not, however, make room for them at that time, and of the whole number we now insert only three, which appear to us to be peculiarly interesting. The first was written by the Regular Canons, and the other two by the Superior of the famous Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, and depict in glowing colours the atrocities practised by the Swiss Radicals against that asylum, which had been venerated and protected by men of different parties and religions and politics, for nearly a thousand years.

The first document is the protest of the Regular Canons of the Hospice of St. Bernard against the occupation of that asylum by the commissaries and troops of the federal government:

"The undersigned regular canons of the Hospice of St. Bernard, in chapter assembled, solemnly protest, in the face of Europe, against the occupation of their monastery by certain commissaries of the government, accompanied by thirty soldiers, with fixed bayonets.

"They regard this invasion—

"1st—As a violation of an abode and asylum open to all travellers.

"2nd—As a serious insult to their religious and civil character.

"3rd—As an unjust an illegal seizure of an establishment wholly devoted to the objects of beneficence for 850 years, constantly protected and supported by benefactors of all nations, by most of the Swiss cantons, by ancient and modern princes, who have all contributed to maintain the general hospitality of this house—of an establishment which Napoleon himself respected, notwithstanding the laws of the empire.

"They protest, in like manner, against the inventory which these commissaries have taken of the property, moveable and immoveable, of the hospice. They regard this action as a check upon the exercise of that complete and free hospitality they have always exercised, and on the contributions of the charitable. They regard the violent manner in which this inventory was taken, as an act of persecution which nothing can justify or excuse. They regard it as a step towards the inhuman and anti-social suppression of their establishment, and they, therefore, formally demand that the troops which occupy it be withdrawn, and that the monastery be restored to its true destination, and to the exercise of the duties of

religion and hospitality. This protest shall be handed over to the commander of the picket of occupation, to be by him transmitted to the proper authorities. "Signed," &c.

The following is the protest of the Superior of the Great St. Bernard, addressed to the president and members of the provisional government of Valais:

"GENTLEMEN—

"Having taken cognizance of the decrees carried by the popular assembly which was held at Sion, on the 2nd of December, 1847, by which the ecclesiastical immunities are abolished; the property of the convents placed under the supreme controul of the state, which is to determine the purposes for which it is to be employed; the collation of benefices which belonged to the Great St. Bernard is taken from it; the expenses of the war, and of the political events which have taken place since 1844, and the reparation of the losses consequent upon them are, as far as possible, to be charged on the convents, &c.:

"Having taken cognizance of a letter of the provisional government (signed M. Barman, president, Baugin, assistant secretary), which notifies to us that the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, of which we are superior, is mulcted in a contribution of 30,000 francs:

"Having the consciousness that the house of the Great St. Bernard has exactly fulfilled the duties imposed on it by the object of its institution, and that it has never given any cause for the violent and arbitrary measures which have been taken against it—measures which cannot endanger any of its rights;

"Considering that the 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 7th decrees of the popular assembly are contrary to the laws of the Church, to which we shall always be obedient;

"Considering that the property of the house of the Great St. Bernard, of whatever kind, and wherever situated, as well as the parochial benefices, are destined for the support of hospitality, and for the wants of the Catholic religion;

"We protest in the name of religion, of humanity, and of our benefactors, against these decrees, and against the consequences which may follow them. These decrees which have been already partially put into execution, by the armed invasion of the Great St. Bernard, if they should be fully carried out, would render it impossible for us to continue the general hospitality which we have exercised for nearly nine centuries, and would, in fact, suppress our establishment, hitherto always protected by the State of the Valais, supported by the beneficence of all nations—of Switzerland in particular—of princes, ancient and modern; an establishment respected by the French Revolution, and preserved by Napoleon, who granted it privileges which it alone enjoyed during the empire.

"We approve, in all their integrity, of the protest addressed in our absence to M. Barman, president of the provisional government, dated December 16; and also of the protest of the 17th December, of the claustral chapter (given above), against the invasion of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard by the commissaries of the provisional government, and by an armed force on the 15th December, and against the inventory which they took of the property of the Hospice.

(Signed) "FRANCIS BENJAMIN FILLIEZ,
Superior of the Great St. Bernard.

"Dec. 18, 1847."

The next is the document addressed by the same gentleman to the *Univiers*:

"PERSECUTION PRACTISED AGAINST THE HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

"Tradition and history teach that the mountain now called the Great St. Bernard, was, about nine centuries ago, the horrible abode of idolatry and of brigands. A true friend of mankind, a hero of Christian charity, went amongst these brigands, overturned the idols, destroyed the idolatry, and, almost on the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Pœnin, planted the cross, and founded a Hospice, to afford the numerous travellers a refuge from the tempests, and protection against the atrocious treatment of the inhabitants of the place. From the end of the tenth century—the epoch of its foundation—this admirable monument of the charity of Bernard of Menthon, has not for a moment interrupted its wonderful work; it has been always served by religious, according to the design of its institution, and the spirit of its sainted founder.—Empires have fallen, establishments which appeared to be eternal have disappeared, but the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, notwithstanding the most violent storms, has always endured. Napoleon himself, under whose empire so many monastic institutions were destroyed, respected the Great St. Bernard, and allowed it to remain. Moreover, on the model of this Hospice, he caused two others to be built,—one on Simplon, the other on Mount Cenis. In fine, that persons might not be wanting to enter

these institutions, this great man exempted from military service young persons who wished to devote themselves to the exercises of hospitality, which are practised in this house, towards all strangers, without distinction of condition, country, or creed.

"The Great St. Bernard is eulogised in every part of the world, in every clime, and by every tongue. The generous souls of every nation have considered it a duty and a glory to contribute to the maintenance of its hospitality, and to its aggrandisement. It was reserved for our times to see evils, perhaps irreparable, fall on this establishment. The provisional government of Valais, the offspring of the revolution, has imposed upon it a fine of 120,000 French francs, on the plea of expense, and by this means has rendered it impossible for it to continue its work fully and liberally as before. The same government invaded it by an armed force on the 15th of December; the greater part of the soldiers being Vaudois, conducted themselves honourably. But the four cantonal commissioners, MM. Antoine Dufay, de Monthey; Emmanuel Jarris, D'Orsieres, advocate; Tavernier, judge in Bourg-de-Martigny; and the notary Michellod, of the same place, followed them. These gentlemen were commissioned to make an exact and detailed inventory of all the property, moveable and immoveable, which the Hospice possesses, as well in Valais as elsewhere. The superiors having left the Hospice, the young religious had to treat with the commissioners. They refused to assist in this operation, and both *viva voce* and in writing energetically protested against this iniquitous measure. Disconcerted by this unexpected resistance of some ten young and simple religious, they knew not what to resolve upon, and not daring, so to speak, to take upon themselves so scandalous a responsibility, MM. Tavernier and Michellod departed, on the 16th, to obtain new orders from the government. On the 18th, at two o'clock in the morning, two federal commissioners, MM. Delarageaz of Vaud, and Frey of Bâle, arrived at the Great St. Bernard. M. Druey, chief commissioner, and M. Franchini of Tessino, not wishing to disturb the St. Bernard, remained at Bourg-Saint-Pierre, three leagues from the Hospice. Soon after his arrival, Delarageaz notified to the assembled religious his mission, with which he said he was charged by the confederation. He spoke in an obscure manner. It was perceived, however, that his discourse tended to get the religious to help to make the inventory, and to give an acknowledgment of the objects which had been removed for security—objects they were told they would be obliged to restore at the expense of the Hospice." According to these gentlemen, the goods of religious corporations are under the dominion of the confederation—the religious are only their administrators; they do not even enjoy their *usus fructus*, but are simply their dispensers. But the young religious were immoveable; they unanimously entrenched themselves behind the protest presented by their brethren to the government and to the cantonal delegates. M. Delarageaz then ordered M. Dufay to invite the religious, by three legal summonses, to open their doors, to declare the property of the Hospice, and to certify the inventory which they should make of it, declaring that if they persisted in their refusal, force should be employed. This means they were obliged to use. The doors, which could not be opened by false keys or master keys, were broken in by a hatchet: the federal commissaries had taken care to bring a locksmith with them to pick the locks. This odious measure had already taken place in a house which the Hospice possesses at Martigny; a house destined to serve as an asylum for the religious, whom the severe and murderous air of the great St. Bernard too often renders weak and diseased, and whither the old, who needed relief after a laborious life, also retired. This asylum of the old and infirm was no more spared than the great St. Bernard; it was invaded by an armed force, and they proceeded with rigour to take a minute inventory of its effects. The apartments of the superior were forcibly opened by the locksmith. At the great St. Bernard the commissioners seized all the keys they could find. They placed at the doors, and at each of the windows of the Hospice, sentinels with charged guns, to whom they gave orders to fire on all those, whether religious or others, who would carry away anything belonging to the establishment. They carried their vigilance so far as to rifle the bags of the travellers at their departure. The garrison lived at the expense of the Hospice. The most bitter jeers were added to persecution. The commissioners of the government were not ashamed to say to the religious that they did not wish to disturb them nor to put any constraint on their exercise of hospitality, and, in the meantime, they ruined the establishment by impositions in money and in provisions, and the religious are steeped in sorrow.

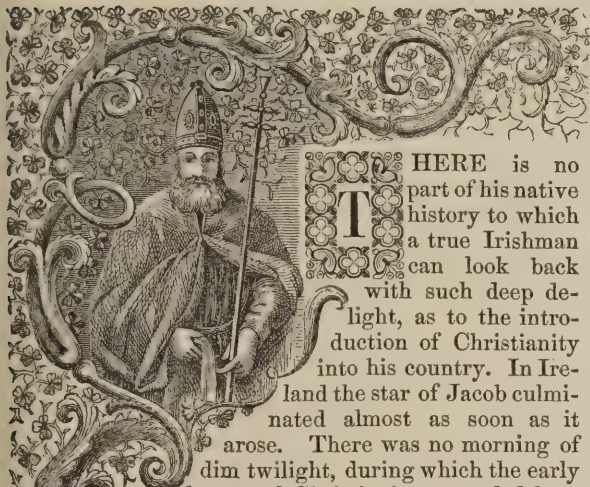
"We publish these acts of spoliation, that Europe may know, and appreciate at their just value, the men who now govern the Valais.

(Signed)

"F. BENJAMIN FILLIEZ,
Superior of the Great St. Bernard and of Simplon."

THE
Life and Death of Oliver Plunkett,
 PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

PART I.



THE **T**HERE is no part of his native history to which a true Irishman can look back with such deep delight, as to the introduction of Christianity into his country. In Ireland the star of Jacob culminated almost as soon as it arose. There was no morning of dim twilight, during which the early beams of Christianity struggled long and doubtfully with the deep darkness of Paganism, for the unclouded sun of righteousness appeared at once in the meridian, and shed his blessed light over the whole island. Though the sanctity of our earliest Christians has been the admiration of the world, yet the first names upon our calendar are not those of martyrs, but of holy bishops and of spotless virgins. The blood of martyrs was not here as elsewhere, the seed of Christians, for the trophies of Paganism were at once laid at the foot of the cross, and the whole nation, from the poorest mendicant on the way-side to the mighty monarch who was enthroned in Tara, enrolled itself amongst the followers of our Lord Jesus Christ. Religion appeared not at first in Ireland as a timid and persecuted stranger, but was welcomed with that loud and universal acclamation with which a long-enslaved nation hails the sudden and unexpected advent of freedom. St. Patrick not only accomplished the rare task of converting an entire nation to Christianity, and of enthroning it for ever in the hearts of a great people, but he saw many of his children embracing the most arduous councils of the Gospel—the monastery and the convent were filled with multitudes of both sexes, who consecrated their virginity to God in the seclusion of the cloister—and he established a numerous hierarchy, the chief see being in Armagh, which has remained unbroken after the lapse of fourteen centuries.

It is the singular glory of the Irish nation that she never persecuted religion, not even when she was Pagan. The curse of religious persecution was, indeed, carried by the foreigner to her shores, but she never learned it, for the Irish Catholics, although most cruelly provoked, did not retaliate upon the Protestants when they had the power. Religious persecution was an exotic which would not take root in native Irish soil, although it was lavishly planted in it by strangers. These persecuted with the most persevering and unrelenting cruelty, but the Irish endured with a heroism and constancy which nothing could subdue, until their enemies were obliged to desist from very weariness. The calendar was now indeed filled with martyrs; countless multitudes had been swept away by the deso-

lating flood of iniquity which rushed fiercely over our country, but religion, like the ark of old, rode triumphant and secure on the angry waters. Oliver Plunkett, the object of the present notice, and one of the most illustrious of the successors of St. Patrick, in the primatial see, is one of the innumerable martyrs who died for the faith in Ireland in a later age, and who, amid the general indifference and apathy of the degenerate times in which they were born, rivalled the constancy, the virtue, and the heroism of the primitive Christians. In other countries the faith was persecuted in its infancy, by the avowed enemies of the Christian name, whilst the first converts, dazzled by the glory which had just burst upon them, rather sought than shunned death for its sake. But as Ireland, at her conversion, presented the singularly glorious spectacle of a whole people at once abandoning their long-cherished errors, and embracing the truths and the austerities of the Gospel—as her children passed almost without any intermediate stage from neophytes into apostles, and spread the faith amid the surrounding nations—so also in the designs of heaven have her trials been reserved for later times, in order to present to the world the sublime example of a nation of confessors and martyrs, whose sufferings were aggravated by being inflicted not by the avowed enemies of their name, but by those who professed themselves to be their fellow Christians.

Oliver Plunkett was born at Loughcrew, in the county of Meath, about the year 1631. He was descended from one of the most ancient and illustrious families in Ireland, and was a near relative of the Earls of Fingal.* From his earliest youth he was equally distinguished by the purity of his morals and the excellence of his understanding. Without being of an age to take any active part in the scenes of blood which were enacted in his unhappy country, from 1641 to 1649, he was old enough to appreciate their horrors, and to remember the miserable dissensions which pa-

* The precise year in which he was born I have not been able to ascertain. He was, however, appointed Primate on the decease of Edmund O'Reilly, in 1669. "Ad dictam sedem," says De Burgo, *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 499, "fuisse promotum anno 1669, in locum Edmundi O'Reilly." He taught divinity in the college of the Propaganda for twelve years after he had completed his studies in the Ludovician College, "Dum adolescens esset Romam se contulit, in Hibernorum Collegio Ludovisano receptus, ubi studiorum curriculum tanto perfectu successu, ut ad theologiam in Collegio urbano de Propaganda Fide publice profitendum admotus, munus illud per duodecim annorum seriem summa cum laude exercuerit."—*Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 130. The same fact is stated by Arsdale, his contemporary and friend, whom the Primate visited at Louvain in 1669, when he was on his way to Ireland, to assume the government of his see, "Studia in eo collegio (Ludovisano) tanto successu perfecit, ut doctoris in Theologia lauream adeptus fuerit, ac postea ad eandam facultatem publice profitendam in collegio de Propaganda Fide admotus, ubi munus illud duodecim annis summa cum laude exercuit."—*Arsdale*. "Vita et mors gloriosa Illustrissimi D. Oliveri Plunketti, archiepiscopi Armacani et primatis Hiberniæ extremo supplicio Londini nuper effecti."—*Ad Calcem Theologiæ Tripartiti*, p. 159, Dilingæ, A.D. 1687. Now as the full course of philosophy and theology alone in the Ludovician College occupied seven years, and if we suppose that he studied only one year's classics in Rome, the whole period of his sojourn there must have amounted to twenty years: consequently he went to Rome in 1649. Both De Burgo and Arsdale state that he went to Rome whilst he was a youth (dum adolescens esset) and if we allow him to have been eighteen, he was born in 1631. With regard to his family, the *Hibernia Dominicana*, note (t), p. 130, says: "Tres fuere simul suntque gentes Plunkettanæ, proceres, comes nimirum Fingallus atque Barones Dunjanus et Louthanus. *Adeas*, cap. i., num. xxii. *Lit. R.*, p. 31. Cæterum antistes Oliverus prodiit è Domo Plunkettorum de Loughcrew in Midensi Agro Lageniæ Teste Lodgæo—vol. i. p. 156." Loughcrew is at present the residence of J. W. L. Naper, Esq., D. L.

ralyzed the efforts of the Irish nation, and left it a chained victim, unable to resist the arm which was raised to immolate it to the vengeance of its enemies. It was not, however, pusillanimity, nor want of affection for his native land, that induced him to seek knowledge in a foreign clime; but having resolved to embrace the ecclesiastical state, he determined to qualify himself for the discharge of its important duties, by acquiring in the capital of the Christian world that learning which the cruelty of penal laws and the turbulence of the times prevented him from finding in his own country. He left Ireland in 1649—the year of Cromwell's arrival—and the tales of woe which resounded through all Europe, and followed him to Rome, far exceeded the worst horrors which had occurred before his departure.

Sad, indeed, was the condition of the Church and people of Ireland at this period. The young and the old—the venerable bishop and the youthful priest—were torn from under the very altar; dragged from their holes in the earth, where they burrowed like vermin; or caught as they crept from them to administer the sacraments to some dying sinner, and instantly put to death. O'Brien, bishop of Emly, was, in 1651, bound in chains, and cast into prison in Limerick; and neither threats nor promises were spared in order to induce him to abandon the Catholic faith. These however proving unavailing, he was hanged, and his head being taken off, was placed on a pike, and raised on the citadel, where it remained until after the restoration.* About the same time, Egan, bishop of Ross, was tortured and put to death in that town. He had for a long time been concealed in a cavern of a neighbouring mountain; but, having left his retreat to visit a dying person, he was discovered on his return, and, on his refusing to renounce the faith, was given up to the fury of the Puritan soldiery. His arms were struck off his body on the spot, and he was then brought to a neighbouring tree, amid the jeers and scoffs of his tormentors, and there hanged on one of the branches, by the reins of his own horse.† Emir Mathew, bishop of Clogher, being loaded with irons, was cast into a dungeon in Enniskillen, where he was at length freed from his sufferings by being hanged. His bowels were afterwards torn out and burned, and his head was placed on a pole in the public market.‡ Arthur Maginnis, bishop of Down, being old and infirm, died at sea, endeavouring to escape his enemies. Of the other prelates, the celebrated Nicholas French, bishop of Ferns, escaped to Ghent, where he died on the 23rd of August, 1678. Walsh, archbishop of Cashel, after being hunted for a long time through the mountains of Tipperary, at length found an asylum at Compostella, in Spain. The bishops of Cork and Cloyne, and of Waterford and Lismore, fled to Nantz; the bishops of Limerick and Raphoe, to Brussels; the bishop of Clonfert to Hungary; the bishop of Leighlin, to Galicia; the bishop of Killaloe, to Rennes, in Brittany; the bishop of Kilfenora, to Normandy; and the bishop of Kilmaedua

was screened by his friends in England.—(Elenchus Episcop. a Nichol. Fernensi, quoted at length in the *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 489, and following.) Besides these, John Burke, archbishop of Tuam, Patrick Plunkett, bishop of Ardagh, and every other prelate in the kingdom, were forced to fly from it, with the exception of the Primate, Hugh O'Reilly, Geoghan, bishop of Meath, and M'Sweeny, bishop of Kilmore, who, however, was disqualified by age and infirmity from discharging any of the functions of his office.*

The second order of the clergy were treated, if possible, with still greater barbarity. Some of them were burned before a slow fire; some were put upon the rack, and tortured to death; whilst others, like Ambrose Cahill and James O'Reilly, were not only slain with the greatest cruelty, but their inanimate bodies were torn into fragments, and scattered before the winds.—(O'Daly, p. 214, 215, Hib. Dom. p. 566.) On the 5th of January, 1652, the commissioners appointed by the republican parliament published their first edict, by which they renewed the 27th of Elizabeth. Twenty-eight days were allowed for the departure of all priests out of the kingdom; but if, after that space, any one should be found in the country, the statute declares, that "He incurs the guilt of high treason—he is, therefore, to be hanged, cut down while alive, beheaded, quartered, bowelled, and burned; the head to be set on a pike, and exposed in the most public place—moreover, should any person entertain or harbour a priest, he shall suffer the confiscation of his property, and be put to death without the hope of mercy"—(O'Daly, p. 226-8). Every exercise of the Catholic religion, even in private, was declared to be a capital offence; the country swarmed with spies and informers, who not only got five pounds for the apprehension of each priest, and a third part of the property of the person in whose house he was discovered, but were also promoted to offices and dignities; and it was moreover declared that, "If any one shall know where a priest remains concealed, in caves, woods, or caverns; or, if by any chance he should meet a priest on the highway, and not immediately take him into custody, and present him before the next magistrate, such person is to be considered a traitor and an enemy to the republic. He is, accordingly, to be cast into prison, flogged through the public streets, and afterwards have his ears cut off. But, should it appear that he kept up any correspondence or friendship with a priest, he is to suffer death."—(Morrison, *Threnodia*.)

It was no ordinary zeal and heroism which filled, at this very period, the universities and colleges of Europe with the youth of Ireland; many of them, like Oliver Plunkett, being of her noblest families, who aspired to the priesthood, in order to preserve their country's faith—the last, the noblest, and the best remnant of

* See his history in O'Daly, translated by the Rev. Mr. Meehan, and published in Duffy's Library of Ireland, pp. 204-7.

† Frater Boetius Eganus junior Franciscanus Episcopus Rossensis, in via publica a turba equitum hostilium comprehensus, suspensus est ex arbore habenis equi sui. Hib. Dom. p. 490.

‡ D. Emerus, Matthiæus, Episcopus Clocherensis, magni nominis Præsul Laqueo necatus fuit apud Enniskillen speciali mandato Parliamenti Anglicani iudice Carolo Coote, hoste fidei Catholicæ pestifero. Affixum erat Palo caput ejus, funestum Catholicis spectaculum. Hib. Dom. p. 490.

* According to Dr. French's account, out of twenty-six Irish bishops who were resident in their sees in 1649, nine had died at home, ten in exile, three suffered martyrdom, and four were still living in 1667, two of whom, Dr. Nicholas French, himself, bishop of Ferns, and Dr. Andrew Lynch, bishop of Kilfenora, were still in banishment; and only two, John Burke (De Burgo), archbishop of Tuam, who was so infirm that he might be numbered with the dead, and Patrick Plunkett, bishop of Ardagh, returned to Ireland. Of the former, Dr. French says—"D. Johannes De Burgo, archiepiscopus Tuamensis, S. Theologiæ Doctor, è carcere pulsus in exilium, dein reversus in Patriam, jacet in lecto langydis derepitis et incurvatus ita ut poni possit in numero mortuorum." And of the latter—"D. Fr. Patritius Plunquettus, Ordinis S. Benedicti Episcopus Ardachadensis, secreto latet in sylvis et montibus et pauperum domibus in Patria post decenne exilium."

her nationality.* They were for the most part eminently distinguished by their piety and learning; they were cherished on account of their virtues and of their misfortunes: but neither ease, affluence, nor honours, nor the fear of the persecutions which awaited them, could prevent them from returning to their own dear country, when she required their services, where, if they did not seek, they certainly did not shun the crown of martyrdom. When they were put to death, their example did not deter the Irish youth, but, on the contrary, inflamed them with a burning desire of imitating so noble an example, and of dying in so glorious a cause. Our nationality took refuge along with our faith, in the caverns of the earth, and on the tops of the mountains; they were hunted, but still lived; they increased and multiplied under persecution, and have again returned with the people, in whose hearts they flourished, and have spread themselves far and wide, in town and in village through the valleys and over the highlands.

The Irish Ludovician College, at Rome, was celebrated at this time for the excellence of its teachers, and the piety, modesty, and literary acquirements of its students. It was administered by the Jesuits, who were then in the zenith of their glory, and the most learned body in the world. This college had sent to Ireland many of her most accomplished ecclesiastics. To this place Oliver Plunkett was attracted by its fame in the summer of 1649. The sweetness of his disposition, and the excellence of his genius, soon made his preceptors predict that he would be an eminent man. Nor were their hopes disappointed; for, after studying the usual course, during which he distinguished himself in every department of science; and, having taken out his degree of doctor in divinity, he was appointed public professor of theology in the celebrated college "De Propaganda Fide." He filled this important office for twelve years, in a manner which gained him the highest reputation, and the esteem and admiration of the Sovereign Pontiff himself.

In the early part of the year 1669, the Primate, Edmund O'Reilly, died in Louvain, a persecuted exile. On his advancement to the primacy, he had been consecrated at Brussels, in 1657; and, notwithstanding the persecution which then raged against priest and bishop, he determined to return to Ireland. He was, however, arrested in London, at the instance of Father Peter Walsh, and sent back to France. After the restoration he solicited from the king, in the year 1665, leave to return to Ireland. At that time there were only three of the Irish bishops residing in the kingdom, John Burke, archbishop of Tuam, who was so decrepid according to De Burgo, in a passage already quoted, that he might be reckoned with the dead, and who had returned, as he himself expresses it, after sixteen years' exile, to have his ashes laid in the tomb of his fathers; Patrick Plunkett, bishop of Ardagh, who had also returned from exile; and the old bed-ridden bishop of Kilmore, Owen M'Sweeney.† The Primate's

* "Adolescens cum esset, huic gloriæ præfulsit in immatura adhuc ætate, præmaturum veræ sapientiæ desiderium. Hanc ut acquireret securus extra patriæ suæ fines proficisci decrevit, ut solent illius gentis Adolescentes ingenui, qui quam domi adipisci nequeunt, apud exteros inquirunt sineræ doctrinæ institutionem, sapientiæ majus quam patriæ studiosi. Hos ut sacros latices purius hauriret Oliverus, non dubitavit Romam usque, ad ipsum sinceræ doctrinæ fontem proficisci."—*Ardekin*, ubi supra.

† "John Burke, bishop of Tuam, was decrepid, if not bed-ridden, in 1665. When he landed in Dublin, from St. Malo's, in the year 1662, he was not able to go otherwise to Connaught but in a litter.

petition to be allowed to return was not rejected; and he accordingly arrived in Dublin on the evening of the 14th of June, 1666, and immediately presented himself before the synod, which was then assembled in one of the city parochial houses, to discuss the propriety of adopting the famous remonstrance of Father Peter Walsh. His personal authority, and the letters which he brought from the Internuncio, Rospigliosi, Martin, bishop of Upres, and others, had no small weight in procuring the rejection of the remonstrance, which took place on the 17th of the same month. On the 25th, the new remonstrance, which had been adopted by the meeting and presented to Ormonde, the lord lieutenant, was rejected, and the synod dissolved. Ormonde had, in fact, already written to the secretary of state on the 19th, that is, just two days after the rejection, by the synod, of the Valesian remonstrance, as follows—"There is hardly an hour in a day wherein I have not hot alarms of conspiracies ready to be executed by the Irish; I now really believe they are put into a disposition of rebelling by some employed out of France. I will, according to instructions, keep the Irish to the letter of the remonstrance or to a sense equivalent."* The work of persecution and robbery was now carried on with almost as much zeal as during the commonwealth. "A court of claims sat in Dublin, and were busy disposing of lands and houses by lot to the forty-nine officers, and in ordering reprisals."† On the 27th of September, the Primate was seized and brought prisoner to England, whence he was shortly afterwards banished the kingdom. All the other prelates fled, with the exception of two, who were decrepid, bed-ridden, and unable to escape from the country.‡

During the Primate's exile, the persecution against the clergy who had opposed Walsh's remonstrance was still carried on by Ormonde with unabated rigour. These constituted almost all the clergy of the kingdom, for Walsh (p. 576) estimates the number of secular priests, then residing in Ireland, at about 1100, and the total number of regulars at one or two more than 780 (*Walsh*, p. 575.) Of these only sixty-nine had signed the remonstrance, so that to persecute the anti-remonstrants, was in effect to persecute all the Catholic clergy of the country. At such a time the exalted dignity of the primacy was sure to draw down vengeance on the person who possessed it. It was a matter of the last importance to the Church of Ireland, in this crisis of her fate, that the successor of St. Patrick should be a man of the most consummate prudence, and of the most heroic courage—a man who could neither be cajoled nor intimidated. The Irish Clergy and the

. Owen M'Sweeney, bishop of Kilmore, had been questionless for many years, before 1665, bed-ridden, and unable to exercise scarce any part of his functions. And yet, besides Tuam and Ardagh, he was the only bishop (of the Roman communion) then at home in Ireland."—*Peter Walsh's History of the Remonstrance Second part of first treatise*, pp. 573-4. The copy from which we quote was printed A.D. 1674. The place is not mentioned. There were only three other Irish bishops living at this time, namely, the primate, Edmund O'Reilly, who had been sent out of the kingdom in 1657, and was still in Belgium; Nicholas French, bishop of Ferns, who was in Gallicia, whither he had retired in 1650; and Andrew Lynch, bishop of Kilfenora, who was in Normandy, so that the whole hierarchy of Ireland, in 1665, numbered only six bishops, three of whom were in exile.—*Hist. of Remon.* p. 574-5.

‡ Letter to Cox, author of the "History of Ireland," and published at the end of it, containing a brief account of the transactions since 1653. The edition from which we quote was published at London in 1689.

* *Id. ibd.*

† Harris's Ware's Works, vol. ii., p. 195.

Holy Father Clement IX. were alike sensible of the vital nature of the appointment. Various individuals were recommended to the high office by different sections of the clergy, and by persons at Rome. At length the Pope exclaimed—"Why are we discussing uncertainties, when certainty is before our eyes. Behold in the city of Rome, itself, Oliver Plunkett, a man of long experience, tried virtue, and consummate learning. Him, I, by my apostolic authority, appoint Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland.* If the Church of Ireland had not been persecuted at this time, the temper and pursuits of Oliver Plunkett would have, most probably, induced him to prefer the seclusion of his college to the government of the Irish Church. But to have hesitated for a moment in her present circumstances would have savoured of cowardice, and he, therefore, accepted the office instantly and with alacrity. Nor did he for a moment think of remaining abroad, and evading the perils with which he knew that he would be encompassed in Ireland, by entrusting the government of his diocese to a vicar-general; for immediately after his consecration he set out for Ireland, carrying with him particular instructions from the Pope, regarding the regulation of his own conduct and that of his clergy.† On his way he visited Louvain, where he saw his countryman, Arsdekin, and was one of the first who urged that eminent man to write a Theology which should be peculiarly adapted for the guidance of the apostolic missionaries in these persecuted countries.‡

The Duke of Ormonde, leaving the government of Ireland in the hands of his son, the Earl of Ossory, set out for England, on the 24th of April, and arrived in London on the 6th of May, 1663. After a violent struggle to retain the office of lord lieutenant, he was at last deprived of it by the king, on the 14th of February, 1669.§ The lord privy-seal—Lord Roberts—who had been appointed his successor, arrived in Ireland on the 13th of September, when he immediately received the sword of state from the Earl of Ossory.|| Carte says (vol. ii., p. 378), that he was very singular in his ways of proceeding—stiff, solemn, and formal, "and so uncomplaisant in his manner of receiving persons, as to make them think of resenting it." This agrees with the character of him which Burke quotes, in his "Extinct, dormant, and suspended Peerage of England," &c. He was "a staunch Presbyterian; sour and cynical; just in his administration, but vicious under the semblance of virtue; learned, above any of his quality; but stiff, obstinate, proud, and jealous, and every way intractable." Burke says, also, that he had, in early life, fought under the parliamentary banner, and certainly he carried with him to Ireland all the hatred which that party entertained towards the Catholics of this country. He, however, held the office of lord lieutenant for but a very short period, for Lord Berkley, of Stratton, was sworn in as his successor on the 21st of May, 1670.¶

* *Arsdekin, Proseutio Dedicationum Prionum "ad calcem Theologie Tripartite."*—p. 159. There is an absurd story told about the reasons which induced Clement IX. to appoint Dr. Plunkett to the Primacy, in Woods Athen. Oxon., vol. i., p. 221, but it is justly rejected as absurd in Harris's Ware, vol. ii., p. 194. We shall quote it in the progress of Dr. Plunkett's life.

† *Id. ibid.*

‡ *Id. ibid.*

§ Carte's Ormonde II, p. 375. || Letter in Cox's History, p. 9.

¶ *Cox ubi supra*, 9. John, second Lord Roberts, was created Earl of Radnor in 1679, and died in 1685. For some of the facts connected with Lord Roberts, and the two letters afterwards quoted from the Rawdon papers, we are indebted to Mr. J. W. Hanna.

Frances Brown, THE BLIND POETESS OF DONEGAL.

LYRICS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. By FRANCES BROWN.
Edinburgh, 1848.

THE days of epics, of didactic poems, of poetical tales and romances, constructed on a regular plan and divided into books, parts, or cantos—in a word, of all the larger and more professedly elaborate forms of poetical composition—appear to have passed almost entirely away. Public taste, in this particular, has undergone a complete revolution. The poetical columns of a monthly magazine or weekly journal supply to us the reading for which our fathers had recourse to the stately octavo or cumbersome quarto; and the necessarily brief and fugitive character of the poetry which forms the staple of our periodical literature, and to which we have thus become habituated, has induced a *prima facie* disrelish for every more formal and lengthened poem, unless it be of that rare and privileged class which is entirely independent of external forms, and which forces the admiration of the public, no matter in what shape it is presented. The poets, proverbially unpliant and unpractical as they are, have followed, if indeed they have not led, this prejudice of their readers; and our best authors are content to eschew every more ambitious path, and to rest their reputation on lyrics, ballads, odes, fugitive pieces, miscellaneous poems, and the numberless other non-descript compositions, which are popular now, but to which it would have perilled the fame of a poet of the olden time to condescend.

The title of Miss Brown's pretty little volume will show that she has fallen in with the prevailing fashion; and when we recollect her former publication, we cannot but feel that she has acted wisely in avoiding the difficulties of a long and regular poem. The marked superiority evinced in the minor pieces, of which her first volume was principally made up, over "The Star of Atteghel"—the only regular tale which she introduced into it—seemed to indicate very clearly that her talent lay chiefly, if not altogether, in this more unpretending, but not less graceful and agreeable, walk of poetry.

Perhaps, indeed, Miss Brown's present publication may be regarded, by many readers, as inferior in interest to that by which she first became known as an authoress. The collection is a smaller one; it consists chiefly of scattered pieces which had already appeared in various journals; and there are a few of them which do not fully sustain the hopes which her first success had excited. The number of these, however, is very inconsiderable; the great majority, if they do not enhance, certainly do not detract from, the reputation which the early specimens of her poetry had earned; and, if some of them be deficient in the higher elements of poetic power, all, with hardly an exception, exhibit abundant evidence of the more graceful qualities by which the authoress had been chiefly characterised—freedom and facility of versification, tenderness of thought, vigour coupled with chasteness of imagination, and, better than all, genuine mastery of the affections, and warmth and purity of heart.

Independently, however, of the merit of our fair countrywoman's poetry, there is a charm about her simple and affecting story, which gives her a claim upon the sympathy of every lover of literature, and which a journal such as ours should be the last to

ignore. Most of our readers, we dare say, must recollect the modest and touching personal narrative which, about four years ago, accompanied Miss Brown's first publication. It is one of the most interesting, and, indeed, instructive examples of "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," which we have ever read. Bereft of sight in early infancy—placed beyond the reach of those adventitious helps by which, for more favoured sufferers, the worst consequences of this privation are alleviated—without friends—without masters—for a long time almost without books—this young girl has battled, alone and unaided, "in this dark world and wide," with all the difficulties of her position. With rare energy of character and firmness of purpose, she has contrived not only to perfect herself in all the ordinary branches of popular education, but also to become acquainted with the best works in ancient and modern literature; and her prose, as well as her poetry, displays a degree of intellectual training, a soundness and propriety of judgment, and a purity and correctness of taste, which could only be the result of long and familiar study of the best models of composition, combined with careful and assiduous habits of self cultivation. It is difficult, indeed, not to sympathize with one so afflicted, and in so interesting a struggle. The blindness of the author is not the least among the circumstances which have made the reputation of Thierry's history; and we recollect the lively interest which was excited by the account which Mr. Prescott published, in his recent "History of the Conquest of Peru," of the difficulties under which, while suffering from almost total blindness, he composed his great historical work, the "Ferdinand and Isabella." But, to our mind, the struggle of our young countrywoman—poor and unfriended—in an obscure and distant village, with no "appliances and means" beyond those of a strong will and an ardent love of learning—is infinitely more interesting. We could linger for hours over her own simple narrative of the means by which, slowly and toilsomely, she wrought out her purpose—the efforts which it cost her to procure even the cheapest and most ordinary books—the devices which she employed in order to induce her young and volatile companions to submit to the drudgery of reading to her—the tasks which she undertook for them in return—the stories which she used to tell them in requital of their services—the painful and laborious processes by which she impressed upon her memory the knowledge thus precariously obtained: and our only regret, in looking through the pretty volume now before us, is occasioned by the disappointment of a hope which we had entertained, that it would contain some further particulars of the personal history of the authoress.

Interesting, however, as this history is, we cannot think of inflicting a twice-told tale upon our readers, by dwelling longer upon it; if there be any of them to whom the details are new, we must refer them to Miss Brown's former publication; and, for the present, we shall content ourselves with selecting a few of the most characteristic specimens of the poetry contained in the collection now before us.

It is difficult to discover in Miss Brown's poetry much intrinsic evidence of her unhappy bereavement. She seldom alludes to the circumstance; and, on the contrary, illustrations from external nature, and images borrowed from the phenomena of sight, are so numerous, and so freely introduced in her pages, as, at first sight at least, to appear incompatible with the sup-

position. We cannot help thinking, however, that it is to the analogy which the subject of the following exquisite little piece bears with her own condition, that we are indebted for the deep and touching pathos which breathes through every line:

The Mother of the Mute.

My Child, our home-fire's light is shed
On the curls of many a fair young head—
But none that glance in the ruddy beam
Like thine of the dark and jetty gleam;
And there are eyes with the cloudless light
Of life's spring morn, that shine
Upon our home—but none so bright
As that starry glance of thine;—
It hath shone on my soul through all the tears
And clouds of my sad and silent years.

Silent—though voices glad and young
Oft by our board and hearth have rung;—
Sad—though the smiles that young lips wear,
And the joy of unwearied hearts was there:
It rose through the light of summer's day—
Through the winter's twilight chill;
Each voice had part in the harmony—
But thine alone was still:—
And well might thy mother's heart deplore
The chord that was mute for evermore!

My child, there have been both prayer and tear,
One sound of that silent chord to hear;
But the hush was deep, and the prayer was vain,
And the tear will never fall again;—
For now thy part in the world of thought—
So early lost, is found—
In the blessed lore our Faith hath taught,
And the hope that knows no bound—
For its pinions cleave the clouds of time,
And its eye looks forth to the tearless clime.

Oh! blessed be the saving power
That won thee back that priceless dower,
And taught thine hand the silent art
That well can speak from heart to heart.
But, oh! the voices of my youth,
That were clear as sunlit streams—
They are lost in time, they are hush'd in death—
But they have not left my dreams;
I hear them blent on the midnight breeze
With the sounds of my childhood's streams and trees.

Though some have swept o'er my after-path
In tones of wo and in sounds of wrath—
And changed, and cheerless as they grew,
May grow mine own home-voices too:
But thine—it will never lose the tone
Of childhood, gushing clear
From the heart's free founts, that yet have known
No stain of time or tear;
For the seal'd-up spring may never blend
With the streams life's darker fountains send—
But rise to greet me on that shore
Where time and its losses come no more!

On the other hand, the impressions received through the sense of hearing are, for one like her, more vivid and more lasting. Never have the memories of such impressions been more touchingly recorded than in the following simple lines:

My Childhood's Tune.

And hast thou found my soul again,
Though many a shadowy year hath past
Across its chequer'd path, since when
I heard thy low notes last!

They come with the old pleasant sound,
Long silent, but remember'd soon—
With all the fresh green memories wound
About my childhood's tune!

I left thee far among the flowers
My hand shall seek as wealth no more—
The lost light of those morning hours
No sunrise can restore.

And life hath many an early cloud
That darkens as it nears the noon—
But all their broken rainbows crowd
Back with my childhood's tune!
Thou hast the whisper of young leaves
That told my heart of spring begun,
The bird's song by our hamlet eaves
Pour'd to the setting sun—
And voices heard, how long ago,
By winter's hearth or autumn's moon!—
They have grown old and alter'd now—
All but my childhood's tune!
At our last meeting, Time had much
To teach and I to learn; for then
Mine was a trusting wisdom—such
As will not come again.
I had not seen life's harvest fade
Before me in the days of June;
But thou—how hath the spring-time stay'd
With thee, my childhood's tune!
I had not learn'd that love, which seem'd
So priceless, might be poor and cold;
Nor found whom once I angels deem'd,
Of coarse and common mould.
I knew not that the world's hard gold
Could far outweigh the heart's best boon;
And yet, thou speakest as of old,
My childhood's pleasant tune!
I greet thee as the dove that cross'd
My path among Time's breaking waves,
With olive leaves of memory lost,
Or shed, perchance, on graves.
The tree hath grown up wild and rank,
With blighted boughs that time may prune—
But blessed were the dews it drank
From thee, my childhood's tune!
Where rose the stranger city's hum,
By many a princely mart and dome,
Thou comest—even as voices come
To hearts that have no home.
A simple strain to other ears,
And lost amid the tumult soon;
But dreams of love, and truth, and tears
Came with my childhood's tune!

The reader cannot fail to observe in these, and almost all Miss Brown's pieces, a striking similarity in sentiment and in general tone to the leading characteristics of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, and especially to the deep and settled melancholy which pervades it. For the general imitation of this gifted poetess we should not have been unprepared, because it runs through the poetry of all the lady-writers in the language since her time. But this coincidence with Mrs. Hemans, in the uniform melancholy and unhoping character of her compositions, is more worthy of remark, because, in the case of Miss Brown, it is at variance with the received impressions regarding the habitual temperament of those who, like her, have been afflicted with blindness. Every one who has associated much with blind persons, will recollect the cheerful and contented look, the buoyant spirits, the happy expression of features, which almost invariably distinguishes them; but he will look in vain for any echo of this spirit in our blind poetess. There is nothing in the whole range of Mrs. Hemans' writing more profoundly gloomy, and we may add, there is nothing more exquisitely simple and touching than Miss Brown's lines, entitled—

The Violet's Welcome.

THE world hath a welcome yet for thee,
Thou earliest-born of flowers!—
Though many a golden hope was gone,
And dream that lighted her rosy dawn
Ere the toil of these latter days came on;
And her weary children's steps have stray'd
From their first green dwelling, in the shade
Of Eden's blessed bowers,

Too far to find on earth a track
That yet might guide the wanderers back.
But still from her bright youth's mem'ry comes
A voice to welcome thee:—
It sounds in the song of the early bird,
Through waking woods by the south wind stirr'd,
When the steps of the coming Spring are heard;
It bursts from the heart of childhood, clear
As a stream from its native fount, that ne'er
Was aught but bright and free,
And fear'd no future winter's frost,
Nor the sands where mightier waves were lost.
And we, who look from the lattice-pane
Or the lowly cottage door,
On lengthening eves and budding trees—
As comes thy breath on the day's last breeze,
Bringing its dew-like memories
To the heart of toil and the brow of care—
Through the clouds which Time hath gather'd there—
From green haunts sought no more,
But ever known by the light that lies
Upon them from life's morning skies.

We know thy home—where the waving fern
With the moss-clad fountain chimes;
But we greet thee not with the joy of yore,
When our souls went forth to meet thee, o'er
Far hills which the earliest verdure wore:—
We have hoped in many a Spring since then,
But they never brought to our hearts again
Those vanish'd violet times,
With their blooms which it seem'd no blight could mar—
The early shed and the scatter'd far!

Gather them back, ye mighty years
That bring the woods their leaves!—
Back from life's unreturning streams—
Back from the graves that haunt our dreams,
And the living lost, from whose lips our names
Have pass'd—as the songs of greener bowers
And the tones of happier years from ours—
From all the faith that cleaves
To the broken reeds of this changeful clime—
Gather them back, restoring Time!

Alas! the violets may return,
As in Springs remember'd long;
But for us Time's wing can only spread
The snows, that long on the heart are shed
Ere yet their whiteness reach the head!—
Thou comest to the waste and wold,
But not like us to grow sad and old—
Wild flower of hope and song!
We bless thee for our childhood's sake—
For the light of the eyes no more to wake—
For memories green as a laurel crown,
That link thee to dreams like stars gone down,
And the spots we loved when our love was free—
Each heart hath a welcome yet for thee!

We cannot refrain from adding one more extract, on a kindred subject:

Flowers in the City.

WELL we know them—as the blossoms
Of the green and glorious May
Life hath left so far away
In old woods and glens, whose bosoms
Wear the dew of summer's youth—
It hath pass'd from ours in sooth:
Yet how fresh on brow and spirit
Breathe through tumult, dust, and stone,
Buds the wide green wastes inherit,
Blooms in sunny gardens grown,
And some beside far rivers known—
With old summer memories round them,
Link'd with many a glance and tone—
The loved, but not the changed, we found them;—
Tones grow strange, and glances chill,
But the flowers are lovely still!

Lovely, by the piled-up volumes
Of the world's long-trusted lore—
Through the mart's throng'd toil and store,
And the temple's cold gray columns,
With a mightier wisdom fraught,
And a faith our years forgot;—

With a wealth of odours, bringing
 All the golden eves we met
 Since our first blue violets springing—
 Oh, the days that rise and set
 On Earth's green hills and valleys yet!—
 Oh, the springs our part was miss'd in!—
 We are far, and they forget—
 The hearts their hopes no more exist in
 But o'er many a winter's track;—
 Still the flowers come blooming back!
 Back to tell of dells and meadows,
 Where the blossom'd thorn breathes on
 Through the summer eve and dawn!
 Back to fill our dreams with shadows
 Of old trees and woodbine walls,
 Where the light on roses falls!
 Flowers of summer days, return ye
 With such silvan visions rife,
 To the bond-years of our journey
 Through this dusty throng of life,
 Only to wither in its strife?
 As the free thoughts perish early—
 Found with you by stream and cliff—
 Now our pathways reach them rarely;
 Yet from city homes like ours
 Comes a blessing for the flowers.

In taking leave of our interesting countrywoman, we cannot refrain from expressing a hope, that the present collection is but a small instalment of what we think we have a right to expect at her hands. Powers such as hers, directed by the energy and self-reliance which her early history displays, seemed to promise more abundant, if not richer fruits, than are offered to us in these pages, as the result of more than three years' gatherings; and while we gladly believe that the interval has been wisely and judiciously devoted to the labour of self-education, we look forward to the future with more of confidence. We will own, too, that, with the desire of renewing our acquaintance with the poetess, there is mixed up a feeling of curiosity as to the solution of the interesting and beautiful problem in self-education which her history presents; and we shall watch anxiously, in her next publication, for the results of the full development of a mind so peculiarly circumstanced, thrown so entirely upon its own internal resources, and so completely dependant, in its progress towards knowledge, upon "the light that burns within."

Acta Sanctorum.

Octobris ex Latinis et Græcis, aliarumque gentium monumentis, servata primigenia veterum scriptorum phrasi, collecta, digesta, commentariisque et observationibus, illustrata a Josepho Vandermoere et Josepho Vanhecke. Societatis Jesu presbyteris theologis, nonnullis aliis ex eadem Societate operam conferentibus Tomus VII., Octobris quo dies decimus quintus et decimus sextus continentur. Price, in France, 90 fr. (£3 12s.), separately. *Acta S. Teresie a Jesu.* Carmelitarum strictioris observantiae parentis, commentaris et observationibus illustrata, a Josepho Vandermoere. One volume, 700 pages folio, with fourteen illustrations, price £1 8s.

THE BOLLANDISTS.

II.

THE premature death of Father Rosweyde, who fell a victim to his charity and martyr-devotion for learning, was a touching appeal to the future Bollandists. It addressed them in the words of St. Basil, which had been adopted as the inspiring motto in the preface to the *Fasti Sanctorum*.

"Arise! O illustrious painters, you who can do justice to our victorious heroes; for my part, I shall retire, and shall rejoice that you surpass me in your eloquent picture of their triumphant combats."*

The real commencement of the "*Acta Sanctorum*" dates from the death of Rosweyde, and twenty years'

preparations were still required before the laying of the foundation-stone of that enduring monument. It progressed with the slowness characteristic of religious societies, which think more of eternity than of time. The Jesuits watched over the inheritance of Rosweyde and the glory of the saints. The work could not fall into better hands. In less than three generations, the Jesuits had given nine new saints to the Church, and enrolled in various degrees of the sacred calendar more than ninety names, exclusive of the innumerable martyrs in China and Japan. The Society owed the conversion of its founder and its own establishment to the reading of a saint's life; and the recent acts of St. Francis Xavier had secured for her, among other conquests, Father Bollandus, the creator of the "*Acta Sanctorum*."*

Bollandus was born in 1596, in Tirlemont, duchy of Limburg. At ten years of age he was sent to school at Utrecht, where his gentle character won for him the affections of his masters and school-fellows. In five years he had completed the ordinary course of preparatory studies, and attained, by his extraordinary diligence, such a fund of varied information, especially in history, that he was familiarly known among his companions as *Cornucopia Scientiarum*. He had many rivals but no enemies, as he wore his honours modestly, and was ever ready to communicate his knowledge. When only thirteen years old, he had read Maffei's history of India, and was able to point out on the map, and trace in all their details the scenes of the first conquests of the Portuguese, and especially of the miraculous diffusion of the Gospel by St. Francis Xavier. Names, dates, topography, once treasured up in his memory, were never forgotten.

September 21, 1612, he entered the Society of the Jesuits; and, after passing through the ordinary course, professed rhetoric during six years. One of the professors under whom he studied theology in Louvain was Peter Wadding, a native of Waterford, who had embraced the institute of St. Ignatius, at Tournay, in 1601, in the fifteenth year of his age. To this circumstance perhaps, and to the friendship and literary correspondence which were afterwards maintained between pupil and teacher, may be attributed, in part, the zeal of Bollandus for the preservation of the literary monuments of Ireland, and his warm and effective sympathy for the sufferings of her sons.

At the death of Rosweyde, Bollandus, who was then at Mechlin, was ordered by the Society to execute the projected enterprise. "He went, he saw, he returned," in the words of Papebroch.† The books which had been purchased by Rosweyde, and which immediately after his death had been carried off to the public library, were placed at his disposal, and the "*Acta*" commenced. But in examining the materials collected by Rosweyde, he met with several disappointments. Of the seventeen volumes which had been announced, there were only the titles of the three first, the mere indigested texts of the following twelve, and almost nothing on the most important part, the annotations and criticism on the acts.

He changed, moreover, the whole plan of the work; instead of giving, separately, a mass of uninterrupted text, and reserving for the close those notes, which, perhaps, might be deferred indefinitely, he resolved to give a separate commentary on each life; the martyrology was his first work; he adopted the Roman, but

* *Acta S.S. Præf. Gen. Cap. i. p. 16.*

† *Acta SS. Mense Mart., Tom. i. c. 4.*

* *Orat. in Barlaam, Mart. Fasti Sanct., p. 3.*

changed its order, placing the saints, not according to their rank in the hierarchy, but according to their date; he also added all those who had been honoured in particular churches, and recorded in national calendars; he inserted, removed, and deferred many others; finally, he resolved to fill up the wants left by Rosweyde (who had examined the Belgian libraries only), and to extend his correspondence through the whole Christian world.

There was one striking difference between the plan of Bollandus and that adopted by our great Hagiologists. The former commenced with the martyrology, or calendar, as the basis of his labours, as it probably contained, though very briefly, the most ancient and authentic record of the saint. In his preface to the "Lives of the Saints of February," chap. iii., he informs us, that when he found Colgan engaged in the immense undertaking to publish all the lives of the Irish saints, from documents in the Irish language which were then totally unknown on the Continent, he strenuously advised him to publish the martyrologies first, especially those of Tallaght and of Marian Gorman—the former of the eighth, the latter of the eleventh century; next, to give the ancient councils and religious poems, which were of undoubted antiquity, together with the Irish annals, in order that the learned of other countries might be able to appreciate the credibility of Irish history and assist him in his labours. But Colgan, though resolved to publish the martyrologies, was obliged to reject the advice of his friend; his superiors and his countrymen insisted that the lives should come first; and, moreover, there were some things in the martyrologies which he feared he would not be able to clear up, as they appeared to have been added by a later hand, and others which might provoke the ridicule of the censorious. Thus the advice of Bollandus was rejected—and, to the great discredit of the Irish Catholics, those martyrologies are yet lying, unpublished, in the libraries of Rome, Brussels, and the Royal Irish Academy. Some of the difficulties which obstructed the path of the Bollandists, in treating of Irish saints, have been already removed by Messrs. Hodges and Smith's publication of the "Annals of the Four Masters," which can no longer be treated by the new Bollandists as a document of dubious authority.* Though the advice of Bollandus was rejected, he prayed fervently that Colgan might succeed in publishing his work, "*Deo tamen supplicamur, ut ad opus de Sanctis, ut inchoavit perficiendum, vires ei subsidiaque alia largiatur.*" Many of those "additional helps" were contributed in money by himself.

Bollandus was not disheartened at his own gigantic project—the collection of the annals of the Universal Church. He relied on the innumerable sons of Ignatius who were dispersed over the four quarters of the globe; he invited others to help him in his work—it was the first example of the kind—which not only traced out a plan for future generations, but actually opened a grand field for the combined operations of all his contemporaries.

This active correspondence increased the original materials fourfold; legends, acts, proper-offices,† au-

thentications of relics, acts of canonization and of translation, transcripts and originals, poured in from all quarters, and were stored up in two little rooms which had been allotted to Bollandus, in the Jesuit establishment at Antwerp. In this mass of materials there was an ideal order, but it was only in his tenacious memory. He inherited all the child-like and ingenuous confidence of Father Heribert; he took the whole twelve months to himself, and was quite satisfied that he would live to see them completed, nay, he was already preparing, as a supplement to the twelve months, the text of the Greek "Acta," to be published separately; general chronological, geographical tables, and an index of words for the whole work; collections of martyrologies, of moral precepts and examples, a catalogue *raisonné* of all the authors cited; a universal history of bishops, bishoprics, and monasteries. He complained that no regular record had been kept of the vast number of Catholics who had been put to death, in later times, for the faith, by Protestants—a complaint which is especially true of Ireland—but he resolved to supply the deficiency, by giving memoirs on all the victims of the Reformation, and on all the holy persons who had edified the Church, after the year 1500, though they had not been honoured by canonization or beatification. "When all this is completed," he says, "if I have time, I must cheer my old age by a collection of the ascetical doctrine taught by all the saints of the year."*

Who can read without a smile these lines which have been cited by the new Bollandists, in the fifty-seventh folio volume, which they have lately published. They do not believe the man is yet born, whose grandson will have the glory of concluding their work. The superiors of Bollandus evidently shared his sturdy confidence, for they never dispensed him from being the confessor and director of persons of all ranks and ages, the catechist of the poor, the father and beloved master of innumerable souls. Not more than one-third of his time was devoted to the Acta, and it was even understood that they should be the fruits of his leisure hours—"Horis successivis."†

But this ingenuous improvidence of man was an act of the providence of God. So at least thought Papebroch, who had the remark from Bollandus.‡ The latter often protested, towards the close of his life, that if he had imagined at first the real nature of his work, he would not have dared to undertake or even to think of it. And in truth, asks Papebroch, who without temerity or a special revelation, could bequeath his projects to a future age, and start a literary work which other generations are to complete. The literary world had as yet witnessed nothing of the kind. These words were penned one hundred and fifty years ago, "but what would he think," ask the new Bollandists, "had he foreseen the destiny of his work, which was almost annihilated by the suppression of the society, was then re-established and entrusted to the order of the Premonstratenses, in the Abbey of Tongerlo, and before a new volume had been fully prepared, was once more engulfed in the tempest that overthrew the whole fabric of ecclesiastical and civil society."§

During five years Bollandus worked single-handed,

Charles Gaspar, archbishop of the former see. A copy of those masses cannot be found in any of our libraries. *Bollandists*, Aug. 11, St. Fedlim, and Sept. 25, St. Finbar.

* P. Præf. Gen. p. 31.

† Vita Bollandi, cap. iv. p. 7.

‡ Ibid, No. xx.

§ Proæmium, No. vii., p. 11.

* Colganum suos iv. Mag. duntaxat allegantem, timidius sequimur. April, p. 619.

† The proper masses of the patron saints of France and Ireland were published at Paris in 1734, by order of the Pope. Antoninus O'Kenney edited them. They were publicly celebrated both in Paris and Dublin, by order of Luke, archbishop of the latter, and

and in peace, at his enterprise. But the impatient began to harass him; among others the old abbot of Lessies could not die in peace if he had not seen a volume appear. As soon as the first sheets of the month of January were ready for the press, additional help was required; but as the house at Antwerp was poor, Don Leytens came to its aid, by establishing a bourse of 800 florins for an additional hagiographer. But the generous patron, alas! did not live to read the elegant preface, where the Abbey of Lessies is complimented for "having four orders of saints, in paintings, in reliquaries, in the library, and in the stalls of the choir."*

Amongst the pupils of Bollandus, who were very numerous and affectionately attached to their master, more than thirty entered the Society; and from these he selected two, who were destined to bring his work to its final perfection—one was Father Godfrey Henschenius, distinguished for his mild and placid temper, and an eminently comprehensive and penetrating intellect, which gave the finishing touch to the plans of Bollandus. The second, who was yet in the lowest classes in the college, preserved during his whole life the ardour and vivacity of youth, a rich and luxuriant fund of genius, industry, and controversial fire, which the snows of eighty winters could not tame. Daniel Papebroch had concluded the first course of his studies at the age of fourteen; to occupy his time he read his rhetoric course again—no thought of the future ever clouded his brow—nothing ever troubled him, not even his vocation; though among all the visions careering through his fervid imaginations there was one thought fixed—that he would be nothing but a Jesuit.† Bollandus, however, often marked him out as one of his successors. In a private conversation he told him, that it was full time to deliberate on the choice of a state of life. Papebroch had often received a similar advice with his boyish petulance, but this admonition prevailed. He resigned himself to the direction of Father Bollandus, and, in some time after, entered the Society, with his three brothers; his two sisters, also, and his widowed mother, were influenced by his example to renounce the world.

Such were the three first fellow-labourers of the "Acta Sanctorum." Father Bollandus during thirty-four, Henschenius during forty-six, and Papebroch during fifty-five years. Those patriarchs of hagiography suggest to the mind of the learned reader another contemporary triumvirate, which gave the first impetus to the labours of the congregation of St. Maur, Dom. Luc. D'Achery, the founder of the "Acta Sanctorum," of the order of St. Benedict, is the counterpart of Bollandus; his eminent disciple, Mabillon, was the rival and friend of Henschenius, and there is more than one point of resemblance between the indefatigable Montfaucon (who was familiarly called Monsieur de Roc Taillade, in the monastery of St. Germain) and Father Papebroch, who was denominated, by one of his pamphleteering opponents, as "Papebrochius Bombardizans,"—the bombarding Father Papebroch.‡

In 1635, Father Henschenius commenced his la-

* Feb. Pref. Gen., p. xii.

† De vita Bollandi, No. lxxix.

‡ A Carmelite wrote a pamphlet against Papebroch, with the following singular title: Novus Ismael cujus manus contra omnes et omnium manus contra eum sive P. Daniel Papebrochius, Jesuita omnes oppugnans, &c. &c. Some may attribute his pugnacity to the fact that he was born on St. Patrick's day—the title on which, as we shall see, he claimed Irish hagiography for himself.

bours with the "Acta of St. Amand," for the 6th of February. That work was an epoch in the history of the Bollandists. Henschenius gave full scope to his genius, and devoted twenty-two paragraphs to his Prolegomena on the life of the saint; he discussed the year of his birth—his native country—the order to which he belonged, and his apostolic labours; he followed him step by step, from north to south, through all the monasteries which he founded, or in which he resided. Elnone is a grand object of his researches, he examined its archives, started the questions on the three King Dagoberts, published the first "Charter of exemption," goes over every part of Flanders in which the saint had preached the Gospel—maintains that he was the apostle both of Antwerp and Ghent—accompanies him to Brabant and along the banks of the Rhine and Meuse—establishes beyond contradiction that he was a bishop—restores the bishopric of Maestricht—follows the travels of his apostle beyond the Rhine and Danube, and his three pilgrimages to Rome, accompanies him back to Strasbourg, where he discusses the question on the twenty-three bishops of that see—clears up his connexion with the palace of the Merovingian race—resumes and arranges in order the whole chronology of a life of sixty years, which was intimately connected with the lives of fourteen other saints, and of all the distinguished characters of the seventh century—the most perplexing epoch of French history—enumerates one by one; and often gives a full history of the foundation and progress of not less than thirty-seven monasteries, which the saint had either founded or suggested—discusses his will—the date of his death—his legends in different martyrologies—his festival days—his office—the translation of his relics—the different honours paid to him—and, finally, the foundations of which he was said, but not with certainty, to have been the author. After this comprehensive preface he gives the triple "Acta" in prose, the first of which was then, for the first time, published in a collection of twelve different copies, all divided into new chapters and sections, with the various readings in the margin and critical notes at the end of each chapter. Finally, he gave, as an appendix, two ancient hymns and a fragment of the chronicle of St. Amand. Through the entire course of this mass of learning, the reader is conducted in a few minutes, with a marvellous perspicuity, by a running commentary of marginal notes, which enable him, in a moment to find his way through eighty-eight closely-written folio pages in two columns, full of proper names, and dates, and names of places in many different countries.

When the pupil presented this first fruit of his genius to Bollandus, a new light, a revelation burst on the father of the "Acta." Never had he dreamed of anything so comprehensive, so precise, so perfect in all its details. Without a moment's hesitation he turned on his cherished labours, resolved to adopt the course pointed out by his young friend, recast the whole month of January which he had himself compiled, suppressed several sheets which had been already printed off; in a word, changed for the third and last time the plan of the "Acta Sanctorum."*

The plan of the work was now definitively arranged; but what was its object? Why, if we may be allowed to use the expression, it was nothing less than a preparatory process of canonization for all the saints of seventeen centuries. Several lawyers, on receiving the first

* Vita Bollandi cap. viii.

paragraphs, expressed their amazement at the project of starting on every saint, all the refined discussions of the most intricate legal proceedings,* but Papebroch answered them, that in their courts the heaviest causes decided regarded only the property or character or life of a man, whereas he and his brethren were pronouncing on the glory of the saints. The judge is assisted by attorney-general and lawyers and juries; the facts are generally of recent date, ocular or contemporary evidence is at hand. The sentence is pronounced, the cause is over, a few persons only, very rarely a few generations are effected by it. But in the high court of the hagiologist, where the "Acta" of the saints are discussed, he is both judge, jury, lawyer, plaintiff, and defendant; he must summon to his tribunal witnesses from every age and country, hear and reconcile or object contradictory evidence; decipher and collate documents in various languages and of different dates, written law, traditional law, history, charters, archeology, chronology, geography, all are interrogated in this monster trial. The sentence once passed, it is neither secret nor irrevocable, nor exempt from criticism and censorship; it is pronounced publicly and fearlessly, and often against the fondest prejudices of a whole nation, or the universal opinions of the learned of the day.†

At another time it may be useful to show that Irish prejudices were not respected by Bollandus. For the present let us listen to the storm of indignation poured out against him by our great chronologist, O'Flaherty. "I cannot but be greatly astonished at the liberty of the Rev. Father Bolland, who has within our memory stigmatized the Irish, as totally ignorant of letters in the ages of Paganism, and has not hesitated to declare, that before St. Patrick's time, they, as well as the Iberians, Gauls, Britons, Belgians, and Germans, received the knowledge of them from the Romans. To support which he produces the testimony of Tacitus. But Julius Cæsar, prior to Tacitus, writes, that the Druids had the use of Greek letters in Gaul, and derived their discipline and knowledge from Britain; now the learning of the Druids flourished in Ireland, therefore the Gauls, Britons, and Irish were not ignorant of the Greek letters from the earliest ages, contrary to what Bolland has so confidently asserted." Pars iii. c. 30. This is a specimen of the national feelings which raised against the Bollandists, at different times, from many countries, an opposition which would have disheartened men who were not influenced by the conviction, that they were erecting a great monument to the Catholic church, where truth alone should preside, without distinction of Jew or Gentile, Greek or Barbarian.

But the contemporaries of Papebroch watched the great process of canonization with an interest and benevolence, suitable to the grandeur of the conception. In the space of twenty-five years, the 1170 acts of the saints of January, and the 1310 of February—among which the life of St. Bridget alone is a little volume—were welcomed with enthusiasm by the literary and religious world. Even the Protestants offered the homage of their gratitude and sincere admiration. Vossius, who had written against the "Acta" of St. Antony, and maintained that the use of the sign of the cross was not so ancient nor so frequent as it was there represented, promised to retract as soon as he saw the preface of the Bollandists to the "Acta," wherein they

produce innumerable texts of the Fathers, referring to those very Acta. And he kept his word faithfully in the next work that he published,* and even stated that his great wish was realized, that men had now the means of deciding between truth and fable—"Ut certa a dubiis probabilia a manifestè falsis secernerentur." Even before Queen Christina of Sweden had renounced Lutheranism, the "Acta" of St. Anchar, the apostle of the north, were enthroned on her reading-desk, and beneath them she wrote with her own learned hand, and in her laconic style—"Legi et gratum fecit." It was the first gleam of Catholic faith that burst on her soul.† The abbot of St. Amand, who had been long vainly endeavouring to unravel the history of the patron of his abbey, was so delighted that he posted away instantly to Antwerp, to express his rapturous gratitude to the learned Father Henschenius.‡ The expectations of Germany and France had been already raised by two detached dissertations; one on the bishops of Maëstricht, a see which was not known to have ever existed,§ another on the three Dagoberts, which revealed for the first time to French historians, one of their kings who had reigned seventeen years. The birth of a dauphin could not have caused a greater sensation among the literati of France, than the resurrection of this new Merovingian, who, after a slumber of 1000 years, took his place once more among the things that were. Cardinal Bona congratulated Bollandus in the warmest terms, and wished him length of days proportionate to the grandeur of his design. Father Reynaud, though his prejudices as a Lyons man were hurt by the refutation of his new history of St. Chamond, surrendered at discretion, and generously acknowledged that the church would never see a second work on the theme selected by the Bollandists. This was not the mere compliment of a vanquished brother. The highest authority in the Catholic world spoke the same language. Rome referred to the Bollandists to decide who was patron saint of the kingdom of Navarre, some maintaining that it was St. Francis Xavier, others that it was St. Firmin of Amiens, on the grounds that he had first preached the faith there. A congregation of cardinals, by the advice of Bollandus, answered, that as the arguments on both sides were equally balanced, the question could not be decided; accordingly, Alexander VII. imposed silence on the disputants, and ordered that both saints should be honoured as patrons of the kingdom.|| The same Pope pronounced that pithy eulogium which expresses the general opinions of his day on the "Acta Sanctorum." "A work more glorious and more useful to the Church has never been attempted."¶ In 1670, when Henschenius and Papebroch, in their first literary tour travelled through the Rhenish provinces, Switzerland, Italy, and France, they were received in all quarters with the most flattering distinctions by the learned, both Protestant and Catholic. The honour derived all its value, in the eyes of the humble Bollandists, from the fact, that it was virtually a homage and reparation offered to the saints of God, and a protest against the blasphemies of the preceding century.

* De Vitiis sermonis apud Acta, SS. Mart. Tom. i. de vita Bollandi, p. xvi. No. 47.

† Vita Bollandi, chap. xi. No. 62.

‡ Ibid. No. 61.

§ They also published, separately, a memoir of all the bishoprics of the west, except England; a publication which at once proved the immense utility of their enterprise.

|| Vita Bollandi, No. lxxi. p. 21.

¶ Ibid. No. lxxvi. p. 23.

* Vita Bollandi, p. 23, No. 38.

† Ibid. No. 39.

This great work was, moreover, a bulwark raised by the providence of God against the rising sect of sneering philosophers. It is impossible to look on those noble volumes, which must ever be the monarchs of the richest libraries, without thinking within yourself, how much more cordial would have been the co-operation of the seventeenth century, in erecting this noble monument, if a prophet had arisen in a circle of the hagiologists and their admirers, and said to them; "No time to be lost; the days are at hand, when saints shall be wanting, when truth shall be dimmed, and the stones of the sanctuary scattered at the heads of the streets."

But God foresaw the crisis. In the interval between two hurricanes—the rebellion of Luther and the French Revolution, the second of which was to sweep away all that had escaped the havoc of the first in the last days of peace—he raised up indefatigable labourers to record an inventory of the spiritual wealth of his church; to preserve and impart to it the immortality of type. The wrath of kings and nations may sweep along, overthrowing temples, cloisters, academies, archives, books, and vellums; these are but the light leaves carried off in the storm, the monument itself shall stand "*ore perennius*." When the dust is laid and the light returns, faith, honesty, candid and zealous learning will still read on its pedestal ratified by the approbation of ages, the inscription on the Roman obelisk:

Christus vincit
Christus regnat
Christus imperat.

How often has a similar compliment been paid to Colgan, by all who feels an interest in the history of our country. Examine our modern authors; whether they discuss history, or topography, or archæology, he is one of their principal lights. But the Catholic who does not fully admit the English opinion, that Ireland has no history, will not confine himself to barren laudation of Colgan. The best praise you can give him, is to endeavour to complete his work.

Dr. Lanigan's history is a noble production. It makes the best possible use of all printed materials, but, except in very few instances, it never cites a manuscript. Usher, Ware, the Benedictines, Colgan, Fleming, and the Bollandists, are turned to the best account. But how can it be a complete history? Colgan's "Acta," a goodly-sized folio, contains only the three first months. Had he lived to publish two other folios on the remaining months, Dr. Lanigan's history would require at least two additional volumes.

It is said that Colgan's unpublished works are lying in the College of St. Isidore; but on that, as well as on several other Irish literary matters, there is much more interest felt by the Royal Irish Academy than by any other body of men in our country.

There is another department in which the Bollandists were rich, but Colgan was deficient—the relics of ancient art, such as painting, sculpture, and architecture. The deficiency has been partly supplied for Ireland by several eminent Protestants, but from their hands the work of preservation is all that can be expected. If there was a society in Ireland, on the plan of the Dusseldorf, for the distribution of pious pictures, it might form the germ of a thoroughly national school of Irish art, by enlisting the practical doctrines of the Catholic Church to aid the enterprise. Religion is a fertile principle in Ireland—a fact to which our societies of Artists appear to be insensible. Irish Ca-

tholics must wish for the day when the images of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columba, which they suspend in their Churches, Convents, or Oratories, will not be images, *in genere*, imported from other countries, much less images of home manufacture by artists who know neither old Irish costume nor symbolical art; but faithful representations, erected by men who, for the love of God and their country, have studied in all its details the religious history of Ireland, and especially the relics of her ecclesiastical art. More than two hundred years ago such a school of art was felt to be a desideratum, but the man who projected it had other cares to attend to in the troubles of 1641.

RECOLLECTIONS, CONFESSIONS, ADMISSIONS, AND AVOWALS
OF AN

Irish Parliamentary Reporter.

By WM. B. MAC CABB, ESQ.,
Author of "A Catholic History of England."

Mrs. Page.—Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans.—Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page.—Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans.—William, how many numbers is in nouns?

William.—Two.

Mrs. Quicquity.—Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, odd's nouns.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv., scene 1.

CHAP. III.

THE author determines on becoming an author—his earliest literary efforts consigned to the care of Paddy Quirk, who lights his pipe with them. His first preceptor, Mr. Mark Ussher, of Maynooth. The Latin grammar, and the inexplicable mystery in learning it; waste of time at school. The old system of education—its uselessness demonstrated. "A scholar" ignorant of punctuation. The value of a knowledge of modern languages illustrated. A knowledge of French elevates a poor clerk to the position of a member of parliament. A French professor in Ireland amazed that the people of France could not speak French like himself. The subject illustrated in the adventures of George Geoghegan, and most clearly demonstrated in the stupendous soliloquy of Mister Timothy O'Regan, Philomath.

MY infantine ambition was to be an author, and I commenced my labours in that capacity at an uncommonly early period in life, for I could not be more than seven years of age when I projected, and actually wrote out the two first pages of what I intended should be "A Spelling-book for Children!" I had the advantage of learning my letters under the superintendence of Mr. Mark Ussher, then professor of Belles Lettres in the Royal College of Maynooth, and who was induced to open a school for boys in the town, because he was at once to have as scholars my two elder brothers and myself, with Pat and Joe Langan, Edward Croker, and Kit Roberts—the last, the son of a man who held some government office in the town, and who was of course a Protestant, and hence a sort of prodigy in our little school.

Mr. Mark Ussher was himself an author. He had composed a grammar and spelling-book in the English language, and young as I was, I remarked that in pursuance of his plan, the words were divided into syllables according to their proper sound. I found it would be a great advantage to little boys, if their spelling-books were so divided, and I therefore determined on composing one for them. I laboured under one very great disadvantage as an author—I *did not know how to write*. It took me a fortnight to write two pages, like printed letters; and at the end of that time, my brother James, who had a much more accurate judgment of the value of my literary labours, than he was gifted with a sympathy for the author, or the object of his toil, ran away with them, and presented them to Paddy Quirk, with an earnest request he would light his pipe with them. And thus "at one fell swoop"

were all my many hours' penmanship confiscated, and my first literary project literally "*whiffed away*" by Paddy Quirk, who had the most sovereign contempt for what he called "book-larning."

It is but justice to the memory of that good old man, Mark Ussher, to state that I acquired all the knowledge I ever possessed of arithmetic, and my slight skill in penmanship, to him, and him only. Under his superintendence I fought my way manfully through the mysteries of "Gough," and could read so plainly, and write so intelligibly, that I was declared fitted to begin my Latin grammar. I left him, to begin my Latin grammar—I really cannot tell how often. This was a remarkable fact, that I was always required at each new school I subsequently went to, no matter what progress I had made, nor how well I fancied I was acquainted with it, still the rule was always the same—each new preceptor seemed to have got a particular knack of his own for declining "*musa*," and was possessed of some secret in the conjugation of "*amo*," and therefore—"I must begin again with the Latin grammar:" sometimes I had got into Corde-rius—sometimes was with Cæsar battling with the Gauls—sometimes in the very heat and conflict of the Cataline conspiracy, when changing to a new school—I had to go back again and "begin my Latin grammar."

And thus year after year was wasted—with Latin grammar, Greek grammar, and a few authors both in languages, and with the perfect consciousness in my own mind, that I had been wasting my time, that I knew but little of the classics, and as far as school education went, absolutely nothing of any other language or science, or of that species of solid, useful information which could aid me in my progress through the world.

I saw my deficiencies—set myself to work—commenced studying—read at least ten hours a day, for three years—laboured so zealously and so untiringly, and took so little exercise, as to bring on a fever, from which I recovered, with the consolation that I had taught myself more in any one of the three months that had lately passed, than I had learned in the ten preceding years.

Let not those who may honour these pages with a perusal, fancy that any miserable feeling of egotism induces me to mention these facts. I deliberately introduce them for the purpose of referring to that deplorable waste of time which takes place in Ireland, under the name of "school education," and to which the victims are the sons of the middle classes. I do not know whether the remarks I have now to make are applicable or not, to the existing state of education in Ireland. I hope they are not; but if they be, then I trust, that what I do state may help to put an end to that which was once an established system in schools—namely, that once a boy commenced with Latin grammar, but little attention was paid to his progress as an English scholar. His writing was neglected—he was left to pick up a knowledge of *English* grammar out of the *Latin*! He was free to learn geography if he pleased—it was the same with book-keeping; not the slightest intimation was given to him of the study of English composition; and supposing he availed himself of the opportunities afforded to him, he might leave the "classical" school, a competent construer of Homer, an adept in prosody, a ready translator of such Latin books as he had been taught; perhaps he might be so far a mathematician as to have "gone through" Euclid,

and to know algebra. But supposing he was not to be a member of the learned professions, and had not a fortune at his back to carry him through the world, he was—a useless member of society; unfitted for any situation in life but that of an usher of a school, and thus doomed to aid in carrying on the same system to which he himself had been a victim.

And how many victims of the same sort have I not known. I am aware of one person—he had been a scholar of Trinity College—that is, in other words, he was a first-rate classical scholar, and he was luckily enough to obtain the chance of being engaged as a parliamentary reporter. Upon the first trial made of his abilities, he sent in a report which, in length, would occupy about two of these pages, and it was *all one sentence*! From its commencement to its close there was not a single stop. The Trinity College scholar knew nothing of English composition, and he was as ignorant of punctuation as he was of the Koran.

Let no one suppose that I undervalue a knowledge—a thorough knowledge of Greek or Latin. I am not so utterly ignorant of either as to disparage that knowledge; but what I desire is, that an end should be put to that system by which it has been inculcated, that a knowledge of them should supersede every other—that they are sufficient for the general purposes of life; that they are applicable to all circumstances, and suited to all times; when they are, in fact, in dealing with the general affairs of mankind, but the large £100 and £1000 notes—very valuable *per se*—but for which it is difficult to procure a quantity of valuable things in exchange; whilst, on the other hand, caligraphy, book-keeping, composition, a knowledge of the modern languages, combined with industry, integrity, and perseverance, are the five-pound-notes and sovereigns, for which most people can give to their owner, "the current coin of the realm."

Why should not the young Irishman, without a fortune to sustain him, and with the good sense to see that he is in reality not equal to Byron as a poet, nor to Curran as an orator, and who has the determination of sustaining himself by his honest industry, if it is not his good fortune to have learned a trade, prepare himself for employment, by writing a good hand, by being a good accountant, by possessing a thorough knowledge of English grammar, and (if he have the opportunity) learning to speak and write with facility some one, two, or three of the modern languages. It is thus that Englishmen are now preparing themselves for situations, and it is necessary for them to do so, as well as Irishmen; for at this moment, the best situations in the richest mercantile establishments in Manchester, are filled by Germans, because the German young men almost universally know not only their own language and English, but two or three other of the Continental languages.

As a proof of the value of a knowledge even of our modern tongues, I may mention an instance which has come under my own observation. It is that of an eminent member of parliament, who came up to London a very humble lad—and who was engaged as an assistant in a large establishment, which had an extensive trade with France. The person who carried on the French correspondence for this house died suddenly. It was necessary to write off by that night's post to France. No one in the establishment was found capable of writing the letter but this lad, who had learned the French language from a refugee. He wrote—was permitted to retain the situation of corresponding clerk

for a few weeks on trial; during these few weeks gave such satisfaction to his employers, that the post was conferred on him, and his salary raised at once from £40 to £300 a-year. He subsequently became a partner in the same house, acquired an immense fortune, retired from business to purchase a large estate in the neighbourhood of the village in which he was born. I have seen him in his own country as a landlord—loved by the poor for his kindness and his charities, respected by the rich for his independence and his virtues, and esteemed by all who know him for his talents and accurate information upon a vast variety of subjects. I have had the honour of being frequently in the society of this gentleman, and I refrain from mentioning his name, because I have not had the opportunity of asking his permission to do so.

This gentleman learned French from a Frenchman; and when I recommend young Irishmen to learn modern languages, I do so with the proviso, that they acquire them only from natives, for if not, they may discover when it is too late, that they have been wasting their time almost as completely as if they never had given an hour's study to the subject. A person with whom I am thoroughly well acquainted, assured me some years ago, that he had been at one time a professor of French in a large scholastic establishment in Ireland—because he had studied the language thoroughly, knew it in all its niceties, and considered himself a first-rate French scholar, until *he went to France*, when he found to his utter amazement that he and the natives differed so completely in their pronunciation, that they were as unintelligible to him, as he was incomprehensible to them. It required, he said, many months before he could listen to them with satisfaction, or speak to them with confidence. I may add that the person I now refer to, holds a situation, worth at the least £500 a-year, and the duties of which he could not discharge for one hour, if he were not a perfect master both of the French and Spanish languages.

Every inch of railway that is opened in England, in Ireland, or on the Continent, is an incentive, or should be regarded as such, to the industrious youth of Ireland, to acquire a perfect knowledge of English, of French, German, Spanish, and Italian. *Such are the proper studies for those who have to work their way in the world.* Let them struggle hard as they can, they will find abundance of able competitors in England. Let them not work—or let them continue to spend the years of their youth in schools, as when I was a boy, and they will be found, some of them perhaps at the bar, and—as I have known—exceedingly glad to get chance employment from a Parliamentary Reporter—or, they will be found, as I have known how many a noble, able, and clever young man—good classical scholars, too—shouldering a musket, and losing their lives in the service of the East India Company, which (according to its regulations) would never give them an ensign's commission, though they were gifted with the skill of a Wellington and the genius of a Napoleon.

This subject is an important one—and it is hoped that these observations will not be deemed out of place, when it is recollected that they come from an individual who was compelled, by the vile school-system of Ireland, to lose the most precious years of his life, and whose manhood has been passed in the endeavour to compensate—and it can do so but badly amid its many cares—for that species of knowledge which he sighed even when he was a boy, to possess, but that he never could attain.

If a young Irishman desire to “try his fortune” in London, even the most common every day acquirements will be found to aid him better than his classical knowledge, if he have nothing but that to depend upon; as the following anecdote will abundantly testify :—

My friend, George Geoghegan,* was as good a fellow as ever existed, but he was no genius; and had the merit of never fancying he was one: still for his misfortune, he became some how or other the proprietor of an Irish liberal paper; and for some article that appeared in his journal, and which was written (of course) “by a friend to the liberty of the press,” poor George was convicted of a libel. George was to be brought up to be sentenced, and, as he was not more than nineteen years of age at the time, I recommended him to appear in court with his shirt-collar turned down, and a ribbon round his neck, as if he were a little boy—an expedient which had been tried in the Irish rebellion prosecutions with great success. George followed my advice. He was in the traversers' box, and did not look to be more than seventeen years of age; but, unfortunately, at the moment that he was desired to stand up to hear the judgment of the court pronounced, a deaf old gentleman, who had no business there, but was anxious to hear what the judge was going to say, stood up at the same moment; and Judge Jebb, who was to pronounce the sentence, fixing his eye on *this old gentleman*, rated *him* soundly for his libellous propensities, declared it was scandalous to see one of *his age* sheltering an anonymous slanderer; and, getting disgusted with *the old gentleman*, at seeing how perfectly unmoved *he* was at such language being addressed to *him*, passed the severest sentence the court could inflict on *him*. The old gentleman sat down smiling. Judge Jebb looked daggers at *him*, and evidently regretted *he* had not committed a felony, in order that he might condemn such a hardened old brute to be hanged—but poor George Geoghegan was meanwhile walked off in his youthful habiliments to prison.

Three or four years afterwards I met George in London. He was then “connected with the press,” that is, he was “doing” for two or three papers, in two or three different ways—he was “doing” a Leinster paper with “a correspondence,” and “doing” a Connaught paper with “leading articles”—he was “doing” an English provincial paper with “Parliamentary intelligence,” and he was “doing” all the Morning and Evening papers he could induce to receive his copy with “the Reports of Parliamentary Committees.” In truth, a more hard-working, indefatigable creature than honest George there never existed. A better-natured being with limited means, I may add, there could not be. He was “making out the cause” as well as he could; and he was always ready to do a kindness to a friend in distress. Amongst such was Mr. O'Regan—and it is wonderful what numbers of O'Regans one will meet in London. The wealth of Cressus would not suffice to answer all their demands. Upon an Irishman settled in London, they have no pity. If he is not in a prison, they fancy he must be in a palace; and if he be in a palace, and comply with all their demands upon him, they will be sure soon to have him in a prison.

This was George's account of his transactions with Mr. O'Regan, and I wish I could convey to the reader

* Not a real name.

a particle of the fun, delight, and rich enjoyment with which George told anything that *told against himself* :

"When I met O'Regan," said George, "the poor devil was without a shilling, a bed, or a dinner. I was very hard up myself at the time, and I told him candidly that money I could not spare—a dinner I could not give him; but that I had a room and a bed unoccupied, and if he could wait for breakfast until two o'clock every day, he should have share of mine.

"I need not tell you that O'Regan jumped at my offer; but he was not twenty-four hours in my place until I repented of my generosity; for, whether it was that he was hungry for his breakfast or not, I do not know; but, utterly forgetful that I was often obliged to be up until two, three, four, or five o'clock in the morning, he used to bolt into my room about six, and kick up such a clatter with shaving himself—for there was but one looking-glass in the two rooms—that he was sure to rouse me out of bed before nine.

"One morning I was lying awake in bed, when I heard O'Regan starting out of his in the next room, and I resolved to pretend I was asleep, no matter what noise he should make; for I was actually so fatigued that I felt it necessary to remain in bed.

"In a few minutes afterwards, in darted O'Regan—rushed over to the window, and, in doing so, kicked one boot to one side of the room, and the other to the opposite; then dragged open the window blinds, so as to let the sun-light straight in on my eyes; and then, turning round, looked steadily at me.

"I did not stir a muscle, but imitated a snore most perfectly.

"'Well—' said O'Regan, drawing in his breath—'but that is the lazyist, stupidest, sleepiest—but no matter—here's at him again.'

And, with that, he pretended to stumble against a chair, and in the seeming effort to save himself, pulled a large trunk down on the floor, so as to give a very perceptible shake to the house, and to make the windows tremble for their safety.

"I only snored a little louder, and gave a slight turn in the bed.

"'Well, well, well,' piteously groaned out O'Regan; 'sure that was a noise that would waken the dead. And, by dad, may be he is dead. Halloo! George!' said the tender-hearted Mr. O'Regan, shaking me as hard as he could, 'is there anything the matter with you?'

"My only response was a snore, which might be mistaken for an angry grunt.

"'Oh! I give it up,' said O'Regan; he is as fast as a nail; so I may as well set to and shave myself.'

"With this observation, Mr. O'Regan commenced pulling and dragging about, and upsetting everything that was on the dressing-table; and, either fancying I was fast asleep, or utterly forgetful that he was speaking aloud what was passing in his mind, he thus went on—

"'Well, to be sure, of all the sleepy—lazy—stupid—good-for-nothing persons I ever saw—*there is one of them*, at any rate. And—what's this—the dickens a bit of Windsor soap there is to shave with. He used the last scran of it yesterday himself, and never thought I'd be wanting any of it this morning. Well, some people have a head, and so has a pin!

"'There's nothing left for me, but a dirty bit of yellow soap. What in the world could the omathaun be thinking of all day yesterday, that he never bought a cake of Windsor? Why, I saw them on Monday

last marked up in a shop in a Middle-row, Holborn—four for a shilling. And just to save three pence—a dirty three pence!—he sets me here to shave with this odious yellow soap.

"'He'll use the same himself, to be sure. But what matter about *him*! Sure—he knows well enough, no one would be bothered looking at a little, scrooged-up, starved, little pinkeen like him.

"'But here goes to try if I can, by the hardest of hard work, make up a lather. And, then, how in the world can I do it without a sup of hot water?

"'Yes, Mister Timothy O'Regan—my learned Philomath—just you go and ring the bell—and call up the girl to bring *you*! hot water to shave yourself—and just see what a *sasserarah* you will be after getting. Cock you up, indeed, with hot water—brought up four pair of stairs by swivel-eyed Sarah! when she insists upon not brushing your coat, no, nor as much as cleaning your shoes, but makes you do everything for yourself. Well—when I'm leaving this place, and Lord knows! when that will be—I wont give that one as much as a sixpence—that is, if I have it to give. Oh! murder, murder; but this *is* a cruel case entirely.'

"Hearing," said George, "my guest thus indulging in a soliloquy with himself, I turned quietly round, so as to be able to get a complete view of him shaving.

"Mr. O'Regan had, amid sighs and groans, contrived to cover his face with a lather of soap, and he was on the point of taking up one of the razors, when he stopped suddenly short, looked fixedly at himself in the glass, and thus addressed himself.

"'Why then, Tim O'Regan, may I take the liberty of asking, what put it into your head to come to London?

"'Oh! you thought you'd make a fortune; that London streets were crowded with little boys, who all wanted to learn nothing in the world but Latin grammar, and Greek grammar, and Cordery, and Lucian, and Euclid.

"'Oh! you thought you had nothing to do but to walk up into London, and that everybody would know at once, by looking at you, that you were the man of men for teaching parsing and prosody, and propositions, and axioms, and spondees, and dactyls, and—oh! what a thundering big fool you are.

"'You thought that all you had to do was but to put on your Caroline hat, and that all the fathers in London would be running out of their houses to offer you forty pound a-year, a-piece, for each of their boys.

"'You thought that in London pupils were as plenty as paving-stones, and you'd have only to stoop down to pick one up that would be as heavy as gold in your empty pocket.

"'You thought—what right had you to think at all about anything, you born idiot.

"'A purty fellow indeed you are, to set up to teach Latin in London with a brogue upon your tongue that'd be the ruination of Virgil himself, if he went to recite a line of the *Æneid* with it. Didn't you know, or ought you not to have known, that if London was a large place there must be plenty of scholars in it, as good, aye and—I say it to your face, as nobody is listening, between ourselves—a great deal better than ever you can hope to be.

"'And oh! Tim Regan, what a pity it is that you

hav'n't common sense. What is the reason, that instead of fancying that you were the greatest man in the town of Trim, because you knew a little bit of Latin, and a small scrap of Greek, that you didn't learn to talk English like a Christian, and to write it so that a common, low, vulgar vagabond shouldn't say that it was nothing better than pot-hooks-and-hangers.

"Oh! Tim, Tim, if ever there was an unreasonable beast of a man, sure you're that very one; but, Tim—my poor Tim—see all the lather is dried on your face, just persecute yourself again with the cold water and yellow soap, and shave yourself off-hand like a man."

"This advice, given to himself, was followed. Mr. O'Regan not only lathered himself very well again, but had shaved a portion of his upper lip, when he suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"Tim O'Regan, you unfortunate youth, what are you to do at all, or what is to become of you! Here you are, with a great deal of learning and no small share of beauty, trapesing up and down the Strand, without as much copper in your pocket as would be change for a tenpenny-piece, and—what a world it is—there is that poor, ugly, sickly, sour-faced, little dwarf, with no more brains in his head than there is kernel in a blind nut, who could no more put the verb "*tupto*" through all its moods and tenses than I could dance on the tight-rope—there he is, snoring away comfortably in his own bed, with hot water to shave with whenever he chooses to call for it, and a pound to spend whenever he is disposed for a big drink—there he is, without face, or figure, mind or manners, learning or education, able to pay his way, and to have you living with him on the *shaughrawn*; and, instead of looking up to you, as he ought to do, it is you that are looking up to him as you ought not to do; aye, and you're so much afraid of him, that you hav'n't the spirit to go and pull him out of the bed and tell him to make breakfast for you.

"Oh! its you that were the brave fellow!—but now—you!—the scholar—a pretty scholar indeed, without as much as one little stupid boy for a pupil, to vent your spite upon—there you are now, afraid of an ignoramus, a nonentity, a born bosthoon of a dunce—no, Tim, you're fine spirit is so much broken that you daren't say boo to a goose; and, Lord, he knows but that poor George *is* a goose, for of all the dunderheaded, sleepy, stupid, know-nothing bosthoons that ever lived, George Geoghegan you are one—but, Tim, go on with your shaving."

"This operation was renewed. It was nearly completed, when again the operator paused to address himself.

"Well, Tim, what are you *now* to do with yourself? There's Mary Devine, she has ten acres of good land, just under the castle of Trim, and everybody says that she has a fortune of five hundred pounds.

"I dont think she has so much money.

"But take it that she has three hundred pounds.

"Well, what do you say to her, Tim?

"She used to look kindly at you once, when you wrote a dicolos distrophos ode upon her, beginning

"Maria, dic per omnes

Te Deos oro Timregan cur properes amando."

And she said—the darling—she couldn't understand it; but she was sure it was like yourself, uncommon handsome.

"Tim—

"Regan—

"Tim O'Regan, just try and borrow five pounds

from that stupid, sleepy, ugly ignoramus, George Geoghegan, that's lying in bed before you, and trot back to Trim, your soul, and propose and marry Mary Devine, and lay your heavy curse upon Virgil, and Homer, and Euclid, and, if you find one of your children using them, beat the brains out of him.

"Tim O'Regan just do that, and it will be the only sensible thing you ever did in all your life."

"Here a long pause ensued. The shaving was commenced, and was brought nearly to a conclusion when again Mr. O'Regan burst forth.

"You to go back to Trim! *you* to propose for Mary Devine—you, that once thought yourself such a great scholar and such an Adonis, that the boys would be running after you for your larning and the girls for your beauty—you, that once turned up your nose at Mary Devine—you now to propose; by dad she has too much spirit for that—she wouldn't look the same side of the street you were walking; if your surtout was made of sovereigns and your waistcoat of five-pound notes, she wouldn't stoop to pick you out of the gutter.

"Tim O'Regan, you may as well stay where you are—that cock won't fight, I can tell you.

"Then, Tim O'Regan, what are you to do? You can't go on as you are—you can't be always living upon a brainless, little, nasty-faced hop-o'-my-thumb like that—a poor creature that is trying to live on his wits when he has no wits.

"I'll tell you what you'll do, Tim—go list. There are few finer-looking men than yourself in the Horse-Guards. Just go down to the East India Company's depôt. Maybe the recruiting sergeant won't jump for joy when he sees you.

"Go list—go list. Oh! murder, murder, Tim, and is it for this you're come to London.

"What else can you do?

"Nothing.

"Then I will be off and list; but, first of all, I'll show the spirit that's in me, by pulling that lazy beggar out of bed, and kicking swivel-eyed Susan down stairs, in order that she may never forget that she once had, as a lodger in the house, one of the greatest scholars that ever came from Ireland."

Thus did honest George conclude his narrative of his friend, Mr. O'Regan's, soliloquy. Mr. O'Regan kept his word, and was but one of the thousands of victims made by the system of education which was, formerly, prevalent in Ireland.

Review.

THE LITTLE RED BOOK OF THE HISTORY OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND. By the REV. ROBERT KING, A. B. M^cGlashan, Dublin. 1848.

A most hopeful indication of Ireland's future, is the increasing respect for the monuments of her history. Here is a little Red-book, by an Anglican minister, which compresses, into a primer-like form, the annals of the Irish church during twelve hundred years. A difficult task! but the author was well prepared for it. During the last five or six years he has been writing ecclesiastical histories of Ireland in one volume, in two volumes, in second and third editions revised and enlarged, so that he can announce, with the great sons of Æsculapius, that the elixir of Irish historical truth may be had in packets of all sizes, from Messrs. Grant and Bolton, or Mr. M^cGlashan, booksellers, Dublin.

The Irish are a highly imaginative race; and the

title, "the little Red-book," tickles the fancy, especially of children and innocents. But green, the national colour, would have been more eloquent and less suggestive of dolorous associations; for a Red-book, especially blood-red like the present, coming from Mr. King, is apt to stir the gorge of all who know the history of their country. Colour, however, is a matter of taste, about which we do not wish to quarrel; far better to encourage the Rev. Mr. King, and point out to him, in a truly national and conciliating spirit, a line in which his literary services can be most useful to his country and himself.

It must strike every person, then, as very mysterious, why our author cuts short his narrative at the year 1611. A primer of the holy Catholic Church in Ireland, by an Anglican clergyman, concluded at 1611!! Surely the subsequent period must have been much more interesting and familiar to *him*. It must have been a professional study, because his church had then acquired her legal fixture in the land. Then she had her line of Archbishops and Bishops, and Archdeacons and dignitaries: then "she raised her mitred front in courts and parliaments," and swayed at her beck the destinies of this land. To omit these two centuries in a history of *Mr. King's* Catholic Church in Ireland, is truly the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out; it is as the Duke of Wellington commanding at Trafalgar, or Nelson at Waterloo.

For two good reasons we fear the plan was injudicious and fatal to his success; one was a sin of omission—the other of commission. He omitted to treat of a period with which he must have been familiar—one intimately connected with the present state of this country—and he has treated of a longer period, in which he could neither feel any great interest nor be trusted as a secure guide. One of the Anglican homilies declares, that during 800 years and more, before 1560, all Christendom, man, woman, and child, priest and layman, were plunged in gross and damnable idolatry; and yet Mr. King devotes many chapters to the history of those 800 years and more, but suppresses the history of the Anglican church in Ireland during the last 200 years. This, in an Anglican minister, looks, to say the least of it, wonderfully odd.

We shall first point out the great public utility of a history of the English church in Ireland, in the hope that Mr. King or some other may execute it; and next, we shall assign a few out of the many reasons which prove that Mr. King was not qualified to write on the 800 years and more, which he has sworn were grossly and damnably idolatrous.

Let us go back to the settlement of the tithe question, in 1834. Before that time, the Irish public appear generally convinced that the possession of one million sterling, annually, by the ministers of half-a-million of Anglicans was a national grievance, which should be removed at all hazards. It was believed impossible that the chaotic elements of Irish society could ever subside into harmonious union until that anomaly had been abolished. Agitation ran high—rebellion writs flew thick as hail through the country; the question was settled, and in such a way as left, in some of the southern counties, a rankling animosity even against the Liberator. From that hour to the present, with the exception of an occasional letter or speech, there has been no attempt to appropriate the national revenues to national good. Politicians of every grade, Whigs, Radicals, and Repealers, appear,

by their silence, to acquiesce in the justice of paying £1,000,000 *per an.* to the pastors of 500,000 souls. Even while famine and pestilence have been destroying their tens of thousands, during the last three years, no resistance was concerted against the Establishment; and by one of the greatest mysteries, even in those days, there was hardly a complaint, when Dr. Plunket, of Tuam refused to pay poor-rates. This cannot be a sound state of public feeling, as Mr. King could easily prove, if he had given us a history of the Irish Establishment, and a true estimate of her present influence on the fortunes of Ireland. Should we be suspected of partiality, we beg the reader to suspend his judgment until he has heard our last quotation from Mr. King.

It is not the amount of the revenues he would principally complain of, for, though enormous sums have been hoarded up, much is spent in the country. But he could easily demonstrate the fatal political influence of this church-gold on the fortunes of every Irishman, the recipients themselves and their immediate connexions excepted. He could show how it denationalizes the aristocracy and all who expect to share its splendid prizes; he could say, after recording the history of his church, "the Establishment of which I am a minister is a political establishment—it is, and ever was, the enemy of the happiness and liberty of the people of Ireland—it is the creation and the slave of English power. From Bale of Ossory to Berkely of Cloyne, we never learned the only language through which the people, whose money we received, could be instructed, because English law prohibited it. We did not translate the New Testament into Irish until sixty, nor the Old Testament until a hundred years after the Reformation. We declared, in 1626, by the mouth of Dr. James Usher, that the religion of Rome was idolatry and apostacy, and yet we took no means, except the prison, the fire, and the gallows, to rescue the Irish from their idolatry. Henry VIII. bound us all, by a solemn oath, to build English schools in our parishes—we have not fulfilled the oath. When the estates of some thousands of innocent Irish Catholics were pending on a conflict between the Lords and Commons of Ireland, in 1661, our bishops, who had lately been consecrated, threw the weight of their votes into the scale and decided in favour of the regicides. When English fanaticism was to be maddened against the Irish Catholics, we had our Archbishop King to circulate his false statements on the state of the Protestants in Ireland; when faith was to be broken with Catholics, after the treaty of Limerick, we had Bishop Williams; and, not to go into greater details, point out, if you can, one solitary instance in which the establishment stood between the tyrant and his Irish slaves. Where were our bishops when the law passed to make eunuchs of the Irish priests? These laws were made for us, they were upheld by us, their repeal, at every step, was resisted by us; for us was emancipation delayed, and reform, electoral and municipal, delayed and curtailed. We have ever been the fast friends of English misgovernment; and, though England should defile our high places again with the nameless abominations of an Atterbury of Waterford, a Todd of Down and Connor, and a Jocelyn of Clogher, though we should beg, and beg in vain, to be allowed to support, at our own expense, a bishop of Kildare, fast friends we shall remain, as long as £1,000,000, annually, are distributed amongst us. No wonder! we do what any other body of men would do

in our circumstances. Young enthusiasts may hope to conciliate us for national purposes; but they forget to calculate a problem in arithmetic—the proportion between £1,000,000 per annum, and 500,000 souls. The measure that can conciliate us is not Mr. Fagan's sliding scale for the gradual reduction of ministers' money, but an act which will arrange our revenues on the true basis—our Anglican population; or, what is still better, emancipate us altogether from the gold chains and the oppression of a political power, which, true to its instincts—uses us for political purposes. They call us the church of the aristocracy—we were so before the Union, but now our titled brethren are generally absentees. We are pastors of the nobility “*in partibus infidelium*.”

Views of this kind, illustrated by copious facts, and enforced by the eloquence of Mr. King, though disagreeable in themselves, and especially to us, would, in due time, make an impression, especially if he urged upon his readers the pretty well-known fact, that English statesmen are practical men. They are Protestants in England; Presbyterians in Scotland; Greeks in the Ionian Islands; Catholics in Malta, Canada, and Gibraltar; Hindoos in India. When an old political machine is worn out, and confessed on all hands to be an anomaly, they consider not the nature, but the efficiency, of the new one to be substituted in its place. If the Protestant establishment be now not sufficient to hold Ireland as a mere colony of the English aristocracy, the Catholic clergy will be subsidized for the purpose. A small party will be formed from among those who are called the moderate clergy, just strong enough to support English misgovernment, but not too strong. When that party is formed (if ever) all men not in Bedlam know two facts, that the revenues of the establishment will be divided between Anglican and Catholic; and that the division will be made on such a basis as may play off one party against the other, for the benefit of the English government, the political enslavement of both churches, and the perpetuation of the miseries of the country.

A singular passage in Edmund Burke's Tracts on the Popery Laws suggests ample matter for reflections to Mr. King. “When the Anglo-Norman invaders, by every expedient of force and policy, by a war of some centuries, by extirpating a number of the old, and by bringing in a number of new people, full of those opinions (on English discipline), and intending to propagate them, had fully compassed their object, they suddenly took another turn; commenced an opposite persecution, made heavy laws, carried on mighty wars, inflicted and suffered the worst evils, extirpated the mass of the old, brought in new inhabitants, and they continue at this day an oppressive system, and may for four hundred years to come, to eradicate opinions, which, by the same violent means, they had been four hundred years endeavouring by every means to establish. They compelled the people to submit, by the forfeiture of all their civil rights, to the Pope's authority, in its most extravagant and unbounded sense, as a giver of kingdoms; and now they refuse even to tolerate them in the most moderate and chastised sentiments concerning it.” This was written some sixty years ago, but the current is now changed: Catholics are not only tolerated but free, and, if we believe Mr. King, unduly favoured: a Papal legate may soon be enthroned in London, and farewell to all English protection of Irish Protestantism the moment the change meets government interests in Ireland.

If Mr. King had thus sketched the history of his establishment, he would probably be denounced by the English interest as a rebel, and by the patriots, of all orders, as a bigot, who marred the conciliation of Irishmen. But he could easily prove, that to speak the truth on all subjects, and believe in the eloquence of the poor law, bad as it is, are the only chances of uniting and conciliating those whom the thunders of heaven in three famines have not been able to unite or conciliate.

But whatever views Mr. King might give on the history of his church, his time would have been better employed than in writing on the Catholic history of the country. His errors are very numerous. A simple enumeration and refutation of some of them are all we can give: for instance, the following passages:—

1.—The ancient Irish respected Jerusalem as the mother Church of the whole world, and did not regard the Church of Rome, as having any title to be the mistress of all churches.—p. 41.

We answer—St. Columbanus, in his letter to Pope Boniface, declares that, though Rome was great and renowned for many things among other nations, in Ireland she was renowned for the chair of St. Peter alone—by that chair she was almost divine—she was the head of all the churches in the world. “Again, a canon of the Irish church decreed, “if any questions arise in this island, they must be referred to the Apostolic See.”

2.—The Pope nominated, appointed, or confirmed no Archbishop or Bishop in Ireland before 1132.

In the fifth century, Prosper declares that Palladius was ordained Bishop of the Scots, believing in Christ. The annotations of Tirechan, in the Book of Armagh, attest the same of St. Patrick. The hierarchy once established, the discipline of the church did not require either the nomination, or confirmation, or ordination of bishops by the Pope, provided they were appointed according to the discipline approved by him in founding the Irish church. Pope Pius IX. could, without changing the essential discipline of the church, allow Irish bishops to be elected, approved, and ordained under his law by the Irish Bishops and metropolitan.

3.—The Pope was not allowed to interfere with the concerns of the Church of this island until 1132.

The truth is, the Pope never interferes where there is no need. The very ancient life of St. Patrick, by St. Evin, declares that Rome is the mistress of our faith, the fountain of all apostleship. When a case did arise, several thousand of the Irish clergy diligently enquired into the tradition of the primitive fathers of the Irish church, and they, assembling at Leighlin, decreed and said—“Our predecessors have ordered us by trustworthy witnesses, some of whom are alive, and others who sleep in peace, that we should adopt humbly and *without scruple* the better and more salutary things sent to us with the approval of the fountain of our baptism and wisdom, and the successors of the Apostles of the Lord.” Accordingly they sent, like good children, deputies to Rome, their mother. If some in the North hesitated to conform, it proves that they went against the order of their seniors, or, as Bede says, that they did not know precisely what was required of them. The South at once obeyed on the admonition of the Apostolic See.

4.—The Irish did not pray to the saints.

If so, they neglected the advice of the friends or relations of St. Patrick. Sulpicius Severus, who was

contemporary of St. Martin, and wrote his life, states in his letter to Aurelius (on the death of St. Martin), that his only principal consolation was that he might obtain, by the prayers of his dead friend, what he could not obtain by his own merits. Has Mr. King ever seen, or has he knowingly suppressed the hymn of Brogan of Ossory, or the hymn of Secundinus, or the life of St. Columba, by Adamnan? Brogan prays to St. Bridget, and even compares her to the Blessed Virgin: "I will pray to holy Bride, with the saints of Kildare, that she may stand between me and judgment, that my soul may not perish. The nun that roamed the Curragh is my shield against sharp arrows, except Mary, who can compare, in my judgment, with St. Bride. Two holy virgins are above—my guardians may they be—Holy Mary and St. Bride, on whose power all may depend." Brogan's hymns were written in the sixth, or early in the seventh century. It is the first Life of St. Bridget, published by Colgan. In the hymn of Secundinus, St. Patrick is invoked: "I will declare, at all times, the praises of Patrick, that God, with him, may protect us. All the boys of Ireland cry to thee, O Patrick! come St. Patrick and save us. May St. Patrick, the holy bishop, pray for us all, that the sins which we have committed may be totally forgiven." Now, this prayer is anterior to the year 600, at least. Finally, "Columba, on his death bed, promised his disciples that he would plead for them before the throne of God (vita cap. 17, lib. iii.); and among the last entries in the Book of Kells, he had recorded his own prayer to St. Patrick, begging all who read that book to pray for the writer." *And yet the ancient Irish did not pray to the saints. Mr. King must have wonderful power of face to make the assertions without laughing.

5.—The Irish did not pray for the dead.

St. Germanus, the preceptor of St. Patrick, prayed for the dead. In a certain part of Gaul, there was what would be called in modern times, a haunted house. When St. Germanus heard of it, he ordered prayers to be said for the departed. "*Oratio intercessionis impenditur obtinetur pro defunctis requies*"—(Surius Jom. iv. p. 432). Columba, as we have seen, begged all who should ever read the Book of Kells to pray for him. Among the canons of St. Patrick, there is one which treats expressly of the Mass for the dead—"De oblatione per defunctis"—and Mr. King must be very ignorant, indeed, of the valuable labours of members of his own church, to deny that many of the most ancient and touching inscriptions in Ireland are prayers for the dead.

6.—The Pope never canonized an Irishman before the 12th century, A. D. 1132.—p. 37.

As Mr. King does not know some of the plainest facts in Irish history, he could not be expected to know the various forms of canonization that prevailed at different times in the Roman church. St. Virgil of Saltsburgh, St. Cathaldus of Taretum, St. Columbanus of Bobbio, and hundreds of others, were canonized according to the form required by the Roman church in their day. They were patrons of churches, their names were in Roman Martyrologies, their festivals were celebrated, and if Mr. King had studied Dr. Lanigan, vol. iii. p. 106, he would find that at least one Irishman was canonized by Pope Leo IX. in 1052.

Enough has been now given, to prove that our author's zeal could find a far more profitable field than those ages which were buried "in gross and damnable idolatry." We could prove to him that the king was

not head of the Irish church—that the Irish church used an unknown tongue in her liturgy—that she never translated the Scriptures into Irish—that she venerated relics and honoured images, and imposed very severe penances, such as pilgrimages and fasting and seclusion, all of which are "fond things" in the opinion of Mr. King; but enough has been done to prove that he must serve a long apprenticeship to Usher or some of his living representatives, before he can secure for himself a name in Irish history, which will survive the fleeting prejudices of the day. Mellifont, an English establishment!!—for shame, Mr. King!

But as he has selected a few truths, he shall have the benefit of them, in compliment to his zeal for the history of his country. They have been already given in the words of Edmund Burke, who was a greater man than Mr. King, and may therefore awaken both Irish Anglicans, and Catholics to this great truth, that English government has never viewed, and probably never can view religion in this country, except as a means to secure Ireland as a second-rate province of the British empire. The Catholics of Ireland, we fear, are not sufficiently acquainted with the political relations between England and Ireland, when both were Catholic—"Fas sit et ab hoste doceri."

CHAP. 33.—HOW ENGLAND AND ROME (i. e. CATHOLIC BISHOPS) AGREED IN PUTTING DOWN THE IRISH LANGUAGE, IRISH CUSTOMS, &c. &c.

A great many of the strangers who had settled in Ireland, began gradually to like their Irish neighbours, and to adopt their customs and manners, laws and language, forming intermarriages, also, and other connexions with the natives and their children. Such persons were known by the name of *degenerate* English. But their mode of life was very displeasing to some of their countrymen who were higher in influence and authority (imported like Anglican Bishops from England); for they were afraid that this mixture with the native Irish would greatly lessen the influence and respectability of the English settlers in this country. And, therefore very severe laws were made from time to time against the national manners, language, customs, and general peculiarities of the Irish. The statute of Kilkenny was a very famous act, a collection of acts, passed at a Parliament held in Kilkenny, in the year 1367. By this statute, marriage with the Irish, "Fosterage and Brehon law," were condemned as high treason. Irish language, names, or dress, were prohibited to the English in Ireland under penalties of loss of goods and imprisonment. *Also none of the mere Irish were to be allowed to any office of honour or emolument in any cathedral, collegiate church, or religious house where the English influence prevailed.* In the Parliament that passed these laws there were present the Archbishops of Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam, the Bishops of Waterford, Killaloe, Ossory, Leighlin, and Clon, who all agreed in denouncing excommunication against all who disobeyed that act—p. 68.

This is a statement in humble prose, of what has been already described by the magic pencil of Burke. Wide differences, however, there are between that Anglo-Catholic church and Mr. King's church. In one century alone, the former erected more monuments of their religious and national zeal, than have been bequeathed to Ireland by all the prelates and clergy of Mr. King's church, from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present day. The Anglo-Irish prelates were not a Cressus-church without a people; but they were generally of that class which are promoted in a province governed exclusively for the interest of the dominant nation; a class like those prelates imposed on the Sicilians by the Neapolitans, and such as would be imposed now by England on Ireland, if both were Catholic. Let us listen to Father Ventura, "On the pretence that Sicily was an eternal focus of sedition and rebellion, a system of police government was organized there, far more oppressive and revolting than

martial law. A law, which enacted the eligibility of all subjects of the Neapolitan crown to all offices in the Sicilian dominions, was executed in such a way as to establish, in Sicily, a vast system of espionage—to watch and report to Naples all the movements of what the Imperial party called, ‘that ungrateful and turbulent Sicily.’ With a few honourable exceptions, the refuse of the Neapolitan clergy were appointed to bishoprics in the most disturbed parts of Sicily. Palermo, Catana, Trepani, Messina, Nota, and Syracuse are governed by bishops, whom the people regard as ‘*mitred policemen*,’ men who have done no good but infinite mischief.” Let Catholics, and Mr. King, reflect on this fact, thank Lord Palmerston for his Sicilian sympathies, and have a little patience until we give Father Ventura’s *brochure*, entire, in our next number.

The narrow prejudices of many of his brethren, obtrude themselves in every shape in the pages of Mr. King. After dealing his anathemas on seven millions of his Catholic countrymen, in a style which shocks the feelings of the learned of his own church, he pounces on the Presbyterians of the North. The confiscations of Ulster would have been a great national good, he assures us, “If those who profited by the seizures had cared more about religion and philanthropy, and less about selfish ends and private gains.” (p. 91). Now, disclaiming all intention of flattering the Presbyterians, every one knows that they have not been more careless of their own religion, or more selfish than their Anglican brethren, and as the world goes, they are destined, when they awake to their own interests, to play a more prominent part in the future history of Ireland, than Mr. King can ever expect for his church. They could decide the elections in many towns and counties of the North; but where could the Anglican church return a member except in Trinity College?

PAPERS ABOUT

Irish Missions and Missionaries.

NO. IV.

THE unscrupulous character of trans-atlantic bigotry would render it a formidable antagonist, if its very excess did not considerably mar its influence. The whole history of Irish sectarianism is one long “age of inventions;” but unless in some solitary instances, fanaticism has had a method in its madness—it was too prudent to overtask credulity by lying, up to impossibility. It is not so in America. The thirteen millions of “Nothingarians” make a “good thing” of the silly prejudices which distinguish the “Communicants” among Baptists, Jumpers, and Moravians, *et cetara*; and American romances, for a time, are reverently placed beside the Bible. Authors laugh and eat their viands. Pious associations sing psalms of deprecation; and cunning leaders of revivals have a series of “startling facts” that frightens the money from old-young-ladies’ pockets.

We recollect an American reviewer who laboured with lengthened arguments and vast research, to prove that the democracy of the “Universal States” had not a strict right to comprehend every principle and thought which a philosophic mind might think proper to employ. He held that different grades of education, supposed a preparedness in some to understand that which would be unintelligible to others, and that these *others* had no indefeasible claim, that public writers should

labour for them. Poor man! He narrowly escaped the bucket and feather-bag. It was treason against the majesty of the people to suppose them ignorant of anything. In truth they are a splendidly-educated people; but the aspirations after authorship are nearly numerous as human beings. Men whom the moral tie does not bind too strongly, and in the face of competition where facts are seized so rapidly, have great temptations to drive a trade in falsehood—and they do. The pity is, that excesses and excitements for which the constitution has little restraint, too frequently prove the parentage of the books.

A rather ludicrous illustration of the easy faith with which misrepresentations of Catholicism are received, may convey some notion of foreign prejudice, and at the same time, a lesson of prudence. Two gentlemen, in the year 1840, met in a stage-coach, and talked on a variety of topics; among the rest on the *ultima ratio* of American resources for the protection of life and property. One, apparently an Irishman, contended that neither had sufficient security. “Suppose,” he said, “that a dishonest man, or even an enthusiast, acquired an ascendancy over the populace, he can employ them for the perpetration of any wickedness—make them the agents of any personal enmity, caprice, or cupidity.”

“What do you suppose our magistrates to be doing in the mean time?”

“Your magistrates have no power.”

“Why, the militia?”

“Are the mob.”

“Oh, Sir, our militia *will* obey their magistrates.”

“What security have you for that?”

“Their virtues.”

“Remember the burning of Charleston convent.”

“Sir!” said a young lady who sat opposite the fore-mentioned disputants, and who seemed to be engaged, to an extent of almost painful interest, “Sir, it’s not true!”

Both gentlemen turned their eyes upon the speaker. The full, dark, hazel eye, finely-chiselled mouth, hair simply wreathed, and the pale, delicate face, would have been strikingly handsome but for a certain decision, a firmness which may be desirable in women, but not desirable to be always seen. She was the ideal of an American lady.

“And what may not be true, madam?” asked the Irishman.

“That our people burned down the nunnery at Charleston.”

There was no heat—there might be temper—but you always imagine an American woman under the influence of temper.

“And pray who burned the convent?”

“Why, the nuns themselves!”

“Indeed!”

“Yes—Wretches were starving in the subterraneous dungeons; bodies of murdered persons were to be found in the cellars; and many awful discoveries were about to be made by the authorities, had the nuns not anticipated enquiry by burning the place.”

“And the mob?”

“Were merely hooting!”

It was obvious that the young person had not been in the vicinity of the dreadful event, and that her confidence had been abused for the benefit of religion.

We may mention, “*en passant*,” that on the fearful night on which the model-government of freedom was unable to protect defenceless women who had de-

voted their lives and strength to the education of the American people—the priests of Boston were closely besieged in their dwelling. A great and good man—who has a worthy successor—then presided over the church of Massachusetts. Never, perhaps, has there existed one who united, in a greater degree, the gentlest benevolence to the most indomitable courage, than did the late Bishop Fenwick. The vicious system of church government, which half uncatholicised the spirit of the people—the lay government in temporalities—was first assailed and crushed by him. Bishop Hughes has almost universalized what Doctor Fenwick begun. When the blood-shriek of the mob was fiercest, and, when the terrible success at Charleston had extended their appetite for vengeance, and taught them their power of satiating it, the Bishop and his priests were praying and taking counsel. Various was the advice and few the hopes of egress and escape.

"Come!"—said the Bishop, and he advanced towards the door.

A moment's pause, and all passively followed. The good man's step was firm—his form was majestic—his eye, a dark southern one, lit with the fire of a confessor. He led on, by a back passage familiar to his followers—'twas the private entrance to his cathedral; he arrived before the altar, and, turning to his clergy with an expression never to be forgotten, he said—"We shall here die together!" Glorious Bishop! He lived to see the aggressors shamed by the monuments of their own vile passions, though he never had the satisfaction of seeing his country make decent retribution.

The American gentleman, to whom we above referred, parted, "*en rout*," with his companions in the stage-coach. The young lady had discovered the remaining one to be a foreigner, and resolved to impress him deeply with the dangers and horrors of popery.

"You don't seem to credit the horrors attributed to convents!"

"I have seen no proof of them."

"Have you heard of a 'Priest Berne,' in these parts?"

"Yes."

"He could tell you more. He has a special mission to flog, starve, and flay the refractory."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No; he is a brute!"

"What like person is he?"

"O hideous! tall, gaunt, with overhanging brows, dreadful eyes—an Ogre."

Many awful disclosures did the fair, young American make to our countryman. She seemed perfectly acquainted with the geography of trap-doors, sliding-panels, midnight-watchings, sin, and murder. Her companion had seen some years, and was not wanting in experience. If a sectarian, he was, undoubtedly, of the liberal school, and had had sufficient judgment to examine for himself, before he excluded from the circle of human sympathy all members of the religious life. He sounded the depths of his young companion's information, and, in exchange for her opinions, gave her an exposition of his knowledge and travel. She listened, and smiled at his apologies, and said, "She sometimes almost thought him a Catholic."

Thus, for a long summer's day and a-half, nearly for two, the travellers beguiled the way. The Irishman, as in duty bound, attending to the lady's luggage in every transition from boat to coach and to rail—and there were of such transitions no very con-

venient number. The parties became great friends. But "the greatest friends must part," and their cross-roads came at last.

"So! - - -" cried the captain of the steamer, as his ship snuggled herself by the quay, and the regular approaching and receding, with which a large vessel courts her berth, had been made—amid the shoutings of officers, the pause and puff of wheel and engine, and the gapings and gazings of those on board and on shore.

"So!" said he, "Heave up that luggage there!"

"Aye, aye!"

And up came, in glorious profusion, portmanteaus and cloaks, umbrellas and hat-boxes, bundles and bales. Nothing discovers your fellow-passenger so immediately as his travelling-gear. You will know a tidy, experienced, crusty-faced, embrowned portmanteau; so prettily tucked up for a journey—an able-to-fit-anywhere kind of article. Its master, rest assured, wears a blue cloth cap with a deep peak—his frock is small for his body—his collar is turned down, and—he smokes. Travelling is natural to that gentleman, and to his portmanteau; how vastly different from the plethoric, important-looking, accumulation of leather yonder, with its brass-plate of awful pretensions, and its countless straps, buckles, and so forth—a corpulent old stay-at-home, trussed up for security! 'Tis likely the owner rarely travels further than from New York to Saratoga: he is some one *not* American, and has made *half a fortune*. Then—but—

"I say, Ma'am, 's all your luggage here?"

Our young American acquaintance was coolly and curiously peering between packages and over trunks and boxes.

"Why do you fling that huge portmanteau down upon my basket?" cried the lady, "see, if you haven't broken the handle!"

She stooped to look after her property, and her eye was attracted to the inscription on the back of the offending leather. The most lasting virtue of woman, wise men pretend, is curiosity; we should like to hear the same philosophers' estimate of an American woman's in this regard. The lady has evidently met something very displeasing—at least confusing. She raised her head; the Irish gentleman, as he should be, was by her side.

"Sir," she said, and she smiled with the real joy of the heart—"Sir, we are about to part. I should be delighted to see you at our residence; and I cannot sufficiently thank you for your exceedingly polite attention."

The gentleman was about to reply, when a porter, seizing the portmanteau, which had been just undergoing his fair friend's scrutiny, said—

"This your's, Sir?"

"Yes."

"REV. MR. BERNE!" said the lady.

"The same," answered the gentleman, smiling, "May I hope that I have not justified all your hard preconceptions?"

The lady burst into tears.

* * * * *

A story has been recently going the rounds of the American papers, and exciting a most virtuous excess of horror against the nuns, monks, and religion of Mexico. A young officer of the "army of invasion" loitered in a Mexican church sufficiently long to arrest the attention of a religious, who picturesquely attired and dramatically spoken, as became her, sought

and obtained an assignation at her cell. The hour was to be midnight. The signal from without—"Three knocks at the postern gate." The business was of life and death importance. The officer, of course, was punctual to his appointment. The lady was in readiness. They found themselves together and alone at the appointed place. Having taken wine with her guest, the nun stripped off the coverlet of her bed, and, horror of horrors! "nestled curiously therein," lay—not an infant, but a murdered monk. The nun turned out an Amazon, for she drew forth a pistol and compelled the gallant captain, under terror of his life—

"as Æneas

Did, from the walls of Troy, upon his shoulder,
The old Anchises bear"—

to carry forth the dead monk. In a few minutes afterwards he himself fell down. He had been poisoned.

Now, this was a pretty marvel, and had, probably, supplied grave meditation to some "Ladies' Benevolent" Societies, small "Sewing Parties" for the poor, and "Bible Lessons" of an evening—all of which re-unions are quite remarkable, as well for the very small share of charity they bestow, as for the large share of valuable experience they confer—an experience derived from a keen survey of the manifold vices of their neighbours. Just, however, when many additional subscriptions had been collected, for the laudable object of purchasing Bibles to illumine the wretched "Idolators" in Mexico, the whole affair turned out to be another humbug.

Infinitely more disastrous to social happiness, than even the bigotry of the United States, is the outrageous antagonism which prevails—nay, is encouraged—in some of our Colonies. The displays of Orangeism, which have been partly crushed in upper Canada, are of frequent occurrence at present in New Brunswick; and the same wretched results, which have ever distinguished this monstrous system, curse its manifestations there. Now, no part of the earth affords less plea for aggression than this particular colony. The Irish people are quiet and industrious—the bishop and priests most inoffensive, laborious, zealous and exemplary; and, so far from interfering with the appetite for emolument which ever accompanies Orange loyalty, the Catholics are almost proscribed on the very land which they have fertilized. Yet they are not allowed to live in peace.

The Right Rev. William Dollard, of New Brunswick, is one of the many who abandoned home for the Gospel of the Cross, and whose career has been a continued benediction to the Irish exile. For a period, we believe, considerably over thirty years, he has devoted himself to endurance and toil which would have been sufficient to destroy almost any man but himself; and he still continues his "labour of love" with the same energy which animated his earliest ministrations. The emigrant scenes of last summer—those awful reflections of bad government which England has scattered over the world, to show the impunity with which she can crush Ireland—brought out the chivalrous Christianity of Dr. Dollard and the clergymen of St. John's. His lordship, his vicar-general, Dr. Dunphy, and the other priests, were dismayed by no danger—stayed by no obstacle. From fever-bed to fever-bed, and from shed to shed, in Partridge Island, they were found, day by day, ready to "gain their life by losing it" for the "love of the brotherhood." It was the last sad duty of the Irish bishop and priests to

their unfortunate countrymen and countrywomen, whose head-stones are monuments illustrating a legislation, which gave Ireland the alternative of ship-fever or starvation. God bless the "Irish missionaries," who mitigated the agonies of our poor people's departure, and who poured a blessing on their graves.

Is it not inexplicable, even with cunning malice as an exponent, that the government of England will not interfere to protect the wretched creatures whom bad laws or dark fate has expatriated? At home, the poor-house or death; abroad—at least so far as New Brunswick is concerned—pampered Orangeism grasps to exterminate them! Sanguinary ruffianism parades, unmolested, the insignia of violence and disorder; the brutal instincts of a barbarous era are reproduced, to legislate for social ruin; murder stalks in security over the island—the security of patronage or the security of inefficiency; and all the paltry passions which dishonoured and ruined this land, are evoked to curse the young soil. Six murders have been committed in New Brunswick within one year—*every one a victim to the demon of Orangeism*. In no single case have the laws been vindicated by the punishment, or even the apprehension, of the culprits.

Where, let us ask the government, are these things to end? We believe, that of the thousands of Irish Catholics in New Brunswick, few, if any, are in the commission of the peace—not one in the higher official departments; they have not even the educational security afforded by possessing a commissionership of the public schools. While thus defenceless, a truculent rabble is let loose upon them; "exclusive dealing" is decreed; "down with the Pope" shouted; "death to the Papists" acted, even in the view of the government. Is it wonderful that disorder and disorganization are rapidly progressing in New Brunswick? We take leave to warn the ministry, that such a state of things is very gravely compromising English dignity and English interests upon the continent of North America.

In our February number we stated, that Irish loyalty was the only tie of Canadian dependence.—We opine that our rulers begin to feel the declaration to be more than verified. With an overwhelming majority in the assembly, and a pressure from without to which the "emeute" of '38 was but a "sham battle," Papineau has addressed his countrymen to sever the last link of Anglican connexion. New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, may, in common with Canada, begin to contemplate new alliances and to cherish new hopes. Is it the time for feeding upon the blood and social peace of a people undone and expatriated by bad legislation, the spectre of an ascendancy which the age has entombed amid the execrations of religion and humanity? What is the governor—what the legislature—what the magistracy of New Brunswick—what are they doing?

We spoke of the laborious duties of the New Brunswick mission. We believe that for *two hundred churches* there are no more than *twenty-seven priests*; and the Catholic reader may form a tolerable estimate of the incessant activity supposed by such a state of things. We are proud to find that of the number of clergymen just named *sixteen* are Irishmen, and that fourteen ecclesiastical students, now preparing for the same arduous mission, will "claim kindred" with our soil. They have a noble vineyard in prospect, an active, unobtrusive, vigilant, and unostentatious prelate, whose memoirs are written in the glories of religion and the

virtues of Catholics through his diocese. And though their labours must be severe, they will be sweetened by the nature of them, and by the noble example of those around who share them.

Yet, it is difficult to conceive how human beings can support the course of life to which missionary duty in North America, and particularly in New Brunswick, subjects the priest. Five, six, seven stations, every one claiming a day or two, and every one claiming a new journey. Hundreds of miles are thus travelled in a few days. And oftentimes, alas! life and utility are the sacrifice.

We speak not now of city and town missions, nor of rural missions without exception. We speak of the general complexion of the country; and faith has few manifestations of which she can be more justly proud, than the enduring martyrdom of her ministers there.

Let the reader imagine a ride of forty miles through unfrequented roads—woods—snow banks—over lakes, rocks, and moors. With limbs chilled and spirits exhausted, the missionary descends from his half-foundered horse. He is in the hamlet. A log cabin, that is to say, a story constructed of logs, much after the fashion of a bird-cage made of reeds or rods—this log cabin receives him. He sits by the wood fire until his frozen flesh thaws—fortunate, if the north wind from outside does not constantly pour in to renew its acquaintance. Wood fires will not burn all night; so the clergyman dares not take off his clothes lest he may be frozen. He lays him down on his hard bed, without undressing, to think of the labours of the following day. It is not impossible, that on awaking, he will find his breast covered with snow, drifted through the interstices of his frail hostelry. Rising up, fatigued rather than refreshed, he proceeds to the most arduous duties that can engage a reasonable man; again prepares for a similar night; proceeds next morning on a similar journey; re-enacts the same scene at its close—and thus, from day to day, his life wears apace, until far from his “own dear island of sorrow,” the “Irish missionary’s” ashes repose with the exiles whom he lived to love, and died to save. Heaven knows! it requires the folly and frenzy of Orangeism to assail such an order of men.

We would not be understood above as depicting a state of society—a fanatical bigotry in which all the colonies are sharers. By no means. Our memory carries us back to associations the most blissful and blessed of our life, in which men of every creed and clergymen of many creeds were sharers. We can remember how our spirits claimed affinity through the beauties of literature, and knelt together subdued at the mysteries of science. Many a time, priest and politician, minister, medical man, author, and judge, felt the happiness of forgetting profession—unless so far as it perfected the man, and that humanity has claims and duties to which no creed is a necessary obstruction. May such a state of society last eternally! Being fond of *incognito*, we shall not name the colony to which we refer. We congratulate it upon its recent success; and if in hard battles—“*serere arbores quæ alteri seculo prosint*”—we have ever spoken or written unkindly, or unwittingly acted, as we did not feel ungenerously, why—we are sorry.

This we intended to be a paper about converts, but circumstances changed our determination. We reserve the subject for a future number. We are much surprised if we shall not demonstrate that “truth is often stranger than fiction.”

The Little Cross.

Our life is short, but to extend that space
To vast eternity, is Virtue's work.—Shakspeare.

THE summer's sun had risen brightly and beamingly on the beautiful and picturesque town of Bath, as Lucy Palmer, full of joyous excitement, glided from her mother's house to that of an adjacent friend, where smilingly, entering, she exclaimed, half breathless, “Oh, Mrs. Vernon, I have such news for Charlotte; there are to be a succession of concerts here next week—the most celebrated of the Italian singers are to come down from London, Grisi and Lablache, and I do not know how many more delightful creatures. Oh! I am in an ecstasy of enjoyment at the very idea, for you know how fond I am of music; but all my hopes will be blighted if you, my dear Mrs. Vernon, will not accompany me, for 'tis out of the question for a moment thinking of mamma's going. Oh!” continued the girl, her eyes filling with tears, “I know you would not disappoint me, so do say yes, at once.”

“My dear girl,” said Mrs. Vernon, in her usual kind and affectionate manner, “I should be most happy to gratify you, but do you think your mamma will make no objection to your project?”

“Oh! I am sure not,” exclaimed Lucy; “I shall tell her that you will take Charlotte to the concerts, and ask her permission to accompany you.”

“Well, if you get her permission, I shall not have the least objection, as there is no entertainment half so attractive to me as a musical one, and I am sure Charlotte will also be delighted.”

Miss Vernon having, without much delay, signified her joy at the prospect, the matter was gaily discussed, and the most successful arguments selected for vanquishing the mamma's scruples, and the dresses the young ladies should wear were talked of, and the great advantages and encouragement they would derive from hearing such eminent vocalists were commented upon, and how their own future practice would be benefited by such an opportunity; all, all was discussed, until the young ladies felt that there would be a gross wrong done to them if such an occasion was allowed to pass, without their having an opportunity of profiting by it, till the usually pale cheeks of the gentle Lucy became suffused with a roseate glow.

Lucy Palmer was the only child of a widowed mother, and a very eccentric mother too had poor Lucy. Mrs. Palmer had, in early life, gone a step beneath her to select a husband, and after being about twelve years married to Major Palmer, was left a widow with an only child. Her means were ample for her mode of living, for she quite abjured the world—not from piety, but pride. She spent her whole time in her own room, utterly heedless of the charge of educating the mind of her child. Lucy was sent to a fashionable boarding school, where she learned all, save the truths which religion unfolds; and when this gentle girl attained the age of nineteen, at which period our tale opens, she was skilful in all lady-like accomplishments.

Lucy was beautiful, her complexion was transparent, and pale as alabaster. Her eyes were large, dark, and expressive of a profound melancholy, which is more attractive than the more usually mirthful character of youth; and her forehead and head were remarkable for their powerful and beautiful outlines. Her figure was of the middle size, fragile, but well formed, and she was sweet and gentle as she was beautiful and modest; but poor Lucy's mind was a perfect

chaos—such a ruin and yet such cultivation. She had rioted in fashionable novels from her very childhood, and her brain was festering with the pestilence she had drawn from them. Of religion she had no distinct idea, and imagined that it was a mere garb assumed to betray the unwary. Of a nature fervent and enthusiastic, what ought to have been given to God, was bestowed upon his creatures. Utterly ignorant of the world, for she had never mixed with it, she imagined it as her favourite novels had represented; and the passing admiration she had met with made not the least impression on her high and naturally dignified mind. To do a mean action she would scorn—to tell a story she would blush, but these were the virtues which nature had planted in her heart, and the seeds of which her foul education had been unable to uproot.

At last the eventful evening arrived, and our interesting trio were well seated in the concert room. With Grisi they were enchanted—with Lablache delighted; at length a Signor Fioretta advanced to sing an Italian solo. Lucy gazed and listened, and tremblingly turning to her friend, exclaimed: "Charlotte, my destiny is interwoven with that man's."

"Well," returned Charlotte, laughing, "I certainly admire your taste, for I never in all my life saw any human being half so handsome."

"Oh! you may laugh," said Lucy, in a deep and serious tone of voice, "but I tell you that man is my fate."

This may appear strange, but when the ardent and enthusiastic nature of Lucy is considered, together with her education so light and fantastic, so inconsiderate and ill-governed, her mind stored with wild fancies and romantic imaginings, her heart with nought to love, and perverted from its true source, hope, faith, all lost in its worldly wanderings, her belief that destiny was inevitable, and free will impossible, it is scarce to be wondered at that the exalted, although ill-governed mind of the young enthusiast, would look around for some ideal love to fill up the chasm which the total want of religion had created in her heart.

Although instantly struck, and deeply enchained in admiration of the more than human exterior perfections of the Italian singer, yet there was a loftiness of feeling associated in her mind with every look and action of this man; and she blushed not at the sentiment that was instantaneously enkindled in her heart, and felt lighter and happier than she had done for years, for she was firmly convinced that fate had brought her there for the speedy fulfilment of her destiny.

If poor Lucy had received a virtuous education, what a bright ornament she would have been to religion; her high and lofty aspirations after all that was good and perfect, would have there found its haven; her entire truthfulness and simplicity of heart, would there have found perfect security; her ardent and enthusiastic nature would there have discovered its true spouse; but poor Lucy, apart from all the world, but the profane world of books, which were always open before her, read and thought with no one to direct and arrest her youthful thoughts, until fancy guided reason, and impulse governed all her actions.

For several successive nights she went to hear Fioretta, until at length she became convinced that he specially addressed his most impassioned songs to herself; and, determining to have an interview with him, she wrote to him to say, that a lady wished to see him upon business, at ten o'clock the following morning;

at the same time fearlessly giving her address, knowing that her mamma, being always in her room, would be no interruption to the visit.

At the appointed time, the knock was heard, and a card brought into Lucy, with Signor Fioretta inscribed thereon. Lucy tremblingly arose, and had advanced into the middle of the room, as the gentleman entered. He appeared about eight and twenty years of age, with a tall, dignified, and courtly bearing; his complexion was of that rich olive, with features of exquisite and rare beauty. Few could gaze on that face unmoved, for it was a marvellous concentration of all that was noble and refined. Fioretta bowed, and asked if Mrs. Palmer was at home, as he concluded it was regarding tuitions she had written to him?

"I am sorry to say mamma never sees strangers," replied Lucy; but I wrote to you for the purpose of performing the part destiny has allotted to me."

"Pray, explain," said the Signor, coldly.

"It is most manifest to me," said Lucy, with perfect simplicity, "that your fate is interwoven with mine, and I sent for you for the purpose of telling you, that, notwithstanding all the obstructions my family, who are very proud, may put to our marriage, still you alone shall be my husband."

The Signor, who, fortunately for Lucy, was an exception to his class—a truly religious man, looked aghast, and, drawing himself up in the most dignified manner, replied—"Having spoken so plainly, I am bound, in common charity, to answer you as candidly, which I can do, by assuring you, that I have no intention whatever of marrying; and I regret extremely being obliged to tell you, that, even if I were disposed to marry, I should select one whose mind was more congenial to my own than yours can possibly be."

"But, as yet, you know me not," exclaimed Lucy.

"Quite enough," said Fioretta; "and I only regret," continued the proud Roman, "that you have not learned that a maiden's proudest boast is modesty; and that man can resist temptation, when strengthened by the ennobling influence of religion."

Bowing profoundly and coldly, the Italian withdrew.

Poor Lucy even now did not see her error; all her feelings were absorbed in an increased admiration for the man.

"He is more than human," she mentally ejaculated, "and he only acts thus, to try the extent of my love."

Letter after letter did this deluded girl write to the Italian and the next post invariably brought back her own letter, unopened, in a blank envelope.

For two whole years did this malady prey upon poor Lucy, until her heart became wearied of the chase after happiness, and hope and consolation appeared to be completely shut out from her view. "Still," she would exclaim, arousing herself from her despair, "still, he cannot avoid his destiny, and ultimately he will love me."

Again, hope became active, and fresh exertions were used, but with the like result; the bow of recognition was unheeded, and the letters returned unopened. Secret trips were taken to London, for the purpose of obtaining an interview, but the man was inexorable.

In one of those trips, as Lucy was sauntering through Warwick-street, she recollected there was a Catholic Chapel in that direction, where Fioretta was accustomed to sing. A sort of impulse prompted her to enter it. Mass was about half gone through; and as the girl wished to avoid observation, she remained as near the door as possible. Her attention

soon became attracted to a poor old woman, who was in an extacy of devotion, with her beads between her fingers. At this moment, the silvery sound of the bell was heard at the elevation. The poor woman prostrated herself, and, drawing forth a little crucifix from her bosom, kissed the feet of it with intense devotion. Awed without knowing why, Lucy thought she had better kneel down. She did so, but still kept her gaze fixed upon the prostrate penitent, and would have given worlds to have spoken to the woman, whose tattered garments bespoke the most abject poverty. "Great God!" she inwardly ejaculated, "how intense this poor woman's religious feeling must be—how elevated her faith—when, amidst all this apparent wretchedness, her heart is so fervently directed to God's worship. Oh! would that I were religious; what a dreary void it would fill in my poor tortured heart," and a tear imperceptibly stole down her pale and grief-worn cheek.

Absorbed in the contemplation of her sorrows, she was aroused by perceiving that the prayers were over, and the congregation about departing; and, turning towards the woman who had previously so much attracted her attention, saw that she had risen from her knees, and, having made a deep reverence before the altar, turned to leave the chapel.

Following an impulse for which she could not account, she walked after the old woman, whose tottering footsteps betokened great bodily infirmity. In crossing the street, the poor woman stumbled; Lucy rushed forward to assist her, and soon got into conversation with her.

"Have you far to go, for I should like very much to see where you live," said Lucy.

"Not very far, good lady," said the woman; "but I fear you might not like to enter my poor room."

"Indeed, I should," said Lucy, "and if you will allow me, I shall often come to see you?"

They soon arrived at the narrow entrance leading to the scantily furnished apartment of the old woman, the very appearance of which shocked Lucy, from its extreme destitution. Complying with the earnest request of the poor woman, Lucy seated herself; and looking around the cleanly, but wretched, apartment, questioned its occupant as to how she was able to endure such misery?

"My dear lady," replied Mrs. Herbert, "although I have seen what the world calls better days, yet I never enjoyed such pure happiness as I do at present, for I am overjoyed that God thinks me worthy of chastisement here; and when hunger keenly gnaws me, and that I feel disposed to murmur at my lot, I just take out my little cross, and, when I look upon it, my eyes fill with tears, and I feel as full and as satisfied as if I was after eating a hearty meal."

"Would that I could feel this love for God that you do," said poor Lucy, mournfully.

"And so you do, my good lady, and must now, I warrant you; for what but love to your heavenly Father could induce you to accompany a poor infirm creature like myself to her humble home?"

Lucy blushed deeply, and felt that she would willingly exchange situations with that poor outcast, if she could calculate on having her serene mind and hopeful heart. Lucy drew forth her purse, and handed a few shillings to her needy companion.

"My blessing be upon you, young lady, and oh! my God, how good you are to me to send me this help in my hour of need, for now, young lady, I must tell

you that I have not tasted food since yesterday morning; but I cannot feel hunger as others do, when I am so often allowed to partake of the bread of eternal life, nor do I feel the winter's cold severely, for my heart is warmed with the fire of divine love, and, as to my clothing, how can I complain of being scantily covered when I look upon my divine Redeemer hanging naked upon the cross. And now, my benefactress, may heaven's choicest gifts descend upon you, and may you possess that greatest of blessings, the desire of serving God in the way most acceptable to him."

Lucy felt touched to the heart and unable to speak, and, hastily telling the old woman that she would soon call again to see her, rushed into the street. Her brain was on fire, and the old woman's words had caused her to think upon a subject which had hitherto been unknown to her. She stopped, not knowing which way to turn; she thought of going back to the chapel, and praying that God might enlighten her; but then again, her more than ordinarily protracted absence might cause her mother alarm and uneasiness, and she, therefore, turned her steps homewards.

Upon reaching her home, she flung herself upon a couch and burst into tears. She looked around her luxurious apartment, and contrasted it with the squalidness and misery of the one she had just left, and she thought of the thankful resignation of that poor woman, and how much more reason she had to be grateful to God, who brought her into the world surrounded by plenty and profusion, and, prostrating herself on her knees, she returned God fervent thanks for his blessings—and this was the first time in her life that she had done so from her heart—and she concluded her short prayer by begging of God to instruct her in His holy ways, and, rising, she felt happier and calmer, and more cheerful than she had ever felt before, and she longed for the morrow to visit her old instructress again; and that night, before retiring to rest, Lucy again prayed, and, strange to say, had not thought of the Italian singer for several hours. And Lucy slept more serenely and sweetly than she had done for months, and awoke with a more lightsome heart, and her first thoughts were upon the exalted piety of the old woman, and again she asked God to enlighten her.

Days passed, and still she continued to visit her old pensioner, and her happiness increased and her mind became hourly more peaceful; she looked with horror upon her former life, with its mispent time and heart-breaking struggles; she then thought of God, and wished to know him more intimately and to serve him more faithfully, but the heart-wrung girl knew not where to seek for instruction. But God's ways are merciful, and her half-aspirated prayers were heard.

Her next visit to her pensioner found the poor old woman in a dying state, and not the remotest hope of her recovery. A heavenly smile crossed the countenance of the invalid as Lucy entered, and, faintly grasping her hand, she exclaimed: "God be praised that I have seen you before I die, and oh! my dear and only friend, if spirits are allowed to watch over those they love on earth, mine shall hover over you, and, if permitted, shield you from all harm."

Exhausted by the exertion, she gasped and closed her eyes. Lucy sobbed aloud as she thought of the moments of pure happiness she had enjoyed, listening to the edifying conversations of the poor dying woman. She felt, in losing her, as if she were about being separated from God, whom she had only known

through her, and, falling on her knees beside the bed, she besought Him, if He took her poor friend from her, that He would supply her place by sending one who would direct her in all truth.

At this moment a gentle step was heard on the stair, and the door was noiselessly opened, and the Priest, who had been for some days attending Mrs. Herbert, entered. He was, in appearance, mind, and manners, exactly what a priest ought to be; his countenance was sweet and mild, and his manner affectionate and paternal. He advanced towards the bed, and kindly questioned the invalid, and then, turning to Lucy, held out his hand to her and said that he was glad to see her performing the part of an angel on earth.

Lucy's heart was bursting, and she longed to confide all her sorrows to him; she abruptly informed him that she was not a Catholic, and begged permission to call upon him. The Reverend Father was but too happy in granting this permission, and, after inquiring her place of residence, lest she might change her mind as to visiting him, again turned to the invalid, who appeared anxious to speak. "Father," she said, "will you give me one promise before I die—it is, that when I am gone my only treasure, my little cross, may be given to this angel of mercy, who has soothed all my troubles since I have had the happiness of first seeing her; and oh! my child," turning to Lucy, "may this semblance of our crucified Lord comfort you, as it has ever comforted me; cling to it through life, and let neither joy or sorrow separate you from it!"

The poor woman's struggle was soon over, and the gentle and affectionate Lucy was, for the first time, in possession of the symbol of redemption. She soon repaired to the good priest, who unfolded to her the great object of her creation and the grandeur of the heavenly inheritance for which she was destined. Lucy's joy was extatic, and her fervour unbounded; every faculty of her newly-converted mind she now devoted to God, every pulsation of her ardent heart thrilled with love for her crucified Saviour—she felt as if she had been born anew, and that life was now valuable to her, for she had to toil in God's service—all her enthusiasm was now directed towards Him, whom, had she known in her youth, she would have faithfully served.

Lucy remained not long in the world where she had known nought but bitterness; but, under the direction and advice of her confessor, entered a convent in the vicinity of London, where she edifies and cheers, by her fervour and humility, and where she has, at length, discovered a secure haven at the foot of her crucified Saviour, where alone she feels that fulness of happiness which is a foretaste of heaven.

B. M.

Reminiscences of the Irish Mission.

BY A RETIRED PRIEST.

NO. IV.

CHAP. III. TYPHUS FEVER—A CAVE—AN OLD WOMAN—FATHER JOHN—A BIBLE-READER AND A CARD PARTY—A PLOT DISCLOSED—A GOOD ANGEL.

THE road, for the remainder of their journey, lay quite close along the shore, and the young man, for a short time, felt himself revived as he took off his hat and

allowed the fresh sea-breeze to fan his burning temples. They had not, however, proceeded half a mile when he felt himself so weak and dizzy that, if he had not clung to his father for support, he would have fallen upon the road. The old man carried him to a bank of sand with great difficulty, for he had become quite insensible, and laid him down upon it. At first he thought his son was dead, but he shortly afterwards uttered a deep sigh, opened his eyes and said, "For God's sake get me a drink of water." Withdrawing his arms which he had wound round the young man, in the agony of his feelings, he started off without his hat, in so wild and frantic a manner, his white hair streaming in the wind, that some children who were gathering shell-fish on the shore took him for a maniac, and fled screaming away. Without knowing wherefore, he pursued them at his utmost speed into a cave where they took refuge. There was no one inside but a very old woman, around whom the children had clustered for protection, and who was herself as much frightened as any of them, by the strange apparition which presented itself. "The cross of Christ be between us and harm," said she, making the sacred sign upon her forehead, "but he is a madman." "Get me water," he cried—"give me a mug of water."

She rose quickly and gave it to him with trembling hands, and he no sooner got it than he rushed out of the cave with as much speed as he had entered it. The young man drank it to the last drop, and then said with a faint smile, "it is folly to strive to conquer or conceal it any longer, father, I feel that the sickness is upon me, and that I cannot proceed. I am grateful to God that He enabled me to leave M'Loughlin's house, and that I did not bring this terrible scourge into it." "But, Heavenly Father," said the old man, "what will we do now; oh, do not allow him to perish by the road side. I give thee thanks that *she* is not here this day, for it would break her tender heart." His son, making a great effort to speak cheerfully, and to hide his own deep sorrow, said: "You must not be cast down, my dear father. Many a time you and I helped to make a shed for a poor houseless wanderer, when he was seized with the disease, in which he was kindly watched, and almost invariably recovered, whilst many died who had their own house to live in and their own family to attend them. I am sure you will find some person near who will assist you to make me a shelter against some of these banks; where the sea breeze will blow upon me, and near which there is a stream of clear cold water, for I am still parched with thirst." The old man had knelt down by the side of his son whilst he was speaking, and had prayed fervently to Mary, "the mother of mercy," to intercede with her divine son to take pity on them. He arose shortly after he had ceased, and having taken the mug and said, "God bless you, dear, until I return," went back to the cave.

The old woman had sent one of the children to the top of the high bank out of which her cave had been excavated, to watch wither the old man went with the water, and had learned that he gave it to some one to drink who was lying by the roadside, and appeared to be ill. She was by the same means made aware of his approach; and when he fervently thanked her for the use of her mug and for the water, and said how deeply grateful he would feel if she would fill it for him once more, she perceived that he was not mad, and therefore recovering her usual bitterness, answered him with great asperity of manner, that she was too poor to lend

her mug for nothing, and too weak to carry water for strangers. She, however, informed him that she could give him something that would do the sick man infinitely more good than cold water, and that if he purchased that he might take as much of the latter beverage with him gratis, as he pleased. "I am regularly licensed to the trade," said the hag, "for I served my time to it for two years in the stone jug."

Whiskey was the Holloway's ointment of the time—the universal medicine which cured all diseases—and Sullivan gladly purchased some for his son. The woman eagerly clutched the money in her shrivelled hands, and was so far conciliated, either by what she already received or by the hope of getting more, that she carried a large jug of water to the sick man. His skin was hot and parched by the internal flame which was burning within him, and still both the hag and the old man attempted to force him to swallow the "liquid fire" which they carried with them. Fortunately, his horror of it was so great, that he could not bear it to be brought near him, and they were reluctantly obliged to be content with his drinking the pure water. Sullivan had noted the woman's greedy avarice, and being resolved from the first to procure the shelter of a human habitation for his son, if it should cost him his last shilling, he offered to pay her liberally if she would take him into the cave until he should recover. "I will not deceive you," he said, "it is the fever he has, I am sure, for it was in the house we left; but if you will give him the shelter of your roof, God will give you a blessing for it." Although not in the least afraid of the disease, she pretended to be terribly alarmed, grumbled a good deal, got an advance on the first offer, and then struck the bargain, protesting that she did so out of pure kind-heartedness and humanity. The old man was not deceived by her professions, but he gladly paid her the money, and then went to tell his son that this good woman agreed to take him into her abode until he should recover. His son had disliked her at first sight, but as she was present when the announcement was made, and besides he did not see any alternative, he feebly assented. With the assistance of his father and the woman, one of them supporting each of his arms, he was able to reach the cave which was at no great distance. A bed of clean straw was soon prepared, and he found it a great relief, and was thankful to Providence for it, to obtain even here a place whereon to lay his aching head.

The shore in this part of the country rises, almost perpendicularly, to the height of from fifty to one hundred feet. It is a formation of red sand, cemented into a solid mass, without however having acquired the shape or hardness of stone. The sea does not now come up as far as the banks, but they are filled with caves, which were evidently made at first by its action, although some of them have been enlarged by human industry. The road sometimes intervened between these sand hills and the sea, sometimes it was made over their very summits, and sometimes it ran quite through one of them, taking advantage of a cave which perforated it from end to end. Several of the caves were inhabited; in one there was a carpenter's shop, in another a blacksmith's forge, but these were only occupied during the day; the old woman, however, lived in her's always. Each of these three caves had wide open mouths towards the sea, but they had also one or more outlets in some other direction, and at a distance of about three or four perches from the entrance. The roof also was sometimes twenty feet

high, and even more, and sometimes it was not above three or four. The parts far removed from either entrance, were, of course, profoundly dark, except when lighted by candles or torches. That one which was occupied by the old woman, was known to contain five apartments, and how many more she alone could tell. There was first the large and lofty one at the entrance, which was her kitchen and sale room for spirits, and in which she had lived for fifty years in smoke and darkness, for the wide entrance served at once for door, chimney, and window. Behind this, in a semicircle, there were three others, into two of which there were wide openings from the outer cave, and which were consequently full of smoke. The third, however, was entered by a door, and had a window consisting of two small panes of glass, which looked into the outer cave, and which, if it did not admit the light, at all events enabled the person who was in it to observe all that was passing in the other. Behind this again, there was another apartment, which had no direct connexion with those just mentioned, but was entered by a small opening which looked into a green field, where cattle were grazing, and which, as there was no fire within, admitted not only air but light. Like all the other apartments, however, it was very large, and the corners which were farthest away from the little opening were almost always enveloped in entire darkness. This was John Sullivan's sick chamber.

He was not long in bed until he fell into an uneasy and broken slumber. This moment he was conscious of his situation, and looked up at the old man who was bent over him; the next, without falling asleep, he became the prey of the wildest and most incoherent wanderings; now imagining himself tossed on the horns of wild animals and cast amongst nettles, which stung and burned him—and, anon, that he lay in a hot climate, under the fervid rays of a mid-day sun, on the banks of a beautiful river which glided swiftly by, and though he was parched by thirst and scorched by heat, he was not able either to quench his thirst or to cool himself by plunging into the stream. A single word was sufficient, at first, to put to flight these fancies, but, whenever he was left in undisturbed quiet, they haunted him again. The violence of the disease was aggravated by the long resistance he had offered to it, and, during the night, the symptoms became alarming; his feet and legs were seized with cramps, and he was deprived of all rest by a violent and uninterrupted hic-cough, which lasted for twenty-four hours. During the second night he raved almost incessantly, and, in the morning, though his reason returned at intervals, it was difficult to make him understand anything, for he was quite deaf. About nine o'clock he made a sign to his father, who had never left his side, that he wished to speak to him. "Well, dear," said he "is it a drink you want?" "Yes," he replied, "leave plenty of water within my reach, and go for the priest, for, although I hope God, of his infinite mercy, will spare me to take care of you in your old age, we must run no risk where eternity is at stake, and, if it were possible, I would rather see Father John than any other." "But, darling," said his father, "who will take care of you if I leave you, for you know you could not even lift a drink to your parched lips during the whole weary night. I cannot, I will not leave you, but I'll get a messenger to go for Father John." "It is," said the young man, "a long journey, and God knows I do not wish to impose it on you if it could

be helped; but, father dear, do not let me die like the beast of the field—do not let me die as none of us ever died, without the blessed sacraments of the church.” He sunk down exhausted with the effort which he had made, and the old man, after leaning over him and kissing him, left the apartment for the first time since they had entered it.

It may appear strange that he should have thought of sending for Father John, who lived at so great a distance, but, it must be remembered, that their road led them in the direction of his parish, and indeed that his residence was very little farther off than that of the nearest priest. In the direction from which they had come, there was none nearer than Father Peter, who lived several miles beyond their native village, and, besides their very natural reluctance to make their present distress known there, both had a strong desire to see Father John, who was one of their oldest and truest friends. The old woman who had given them the lodging had visited them a few times, and had provided a messenger to go for the doctor and to bring medicine and other necessities from the neighbouring town, for a “consideration.” An argument of the same kind induced her to undertake the duties of nurse during the old man’s absence; for, seeing that his refusal would afflict and injure his son, he determined to go instantly in search of Father John. He accordingly hired a horse and set out at once, determining to reach his destination that night, and to be back by the following evening.

To judge from the old woman’s practice, she must have considered that the duties of a sick-nurse were very easily discharged, for from ten o’clock until five she only went to the invalid three times; and, on each of these occasions, she urged him to drink as much as possible, and gave him a double dose of medicine by way of making up for the fewness of her visits. But after five o’clock she did not appear at all during the evening; and the poor sufferer remained until it was quite dark tortured more by thirst than by his other pains, and unable to wet his lips even with a drop of cold water. If he could have called for help never so loudly no one would have heard him, but as it was his tongue had become so swollen that he could not utter even the faintest whisper. He had been insensible he knew not how long, when he was roused by some one touching him gently; he could not speak, but he felt that a drinking-vessel was held to his lips, and he took a deep draught of cold lemonade, which refreshed him wonderfully; he thought it was the old woman, and said in a husky voice, “is my father come back?” “No,” was answered in a plaintive and musical voice, which formed the strongest contrast with the shrill, harsh tones of his nurse. “Cathrine,” said he in a seeming soliloquy, “my own Cathrine, that nursed my dear mother when she died, has come to nurse me also.” “No, no,” said the voice in a tone still more plaintive than the first, “I am not Cathrine, but I have come to nurse you tenderly until you get better; how sorry I am that I did not know sooner that you were in this terrible den.” He did not answer her, for he was raving once more, and talking to his mother as if she were still alive.

He remained in this state through the whole night and the following day. During all this time, his strange visitor attended him with the greatest care, administering his medicine, keeping his lips wet, and his humble bed clean; and still no one had seen her there, but the old woman and the sufferer. Although

the names of his father and mother, of Catherine and Father John, were frequently on his lips, he had never once breathed that of his gentle nurse. No thought of her to whom he owed his life ever entered his mind. Still she remained a patient watcher, until the evening of the next day, when two horsemen approached the cave, at as rapid a pace as their jaded animals were capable of. She instantly disappeared, and they entered, accompanied by the old woman, and found the young man apparently in a dying state. His breathing was heavy and difficult, his hands tightly grasped the blanket, and his eyes were turned so that, though they were wide open, no part of the pupil appeared. His father cast himself frantically by his side; blamed himself for leaving him; accused the old hag with neglect, although she protested that she had scarcely ever been a moment absent and finally fell down on the floor, exhausted with fatigue and sorrow. Father John, waiting until the first paroxysm of his grief had spent itself, said to him, in a tone of the deepest sympathy, “You know that I loved John as my own brother, and that my sorrow for him is only less than yours. Kneel down, therefore, and pray to God, and who knows but that He will yet spare him; for you are aware that the sacrament of Extreme Unction was instituted for the relief of the body as well as of the soul.” So saying, he put on his stole; and, having exhorted the sick man, if he could hear or understand him, to be heartily sorry for his sins, he executed that divine commission, which Christ has given to man, and not even to the angels of heaven, to purify the soul from sin, in His name, and through the merits of His blood, by pronouncing over him the sacred words of absolution. He then proceeded to anoint him with the holy oil, and instantly his eyes returned to their proper place; he looked full upon the priest and said, “God bless you, Father John; when did you come here?” “The Lord be praised!” the priest replied, “that you are better;” and then turning to the old man, he added, “He has heard our prayers; let us not be ungrateful.” He knelt down by the old man’s side, and they both prayed long and fervently, not without shedding tears of joy and of thankfulness. I have known innumerable instance of the same kind, and no matter how sceptics may sneer, I am not afraid to avow them in which the divine sacrament of Extreme Unction, according to the promise of St. James, relieved the body, and restored it to health, when all other remedies had been tried in vain.

Father John remained during the whole night watching by the bed of the sick man, who had fallen asleep, and enjoyed several hours of calm repose. When he awoke he was greatly better, and it was evident that the fever had left him. At his own earnest request, the good priest heard his confession, gave him absolution once more, and administered to him the Holy Eucharist; and then, as soon as early morning began to appear, he set out on his return, in order to be ready for every call, and to spend the day, and perhaps the night, in converting the sinner, in comforting the sick, in burying the dead; everywhere sharing the sorrows of his people, and fearlessly breathing, without hope of earthly recompense, the poisonous air of pestilence, whose breath was fraught with maladies and with death. There is no where a greater, a truer, and a more disinterested hero than an Irish Catholic Priest; and well and nobly has he earned the love and affection of his people.

John Sullivan continued to improve rapidly during

the day, and about six o'clock in the evening he fell into a deep and refreshing sleep. His father had not once closed his eyes for five days and nights; and, having now watched the quiet slumbers of his son for several hours, he felt that all danger was over, and the anxiety and excitement which sustained him under his fatigues being thus removed, he found that it was impossible for him to remain awake; and wrapping himself in his great coat, he lay down and composed himself for a brief repose. It might be about nine o'clock, or a little later, that the young man was roused by a strange voice, which seemed to issue from another apartment in the cave, and to be at the same time very near him. He turned his face in the direction from which the sound came, and saw, through a chink in the partition which separated the apartment in which he lay from another of the recesses in the cave, upwards of twenty men drinking, and singing, and shouting in the most uproarious manner. The apartment in which they were assembled was dimly lighted, so that he could not distinctly see the features of any of the men, but their general outlines seemed to accord perfectly well with their occupation, and to be savage and forbidding in the extreme. The greater number were sitting round a rude table drinking; whilst six or seven, without neglecting to pay their respects to the spirits, were playing cards on one end of a meal-barrel, on which was placed a solitary candle. One of the players was directly opposite John Sullivan, and he distinctly recognized him. He was a famous "Bible-reader," who was liberally paid for going through the houses of the Catholic tenantry of Evangelical landlords, and kindly informing them that they were the children of Antichrist, and bore upon their foreheads the "mark of the beast." He always carried a pack of cards in one pocket, and the Bible in the other; thus keeping, as he pleasantly observed to his boon companions under the rose, "two strings to his bow." His companions called him "Grace of God Peter;" and during the card party on the present occasion when he had a dispute with one of them, he suddenly took the Bible out of his pocket, and swore that he was right. "Is that," said his opponent, "the cards or the Bible?" "The Bible," said he. "Then," the other answered, "that will do for this time; but, by—, if swearing is to be in at all, I insist that the book be left on the barrel, so that every one may have a fair chance."

The game was "spoil five;" and it was evident, from the number of times each person put down, without any one winning, that the stakes must have become very considerable. The excitement kept pace with the increase of the money, and every "spoil" was the signal for boisterous shouting and exultation. At length, one person became certain that he should get the game, for he had already won two tricks; he was the last but one to play, and held the knave in his hand. He threw down his card in triumph, and every one gave up the game for lost; but the person who was last in play, flourished his card round his head, and, crying out spoiled again, struck the bottom of the barrel with such force, that he knocked it in, cards, candle, money and all. The person who had played the knave vociferated that he had won; whilst the last player swore that his card was the "five of trumps," and consequently that the game was spoiled. The affair ended in a regular scramble; the barrel was torn to pieces, and the floor was covered with meal, blood, and money.

And now they are gone, and the place where they were is dark and empty. But hush! there are persons speaking in it again, and in a low voice, at his very ear. Why does the mere sound of one of these voices make him start? What name is pronounced by it, and what horrid plot does it disclose, which makes the blood rush back upon his heart, so as almost to smother him? It is too late to prevent it; for, according to the speaker, whose voice he instantly recognized, and who had absented himself from home on an evangelical mission with the Bible-reader, he knew full well, in order that he might be able to prove, by the clearest evidence, that he had no connexion with the destruction of the Widow M'Quillan's property, with the burning of her house, or the abduction of her daughter. The voices here cease, and he calls to his father to awake as loudly as his feeble strength will permit him; but the old man sleeps on. He tries to rise, but as soon as he presses his foot against the floor, he feels as if he had stood upon sharp needles, and falls back exhausted upon his bed. Again he calls wildly, frantically, but in vain. Was it in vain? Some one has heard him who will at all events awake his father. Thank God. But hush! Great God, is it that man? Yes, he feels it though he cannot see him. He first goes to the old man, to be sure that he still sleeps; then stealthily gropes his way to the sick man's bed. He feels that the breath of a murderer is in the room. Already it is upon him, when a light step is heard in the cave, and the horrid phantom flies from the presence of his good angel. Yes, it is the same sweet voice which soothed him in his delirium; and he knows it now—it is the voice of Ann M'Loughlin.

St. Columba's Hymn to St. Bridget.

[FROM THE LIBER HYMNORUM.]*

I.

Oh, Bridget, Virgin ever bright,
Oh, golden torch of love and light,
Rich lamp illumining earth's dark dome,
Guide us to our eternal home!

II.

Defend us, Bridget, mighty Saint,
From every evil touch and taint;
Defend us from all wiles and woes,
And from our fierce infernal foes,

III.

Create in us, anew, afresh,
A spirit that shall hate the flesh;
Oh! Blessed Virgin, Mother, give
To all new power to love and live!

IV.

Thou holiest saint of these our days,
Worthy unutterable praise,
Protect green Leinster from all harm
And keep her sons from vain alarm!

V.

O! pillar of our kingdom, grandest!
To Patrick next, that chief, thou standest
Thou blessed maid, thou Queen of Queens,
On thee each soul devoutly leans!

VI.

And after this vain life be past
Oh, let our lot with thine be cast!
And save us in that last dread day
When Heaven and Earth shall flee away!

J. C. M.

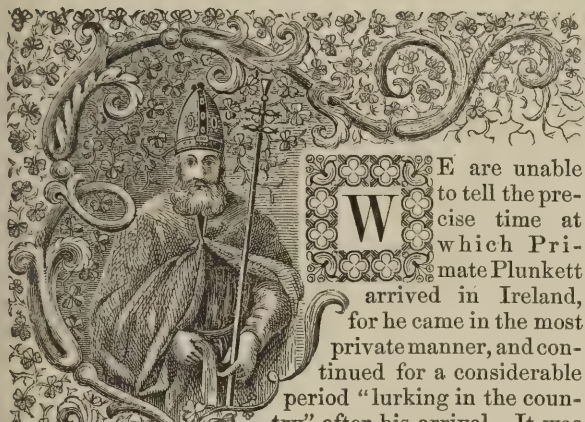
* "A work more than a thousand years old, if the copy in Colgan's possession, now in St. Isidore's, Rome, be the same as that in Trinity College library.

THE

Life and Death of Oliver Plunkett,

PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

PART II.



WE are unable to tell the precise time at which Primate Plunkett arrived in Ireland, for he came in the most private manner, and continued for a considerable period "lurking in the country" after his arrival. It was not without reason that he adopted this precaution, for, on the 20th November, the lord lieutenant, Robarts, pretended to Lord Conway that the king had privately informed him, that two persons, one of whom was Archbishop Plunkett, "had been sent from Rome, and were lurking in the country to do mischief." Although it was "very late," Robarts commanded Lord Conway to write that very night to Lisburn, in the county of Antrim, to his brother-in-law, Sir George Rawdon, to tell him that it would be "An acceptable service if he could dexterously find out the Primate and his companion, and apprehend them." It is most improbable that the king had written to Robarts in the way he mentions, but it is not at all unlikely that if Dr. Plunkett had been discovered at this time, his head would have been taken off eleven years earlier. The following is the letter:

LETTER CVI.

From the Lord Conway to his brother-in-law, Sir George Rawdon, then residing near Lisburn, Co. Antrim.

DEAR BROTHER—

I have been all this day with my lord lieutenant, or employed about his commands, and I am but newly come home from him; though it be very late, yet I am to give you notice by his command, that the king hath privately informed him of two persons sent from Rome, that lie lurking in this country to do mischief. One is Signori Agnetti, an Italian employed by the college de Propaganda Fide; the other is Plunkett, a member of the same college, and designed titular archbishop of Armagh. If you can dexterously find them out and apprehend them, 'twill be an acceptable service. But I told him I did not think they kept their residence in our parts (about Lisburn), however, he thinks it his duty to search everywhere.

Dublin, 20th November, 1669.*

CONWAY.

The primate, therefore, must have been in Ireland a little before this date, but not long, for the letter evidently implies that his arrival must have been very recent. It is probable that he reached his diocese about the end of October, 1669, and, consequently, soon after Robarts had assumed the reins of government.

Notwithstanding the knowledge that he was hunted after with the most persevering diligence, he did not fly from the kingdom nor abdicate his functions, as head of the Irish Church, at this time of her utmost

need. Persecution had so thinned the priesthood by death and exile, that, notwithstanding the return of many after the Restoration, there were still a vast number of parishes entirely destitute of pastors. The Primate immediately set about supplying this want, in spite of the perils which surrounded him, and we know that he held at least two ordinations before the end of the year 1669.* Shortly afterwards there was a brief

* We learn this interesting fact from the list of priests registered at quarter sessions in Ireland, in 1704, pursuant to an act passed the previous year, entitled "An Act for registering the Popish Clergy." The object of this act was, as is stated in the preamble, to carry out "two acts lately made for banishing all regulars of the Popish clergy out of the kingdom (Ireland), and to prevent Popish priests from coming into the same." These two acts were; first, "A Bill to prevent Popish Priests from coming into this kingdom," passed by the House of Lords on the 5th of October, 1703; and second, "A Bill to prevent the further growth of Popery," passed by the Lords on the 29th of February, 1703. The bill for registering the Popish clergy passed the Lords on the 3rd of March, 1703. These anti-Popish acts, which followed each other in such "hot haste," will be found duly chronicled in the "Irish Lord's Journals" of the second year of the reign of Queen Anne. It will be observed that the Irish Parliament still followed the "old style." In all Catholic countries the year commenced with the first of January ever since the Papal alteration of the style in 1582. All Europe, immediately after, adopted the Gregorian computation, with the exception of England, which was too Protestant to receive the truth from a Pope. Scotland commenced the year with the first of January since 1600, but still followed the old style as to the day of the month. At length, after a resistance of nearly two centuries, England was obliged to allow the year 1753 to commence on the first of January. Eleven days were also omitted between the second and fourteenth days of September, 1752, so that the day after the second was called the fourteenth of that month. Without keeping this fact before our eyes we cannot correctly quote any documents of this period. For instance, the three acts to which we have referred all belong to the year 1703, though, according to the new style, one of them was passed in February, and another in March, 1704. By the last of these acts each priest was bound to go to the first general quarter sessions after the feast of St. John the Baptist, in the year 1704, and to make a return to the clerk of the peace of his name, age, place of abode, together with the time and place of his receiving orders, the name of the person from whom he received them, and of the parish "of which he pretended to be Popish priest." He was also obliged to produce two sureties, who were each to be bound in the sum of £50, that every such priest would be of peaceable behaviour, and not remove out of the county in which his abode was. Every infraction of the act was to be punished by transportation. One of the clauses provided for apostate priests in a most singular and cruel manner, by levying the sum of twenty pounds annually for their support "on the inhabitants of such county, or counties of cities, or towns, where such converted priest or priests did last officiate or reside." The list of priests registered in consequence of this act, through the several counties of Ireland, in 1704, was reprinted in *Battersby's Catholic Directory* for 1838. It is, however, so incorrect as to be destitute of all authority unless when its statements are confirmed by other evidence. For instance, "Oliver Plunkett, Primate of Armagh" is made to hold an ordination at Dublin in 1667 (*Catholic Directory*, p. 114), that is, two years before he was a bishop. The same error occurs in p. 115, whilst in pp. 161 and 226, he is said to have held ordinations in 1666, and in p. 183, so early as 1657, that is, twelve years before his consecration, which just coincides with the date of his appointment to the professorship of divinity in the college "de Propaganda Fide," at Rome. On the other hand, he is not only made to hold ordinations in 1681, during the whole of which, up to the time of his death, in July, he was in the prison of Newgate, London, but it is stated, moreover, in three different places (pp. 120, 140, 147), that he ordained in 1685, four years after his death; and in p. 235 he is represented as exercising the same function in 1692, eleven years after his execution. The whole time during which Dr. Plunkett was Primate, from October, 1669 to July, 1681, does not amount to quite twelve years, whilst this list represents him as exercising that high office from 1659 to 1692, a period of thirty-three years! There is an original printed copy of this list in the library of the Royal Dublin Society. The original broad sheets are bound in square folio and were "printed by Andrew Crook, printer to the Queen's (Anne) most excellent majesty on the Blind-quay (Dublin), 1705." It begins with the County of Antrim—not with Armagh as in the *Catholic Directory*—and goes through all the other towns

* Rawdon Papers, edited by the Rev. Edward Berwick, p. 244. London: 1819.

lull in the desolating tempest which had so long swept over the Irish Church, for, in May, 1670, Robarts was displaced in the lord lieutenancy by Lord Berkley, who carried with him to the government the virtues of mildness, toleration, and justice. Under his administration the exercise of the Catholic religion was tolerated, and Peter Talbot, the illustrious archbishop of Dublin, publicly celebrated high mass in the capital, to the lasting horror and indignation of the Puritans.

in regular alphabetical order. The cities, counties of towns, and towns are placed immediately beside the several counties in which they are situated, with the exception of Youghal, which, through mistake, is assigned to Waterford instead of to Cork. At the end of the list for each county the following words occur: "By order of his grace the lord lieutenant (Ormond), and council, H. Pulteney, Dep. Cler. Con. Priv." The total number of priests in each county, city, county of town, and town, is placed at the foot of each of the lists. These things have not been printed in the *Catholic Directory*, in which there are some other more important omissions. In a great many instances the day of the month, on which the ordination is said to have taken place, is mentioned in the original copy, but omitted in the reprint in the *Catholic Directory*. These dates sometimes make the anachronisms more glaring, as in one of the instances, already mentioned, where Dr. Plunkett is said to have held an ordination at Ardpatrick, in the county of Louth, in the year 1681, whereas he was confined during the entire of that year, up to the time of his execution in Newgate, in London. In the original copy the time mentioned is the 10th of June, 1681, and his trial and conviction took place on the 8th, two days previously. In other instances, however, as we shall presently see, the mention of the month enables us to reconcile apparent discrepancies. Frequently the year is not mentioned positively in the original copy, but only "about" such a year; or "about" a certain number of years ago; or such a time before Plunkett's death. In such cases if the dates be irreconcilable with the other facts mentioned, it is natural to suppose that they are incorrect. All these are, however, set down absolutely in the *Catholic Directory*. In other respects the reprint is exceedingly accurate, preserving even all the misprints and errors of the original.

There is perhaps no other document of equal interest connected with the history of the Irish Catholic Church during the seventeenth century, and it is, therefore, a great pity that it should not be carefully edited by some one thoroughly acquainted with the history of the period. One of the chief causes of the errors connected with Primate Plunkett's ordinations is, that there was one of his contemporary Irish bishops of the same name, who also ordained a considerable number of the priests registered in 1704. This was Patrick Plunkett, bishop of Ardagh. He is one of the twenty-six Irish Bishops mentioned by Dr. French in his "Elenchus," as having been resident in their sees in 1649. He was afterwards obliged to fly from the country, but returned secretly after ten years' exile. In conjunction with the vicars-general of Armagh, Dublin, and Meath, he acted as representative of the general body of the clergy in November, 1665, and agreed to the assembling of the synod to consider the Valesian remonstrance. More than thirty of the priests registered in 1704 were ordained by this bishop whilst he remained in the see of Ardagh. Almost all his ordinations were held in Dublin, and chiefly during the years 1665-6-7-8. He is falsely called bishop of Armagh in the list published in the *Catholic Directory* (pp. 125, 137, 149); in consequence of which error two ordinations are ascribed to Primate Plunkett in 1667, and one so early as 1665. Patrick Plunkett was translated to the see of Meath about 1668 or 1669. It had been vacant since the death of Anthony Geoghan, which took place about 1664. More than sixty of the priests registered in 1704 are represented to have been ordained by him whilst bishop of Meath. Most of these ordinations took place in Dublin. The list, however, is grossly wrong with regard to this bishop, as his ordinations are continued in a regular series down to 1699.

As if all this confusion about bishops Plunkett were not sufficient, we have Oliver Plunkett made archbishop of Meath (*Catholic Directory*, p. 190), and, by way of compensation, Patrick Plunkett, is called Primate (p. 212). Again Patrick Plunkett is made archbishop of Dublin (pp. 209, 210), bishop of Ferns (p. 153), and bishop of Dublin (pp. 163-4). The real bishop of Ferns gets a new title (p. 167), being called "bishop of Gaunt Flanders." Besides many of the ordinations are said to have been performed by "bishop Plunkett," which sometimes means the Primate, sometimes the bishop of Meath, and sometimes the bishop of Ardagh. All these errors, and many others which we could mention, are found in the original copy as well as in the *Catholic Directory*, and we

Professed Catholics were also admitted to inhabit and trade in the towns; to become members of corporate bodies, and to hold the commission of the peace. In Dublin the Puritans attempted to prevent, by force, the admission of Catholic aldermen and common councilmen; but, as the lord lieutenant was not on their side, they were obliged to desist from their violence, and to smother their resentment.

The Catholic lords and gentlemen who had been

have only pointed out the places in the latter because it is in the hands of so many of the clergy and laity. The names of places are also horribly mutilated; for instance, Ballybarrack, near Dundalk, where the workhouse of that union is situated, and where Primate Plunkett held a great many of his ordinations, is printed Ballybarky, Ballybark, Ballyvarum, Ballyvaruk, and in a variety of other most extraordinary ways. The names of persons are not a whit more respected, and Joey B. had not half so many aliases as Dr. Phelan of Ossory gets in this "list." A great many of Primate Plunkett's ordinations took place at Ardpatrick, near Ardee, in the county of Louth. This place the *Catholic Directory* (p. 226) places in the county of Galway. Still, a person acquainted with the personal history of the bishops, and with the history and topography of Ireland, would be able without much trouble to correct most of the errors in this "List;" which would then be a most valuable document. We may as well mention here, lest it might lead any person into error, that in the notice of Catholic bishops of Ardagh, published in the *Catholic Directory* for 1837, there is a mistake of something more than a century with regard to the time when Patrick Plunkett was bishop of that see.

In this "List" there are three priests registered in 1704, who are said to have been ordained by Primate Plunkett so early as 1669. One of them, Owen M'Iver, parish priest of Magherafelt and two other parishes, was ordained at Ballybarky (Ballybarrack), county of Louth, in 1669. The month is not mentioned. Another, Hugh M'Cormick, parish priest of Upper Termon, in the county of Tyrone, was ordained by the Primate at Ardpatrick, in the county of Louth (falsely called Galway in the "List"), in the same year. These must have been two distinct ordinations as they were held at different places. But this last ordination is said to have occurred in March, 1669. Now, Edmund Reilly, Oliver Plunkett's predecessor, is said to have ordained James Reilly at Paris, in 1669 (*Catholic Directory*, p. 188). The original list places this ordination in the month of January. It would, therefore, be impossible for Dr. Plunkett to have been in Ireland, or indeed to have been appointed at all in March. In the first place, it may be observed that the "List" contains several errors regarding Primate Reilly's ordinations—that it represents him as conferring orders in various parts of Ireland when he certainly was not in the country at all; and that (p. 225) it makes him hold an ordination in Dublin in 1674, several years after his death. But, in fact, the two statements are not at all incompatible, when we remember that the "style" was different at this time in France and in Ireland, and that January, 1669, in France corresponded with January, 1668, in Ireland. By this computation fourteen months would intervene between the two ordinations, which is amply sufficient. Edmond Moore, parish priest of Carrickfergus, and several other parishes in Antrim, is said, in the *Catholic Directory* (p. 116), to have been ordained at Ardpatrick by Patrick Plunkett, bishop of Meath; but as Ardpatrick is in the diocese of Armagh, as Primate Plunkett held a great number of ordinations at this place, and one as we have seen during this very year, it is certain that he was the ordaining bishop in the present instance; but as the month in which Moore's ordination took place is not mentioned we are unable to tell whether he was ordained along with M'Cormick or at another time. Denis Colgan, parish priest of Donagh, county Donegal, is said (*Catholic Directory*, p. 137) to have been ordained in Dublin by Patrick Plunkett, the titular bishop of Armagh, in October, 1669. It is certain that this ordination was performed by the bishop of Ardagh, then translated to Meath, for the preceding ordination is said to have been also performed at Dublin, by Patrick Plunkett, titular bishop of Armagh, and then Colgan's ordination is set down ditto, ditto. Now the first was performed in 1665, and consequently four years before Oliver Plunkett was consecrated. It is, therefore, obvious that the mistake consists, in the first instance, in putting Armagh for Ardagh, and, as the second was manifestly performed by the same person as the first, that Patrick Plunkett was the person who ordained on both occasions. From all this, however, it is certain that during the year 1669, old style, Dr. Plunkett held two or three ordinations at least, as there were living, thirty-five years afterwards, three priests who were ordained by him in that year, two of them at different places.

robbed of their property, although they had fought valiantly and loyally for the king, now ventured to represent to his majesty that they, his tried friends, had been deprived of their property, in order to enrich his bitter enemies, the undertakers, adventurers, and Cromwellian soldiers; and they commissioned Colonel Richard Talbot to lay their grievances before the king and parliament of England. He accordingly proceeded to England, in 1671, and presented their petition to his majesty and council, praying that some impartial persons should be appointed to hear and report their case, and that, in the interim, the king should suspend his grants of any lands not yet disposed of in Ireland. A committee was appointed on the 28th of January, 1671, to consider this petition, but their old and inveterate enemy, Ormond, had the assurance to propose that the petitioners might not be heard nor their counsel admitted to object against either the Act of Settlement or the Act of Explanation—the former of which had been passed eight, and the latter five years ago. But, though he did not succeed in this, he prevailed on the attorney-general, Sir Heneage Finch, who was himself nothing loath, to make a report most unfavourable to the petitioners against the clearest and most decisive evidence. Notwithstanding this opposition, the report made by the committee on the 12th of June, caused the king to issue a commission under the great seal, on the 17th of August, 1671, to investigate the matter. A second commission, with more extensive powers, was issued, without however producing any result, for the adventurers and other robbers, who feared that some part of their plunder might be taken from them, raised such a ferment among the English Puritans who constituted the vast majority of the parliament which was about to assemble, that Lord Berkley was suddenly recalled, and the Earl of Essex appointed in his stead to the chief government of Ireland.* The English parliament met on the 5th of February, 1673, and during the same month compelled the king to rescind the "Declaration of indulgence to dissenters," and on the 18th passed a resolution, declaring every person incapable of employment, civil or military, who would not take the oath of supremacy, and receive the sacrament according to the rites of the church of England. The cause of the Irish plunderers was taken up with the greatest vehemence by the popular leaders, and on the 25th of March an address was presented to the king, demanding the revocation of the commission, the maintenance of the Act of Settlement in Ireland, the banishment of all Catholic priests from that kingdom, the dissolution of all convents and seminaries, the expulsion of all Catholic inhabitants out of Irish corporations, the disqualification of all Papists to be sheriffs, coroners, or magistrates, and the punishment of Colonel Richard Talbot, for daring to act as agent for a number of mere Irish lords and gentlemen. They also demanded that the lord lieutenant should have orders to persecute the Papists, and to encourage the planters and Protestants.† The commission was dissolved on the 26th of the same month, and thus was every prospect of relief closed, and at the same time the signal given to let loose once more the hell-hounds of persecution.

The brief interval of repose which the Irish Church enjoyed during the administration of Lord Berkley,

* The members of the second commission were, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Lauderdale and Anglesey, Lords Holles and Ashley, Sir T. Chicheley, and Secretary Trevor.

† Leland, 466-467, Commons' Journals.

was employed by the Primate in repairing the disorders which had necessarily crept in, on account of the absence of the bishops, the guardians of discipline, and also on account of the terrible calamities through which she had passed. The Valesian remonstrance and the counter-remonstrance had produced heart-burnings and dissensions, which his mild and conciliatory, but at the same time firm and determined conduct enabled him to allay. The opposers of Peter Walsh's remonstrance, who formed the vast majority of the clergy of the kingdom, had been, as we have already seen, terribly persecuted during the administration of Ormond. On the accession of Berkley to the viceroyalty, some of these persons were inclined to retaliate with considerable severity; and even the archbishop of Dublin had denounced the supporters of Walsh's remonstrance as excommunicated. The Primate, though taking no part with the remonstrants, opposed this severity, as calculated to keep open and to fester instead of healing the wounds of the Church. A misunderstanding ensued between the two archbishops, each asserting that his own was the primatial see; and so strongly was each convinced of the justice of his cause that, when a general convocation of the clergy took place in Dublin, during the year 1670, to present an address to Lord Berkley—expressive of their gratitude for his mild and paternal administration—neither of these prelates would sign it after the other.

Peter Talbot, who was at this time archbishop of Dublin, was the son of Sir William Talbot, and brother of Colonel Richard Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnell and lord lieutenant of Ireland. He was born at Carton, near Maynooth, in the county of Kildare, in 1620, and in 1635 joined the society of the Jesuits in Portugal. He studied his divinity at first in Portugal, and afterwards in Rome; and, having received holy orders in the latter city, he returned to Portugal. He afterwards removed to the Low Countries, and read lectures on moral theology at Antwerp. Carte (vol. ii., p. 172) says, that during his residence in the Low Countries he was supposed to have reconciled King Charles II. to the Catholic religion at Cologne in 1656, and that he was sent secretly to Spain by that prince to communicate the intelligence to the court of Madrid. Great discredit is, however, thrown upon this story by the silence of his contemporary, Arsdekin, who has written his life and especially noticed his intimacy with the king (*Vita, &c., Petri Talboti, &c. ad calcem Theologiæ*, p. 161). De Burgo relates it as a fact, on the authority of Carte and Harris (*Hib. Dom.*, p. 711, note 2). It is stated in the notice of Talbot's life which is given in Harris's Ware's writers, on the authority of "Foxes and Firebrands" (p. 96), that he was afterwards sent to England; that he became intimate with Cromwell himself, and that he was seen "to walk amongst the mourners at his funeral in a black cloak, which as the fashion was he wore some time after in publick." It is also asserted in the same place that, when Monk declared for the king, he marched out with Lambert to oppose the design, and that he fled from England on the Restoration. This story must be placed in the same category with the calumnies of Peter Walsh, who lyingly asserts in his remonstrance, that Talbot was ejected out of the society of the Jesuits in 1659. Arsdekin (*ubi supra*) clearly indicates that he did not visit England until after the Restoration. So far as the story about his opposition to the king is concerned, it has not the least feasibility, for he came to England the year

after the Restoration, and, on the king's marriage, became one of the chaplains to the queen. Lady Castlemaine (afterwards Duchess of Cleveland), Charles's mistress, got the king to order Talbot to depart the kingdom in 1662, on account of a story which he told the queen about an "enchantress." Some years afterwards he came to Ireland to assist as a private individual in advancing the Catholic cause; but his virtues, learning, and numerous writings, soon made him famous not only in Ireland and England, but also upon the continent. Upon the application of many of the clergy he was advanced to the archbishopric of Dublin by Clement IX., and consecrated at Ghent on the 2nd of May, 1669. He had been acquainted with the duke of Buckingham at court, and in 1670 enjoyed the confidence of that nobleman, who was then in the ministry, as well as of Lord Berkley, the lord lieutenant. Relying on the favour of these powerful persons, he assumed a lofty tone in the synod, and told Dr. Plunkett that if he did not concede him the rights of Primate of the whole kingdom, he hoped he would at least defer to the authority of the king, "who had appointed him to oversee all the clergy of Ireland." Dr. Plunkett insisted on seeing the document which conferred upon him such extraordinary authority: Talbot—"I have it not indeed under the great seal." Plunkett—"The little seal will serve my turn; but, until one or the other is produced, I shall oversee thee, and I expect to be obeyed." The archbishop of Dublin found that the Primate was a man not to be intimidated in the assertion of what he conceived his just rights; and that however mild and tolerant he was in general, he was fearless and intrepid when the occasion required these virtues. Dr. Talbot therefore finding that he was not able, even with the aid of the lord lieutenant, to exercise the rights of Primate over all the clergy of the country, signified his intention of going over to England, for the purpose, as he alleged, of counteracting Peter Walsh's efforts to have the remonstrance enforced. But the Primate suspected that he had other designs, and he therefore inhibited him from leaving Ireland, and told him plainly that "he had the reputation of intermeddling too much in affairs of state, contrary to the canons of the church and the orders of the Pope."—(Harris Ware's Writers—*Life of Peter Talbot.*)

[To be continued.]

The Sicilian Question

IN 1848.

BY THE REV. FATHER JOACHIM VENTURA,
EX-GENERAL OF THE THEATINES.

In his funeral oration on O'Connell, Father Ventura pleaded the cause of Ireland in the capital of the Christian world; the same eloquence has lately contributed to the emancipation of his own country, for, like most of the great Roman preachers, Father Ventura is a Sicilian. He published this philippic immediately after the rising of Palermo, with the express purpose of preventing his countrymen from yielding any of their advantages, and resisting all overtures of powers however friendly, which would not guarantee the legislative independence of Sicily. Ireland furnishes some of his most powerful arguments; but the parallel is not complete. Sicily did not lose one-eighth of her population by famine in one year, while her produce, in grain alone, in that year would feed double her population; but Ireland did lose one million in 1847, though her harvest of that year would feed

sixteen million during twelve months! Sicily was often taunted with her ingratitude to her *generous* governors; but these governors never boasted—as Lord John Russell, we are sorry to say, frequently does—of having *lent* £10,000,000 of imperial money (much of it her own) to save a million of her sons from death, while they *granted* (they! the richest empire on the earth they tell us) £20,000,000 to give liberty to some 100,000 well-fed, well-housed, well-clothed "African slaves." The sufferings of Sicily were not so great as those of Ireland—her enemy was less powerful, her sons more united. Ireland is not united—in truth she has no native aristocracy; her few Catholic nobles and gentry—where are they since 1829? not even the confiscation by poor-law can persuade them or their Protestant compeers that their interests are those of the Irish people. Sicily has an aristocracy; her people knew that her revenue, even in the worst year, was greater than her expenditure, and that the surplus was expended for the benefit of Naples; the influence of the ecclesiastical revenues of Naples in Sicily could not neutralize the eloquence of these facts—and Sicily now is free.

It is not for the parallel we publish "the Sicilian Question," but because we feel that when the Thierry's of a future age review the great revolutions lately accomplished with so little bloodshed in Europe, Ventura and O'Connell, Sicily and Ireland, must hold a very prominent place in their pages.

SECTION I.—ANCIENT RIGHT OF SICILY TO A SEPARATE CONSTITUTION.

UNDER the specious mask of the political interests of the state, and the interests of the Italian league, there is a party in Naples which is endeavouring to inflict the greatest injustice and injury on Sicily.

They wish to rob that isle for ever of its right to its own government and its national parliament, and to keep it in a wretched and degraded position as a miserable province of the kingdom of Naples—a condition to which it has actually been reduced during the last thirty-three years—by a measure as despotic as it was infatuated. No; Sicily shall never be content to be the mere baronial fief or lordship of a Neapolitan minister.

From the days of King Roger, about 700 years ago, Sicily was always a separate kingdom, under its own constitution, which had been guaranteed by the oaths and the respect of thirty-eight monarchs, kings or emperors, of the most powerful dynasties in Europe, to which the island had been successively subjected during that long course of ages.

Sicily is therefore one of the most ancient constitutional kingdoms in Europe—it may be said it was really the cradle of constitutional liberty. Sicily is the parent of the Italian language and literature, so that the remark of Petrarch is true even in the political order:

"I Siciliani che gia furo i primi ed ora son da sezzo."

Now is it just, is it reasonable, that the country in which constitutional liberty first arose, in which, and by which, constitutional liberty is restored and propagated to other states at present, should herself be deprived of it? Must she sink to the rank of a province, surrender her own constitution, and serve the caprices and interests of a party on the continent? What crime has Sicily committed that she should be thus degraded and blotted out from the map of nations, amongst which, in our modern, as well as in ancient times, she has always figured with so much dignity and glory.

SECTION 2.—CONSTITUTION OF 1812; WHY IT WAS ESTABLISHED, AND WHAT WERE THE CONSEQUENCES OF ITS ABOLITION.

In 1808, the national parliament, which had assembled according to ancient usage, resisted energetically a new tax of one per cent. on all transfer of property; this was at once a grasping impost, which would soon bring cent. per cent. to the government. The most distinguished members of that memorable assembly—men of the noblest and most powerful families in the kingdom, who had organized and maintained this truly patriotic and national opposition—were unceremoniously cast into prison like the vilest brigand, and transported to the islets in the neighbouring seas, there to expiate, in chains and hard labour, the noble crime of having

defended with heroic courage, the true interests of their country, and of the people.

A proceeding so atrocious and insulting opened the eyes of the most indifferent. It was manifest that the old Sicilian constitution, which left power so exorbitant in the hands of the government, was no sufficient guarantee for the property of the nation, the freedom of election, the independence and personal security of the member, against the arbitrary and tyrannical acts of the court.

It was therefore resolved to reform that constitution on the plan of the constitution of England, and that reformed constitution, confirmed by the oaths of king and people, established by the co-operation and under the protection of Great Britain and the other powers of Europe, governed Sicily during five years, and raised her during that time to a remarkable degree of power and prosperity.

The ministers of the king of Naples, who had accompanied his majesty to Sicily, beheld with a jealous eye, the improving development of wealth and power in that hospitable land which had afforded them an asylum during ten years. As soon as they returned to Naples, when Ferdinand IV. recovered that kingdom, their first act was to destroy the new constitution of Sicily, without leaving even the old in compensation. Without the least formality, without a single reason alleged, a royal proclamation declares that Naples and Sicily are an united kingdom, and that, with the exception of a few paltry and useless privileges, Sicily shall henceforth be a province.

Thus, the same royal personage who had twice confirmed, by oath her independence and liberty, now, with one touch of his pen, pronounces her degradation—her slavery—her annihilation. Thus, that imprudent monarch tore with his own hands the legitimate title-deed of his power in Sicily. The Bourbon dynasty held the crown of Sicily on no other title than the constitution of Sicily, and the free and express wish of the people. But from that moment its title and government was force, the bayonet and cannon were the only bond—the true expression of the political relation between king and people. Thus, those Neapolitan courtiers, in the kindness and generosity of their grateful hearts, devised no better means of manifesting their gratitude to that Sicily which had twice afforded them an asylum from the French invasion of the continent, than to trample on all her rights by the most flagrant perjury, and to abolish all her privileges.

Unhappy Sicily, that was the commencement of the long succession of miseries of all kinds to which you have been subjected during thirty-two years. That was the commencement of those laws and institutions which were planned in Naples, for the interests of Naples forced on Sicily at the cannon's mouth; and which engendered revolutions, pauperization, and oppression, which, in a word, fulfilled to the letter that brutal prophecy, pronounced with cold-blooded atrocity by the Neapolitan ministers, on their return from the emigration—"Sicily shall have nothing left, but her eyes to weep."

SECTION 3.—REVOLUTION OF 1820; SCANDALOUS CONDUCT OF THE NEAPOLITAN GOVERNMENT TOWARDS SICILY.

In 1820 an event still more deplorable and scandalous took place. A successful revolution in Naples had extorted a new constitution from the king; the ministry lost no time in imposing it on Sicily, with the avowed object of making her a partner in its benefits, but really to enlist that island in the revolutionary movement on the continent, and to strengthen themselves, by the imposing power of the Sicilians, against the dangers which threatened what they called the rising regeneration.

The Sicilians, who had suffered so much from the Neapolitan ministers during the last five years, had learned wisdom from experience, and were perfectly aware of what they would in future have to suffer if they remained under the united government of Naples. They accepted the constitution, in as far as it implied the union of the crowns, but on the express condition that Sicily should have a separate national parliament, and a separate government; with the obligation, besides, of contributing their due share to the common expenses for the support of one army, one navy, and one sovereign court, all on the plan which had existed during so many centuries, and which had been established in the last constitutional reform in 1812.

A demand so just and reasonable, founded on ancient rights which had never been legally abolished, much less proscribed—because the treaty of Vienna had nothing to do with Sicily, which had never been invaded by the French—a demand, I say, so just and reasonable, appeared to certain liberals in Naples an exorbitant and inadmissible pretension. Palermo was pronounced rebellious, and an army and fleet of ten thousand men were sent to reduce it. What! those lords of political opinion are justified in declaring themselves independent of the king, but the Sicilians are not justified in declaring themselves independent of the ministers? They jealously stand up for their own liberties at home, but Sicily

and Sicilians must drink the dregs of slavery. And why? by what right? by what law—but the right of the wolf over the lamb?

But the citizens of Palermo, not acknowledging, and never having acknowledged such a right, not even in the most powerful sovereigns who had governed them during the course of so many centuries, defeated the fleet and the general who had been sent to command it. The fleet then bore for Messina; the inhabitants, seduced by the false promise that their city should be the capital, submitted, and thus opened the gates of Sicily to the Neapolitan armies. All the cities through which they marched were treated as a conquered country; the conquerors levied contributions; made prisoners; dismissed the authorities; and, at the point of the bayonet, ordered the election to proceed which was to send provincial deputies as prisoners of war, to vote in the parliament of Neapolitan liberty!!!

This victorious army, however, where it encamped in the plain of Palermo was near finding its tomb. True, they besieged the city during ten days, but the Palermitans made so gallant and successful a defence, that they brought the hostile army to the verge of ruin, and compelled it to surrender at discretion.

The capitulation was actually concluded and signed, on board an English vessel, by the brave General Florestano Pope in the name of the army, and by the Prince di Paterni in the name of the Palermitans. Of course, one of the articles of capitulation was a national parliament for Sicily, and the independence of the Sicilian government.

But let it never be forgotten, that the Neapolitans have ever been and ever shall be, with regard to Sicily, what the English have been and ever will be towards Ireland. It is the nature of man, and the necessity of the case. Between two neighbouring kingdoms, one of which is stronger and holds the other in subjection—there is no bond but force. There cannot be the least hope that the stronger government will respect the faith of treaties, justice, or equity. The capitulation of Palermo had the same value at Naples that the treaty of Limerick had at London. It was torn by the Neapolitan ministers, who persisted that General Pope had exceeded his powers in signing it. And this liberal congress attainted the general of a great crime for having, when his army was reduced to the most awful perils, consented to acknowledge the right of a nation to its liberty. Justice must be done to General Pope. He was a man of principle and honour, as well as a brave soldier. Not content with protesting against the injustice and scandalous violation of faith by his government, he rejected indignantly the honours and pension which were offered as the reward of his services in the Sicilian campaign; and, renouncing all command and office, he retired to private life.

Sicily, thus treacherously enslaved, was soon involved in the misery of Naples. Like Naples, she soon witnessed the ruin of the constitutional government, and had her share in the common expenses and humiliations. During eight years, she was garrisoned by foreign troops—a disaster which a national parliament would certainly have averted, for the Austrians are not more powerful than the French, who for full ten years, under Napoleon, had their hopes constantly bent on Sicily, but never could succeed in subjugating her.

SECTION 4.—HORRORS COMMITTED IN SICILY IN 1837; PICTURE OF THE FRIGHTFUL STATE TO WHICH IT HAS BEEN REDUCED SINCE THAT TIME.

I omit the arbitrary acts, the oppressions, the tyranny which unhappy Sicily suffered under the Neapolitan government from that date to 1837. All that she suffered hitherto was nothing, it was actual happiness compared to what she suffered after that time.

Corruption, imprisonment, war, famine, occupation by foreign soldiers, had been hitherto the gifts of the Neapolitan government to Sicily—the plague was the only gift wanting. But it should come, that last scourge also should be added. The government violated by force the sanitary laws, and, in spite of the entreaties and protestations of the local authorities, discharged at Palermo a cargo of military uniforms which had belonged to soldiers who died of the cholera at Naples. The monsters had the cruel satisfaction of seeing Sicily infected with that terrible malady which swept off in the city of Palermo alone 40,000 inhabitants.

The other cities in the island, anxious to escape the terrible fate of Palermo, established quarantines, interrupted all intercourse with the capital, and wished to govern themselves as long as the contagion lasted. But, alas! it was criminal for these hapless cities to wish to avert the plague. A man, whose name is already associated in history with the most blood-thirsty monsters of antiquity, was invested with absolute power. Without even the formality of a trial, but on mere suspicion, Syracuse and Catania were proclaimed as rebellious, and their noblest citizens were shot in scores. Young men were savagely massacred before their parents' eyes. Even the women were not spared. The very wealthy

alone were able to purchase their lives from that man of death, by enormous sums. After having made the whole country a scene of massacre, desolation, and ruin, he was honoured, after his return to Naples, with the great red ribbon of the royal order of St. Januarius. A sacrilegious profanation no doubt, but singularly in keeping with the circumstances; for what but a blood-red decoration could be a meet recompense for services of blood?

But ministerial contempt of Sicily did not stop here; she had the unpardonable audacity to repress the plague—and she should pay for her insolence.

Under the pretence that the island was an ever-flaming focus of sedition and revolt, a police government was organized there, far more oppressive and humiliating than even military despotism. *A decree, nominally proclaiming the eligibility of all subjects of Naples to places in all the Neapolitan dominions, by which Sicilians could hold office in Naples, and Neapolitans in Sicily. This decree was planned with the generous design of establishing in Sicily a vast system of espionage, to watch and report to Naples all the movements of what was called that UNGRATEFUL AND TURBULENT SICILY. Accordingly, with some rare and honourable exceptions, the refuse of the clergy, magistracy, and officials of Naples were let loose on Sicily, to seize the highest and most lucrative posts in the most discontented quarters. The important episcopal sees of Palermo, Catania, Trepani, Maygara, Catanigetta, Noto, and Syracuse were filled by Neapolitans, who were regarded by the people as mitred policemen, and therefore objects of the greatest distrust and hatred. They did no good; they did infinite mischief—they robbed religion of the affections of the people. Thus, among its other scourges, the Neapolitan government can boast of having inoculated Sicily with infidelity and indifference to religion.*

The same may be said, and with more truth, of civil and political functionaries. The Neapolitan officers, with, as I have said, a few honourable exceptions which justice actuated, exercised their functions with the insolence of conquerors, and the despotism of pachas. Sustained, encouraged, applauded by the ministry of which they were the creatures, they had no answer but wrath and punishment for all who dared to oppose the folly of their caprices, and the injustice of their oppression. There was no appeal against their tyranny; remonstrance, however mild, was dangerous; loss of office or imprisonment was sure to follow the impertinence or insolence of complaint! What impunity could be expected at the hands of the representatives and satellites of despotism?

Among the councillors of the prince, there was one truly religious man, who combined with eminent integrity, a mind of great prudence and moderation. This prudent man, this genuine statesman, foreseeing the terrible effects which should be one day produced in Sicily by such atrocious tyranny, ventured to hint one day "take care, let us not go too far; Sicily does not deserve to be treated so brutally." "That Sicilian mob must be crushed," was the only reply. Mark this. Robbed of all their rights, oppressed and trampled in the dust, the Sicilians ventured, from time to time, to complain of their hard lot, and for this they are stigmatized as a mob. Even so, the brigand calls the travellers whom he seizes a mob, and insults them while he buries his steel in their hearts.

This atrocious temper of the ministers was realized in their government. In the commencement of this *regime* the word continually on the lips of the Neapolitan officials was "the Sicilians are barbarians, we are come to civilize them." But this insolence cost one of them his life—he was shot in a duel: another, fearing the same fate, consented to make an abject apology, alleging as his excuse, that "he had used the words *after dinner!*" From that moment, those brave gentlemen kept their opinions to themselves; there was a stop to their insults. Cowardice is ever the distinctive characteristic of tyranny.

But all the acts of government breathed contempt. They wished to humble Sicily, and therefore to pauperize her. Enormous sums, raised as additional taxes for the most urgent wants of the island, were, by a simple order from the minister, transferred to Naples, where none could tell the use that was made of them.

The shadow of local government was soon abolished. All the political and magisterial functionaries were ordered to conform strictly with Naples; the vice-royalty was deprived of even the petty authority which it enjoyed under the old *regime*; to such a state was it reduced, that even the Neapolitans laughed at it, and to the credit of the great Neapolitan nobles it must be said, that there could be found among them but one contemptible and degraded being to accept it. He resided at Naples ten months of the year; he signed at Naples, but dated as from Palermo, all acts regarding Sicilian affairs; twice a year he represented his sovereign in a Sicilian church, and received, in all truth, the most abundant and unequivocal testimonies of public contempt.

Thus compelled to look to Naples as the fountain of all favour, the Sicilians were truly objects of commiseration, as they crossed

the strait and thronged the ante-chambers of ministers who could not be seen, if gold and strong letters of recommendation had not already raised the curtain and cleared the path for them. Often, after having in vain solicited, for months and years, the favour of an audience, they were compelled to return to Sicily, impoverished and humiliated, their brows clouded with discontent, and their hearts festered with indignation at not having received either favour or justice.

But there is something still worse. In a decree of October, 1844, the minister of the sovereign of a Catholic state did not hesitate to announce these strange expressions, which the minister of a Protestant sovereign and state would be ashamed to utter—"The supreme authority in the ecclesiastical affairs of Sicily is vested in the person of his majesty." These words speak for themselves; they declare that a Catholic government had claimed in Sicily the royal supremacy annexed to the English crown; that that Sicily should enjoy Catholicity only on the terms prescribed by the Neapolitan minister, and that under a monarch who, in other respects, was sincerely pious and religious, the church of Sicily was a slave. But the most shocking feature in this transaction is, that the most efficient instrument in forging these state fetters was a bishop.

The liberty of all citizens depended on the will of the police, and on the conscience of a spy. To ruin a man, nothing more was required than simply to report him to government as a liberal, and his fate was sealed. Without any form of trial, on the mere order of a constable, respectable citizens disappeared, no one knew where—some buried in dungeons—others driven into exile; their only crime being that they were better qualified for an episcopal see than the government creature—that they had a better right than their competitors to an office—that they had defeated their antagonist in the courts of law—in a word, that they would not co-operate in arbitrary orders, abuses of power, peculation of superiors, nor consign themselves to dishonour and infamy by consenting to them.

A government so severe and inexorable to political opinion, extended a scandalous indulgence to crime. State criminals had no hope but the dungeon or death. Political offenders were shot in platoons, but bandits and thieves were frequently restored to liberty, and even assassins and parricides were more than once pardoned. There was no respect but for spies, no privilege but for infamy, no liberty but for women of bad fame.

Agriculture was abandoned, commerce discouraged, honest industry shackled the public roads were almost impassable; and infested with brigands, the whole administration was in disorder, religion was degraded, and public morality turned into derision by the very authorities that were bound to preserve it. There was but one flourishing trade—one free profession, and that was prostitution, under the protection of the police. Misery, degradation, corruption, immorality, and irreligion made horrible ravages, under the eyes and with the sanction of the authorities; one of the noblest and richest countries on the face of the earth was reduced to the lowest depths of degradation and misery.

But impartial justice compels us to admit, that the Neapolitan ministers would not have dared to treat Sicily so ignominiously, had they not been encouraged and assisted by some degenerate Sicilians. hapless Trisomia had more cause to complain of her own sons than of her enemies.

SECTION 5.—JUSTICE AND MODERATION OF THE SICILIANS IN THEIR PETITIONS FOR REFORM; INJUSTICE OF THE GOVERNMENT OF NAPLES IN DECLARING WAR AGAINST THEM.

A system so unjust and oppressive towards a generous nation, which had been always jealous of its rights, would naturally lead to extreme and desperate resolves. Grievances far less galling have often induced nations to throw off the yoke and spurn the power that oppressed them. Nevertheless, the Sicilians, though horribly treated, never desired to withdraw their allegiance from the reigning dynasty. Well aware that the source of their misery was not in the evil designs of the king, to whom they gave full credit for his honesty, but in the system itself, and the despotic tendencies of the ministers, their only petition, last December, was for *reforms*. Imitating the peaceful and amicable agitation which had succeeded so well on the continent, they endeavoured to attain reforms by the same peaceful and amicable means. It was the imprudence of government alone that goaded them on to violent and sanguinary collision, by charging them with designs of revolt and rebellion, and by using violence to repress them. The imprudence of the local authorities was aggravated by the injustice and cruelty of the Neapolitan government. A nation which speaks, as the ten tribes spoke to Roboam: "We accept you as our king; we will be faithful to you, but we will not, must not be governed like a nation of slaves." A people propounding such proposals is not, and most certainly ought not to be stigmatized as rebellious. The government

of Naples had therefore no right to answer such a manifesto by grape-shot.

To array against Palermo an army of 10,000 men, to doom her to the horrors of war, to bombard and discharge three hundred bombs on that faithful city, to attempt to burn and destroy it, and to deluge all Sicily with blood and fire, was one of the most atrocious and infamous crimes that history ever held up to the execration of mankind.

What are we to think then of certain collegiate politicians, some *café* politicians, who loll snugly in their easy chairs and discourse profoundly on facts of which they know nothing, or doctrines which they do not understand, and who pronounce dogmatically that the Sicilians have no right to a distinct, national representation, and an executive government completely distinct from that of Naples. Stupid fools! you, with your cigars in your mouths, usurp the insolent right of preaching justice to men who boldly meet their enemy, sword in hand, for justice sake.

SECTION 6.—HORRORS OF WAR IN PALERMO; FOLLY OF PROPOSING TO THE SICILIANS, IN SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, UNION WITH NAPLES—THAT IS, ASKING THEM TO RENOUNCE THE FRUITS OF THEIR VICTORY.

Torrents of blood have been shed in Sicily. Thousands of citizens have been slaughtered. Every family has to deplore the loss of a relative or friend. Public indignation is roused to the highest pitch, and all hearts are on fire with fervent and well-grounded rage. Hatred and exasperation against the Neapolitan government is at its height. At such a time, in such a state of the public mind, to propose gravely to the Sicilians that they should be content with a Neapolitan union, under one administration and one parliament, to imagine they should surrender an independence, whose justice and necessity are demonstrated by so many recent recollections and expiring hearts—while the blood shed so barbarously by the Neapolitans still flows in the streets—while the bodies of the victims are unburied—while the bombarded houses are still a heap of ruins—while the tears of so many widowed wives and orphan-children are not yet dried up—while the cry of vengeance ascends to the throne of God from so many women, helpless babes, and innocents, unjustly, brutally massacred by a brigand soldiery; to preach to such a people, at such a time, Union with such a government, and to expect to be listened to, is the acme of imperial idiocy and insolence. But the right of Sicily has triumphed over the unjust exercise of Neapolitan might. God has declared for the generous and oppressed people, and has given them victory over the pride of power and the cowardice of their tyrants. Sicily is now mistress and supreme arbiter of her fate. Her destiny is in her own hands.

To imagine that Sicily should now voluntarily renounce her proud and glorious position, that, to please a Neapolitan ministry, she should sacrifice her nationality and independence which have cost her so many struggles, such labours, such torrents of blood! why it is madness to expect—'tis criminally wrong to propose it.]

SECTION 7.—MEANS OF RECONCILIATION, PROPOSED BY A SICILIAN, INADMISSIBLE; SICILY IS A DISTINCT NATION AND HAS A RIGHT TO GOVERN HERSELF.

It is said that a Sicilian has proposed, as the basis of reconciliation and peace—"1st, A lower standard of qualification for electors, in order that Sicily might have a suitable number of representatives; 2nd, That, in order to flatter the pride of the Sicilians, the imperial parliament, composed of the representatives of both kingdoms, should sit alternately at Naples and Palermo." The thing is incredible. No Sicilian could firmly entertain such an idea: so miserable and ridiculous a shift as that could never enter the mind of a statesman. The separate government of Sicily and Naples is not an affair of mere punctilio or honour; a whole people so brave and yet so prudent does not fly to arms, nor sustain so terrible a conflict, nor pour out its best blood in torrents for mere punctilio or nice points of honour. Were they only at stake, Sicily would sacrifice them; she never would have risen, or she would have at once acceded for the sake of the public good. If she has risen as one man, if she has fought with such courage and perseverance for a separate government, it is because *that* separation is for her a question of liberty or slavery, of prosperity or misery, of life or of death.

Parliament by changing its place does not change its nature. It is still an *amalgam* parliament, in which the preponderance must ever be, in all possible hypotheses, in favour of the representatives of Naples; in which, consequently, the special interests of Sicily must be always treated superficially and absurdly, and still oftener sacrificed. The man who dares to maintain the contrary shows clearly that he knows nothing of parliamentary government, that if sincere, he is a fool—if insincere, he is a villain—and that, in no case, could he be a Sicilian.

Mark it well—understand it, the whole world, kings themselves

are beginning to understand it, that Christian nations, no more than Christian men, are not *things*—they are not brute animals, they are moral beings who belong to themselves. Duties they certainly have towards their governors, and towards other nations which may be united to them by various bonds, whether of religion, political institutions, nationality, or race. But as to *possession*, they are no man's property, they belong to no one but to God and themselves—therefore they ought to manage their own business in their own country. The moment they merge themselves in another and more powerful people, more important in the balance, they lose their power and become nonentities: the tutelage which they accept degenerates into oppression—their protectors are infinitely more injurious to them than their declared enemies. In their case the fable of the horse is verified—he began by exploring the assistance of man, and ended by carrying him on his back. They lose their national individuality and independence. These are truths which are well understood, professed, and appealed to universally, as the only true basis of the future interests and laws of Europe.

Now, whether you will or not, it cannot be denied that the Sicilians are a nation suited for an individual and distinct political existence. Their history proves it. Therefore they ought to govern themselves—they ought to manage their own affairs. None can know their wants better than themselves. All dependence or connexion in her own affairs with another nation must be an obstacle to the development of her action and her intellect—must be always humiliating, oppressive, and fatal to her. It is therefore indispensably necessary for her moral, material, intellectual, and religious well-being that she should enjoy, under the same sceptre, her own government and her own parliament; from which she may receive those institutions which are most suited to her wants. The crown shall have nothing, except the fair contribution which Sicily ought to pay for the civil list, and the support of the army and the marine. As to the internal administration of Sicily, Naples has nothing to do with it: it is no concern of the crown. In whatsoever way Sicily pleases to establish, uphold, govern, and defend herself, no man has a right to interfere with her, because it is no one's business but her own. On that condition alone—one already exemplified in the United States, and in Belgium, which by separating the former from England, the latter from Holland, have attained a degree of wealth, power, and prosperity, which appears almost miraculous—on that condition alone, I maintain, Sicily can be truly free, and enjoy those blessings of which true liberty is ever the fruitful parent, the powerful patron, and the invincible safeguard.

SECTION 8.—SICILY UNITED TO NAPLES, UNDER THE SAME GOVERNMENT, MUST BE ALWAYS MISERABLE AND OPPRESSED.

Full justice must not be denied to the good, open, loyal, generous, and indulgent character of the Neapolitans as individuals, and as a nation. In that light I respect them; many of them are my affectionate friends; personally, I cannot but feel unalloyed gratitude for the kindness, favour, esteem, and affection which I have invariably received at their hands. But where the Neapolitan government and Sicily are concerned, it is, and ever must be, quite a different thing. The Neapolitans are good, and yet the Neapolitan government, in its relations with Sicily, has, according to the unanimous opinion of historians and geographers, been at all times an oppressive and fatal tyranny. *Again I repeat, it is the necessary, the inevitable law of human nature, that men placed in certain situations, in certain political or social relations with regard to other men, change their character—I would almost say their nature. The wisest nations at home (says Comte de Maistre) lose all sense when they attempt to govern other nations. The English people, for instance, universally get credit for no ordinary quantity of wisdom, justice, and generosity. But the English government, with regard to the people of Ireland, never has been, and never can be, either wise, or just, or generous. While that heroic people is expiring of famine, the English parliament offers no other support or consolation but a Draconian code to punish assassination, without giving any alleviation of the terrific misery that goads men to assassinate. That unfortunate people ask bread, and it is answered by muskets. Never can Ireland be tranquil or happy until she has obtained, under the same crown, a parliament and government of her own: they alone know the true wants, the real wounds of the country, and they alone can discover and apply the remedy.*

Such is the case of Sicily. Never can her agriculture, her industry, her trade flourish—never can she expect to see the abundant and rich resources of her prosperity developed, until she has her own parliament and her own government. Under a Neapolitan government, with her representatives sitting in the same house with four times as many Neapolitan representatives, she will be doomed to the fate of Ireland at the hands of the English government and parliament; she will be doomed to beg from the Nea-

politan parliament and government prudent measures—measures demanded by the most imperious necessity, with the certainty of obtaining them tardily or incomplete, or quite different from what she expected, or, finally and more frequently, of not obtaining them at all.

SECTION 9.—CONSTITUTIONAL GUARANTEES WORTH NOTHING IF SICILY HAS NOT HER OWN PARLIAMENT.—EXAMPLE OF BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

It is useless to urge that under a constitutional government, with responsible ministers, and liberty of the press, you can prevent the recurrence of those scandalous abuses of which Sicily had most fatal experience under the absolute regime. Had not the Belgians all these guarantees from 1816 to 1830? and yet, because they were forced into an unnatural union with the Dutch under the same government and parliament, these guarantees could not save their country from pauperization, themselves from injustice and oppression, their religion from systematic persecution, till at length they were forced to the extreme and violent expedient of recovering genuine liberty by a national revolution.

The Irish enjoyed those guarantees; but, because they were subject to the one government and to the one parliament residing in England, all their securities could not prevent them from becoming slaves in the strict sense of the word. It cost them full thirty years of agitation, struggles, and sacrifice, to obtain partial emancipation, which was at length conceded to the dread of a violent outbreak.

No doubt Ireland, strong in the constitutional means which she enjoys in common with England, must succeed, sooner or later, in obtaining the repeal of that iniquitous and atrocious act which has made her one with her rival and tyrant. But please bear in mind how many years may pass before she shall obtain that victory—perhaps the suspension of her constitutional liberties, military occupation, massacres and desolation. Now with what face, on what pretence, does any man dare to advise Sicily to place herself in a similar predicament? At a time when you are proclaiming the independence and liberty of all, do you ask Sicily to offer the terms of her own slavery? Having it in her power to avoid, to secure herself against so wretched a position, and in which it is impossible she can remain—ought she on the contrary to accept it, because, forsooth, she shall always have the means of emerging from it one day or another? Why should she surrender her independence which she enjoys, under risk of being obliged at some future time to extort it by prayers and threats, and to accept, after long patience, as a favour and grace, what she now has in her armed hand by right? Why, after gloriously consummating one revolution, ought she place herself in the necessity of recommencing and preparing another? Why, when she has such a peaceful future in her hands, ought she, for mere amusement, plunge herself into a career of agitation and struggles whose results are always hard and painful and whose success is uncertain? Must you not have lost your senses when you deemed such a course possible?—must you not have lost all shame before you had the impudence to publish them.

SECTION 10.—SEPARATE GOVERNMENTS FOR NAPLES AND SICILY, THE INTEREST OF NAPLES HERSELF. SICILY UNITED TO HER, A SOURCE OF WEAKNESS.—EXAMPLE OF IRELAND.

Naples will be served by according a distinct government to Sicily. I remember well when all the Neapolitans who took refuge in Sicily, in the commencement of this century, they were received there as friends, and feted as brothers. Our houses, our tables were open to them; we thought ourselves happy and honoured in having them with us and in enjoying their company and friendship. The reason was—at that time the Sicilians had their own constitution, laws, and government, as the Neapolitans had theirs; there was, therefore, no distrust or jealousy between the two nations—they respected, they loved each other as brothers—they sympathised with each other as being twin jewels of the same crown.

But in the second emigration of the royal family to Sicily in 1806, when an imprudent and iniquitous policy persisted in governing her by an exclusively Neapolitan ministry, when the Neapolitans, backed by these ministers, their countrymen and devoted partisans began to play the tyrant, and treat as a conquered country that hospitable land which had given them an asylum, then it was that confidence was changed into distrust, love into hatred, friendship into enmity. It was then, only, that the two nations assumed really the attitude of mortal enemies; the Neapolitans conceived a plan for robbing Sicily of all her institutions, and reducing her to the miserable condition of a province of the kingdom of Naples; and the Sicilians, in turn, swore that they would not tolerate that tyranny—and prepared to overthrow it. From that moment, the brotherly relations previously subsisting between the two nations gave place to the relations between master and slave, conqueror and conquered; and hence that unprece-

dented array of horrors for Sicily, and her burning hatred of tyrannical government which has lately burst in a terrific eruption.

Now, suppose that ignorance of sound, social relations, or duplicity, or fraud, should succeed in establishing between Naples and Sicily such a union of parliament and government, that Naples should be the centre of all, even Sicilian affairs—under the name of that absurd system of centralization which is established there, and which is at once the most foolish and the most fatal legacy of imperial despotism—Sicily must be always on the defensive against the oppressive tendencies of the Neapolitan ministers, and Naples will lose no opportunity of impeding the development of her power and her wealth. Between two such nations confidence is an impossibility; between them there may be a hollow truce, but peace—never.

The government of Naples will therefore be obliged to hold Sicily as a conquered country which never resigns the hope of regaining its lost independence; the fear of a revolt, which may transfer the isle to the sceptre of a stranger, must continually haunt the oppressor; an imposing force must be maintained there, and a special police—remedies which only aggravate the miseries they were intended to heal. Thus Sicily must ever be to the crown of Naples a weight, a drag-chain, an endless cause of expense and weakness, and never can give her either advantage or support.

Here again, Ireland is an eloquent proof of this assertion. United to England under the same parliament and government, far from being a support, she is her “GREAT DIFFICULTY,” her greatest embarrassment, her greatest burden. The impossibility of tranquillizing her by holding her in slavery, that is, by maintaining the union, has driven statesmen to despair—has overturned cabinet after cabinet, and from time to time shaken the British empire to its foundations. How often has England been compelled to abstain from wars which were required by her interest or honour? And what prevented her?—Ireland. Always agitated, always restless, always on the point of making a desperate effort to free herself from the tyranny of a rich nation, she prevents her tyrants from making foreign war at will, because they are at all times in fear of a terrible convulsion within their own house. Thus, the unnatural union of two nations so different, is at once fatal to Ireland, and an eternal source of weakness and trouble to England; disconcerting all her political plans, and impeding her liberty of action.

[To be continued.]

Acta Sanctorum.

THE BOLLANDISTS.—LITERARY TOUR.

III.

THE Saints have now their historians—and the historians their plan. All work in unison, and from all quarters heaven collects and arranges the materials of the “Bollandist Museum.”

That museum alone was a proof of the special protection of heaven. So early as 1655, it was a miracle to Christina, queen of Sweeden, who had, however, reserved the gift of her own library to the Vatican; but, if it was so great even in its infancy, what must have been its value after the Bollandists had made, personally, two or three literary tours through every part of Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Italy, Spain, and France.

A sketch of their labours would be miserably defective, if we omitted entirely those “literary tours,” which they had the glory of originating, at least on a grand scale. It is impossible to enter into details. We confine ourselves to the two first tourists, especially as we can follow them, step by step, in their published narratives, the daily correspondence of Henschenius with Bollandus, and, particularly, in the notes drawn up on the spot, and in the form of a diary, by the young Father Papebroch. His companion had passed his sixtieth year—the Mentor of a new Odyssey—on this adventurous tour for the discovery of saints.

In July, 1660, the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, they set out from Stuveran, and took their leave of their old masters at Cologne, under the star of the three Magi, and the patronage of the virgins of St. Ursula.

At St. Goar, they did not forget the example of Charlemagne, who, after the manner of the humblest pilgrims, would not leave that city without placing the iron collar of the patron saint on his imperial head. At Coblenz, Father Godfrey wrote his first letter; they thence proceeded to Mayence, Selegenstad, Wurtzburg, Bamberg, Eichstadt, and Augsburg, examining the libraries and shrines, collecting the traditions and authentication of relics, and all the peculiar observances in honour of the patron saints. Fervently they prayed at many a desecrated shrine for the salvation of Germany, which was one of the last European races that embraced the faith and was the first to renounce it. The prayer for her conversion was ever on their lips; and, as the country was then breathing freely after the thirty years' war, they thought, as they travelled together on the long and brilliant summer's day, that the harvest was whitening for the sickle. Leibnitz was not the only person who was then dreaming of a re-union of the churches. A recent negotiator met our pilgrims on their route, and joined them again in Rome; and they often repeated with fond enthusiasm the words of the Lutheran senator, who, when reproached for having made a present of a superb lamp, to be lighted before the blessed sacrament, replied, "that in twenty years the whole world would be papist."

Those twenty years are a long time coming; but our pilgrims invoked them ardently at Spire, as they repeated the "*Salve Regina*" before the Madonna, which St. Bernard, in the same spot, saluted with the "*O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria*," which was then engraved on the marble pavement of the church, and has since been adopted by the Catholic world. At Eiligen they poured forth their hopes to St. Hildegard, the prophetess of Germany, and kissed her tomb and the inspired leaves which had been collected there during her life-time. Poor Henschenius believed more firmly than ever in his fond vision, when, after his arrival in Venice, he received the abjuration of a convert.

As their researches are not chronicled in detail, we pass over them slightly, but the church doors and the reliquaries of the sacristies were always interrogated for their legends. Every day brought in its accession to the harvest, and in those times it was yet most abundant in Germany. At Augsburg they ransacked the library of Welser, where they discovered the acts of St. Affre. Peutinger threw open to them, at Munich, the library of the Electorate, and there Papebroch made a collection of the old German songs and ballads, of which he found other copies at Inspruck. In the town of Aschaffenburg alone, in Franconia, they discovered full materials for a "*Germania Sacra*." A member of their society, Father Gamans, the friend of Bollandus and rival of Rosweyde, had piled there, in three apartments, bulls, charters, catalogues of bishops, notices historical of abbeys, proper offices, and obituaries for upper and lower Germany, Poland, Hungary, Bohemia, and Switzerland. He was about to publish an illustrated history of the metropolitan see of Mayence, with all its appendages and its eleven suffragans, and yet how few have ever heard of this Father Gamans? Our tourists spent eight days at their ease in his collection, taking notes and, sometimes, whole piles of well-digested documents.

Success smiled on their journey; messengers came from places twenty miles distant to welcome them; Father Gamans saw them to the foot of the Alps. At Bamberg, as well as at St. Goar, they had been invited

to the table of the imperial electors. Along their route, wheresoever they went, even among the dis-calc'd Carmelites and Capuchines, they met with a cordial reception in all the libraries, and in the museums of the learned; the first five volumes of the "*Acta*," and the history of the three Dagoberts, were their best letters of introduction. Papebroch, glowing with the fire of youth and genius, shrunk from no labour; he took notes on all subjects and furnished innumerable albums, and excited the wonder of all, how a man so diminutive—the littlest Jesuit they had ever seen—could ply so vigorously his laborious task.

When Father Henschenius, who was accustomed to his own plains of Holland, came in sight of the Alps, his head reeled at those tremendous precipices and nodding glaciers. Father Papebroch gives a most amusing account of their transit. His companion would not trust his life to any of the ordinary vehicles; he buried himself in a sort of a covered van, which, by the eternal jogging of the mules, was speedily dis-masted; the rain fell in torrents, and, to crown the misery, the jolting was so frightful that they could not sit steady for a single moment, and when they arrived at Trent they were covered with blisters. They were detained there full eight days by incessant rain, and, when the storm blew over, the fair plains of Italy beneath them were one wide sheet of water. They were compelled to work their way over uprooted roads, or be ferried over the flooded arms of the Po and the Adige, or trust their lives to restive mules, to the inexpressible terrors of poor Father Henschenius, who was capsized more than once on the sand or in muddy pills to the great annoyance of his young companion, who was obliged to re-seat the cavalier, and put him once more in marching order.

But how could such mishaps afflict them when they were compensated so richly? Verona, and St. Zenon, Padua with its St. Antony, Vicenza, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Imola, and Faenza were so many sanctuaries, rich in museums and literary spoils; Ravenna, too, with its byzantine domes, which would appear to have been wafted over the waves from the shores of the Bosphorus, and, above all, Loretto, made them forget all their sufferings.

On their first visit, after their first prayer in the oratory where the Virgin was praying when the arch-angel appeared to her, and the Son of God became incarnate, they forgot all in the extacy of an hour and a-half's devotion. Henschenius summoned up all his hopes, and memory, and knowledge, and saluted one hundred times the blessed Virgin in the name of all the saints, and of all his brethren, and of all that was dear to him; his emotion became more overpowering at each successive effort, till his feelings at length found vent in a flood of tears. These particulars are taken from a confidential letter, in which he unbosoms himself to an intimate friend, and well may we hope that his two petitions have been granted—to promote and to partake of the glory of the saints. On the 10th of December, the great anniversary of Loretto, they witnessed the festive solemnities of myriad pilgrims thronging from all quarters, and, when night closed on the happy pilgrims, the glories of the day were still prolonged under the bright and cloudless skies of the Appenines. "As far as the eye could see," writes Papebroch, "along vale and mountain-ridge, in all the towns and villages of the neighbourhood, festive fires and illuminations crowned the closing of the fete, the moon herself, shining with her brilliant aureola, would

appear to have assumed her fairest ornament in honor of the day."

From Loretto to Rome there were few incidents of travel; the tourists made their researches in St. Nicholas of Tolentina, St. Francis of Assisium, and St. Angela de Foligno, the first of whom had his acts illustrated by Henschenius; thence, by forced marches from the earliest hours of dawn to the serene moonlight of the Italian sky, and under uninterrupted torrents of rain, they pushed onwards for Rome, and, on the 23rd of December, discerned, at twelve miles distance, the dome of St. Peter's, and saluted the eternal city.

A severe trial awaited them the moment they arrived. The man whose aid was almost indispensable to them, Luke Holstein, the prefect of the Vatican library, was called away to the other world. He had, at first sight, conceived so profound a respect and attachment for Father Henschenius, that he implored him to assist at his last moments, to receive his profession of faith, and console him in his agony. His last words were "Padre Henschenio!" But the kindness of Alexander VII. mitigated the severity of this blow. When they were admitted to an audience, the Pope, remembering his nunciature in Cologne, familiarly asked "How was his old friend, Father Bollandus; many a letter passed between us at Cologne, though we never had the happiness of meeting." The conversation was continued in this paternal tone for a full hour, though it was a great audience, at which all the highest notabilities assisted. Express orders and briefs were immediately issued, that all the libraries in Rome should be opened, and the manuscripts of the Vatican were also entrusted to them. The new prefect, Leo Allatius, Fathers Possin, Kircher, Aringhi, Ughelli, Ciampini, the heads of the different orders, and the cardinals rivalled each other in zeal and liberality. The oratorians gave all the manuscripts of Baronius, and Abraham Ecchel translated from the Syriac the manuscript acts which he was after bringing to Rome.

During nine months, five or six copyists were constantly at work transcribing. They reserved for themselves the Greek manuscripts, in which they were aided by the Abbate Lorenzo Porcio, many of whose elegant translations are printed in the "Acta." Papebroch began his daily toil at two o'clock in the morning and worked till nightfall without any interruption, save for the most indispensable duties.

They also visited Naples, where the very singular favour was paid them of beholding, in all its solemnities, the veneration of the relics of St. Januarius, that they might witness in person the miracle of the blood. At Grotta-Ferrata they found the manuscripts from which Lipomani had published "Metaphrastes." At Monte Cassino they obtained a letter from the head of the congregation of St. Justine to the whole order in Italy, requesting their co-operation with the "Acta Sanctorum." Wherever they went they left copyists, who, five years after their departure, were still forwarding manuscripts to the Bollandist museum.

On the 2nd of October, 1661, they set out from Rome. They remained four months in Florence, and, after another stay at Milan and Vallambrosa, they took their leave of fair and lovely Italy. Passing rapidly through Piedmont, where their good angels saved them from imminent danger of being drowned, they arrived at Grenoble, whence they dispatched all their treasures safely. Then proceeding on foot by slow journeys, often so early as three o'clock in the morning—

even Henschenius, though sixty-two years old, bore the fatigue of this journey during six weeks. From the Grand Chartreuse of St. Bruno they proceeded to Lyons, where the learned Fathers Menetrier and Colombi, and the old veteran Theophilus Raynaud, were impatiently expecting their arrival. Our pilgrims celebrated here the festival of the patron St. Irenæus in his metropolitan church, where the rites and psalmody, which were then so ancient, recalled to mind what they had witnessed in Rome and Milan. They spent three days in Cluny, where the rapid and indefatigable labours of Father Papebroch amazed the monks; when they saw him cover, without blot or stay, not less than twenty pages in a few hours, they exclaimed in rapture with the psalmist—"Calamus scribæ velociter scribentis." Hence they were escorted through the country, over the mountains and valleys, under the glowing rays of a July sun, until they reached La Fertè. From Chalons, Father Ferrand, whose gaiety was not chilled by the snows of eighty winters, conducted them to St. Marcell, where they prayed at the tomb and holy well of the martyr, and the shrine of St. Gontran of Burgundy. Dom Lanoy, one of the last of the great literati of Cîteaux, was as kind to them as he had been to d'Achery and Mabillon, who have so frequently recorded their acknowledgments to him. The literary glory of Dijon was then at its height; it had given to science a Saumaise, to poetry La Monnaie, Bossuet to eloquence, and Condé to military glory: literature flourished there as an heirloom in the families of De la Marre and Bouhier. The Bollandists met, among others, the Abbé Nicaise, Pere Ferry, the historian of Chalons, and the most learned of the four brothers Chifflet, who placed his invaluable collection at their disposal. "There," says Papebroch, "we could plunge and collect in heaps everything we wished." He discovered a *Synaxarion*, whose leaves were so closely knitted together that it was almost impossible to separate them. "But blessed be all the saints of Greece," he exclaimed, "the part necessary to complete our Greek Calendars was entirely uninjured." But his rapture was still greater on finding, in the library of President Bouhier, a small martyrology of Bedes of the ninth century. This work, of which they had seen a copy in the manuscripts of the queen of Sweden, when they were carried through Cologne, had been inspected a second time in the archives of the Vatican, where it was deposited, but on examination it was found to contain only eight months. At Dijon, however, it was happily found complete, and enveloped, like all other precious manuscripts of President Bouhier, in costly silk, for such was his scrupulous taste, not unlike that of his townsman Buffon, who never sat down to write without dressing himself, as if for a grand ball or festival.

A few days more and our tourists were in Paris, consulting in his cell with Pere Sirmond, attended constantly by Labbe Cossard, Hardouin, Petavius, Daniel, Vavasseur, Jouveney, Maimbourg, and visited by Baluze, Combefis, d'Herouval, the two Valois, the Benedictines of St. Maur, and even by Launoy, the "unnicher" of saints. They were complimented by Turenne, who met them in the library of Clermont, and, though as yet a Protestant, wished all success to their labours; they saw the great Condé, to the dismay of the Jansenists, conducting in person, to the professed house of the Jesuits, his nephew, the eldest son of the Duc de Longueville. Paris appeared to them in a thousand enchanting lights; so enraptured was poor

Papebroch, that in his own enthusiastic strain, he called it the suburb of heaven. But Henschenius was of opinion that it was a filthy suburb; that the air was corrupt; that it had a murky sky, to use his own Flemish expression—He believed the days long until they rose over him in his own Antwerp.

We may give at another time the tours of Fathers Jenninck and Barten in Austria, Hungary and Bohemia, where they proceeded as far as Buda in search of the wreck of the invaluable library of Matthew Corvinus; also the tour of Father Couper in Spain, where he explored even the mysterious *Armario* of the Escorial and of the cathedral of Toledo; and, finally, the recent discoveries of the new Bollandists in resuming their labours. But let us hope that all those tours will be collected by those heirs of the illustrious tourists; and since the old Bollandists have found worthy successors, it is not too much to expect, that, if the storms of those tumultuous times do not disturb their labours, we may have detailed accounts of the personal history of all their predecessors, of their travels, their labours, their discoveries, and the present state of the monuments which they had visited and described. To them it belongs to exhibit to us Father Papebroch, not only as the pilgrim, the savant, the interesting companion and correspondent, but what is still more novel and suprising, the artist and scientific antiquary so early in the seventeenth century. It is amazing how, in a few hours, he was able to explore all the churches of a great city; to describe every inch of them with the most minute detail—their statues, paintings, vaults, galleries, their exterior and interior—to compare at one glance Belgium, Germany, and Italy—to be as much at his ease under the cupola of St. Marc in Venice, or St. Apollinaris in Ravenna, as under the belfry of his native city—as enthusiastically sensible to the beauties of the Greek as of the Gothic—in a word, the man of all times, independent of epochs, country, and schools. He was a musician too: he listened with the ear of a virtuoso to the melodies of the Tyrol; he shook his head gravely at the first Italian concerts; but his heart overflows with emotion at the chant of the confraternity for a “happy death” at Ancona, and at the plaintive melodies which Canisius opposed to the popular distichs of Luther, and which to this day are the delight of the Rhenish provinces. Were all this published, after the lapse of two centuries by children of the same family, it would be a new Bollandist museum, which could not but be received with gratitude by all who feel any interest in the history of literature and art.

In some other Number, a sketch may be given of the literary tours of Ward on the Continent, and O’Clery in Ireland, collecting materials for Colgan; but the literary tour, most urgently demanded just now, is to send over to Brussels and Rome our best Irish scholar, to bring us copies of our exiled manuscripts. The want is generally felt—a little energy would satisfy it.

PAPERS ABOUT

Irish Missions and Missionaries.

NO. V.

PRIESTS, ardent, intelligent, and self-sacrificing—such as the clergymen of the United States and of the colonies—must produce great fruit, and doubtless their fruit will remain; but, as we have already observed, the number is wofully insufficient. Thousands upon

thousands of Americans are prejudiced only through defect of instruction, and many indifferent because unacquainted with the beauty of Truth. These might, every one, be subdued to the captivity of faith, and sent forth to convert and confirm their brethren. The effect of such a progression is incalculable. We must await the designs of God, and “pray the Lord of the harvest that he will send labourers into his vineyard.”

We happen to know the excellent pastor of Waterbury, Connecticut. Within a few months he has been an humble, Irish student—a pious priest—and he is now, we thank Providence, an efficient republican missionary. Churches, schools, and converts—almost equal in number to the days of his holy labours—console him in his trials, and attest that the “children of the saints” have a great duty to perform, by reason of the great salvation which they can confer. We need hardly remark that he—the writer of the letter, of which the following is an extract—was educated at the invaluable missionary college of ALL HALLOWS, Drumcondra. He gratifies the charity of his former learned instructors by an account of his success. The letter is dated 12th of February:

“I have purchased the Episcopal Church for 1500 dollars. I paid off 600 already, in the course of nine weeks, and I expect to have the whole debt liquidated very soon. For some time after I went there, I celebrated in the Town Hall. On Christmas Day I had the church prepared for service. I had the interior beautifully illuminated—the altar dressed off in handsome style—the platform neatly carpeted—with a communion cloth, which extended all round the railing. I had, also, a very excellent suit of vestments. I had the little boys, whom I previously prepared to serve Mass, dressed in red soutanes and surplices; and a choir which sung the “Gloria in excelsis,” the “Sanctus,” and the “Adeste Fideles,” magnificently. All contributed to shed a new lustre upon religion, particularly in a locality where the like had been never witnessed before. I was so filled with interior joy that I almost shed tears, as I reflected that about two years ago a priest could not get a place in the town to celebrate Mass. . . . I have another church in a place which is called Derby. It is only just built. I am now getting pews in it, and also erecting an altar. The congregation is about 300 Catholics; but a great many others attend. I have attended, during week-days, two or three other stations. I had the happiness of receiving two individuals into the Church since I commenced my missionary labours. The one, a Protestant of the Church of England, and the other a Presbyterian. During the ceremony of their reception I felt the real force of the Psalmist’s words, ‘*Non nobis Domine . . . sed nomine tuo da gloriam.*’”

It must be a considerable time before America can be blest by an indigenous priesthood. Recent emigration can never supply the resources, taste, and condition necessary for alumni; and the more ancient settlers are affected by numerous causes, which prevent them from contributing in proportion to their number and competency. There have been, doubtless, many brilliant lamps hung in the sanctuary, by the devotedness of the Hiberno-Americans, who have struggled with difficulties and succeeded; but the utilitarian spirit of the republic affects even them. The pride of rule and the power of wealth dazzle, at an early age, the imaginations of the youth. Religious practices are observed and virtues inculcated; but the thought is not directed to self-sacrifice for the purposes of enlarged charity. A lay spirit presides—a spirit which, naturally speaking, is likely to predominate, so long as the rewards of fortune are profusely poured upon exertion and ability, and huge ambition is a feature distinguishing the whole people. Ireland must still be the parent of the missions. Her children must still labour, suffer, and die with the cross their burden and their glory, until having revolutionized the spirit of the republic, selfishness shall yield to religion—this world to the next—

and men shall live to die, rather than for a mode of living.

Yet would we not be understood as decrying a priesthood "racy of the soil"—by no means. Many inconveniences follow from the necessity of importing a clergy. Their ties upon their missions are few—their ignorance of the character of the people exposes them to indiscretions at a time when favourable impressions are important—they cannot have the same natural impulses and responsibilities as the missionary who lives and labours under the eye of his friends and relatives—and their temptation to change the scene of their ministry is more frequent than that of one who has made the home of his affections and duty in the same locality. All these reasons—and many might be added—would make a native clergy desirable, wherever 'tis possible; but we believe that in our colonies and in the States it is not so.

We need not add, that the difficulty of obtaining a colonial and American priesthood is enhanced by the claims upon missionary labour, and the consequent inability of the bishops to retain a staff of professors in their colleges. Besides the loss of their exertions, resources would be required to maintain them; and these, neither the missions nor the students are able to supply. Hence, in very many cases, where the establishment of seminaries has been attempted, it has been only partially achieved, while the clergymen, educating and educated, communicated and acquired information only by endurance and toil. We have seen many priests so educated, and we know some who are an honour to their profession; but they owe their success to great physical energy, and to an extent of intellectual power, which is, indeed, very rarely conceded. We cannot but admire the happy circumstances of those foreign missions, which enables the bishops or vicars-apostolic to send to this country their youthful subjects, who are thus secured a true ecclesiastical education, and who bring to their native dioceses the ardour of home-love and the vigour of young graces. They are truly fortunate, and we are happy to know more than one of them.

The Catholic reader will bear with us. We are anxious to impress him with the conviction which sways ourselves. Ireland has a mighty destiny to fulfil. A world, upon whose soil five hundred millions shall have grown and have been poured before a hundred years, are to be fashioned and redeemed by her hand. Her mind, virtue, and faith must sway from Patagonia to the pole, or we must conclude that Providence has spiritually abandoned regions on which his blessings have been so benignly poured. No; it is a duty—a noble, a hallowed, and hallowing duty—of our country to interpose, as it has ever done, her zeal between hell's ascendancy and God's creatures, and to "preach the Gospel" even to the "ends of the earth." To avoid many evils, and to attain all the ends of missionary-life, the clergyman should be educated for that purpose. His literary pursuits and his spiritual training should contemplate that object; he should grow up in alienation from all things but his profession; with a spirit of devotedness, decision, obedience, and firmness. He should have lived for years a stranger at home, and a priest of his distant congregation. Thus he should go forth, as his fathers have gone, and leave to after ages the same beacon-name which sheds lustre even on our hapless annals. All this can be accomplished only by such an establishment as that of which we spoke above—and which

God's mercy has left us through the enthusiastic Catholicity of the late FATHER HAND—the *Missionary College of All Hallows*.

"*Spiritus spirat ubi vult*," is mysteriously illustrated in the many roads by which the children of love are brought within the ark of salvation. Some approach by the slow process of quiet and cautious examination, others, by the aspirations after an ideal to which only the "spotless spouse" can respond; numbers are influenced by the excesses to which the "individualism" of dissent so constantly hurries its victims; and many seem to grow and flourish in the soil of heterodoxy, as if accident had transplanted them—in their sweet innocence "believing all things," yet unconscious of the identity of their objective faith with that of the church from which they shrink. We have known more than one instance in which the real presence of our Lord in the adorable sacrament had been, for thirty years, most sincerely and orthodoxically believed; and, in the case of a Presbyterian, as well as a member of the church of England, the first occasion on which the individuals became acquainted with the error of their sects was on the examination of Catholic works of instruction.

The imprudence of ministers and the fanaticism of disciples sometimes become agencies in the hand of the Lord—offended reason and outraged charity fly the alliance of madness and design. We once knew a great "revival" which took place after the due preparation, and was accompanied by the usual "outpourings of the spirit," and followed by the usual accession of heavenly gifts. The "bag and baggage" of a district—tables, forms, tents, stools, and pulpits—moved in solemn procession to the solitude in which the voice of the soul was to be heard, undistracted by sublunary cares and anxieties. Fair damsels and solemn young men, sighing spinsters and unearthly "ministers of the Gospel," rode upon staid horses, broad waggons, luggage carts, or anything which could be made available for an occasion so important. If bread and viands formed a portion of the procession to such reunion, they were "gifts," to be taken with all "thankfulness," and brandy we warrant, if found there, was an interloper not named among the appliances for the day of examination. How calmly the party descended from their vehicles, and how noiselessly they disposed themselves along the green grass and beneath the shadowing trees, "*sub tegmine fagi*," and now the psalm—which makes one feel like stillness, 'tis so solemn; and then the prayer, so eloquent and so sonorously declaimed; and, finally, the moment of deep thought and spiritual interchange of feeling. The "solemn young men" are, of course, quite accidentally sitting beside the "fair damsels," and the spinsters if they sigh, as they look round upon the scene, 'tis for the imperfections of their hearts—and years! How Christian souls twine in sacred sympathy at such a moment! how all the poor heart's weaknesses and wanderings are poured into the ear of female tenderness or manly sensibility! Commingling their words, their sighs—and, hand in hand, as the warmth of spiritual friendship progresses, 'tis not surprising that the moonlight finds them far advanced in perfection, and that the morning beams are only a mockery of their internal illumination. Wonderful things are said by the friends and the foes of these "dear revivals." Malice hath ever a bad tongue and prejudice a blind judgment—we shall say only, that many have come home Catholics from them.

"Ah! do, Klobeck, bring out that dear, mad, old daughter of Jacob, that cries so—*will* you?" said a sprightly girl of nineteen—the affianced of the young clergyman who had been almost domesticated with her family—"I *do* wish so much," she continued, "that my friend Harriet should see her."

"You mean old Boland, dear—so sinful and so perfect."

"Yes!"

"And then—"

"Get away!"

* * * * *

The young deacon sat in his pulpit; his hands covered his handsome features—the gathered disciples were silent as the grave—he had affrighted them by images of the next world, and filled them with contempt for this. He paused in self-recollection, as if stricken by the picture his own fancy had pencilled. There were openings, however, between his fingers, through which the initiated caught a glance of humorous meaning; and, from the forms below, there was at least one head sometimes raised to enjoy the expression.

A convulsive shudder now made the young preacher's frame vibrate—'twas accompanied by an indistinct sound, like that which marks the suppression of tears. Another moment the vibration increased, and the expression of emotion was more defined. Another—and an old woman with wrinkled brow, and silver hair, and shrivelled hand, started up in the assembly. Her eyes of grey were flashing—her bosom heaved with fearful excitement—the eye of the revival was upon her, because she, poor thing, was about to give her "experience." The words were few—the faults none; but she cried very piteously. The wag in the pulpit enacted his part to perfection. At every interval of her moans, he raised the key by a tone emitted from his own labouring bosom. From note to note he carried poor Boland—every cry of hers bringing him a note higher. At length, at the pitch of frenzied misery, both joined in a howl so thrilling, so awful, that numbers joined, some in terror, some in despair; and some—saw, for the last time, a "revival."

* * * * *

"Why then, Miss, 'twas a burning shame, so it was, to treat old granny Boland that away—an' I'm thinking there's more show than use in the whole religion, that does no better for the minister."

The stranger, for whom the betrothed of the preacher interested herself, had been telling all to her servant. "I'll go bail," she added after a little, "if he went to confession he dare'n't deceive old age for young ladies' diversion."

"I shall never again go to a "revival," Mary.

"May the Lord revive you, Miss!—and 'tis the pity you don't go to the place where your good pure heart would warm to."

"There are good and bad in every place, Mary."

"Thru' for you, Miss Harriett, thru' for you; but 'tis very hard to be bad in the ould church, agra. 'Tis hard to be confessin' and not mendin'; an' 'tis hard, if one had ever so much, to be proud before the tabernacle out; an' 'tis hard for the great man that doesn't go to the rail to feel himself betther than the poor man that does."

"What do you mean, Mary?"

"Och, nothing, Miss! only 'tis hard for the people of the ould church not to love one another—an' hard for 'em to be proud, an' hard for 'em to be bad."

A shade passed over the fine face of Harriett. We saw her received into the sheepfold of the "One Shepherd," and she would have no godmother but Irish Mary. Was it wonderful?

The association of religious feeling—deep religious feeling—with the faults and misfortunes of Irishmen is a phenomenon at which we have often felt surprise. Men sometimes neglect the duties of faith, who would readily die in defence of it; and 'twould be a determined cause of quarrel if even their own conduct was appended as a commentary to their religion. It has its effects. The Catholic may err, and wander, and forget the lessons of life which he imbibed at the knee of his mother; but a day ever arrives, when the prostrate penitent endeavours to expiate the deeds of the oblivious sinner, and there is "joy in heaven for a soul that doeth penance."

A most unpromising specimen of the impractical once came across our path. During a voyage from Rio, one half the crew of a noble ship rose against the other; and eleven murders placed the bloody survivors in possession of the vessel. She was laden with silver bars and specie, all amounting, we believe, to thirty or forty thousand pounds. Among the pirates was one—said to be the most daring free-booter of his tribe—and accused of terrible leadership in the sanguinary deed. Providence placed the assassins and their spoil in the hands of the law, and thus arose our opportunity of meeting the terrible stranger.

Undoubtedly John Hazleton was an extraordinary man. His thoughts, language, bearing—even his crimes were unlike those of any human being whom we have encountered. For many weeks we were in the closest intercourse that human beings can have. His whole character developed itself in incidents casually occurring, or narrated by himself; and in every combination—whether betrayed by his accomplices before the judges of the land—in the depths of his dungeon—or, finally, upon the scaffold of doom—he neither acted, nor spoke, nor did he seem to feel like other men. There is only one depository living to whom the young fellow committed even his real name—and that depository is a very safe one.

The first time we saw the pirate immediately succeeded his examination on committal. Having descended to the cells of his prison—in part through curiosity, in part from better motives—the jailor informed us that some believed Hazleton to be an Irishman. Our interest was awakened; and our request to be permitted to converse with him was immediately granted. The huge door gradually opened, and we were in his presence. A log—somewhat like the boat-holds on our old quays—rose out of the floor; 'twas just under the window, or slender air-hole that lighted and purified the apartment. The room might be eight feet by six, or something less. Perched upon the pillar just-mentioned—one leg thrown carelessly over the other—was the handsomest man we had ever seen. He was the *beau ideal* of a corsair. A red cap, the tassel of which fell jauntingly on his left shoulder, obliquely covered his forehead. His hair was raven jet—his eyes large, full, and lustrous—his mouth was outlined by perfection itself—but the lips were not full enough for beauty—they were those of firmness and command. He wore no jacket—a fair cambric shirt, yellow vest, with rich studs, and white trousers, completed his costume. He could not be more than one-and-twenty years old.

We bowed. The prisoner returned the salute, but was silent.

"You are an Irishman?"

"I have not said so."

"It is so reported. I am sorry to behold a young fellow of your appearance in such circumstances, and if I can do you a service, command me."

"Thank you, Sir—I need nothing just now."

"'Tis an early age to be in the hands of the law. You must have seen better days and other society. I have no doubt but bitter tears would be shed, were your condition and prospects known at home."

"They are not likely to be."

"Well, let me pray you to prepare for the worst. Whatever country you come from, or whatever may be your creed, you know there is a place beyond the grave; and you are not weak enough to fear, nor, I hope, fool enough to omit your preparation. Send for your clergyman."

There was a pause. We added some few words, and were preparing to depart, when the prisoner moved his lips to speak. We thought him about to unbosom himself, but were disappointed. We turned towards the door, and, as we called to the turnkey, Hazleton said—"Sir."

"Well, friend."

"Please, see me to-morrow."

We did see him, and learned that he was the victim of circumstances the most extraordinary that imagination ever dreamed. Many a day we spent with him; and we kissed him with more than the warmth of brotherhood at the moment when he looked into eternity. A future number shall record his and his companions' histories. They are instructive, though almost exceeding credibility, and will hardly be deemed an episode in our "Papers about the Missions."

We cannot suppress the impulse to give a few circumstances of his last moments. 'Twas a gorgeous summer day—not a cloud shrouded the azure, from the horizon to the zenith. A scaffold looked out upon the broad Atlantic—the death-scene was a rising ground, about a quarter of a mile from the sea. Just before was a church-yard, and on one of its shelving sides new-made graves were visible—there was a neat mortuary chapel in the centre. The deep over which the culprits had journeyed—the chapel which should receive their lifeless remains—the graves where they should repose until the judgment day—all the past and the future were before them. Hazleton prayed fervently but collectedly. He read or repeated the responses to the litany with an even, steady tone. The Protestant clergyman very beautifully and impressively recited the "Lord's Prayer"—his business was done. The three pirates of his communion quietly turned round, and joined their companions in distress; they invoked all the saints with a piety quite edifying. At length proximate preparations were being made. Hazleton was collected as if a mere witness of the scene—he coolly drew the rope "*taught*," to see the "purchase," or length of fall.

"Mr. Sheriff," said he, "will you please fling off one or two coils of this rope—I shall be hanging with *this* all day."

The official looked amazed—the culprit quietly pursued his prayers. A thought again struck him. He raised his hands to his neck, and found that he had not been pinioned with sufficient tightness to prevent his catching the cord above.

"Mr. Sheriff, please draw this twine a little more

taught, or I fear I shall by-and-by be putting up my hands."

The Sheriff was sending the executioner.

"Pray, Sir, do it yourself," said the composed and undaunted young fellow—the awkwardness of the *Blackey* had not escaped him—"I don't think *he* ever tied a knot in his life."

A few moments, and a brave man, who might have been a great one, hung a lifeless corpse.

Hazleton that night lay in the little chapel to which we have already referred. It had been known that he was a "son of the sod," and that others' villany, more than his own immorality, had brought him to a luckless end. A thousand conjectures on his origin, family, and career, had been hazarded, discussed, abandoned, or adopted; but all came to one opinion, that his "misfortune, not his fault," had brought him to his premature end. As twilight advanced, many hundreds of the population wended their way to the graveyard, and knelt around the bier to offer their orisons for the repose of the pirate's soul. The coffin was opened, and, contrary to every anticipation, no rude trace of his violent transition marked the culprit's remains. He lay in all the manly beauty of guiltless repose—and sighs and tears were poured forth as tributes to his unhappy destiny. Some there were whose moral sense was offended, 'twas said, by such unwonted manifestations of regard for the departed culprit. But they knew him not. They knew not the frightful ordeal to which he had been subjected, and the many efforts which he had made to extricate himself from a position that looked like doom. Alas! it was a weakly encouragement to crime that a man should not be pursued beyond the gate of death, and that kind hearts should yearn towards the lonely exile, whom the law itself had surrendered—when it had killed him. At all events, old men sorrowed as they kept vigil by his body, and young girls came with fresh-plucked flowers to scatter perfume 'round his clay. Incessantly, from eve to the following morn, the little edifice rang with "Lord have mercy on him! Christ have mercy on him?"

About the hour of midnight, a circumstance occurred which struck some with dismay and supplied others with a most acceptable enigma, which was solved as truly and as variously as it was represented. A lady entered the church—tall, commanding—with firm pace and collected bearing. A hand-maiden followed, we believe, as deeply disguised, and as much self-possessed as her mistress. The servant bore a basket of flowers, with which she accompanied her lady to the coffin. The people were not slow in opening an avenue, and their hearts beat more rapidly as the strangers advanced. To scatter the mingled roses and lilies was the work of an instant. One moment the lady drew aside her veil—but her face turned towards the altar. She stooped—gently kissed the pirate's cold lips and withdrew.

Decidedly the little chapel was much more mysterious, and not near so comfortable after the departure of the recent visitors. The timid stole away together, and the romantic sat in the moonlight, to weave tales of broken hearts and black weeds, and so forth. We are not sure that we do justice to ourselves by the explicitness with which we detailed matters full of such dramatic interest. But we have an uncommon regard for our readers, and would not unnecessarily awaken

a susceptibility, or call a sensibility into action which the necessity of our "Papers" doth not demand.

Now, who was the lady?—Was it a lady at all? It was shrewdly remarked that a foreigner of great distinction had arrived the evening before; a duchess—a countess, at least. Certainly she must have been the mother of Hazleton. But then—no; that step so light—and that bearing so agile—ah! she could not be old enough to be the pirate's parent. Stop—we have it; the lady was—his—his **LOVER**. But where has she come from—or whither has she gone? "'Pon my conscience, I believe," said a man who had seen the apparition, and had heard all, "'Pon my conscience, I don't believe she came there at all."

* * * * *

Some few weeks after the "wake" of the pirate, an Irish missionary was sitting in his little room. It was evening. Possibly enough he was thinking of Hazleton, whose confessor he had been, and whom he had endeavoured to prepare for his trial by the hope which followed it. A lady was announced, and a lady entered. The height—the dress—the bearing—every thing corresponded with the often-heard-of nocturnal admirer of the youthful victim of misdeeds. In a moment the whole mystery was solved; and we generously communicate the explanation. On the morning of his execution, the pirate had requested of her father a moment's conversation with the daughter of the governor—the governor of the penitentiary. The hour was a solemn one—the condemned man had endeared himself to every one—the interview was to be in the presence of her parents, though at sufficient distance to confine its import to the two—he could not be refused the last request—and he was not. Poor, Catholic Ireland! Sorrow, shame—even guilt—cannot wither thy love of the church of ages. He had never spoken to the lady before—he had rarely even beheld her: with an eloquence caught from the other world, when half-sundered from this, he addressed her—addressed her on her *faith*! Her heart was won—her whole being revolutionised. She who had perhaps never before spoken to a Catholic, left the convict's presence in tears, and a devoted **CONVERT**!

Poor young man!—he never mentioned the matter even to his confessor—but he determined to save a soul before his own should depart for judgment; and never was conviction more deeply impressed than that which his burning words had effected upon the spirit of her, who was the last to press her maiden lips upon his brow.

Local Memoirs of Ireland.

TRIM.

In the midst of one of the most fertile of Ireland's plains, and on the banks of the Boyne, one of her loveliest rivers, and, from its historic associations, the most deeply interesting, stands the ancient town of Ath-Trim. Centuries have rolled by since it existed as the heart and centre of the powerful palatinate of Meath; its power has departed, its grandeur is in ruins, and of many memorials of its former greatness not a trace can now be found; yet do the memories of that old town twine round our imaginations, leading us back through the lapse of ages to the contemplation of the actions of men, whose very names are now nearly forgotten within the walls where they once maintained almost kingly state and sway. The moated castle, the

church, sheltering itself beneath the shadow of the strong and lofty tower, whence the rude clang of arms was as often heard as "the sweet and peaceful warnings of its bells," the issuing forth at early morn, from the several town-gates of knightly bands in glittering armour, with waving pennons and "all their bravery," to pillage, or, in the words of the books, "to reduce the enemy," and their return at even-tide to the boisterous merriment of the baronial hall, are as apt exponents of the state of society in that "vanished day," as the county jail, the union workhouse, and the barrack with its pipe-clayed and epauletted warriors are of the present age. In this old town dwelt many of the deputies of the foreign "lords of Ireland." The parliaments of the "Pale" sat more frequently within its castle and monastic halls than in the capital itself; and the flower of England's chivalry, and even some of her royal princes, were sometimes its rulers and sometimes its captives. But all things human have put on new forms here, as elsewhere. The courts of the Lord Palatine have yielded place to those of "our sovereign lady the Queen," and "Sherieeves of the Cross" and "Sherieeves of the Liberty" have now merged into one official. The Mac Herathies and O'Marethans, and others of the "Irish rebels" no longer "rob, spoil, and destroy" the English marchours, nor do the "liegemen" now return the compliment precisely after the ancient fashion. One point alone remains unchanged, the method of "reduction," then as now, had the solemn sanction of the law and was executed constitutionally. But this perhaps is political, and enough yet remains of Trim to interest us as Catholics and Irishmen, without entering into that troubled sea.

The first notices we find of Trim extend so far back as the era of the patron saint of our nation. Niall Navigiallach had fallen a victim of the treason of Eochaid, king of Leinster, in the year 404, as he was carrying the terror of the Irish name and prowess throughout Gaul, and was succeeded by Dathy, his nephew; but he too had now passed away, and Leogaire, Niall's son, reigned a "true Irish king." In the thirty-third year of the fifth century, and the fourth of his reign, he was solemnizing the high religious festival of his nation at his royal palace of Tarah, surrounded by his magi, the ministers of those idolatrous rites. By ancient custom and royal ordinances, no fire should be lighted on that eve, within a considerable distance of Tarah, before that which was the object of worship. Yet in the east a bright flame is seen, as if in defiance of regal mandates. Leogaire consults his wise men, who, oracle like, declare, "that unless the fire they then saw was extinguished that night, it would not cease to burn for all eternity." Artful impostors! little thought they how much truth they then spoke. It is a beautiful instance of error whose course is run, and whose days are numbered, bearing unconscious and unwilling testimony of the advent of Faith; for, surely, there was much of truth in those words, though spoken in all hollowness and deceit. That light has been extinguished, but the light of Divine Faith, of which it was the material symbol, has never ceased to burn in the land; and let us hope it may endure through all time. Upon hearing this sage prophecy, the king went in the direction of the strange fire; and, having come near to Tertafer-feic (Slane), he summoned the author of the offence to appear before him. The apostle Patrick then appeared;*

* St. Patrick had lighted the paschal fire, the day being Holy Saturday.

and, the following day, he crossed the plain of Breg, and announced his high mission before the assembled princes at Tarah, declaring to them that the "sun which they worshipped was a creature whose splendour would not always endure, and whose worship could only involve everlasting torments on its votaries, but that the sun which he announced was '*solem verum, Christum*,'—'Christ, the true sun,'" It has been observed, in the life of another apostle, that "wherever man is, there are hearts and consciences which will correspond to the simple doctrines of religion, and be conscious on hearing it of the truth, that one thing is needful," so we may easily believe that this announcement of Divine Truth carried immediate conviction to the souls of many of its hearers.

We are not told whether Leogaire then or ever corresponded with the grace, but our most credible historians and annalists inform us that his son, Fedlimid, was converted, and that he gave to God and the Church the site whereon St. Patrick erected a monastic establishment, and where he established the first Irish see, consecrating his disciple, St. Loman, its bishop. This site was TRIM.

And so, from that Paschal commemoration, we date the origin of Trim. Henceforth it is the source whence flows the living streams of Christian truth to the surrounding country far and wide—a centre, from which radiates the effulgence of heavenly light. Hither would men's eyes turn to him who sat there, the spiritual father of the flock committed to his care; for the successors of St. Loman sit in his see and teach the faith delivered by him; and the faithful come to venerate his memory and invoke his intercession on each recurring anniversary. A school, after the custom of the country and the age, springs up and flourishes, within the precincts of the church; and, here, youth are taught the secular knowledge of the times, with the most important of sciences, that of Christian perfection. The clergy live in community, and support themselves, most probably, by the labour of their hands, and by the occasional but scanty offerings of the faithful; for it was one of the lessons taught them by the precept and example of their great apostle, "not to accept of presents, at least of any considerable value, lest they might give occasion to the incredulous to defame their ministry." And here the houseless and unfriended find a home and consolation, for the poor, the images of Him "who had not where to lay his head," are ever the choicest portion and care of Holy Church.

But there is a great lapse of time between the fifth and the twelfth centuries, and by the close of the latter the work of St. Patrick and St. Loman was nearly undone. The forms of Christianity still remained, and, indeed, much of its spirit; but it no longer influenced the world around it as it had done in an earlier time. Danish invasions and internal commotions, for two centuries, had disturbed the gentle influences of the Gospel, and native princes no longer paid that affectionate and scrupulous deference to the Church and all that belonged to her which their fathers had done. Our annalists record a sacrilegious burning of the tower and steeple of the church of Trim, where 200 persons had fled for protection, by an Ulster king, named Connor O'Meaghlin, in the year 1108. Thus, by the end of the same century, Trim needed, we may say, a new state of things. At all events, its old character was gone, and it was about to enter on a new career. Its bishopric, with many others, merged into

the newly constituted diocese of Meath; its church was governed by an arch-priest in lieu of its bishop; it was no longer the home of simple faith and piety, but the turbulent arena of noisy knights and barons, of protervees and burgesses, of leige-men and march-men.

We have now arrived at that period, when Trim assumed the character of a town of the middle ages, and put on the garb of Feudalism, so many of the memoirs of which yet remain, although it has, again, assumed a new character. We are not writing a history of Trim, but merely sketching a few of the prominent incidents and characters of Irish history associated with it, and which most naturally suggest themselves by a visit to the locality and an inspection of the remains of bygone ages.

The first object which attracts the attention of the tourist, as he approaches Trim from the Dublin side, is the grand remnant of the castle, "frowning tremendous even in ruins." It has a commanding effect, towering over the quiet current of the "pleasant Boyne," and, as the eye takes in its massive outline with the towers of the churches in the distance, the spectator at once feels that he is in the vicinity of a very old town; enough yet remains of the castle to enable the visiter to ascertain its precise extent and formidable character. For the following very accurate description of its present state, we are indebted to an interesting little volume by the amiable Vicar of Trim, the Rev. R. Butler, who has industriously collected all available records connected with it, and has shown much antiquarian zeal and taste in collecting various memorials of its former greatness. "The castle of Trim, on the east side of the town, and on the south or right bank of the river Boyne, consists of a triangular-walled enclosure, defended by circular flanking towers, and a large and lofty donjon or keep in centre. One of the sides of the castle was formerly washed by the river Boyne, and, when the river is very full, the low meadow, about fifty yards broad, which is now between the castle and the river, is still inundated. This, the north-eastern side of the castle, is 171 yards long, and is defended by four flanking towers, two at the angles and two intermediate. The west side—that which faces the town—is 116 yards long, quite straight, and defended by flanking towers at the angles, and the tower over the gateway in the centre. The groove for the portcullis is very perfect, and it seems, from the projecting masonry, that there had been a draw-bridge and barbican to the gate. The tower over this gate is octagonal, though the base is rectangular, which gives it a peculiar appearance; there was a wet ditch in front of this as well as the south side, which was supplied with water by the small stream which runs along the town-wall by the Dublin gate. In the north angle of the castle, there are the ruins of several buildings, one of which has a high gable and was three stories high. Four very large windows in the castle-wall towards the river, with niches in the piers between them, mark the site of a chapel or banquetting-hall; there is also a large vault extending partly under this room. Three large windows have been rudely filled up at some period—loops for musketry in each have been made. In the south-west angle of the castle, where the town-wall adjoined it, a mound of earth has been thrown up, to the height of the castle wall, filling the first and second towers from the town gate. This was, probably, done for a battery for cannon, to flank the town wall and to defend the approach to the Dublin gate. The wall,

against which the mound of earth was thrown up, has fallen down, but the towers remain, one of which have been lately cleared. It is divided into three stories; the upper one of which was a pigeon-house, having holes for sixty or eighty pair; the lower story led to the postern, at which was probably the level of the water in the ditch. The third side, which is towards the country, facing the south, sweeps round in an easy curve to the Boyne; it is 192 yards long, defended by six flanking towers, including those at the angles of the gate. This tower of the gate is circular and in good preservation, as well as the arches over the ditch and the barbican beyond it. The gate had also its portcullis, the groove for which, and the recess for its windlass, are perfect. The circumference of the castle wall, then, is 486 yards, defended by ten flanking towers, at nearly equal distances, including those at the gate. The donjon is a rectangular building, the plan of which may thus be described:—on the middle of each side of sixty-four feet, rectangles are constructed, the size of sides, perpendicular to the square, being twenty feet, and those parallel to it twenty-four feet; thus a figure of twenty sides is constructed. The thickness of the wall of the large tower is twelve feet, and of the smaller towers from four feet six inches to six feet. The walls were carried up sixty feet above the level of the ground; but on each angle of the large tower, square turrets, sixteen feet six inches in height, are built. By this arrangement a large shower of missiles might have been projected in any direction."

The town itself was also entirely surrounded by a wall. On the east side of it were two gates, the "sheep-gate," which yet remains in ruins, and further north the Navan or "rogues' gate." At the northern extremity of the town, adjoining the Dominican or Black Friary, was the Athboy gate. The south part of the wall extended in a westerly direction from the castle, and contained the Dublin gate; and in the west wall, on the south side of the river, was the water gate.

The present castle was erected, in 1220, on the site of one which had been erected, in 1173, by De Lacy; and, as it was very much connected with the civil and political affairs which followed its erection, we shall here take a rapid glance at the history of its origin and fate. From the time of the English invasion, Trim became one of the principal strongholds of the Anglo-Irish, or, more correctly speaking, a great English garrison in Ireland. Murchard O'Mealachlin was the last native prince of the old race, who possessed undivided sway in the principality of Meath. The English king, Henry, spent the Christmas of 1171 in Dublin, and, proceeding southwards in February of the following year, arrived in Wexford about Lent. Here he parcelled out portions of the Irish kingdom to his faithful adherents and companions-in-arms. To Hugh De Lacy he granted the principality of Meath, in as full and ample a manner as it had been possessed by the Irish princes, on the condition of the service of fifty knights. The De Lacies thus became one of the first Anglo-Irish families, and it would seem that, as the royal grant was merely formal on the part of the king, and had yet to be made good, by conquest, on the part of the grantee, De Lacy regarded himself as an independent prince (or palatine), merely owing the claims of suzerainty to the English monarch. And reason he had for so thinking, for, were he armed with no other power than the charter of Henry Fitz-Empress, he would have little chance of gaining the

territory he claimed. The O'Mealachlins did not dream of quietly yielding their lands to a stranger, on the authority of a parchment signed and sealed by a foreign king; and, though the Irish princes were too divided to prove faithful allies to each other, each fought bravely for his own interest. At the onset, however, De Lacy succeeded so far as to obtain possession of Trim, and there to build and fortify a castle. The year after the grant was made, he returned to England, leaving Hugh Tyrrell as his deputy and the custodian of the castle. During his absence, Roderick O'Connor assembled an army of his adherents—the O'Maddens, O'Dowds, and O'Carrolls—and attacked the strong-hold of the adventurers. Tyrrell fled, having set fire to the castle, and Roderick, probably supposing that he had completely banished the intruders, returned to his own country. But Strongbow, who had moved from Dublin to the aid of his fellow-robbers, pursued the Irish and having killed 150 of them retired to Trim, where finding no castle to abide in, he fell back upon Dublin. Thus fell the first castle of Trim. But the rich plains of Meath were too tempting a prize for landless interlopers; Tyrrell soon after returned, and rebuilt the ruined castle before his master's return from England. Still the "Irish enemy" was not reduced. In 1175, Tiernan O'Ruarc, whose territory lay adjacent to that of Meath, not liking such dangerous proximity, and not being alive to the virtues of a royal charter, resisted the stranger. In order to prevent open hostilities, the Irish prince (simple man) agreed to an adjustment of the quarrel, by conference with the invading foe, on a hill near Dublin; but, before any conclusion could be arrived at, Griffin, a follower of De Lacy's, assassinated O'Ruarc. The unfortunate prince's head was then cut off and placed over one of the town-gates of Dublin, and his body suspended by the heels, "an object of terror to all such evil doers," and an example of the results of confidential conferences with the enemies of one's country.

After this, De Lacy led a turbulent and, Giraldus informs us, a very profligate life. He terminated his career on the 25th July, 1186, at Durrrough, where, as he was inspecting the works of a new castle, his head was severed from his body by a blow of an axe, given by a labouring man, named O'Meey. The site of the new castle was that of an ancient monastery founded by St. Columbkil, and the Irishman was enraged at this desecration of a holy place and insult to the memory of the ancient saints of his nation. That De Lacy's body bore some resemblance to his mind we have the testimony of his countryman, Geraldus Cambrensis, who describes his figure as low and ill-formed, his face as hideously ugly, "being of a dark complexion, with black, deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, and his right cheek, down to his chin, sadly scarred by an accidental burn." The possession of his body, after his death, appears to have been a subject of much litigation, and even to have required the interference of a Pope to determine. After the lapse of nine years it was recovered, say the historians, from the Irish, and solemnly interred in the abbey of Beective, by Matthew O'Heney, archbishop of Cashel, and John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin. His head was deposited in the tomb of his first wife, in the abbey of St. Thomas, Dublin. Afterwards, a dispute arose between the abbeys of Beective and St. Thomas, for the possession of the body, when the treasure was given to that of St. Thomas, by arbitrators appointed by Pope Innocent III.; namely, Simon Rochford,

bishop of Meath; the archdeacon of Meath, and the prior of a monastery at Duleek, which had been founded by De Lacy.

Walter, the son of Hugh, succeeded his father in the lordship of Meath, and constituted Trim a free borough, granting it rights and privileges similar to those enjoyed by the city of Bristol. His brother Hugh became earl of Ulster. These brothers appear to have inherited much of their father's disposition, for on the approach of King John to Trim, in July, 1210, they fled into France, their crimes of oppression and murder being so glaring that they dared not to answer for them to their sovereign. In France they concealed themselves in the abbey of St. Taurin, serving in mean offices, till the good abbot, having discovered their condition and rank of life, interceded for them with King John, who restored them to their possessions on their paying a large fine. After his return to Ireland, Walter led an uneasy life; now resisting the incursions of the "Irish rebels," and now engaged in the civil wars waged between the English settlers. At length, worn down by bodily sufferings and loss of sight, he died in 1241, and, leaving no male issue, his principality was divided between his daughters—Margery, wife of John Verdon, and Matilda, or Maud, who, in 1250, married Sir Geoffry de Geneville, a nobleman of Champagne, and brother of Jean de Geneville, the friend and historian of St. Louis.

The memory of this good and able man gives great interest to Trim. We are told that he was a politic statesman, and the "confidential friend" of Edward I. Thirteen years after his marriage he founded the Dominican monastery of Trim, and, subsequently, joined the crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. In 1273, after his return from Palestine, he was appointed lord justice of Ireland; and the remaining portion of his worldly career appears to have been a continued warfare with the descendants of Hugh De Lacy, earl of Ulster, who were unwilling to see the great lordship of Meath passing into the hands of a foreigner and the female branch of their family. Tired of the world and its ways, he at last resigned the lordship of Meath to the daughter of his only son, Joan and her husband—the ambitious and ill-fated Roger Mortimer—and assumed the habit of a Dominican, on the feast of SS. Simon and Jude, 1308. And there, having in the last few years of his life found that sweet interior peacefulness which all the varied scenes he had witnessed in the days of his youth and manhood could not afford, he passed from this life on the 19th of October, 1314. "It is to be regretted," says Rev. Mr. Butler, "that our notices of the varied life of this great man are so meagre, that we cannot fill up the outline of the young noble of Champagne wooing his wealthy bride in the court of England, retiring with her to her great seignories in Ireland, and joining with her in founding a religious house—joining in a crusade to the Holy Land—administering, for a short time, the government of his adopted country—busy, for years, in the councils and campaigns of the bold and politic Edward I.—and closing his career by the resignation of his lordship of Meath to his youthful grand-daughter and her ambitious husband, and ending his days, in the habit of a Dominican, in the cloister which he and his wife had built fifty years before."

The De Lacies, enraged at the apparent good fortune of Mortimer, gave up their allegiance to England and, in 1317, joined the standard of Edward Bruce,

who, with his brother King Robert, a month before Easter of that year, came with his army within about four leagues of Trim, and there, concealing themselves in a wood for a week, refreshed their men, who were almost "worn out with fatigue and hunger." Mortimer banished Sir Walter and Sir Hugh De Lacy, and their lands were forfeited to his soldiers. The following year, the De Lacies, with Edward Bruce, landed at Dundalk, on Pope St. Calixtus' day (October 14th). Mortimer was now in England, and Alexander Bicknor, archbishop of Dublin, being lord justice, sent Lord John Birmingham, Richard Tuite, and Miles de Verdon with 1324 men to oppose them. A battle took place at Faghird about two miles from Dundalk, when the Scot's army, so long successful, received a total defeat, 3000 of their men being slain. Bruce himself was found, after the action, covered by the body of Maupas, a captain of the English army, who had thrown himself within the enemy's lines to encounter the Scottish chief hand to hand. The head of the unfortunate prince was sent into England to King Edward by Birmingham, who received for this signal service the earldom of Louth. His brother was created baron of Athenry. De Lacy fled from Ireland, and did not return till after the death of Mortimer.

The remainder of the career of Mortimer, husband of Joan de Geneville and lord of Meath, is more connected with English history than with the memoirs of Trim. In 1323 he was declared a traitor, and his lands forfeited to the king, and, in 1326, he passed over into England, having left, says Cox, the management of his estates of Leix in the hands of an Irishman, named O'More, who, after some time, claimed them as his own, although, continues the same authority, his pretensions were founded only in "perfidy and ingratitude." Mortimer, however, appears to have gained the favour of Edward III., who, on the 25th of April, created him earl of March, and granted him the moiety of Meath which had been the portion of Margery Verdon. But—strange reverse of fortune—on the 29th of November of the same year, he was hanged at Tyburn, on the charge of having made a dishonourable peace with the Scotch, and of having been, with Isabella the wife of Edward II., accessory to the death of that monarch.

In little better than half a-century afterwards, we find the lineal descendant and namesake of Mortimer not only the lord of Meath, and lord lieutenant of Ireland, but, by parliamentary declaration, heir presumptive to the crown of England, in case of the demise of Richard II. without issue. His claim to the English throne was through his grandmother, Philippa, only daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the second son of King Edward III. He did not survive Richard II. however. That monarch, on his departure from Ireland, in 1394, left the conduct of his Irish wars in the hands of Roger Mortimer, earl of March and Ulster. During four years, Mortimer wasted the country of the old Irish, and, at length, was slain by the O'Byrns at Kenlis (Kells) on St. Margaret's day, 1398, as he was fighting under false colours, "being disguised in the habit and accoutrements of an Irish horseman." He is described as having been "distinguished for the qualities held in estimation in his time—a stout tourneyer, a famous speaker, a costly feaster, a bounteous giver; in conversation, affable and jocose; in beauty and form surpassing his fellows—but warlike and renowned as he was, and fortunate in his undertakings, and fair, he was yet most dissolute and remiss in mat-

ters of religion." To revenge his death, Richard came again into Ireland; but, meeting strong opposition from Art Mac Murrough, who declared himself rightful king of Ireland, and hearing of the landing of his "thrice noble cousin, Harry Bolingbroke," in England, he departed, leaving the young son of Bolingbroke (afterwards the warlike Henry V.) a prisoner in Trim castle.

This "rascaliest, sweetest young prince" was not the only one of Shakspeare's heroes who figured in Trim. The "dreadful knight," Sir John Talbot, Lord Furnival, and earl of Shrewsbury,

—"the scourge of France—

—The Talbot so much feared abroad,

That with his name the mothers still their babes"—

frequently resided here during his several lieutenantancies of Ireland, and is supposed to have erected the building near the yellow steeple, known as "Talbot castle." He made peace several times with the O'Connors, and others of the "Irish Rebels," and presided at several parliaments holden at Trim; amongst others at that which met in 1447, on the Friday next after the feast of Epiphany, when an act was passed, forbidding "English marchours" to wear beards on their upper lips, after the manner of the "Irish enemy." An act was passed in this parliament against the "O'Reyle's, and other unlawful money." Talbot castle still preserves some traces of its ancient character, notwithstanding its modern alterations. The "oriel window" of the great hall overlooks the pleasant current of the Boyne; many of the old windows remain, and the arms of earl Shrewsbury still hold a place in the north wall of one of the towers. This building was formerly the diocesan school of Meath, and was the place of the early education of another of England's great heroes—the Duke of Wellington. Arthur Wellesley was representative of Trim in the parliament of his native country; and Dr. Butler says his signature is to every act of the corporation of Trim from June 1789, to September 1793.

The power of England in Ireland was near being annihilated in the 15th century, by the appointment of Richard, duke of York, the heir to the lordships of Meath, Ulster, and Connaught, to the lieutenantancy of Ireland. His authority was almost regal, and his mild and gentle government won him the esteem of the great Irish and Anglo-Irish lords. In 1450 he held his court in great splendour at Trim, and restored the castle with unusual magnificence. He also liberally endowed the abbey of St. Mary, and built the tower called the "yellow steeple." He established a mint at Trim, and had two forms of coin struck totally distinct from the coinage of England; one called an *Ireland*, of silver, was struck with a crown and the word "Ireland" on one side, and a lion on the other; the other called a *Patrick*, had a cross on one side, and a crown with the name "Patrick" on the other. In 1460 the English parliament declared the duke and his adherents guilty of high treason. The Irish parliament, in return, declared it high treason to bring any writs from England to attack any of the enemies of that country who fled into Ireland. The Duke of York returned to England, and claimed the crown as his right. In the fatal battle of Wakefield he was defeated and slain. But this defeat did not extinguish the claim of the Yorkists. The son of this ill-fated Duke was afterwards Edward IV., and in him the great lordship of Meath and the kingdom of England were united. The palesmen of Meath did not long preserve peace with

the native Irish after the death of the Duke of York. In 1466, with Thomas, earl of Desmond, at their head, they made incursions into the territory of Offaly. They were resisted by O'Connor Faily and his forces, and, in a pitched battle, totally defeated; the earl being made a prisoner, and his son John, "the best and most renowned leader of the English," slain.

We are compelled to pass over many minor notices of Trim from this period. The zeal of the people of Meath for the house of York induced their chief nobles to favour Simnel's imposition. The remaining portion of the history of the town is occupied with relations of the contentions between the two great parties, the natives and the settlers. From 1641 till the defeat of the confederated Catholics, the town was the scene of many of the exciting events of the time. Sir Charles Coote, after committing many cruelties, was killed on the 7th May, 1642. Ormond came here after his defeat at Rathmines (July 28th, 1649); but Cromwell, having gained his "crowning mercy" at Drogheda, the Duke ordered the burning and quitting of the town. His adherents were so terrified, that they retreated without executing his commands. The place was immediately possessed by the Cromwellians. The tower of St. Mary's was partly battered down, and the west tower of the castle completely destroyed. After the restoration of peace, the corporation ordered that the castle, and town-wall, and gates should be repaired at the public expense; but it is probable that this order was never obeyed, so that the dismantled walls of the castle, a few fragments of the town-wall, and one of the gates are all that now remain of this once important and much contested stronghold.

Of the several religious establishments which formerly existed in Trim, few monuments now exist. The tower, and a few fragments of the chancel, are all that remain of the ancient parochial church of St. Patrick, to which, Archdall informs us, there were attached three perpetual chantries of the Holy-rood, St. Patrick, and St. Laurence the Martyr. Within the present century the nave has been rebuilt after the fashion of the day, and forms the parochial church of the "Establishment." It contains many fragments of ancient art, and some monumental remains, which the laudable zeal of the vicar has rescued from destruction; amongst others an incised slab, commemorative of one of the ancient arch-priests of the church. The inscription is nearly effaced, the only words now legible being—"Rector et archi-levites," with the usual and Catholic prayer for mercy, expressed in a strange form, "*Ira Dei pacificetur ei*." In the west end the drip-stone, with the corbel-heads of the old west window is preserved, and some portions of the ancient tracery, which, with the window yet remaining in the south wall of the ruined chancel, and other fragments of Christian art, prove that this church formerly possessed some architectural beauty. In the vestry, a good many specimens of ancient Irish encaustic tiles are preserved. They afford an instructive study to those who take an interest in this branch of antiquarian art.

On the north bank of the Boyne, the "yellow steeple," or tower of the ancient abbey of St. Mary, occupies a conspicuous position. It is all that remains of the abbey once famous for its numerous pilgrimages, and the wonderful miracles reported to have been wrought through the agency of the image of the Blessed Virgin. This is probably the site of the ancient abbey, which was founded in the earliest ages of the Irish Church. Be that as it may, an abbey of Canons Regular was

founded here, about the close of the thirteenth century, and existed till the year 1538, when, at the general suppression of religious houses, it was granted, with all its possessions, to Sir Anthony St. Leger. The celebrated image of the Blessed Virgin was publicly burned, and most of the monastic buildings ruined. The tower, which, from its strength and commanding position, formed a considerable fortress, was preserved entire till the wars of the following century, when, after being held for a considerable time as a garrison, one-half of it was demolished by the Cromwellians. This tower stood on the north-east angle of the church.

At some distance south-east of the "yellow steeple," one of the ancient town-gates, called the "sheep-gate," opens into the "porch-field," part of the patrimony of St. Mary's.

The Dominican, or "Black Friary" (dedicated to the Blessed Virgin), was situated near the Athboy-gate; but not a single trace of its former extent or buildings can now be found. Sir James Ware, in his "Life of Nicholas Mac Molissa, archbishop of Armagh," gives an account of a meeting of the bishops and clergy of Ireland, held in this monastery on the Sunday after the feast of St. Matthew, 1291, when an association was established for preserving "the rights, jurisdictions, liberties, and customs of the church" from the encroachments of any lay power whatever. This confederacy included all the archbishops, bishops, deans, and all degrees and orders of the clergy; and they not only ratified their agreement under their hands and seals, but by the solemnity of an oath. The primate presided at this meeting, and, from his character, we may suppose that he was the chief mover in it. He is described as an "inveterate enemy of such Englishmen as were preferred to bishopricks in Ireland, laying them under all the difficulties in his power, and an active opponent of secular usurpation." It is added, that "he was a man in great reputation for his eloquence and wisdom," and a liberal benefactor to the church.

The court-house stands on the site of the old Franciscan abbey of Trim. The Gray Abbey was dedicated to St. Bonaventure, and, according to Luke Wadding, was founded by King John. Allemande attributes the foundation of it to the Plunkets. At the suppression, this friary, with several small parcels of land and a church in Trim, were granted to Lodwyche O'Tudyr, parson of Roslaye, John Moryre, parson of Walterstown, and John Wakely, at the annual rent of 2s. 10d., Irish money. Although their lands were confiscated and their dwellings ruined, the Franciscans lingered for a long time about their ancient home. In the seventeenth century they were not entirely rooted out. Father Richard Plunket resided in Trim in those perilous times, and devoted himself to the preservation of the literature of his native land. A fochair, or vocabulary in Latin and Irish, which he completed in the year 1662, was made much use of by the learned linguist, Edward Lhuyd, who speaks of Father Plunket as a judicious writer and a man of great industry. He adds that he was held in great estimation by his countrymen for his knowledge of their native language.

There was, also in Trim, a Priory of Cruched Friars, under the invocation of St. John the Baptist, which is said to have been a truly magnificent building, and to have been the place of assembly of many of the Pale parliaments. Hussey, the last Prior, surrendered this monastery on the 4th of February, 27th

of Henry VIII., and it, with all its possessions, were granted to Sir Thomas Cusacke, knight, the speaker of the Irish house of commons, which granted the title of King of Ireland to the English monarch.

About a mile east of Trim, on the north side of the river, are situated the extensive ruins of the priory of Canons Regular of St. Victor. This establishment owed its origin to the foundation of the bishopric of Meath. In 1206 it was founded by Simon de Rochford, the first bishop of the see, as at present constituted. He erected the church into a cathedral under the invocation of SS. Peter and Paul. The prior was third in dignity, and sat as a baron in the house of lords. Richard Hussey, the prior, favoured the pretensions of Lambert Simnel, but he received pardon on taking the oath of allegiance, 25th July, 1488. Laurence White, the last prior, surrendered on the 16th July, in the 31st of Henry VIII., and the house was suppressed by act of parliament and granted to the king. The walls of the cathedral are still standing, but the greater number of the windows and other ornamental features have been removed. Sufficient is left however to indicate that it was once a building of considerable extent and magnificence. It consisted of a nave and choir of uniform width. The nave was entered by a door at the west end, which yet remains. It was surrounded by a triforium, the ornamental portions of which have been destroyed, but the passages through the thickness of the walls are perfect. In the south wall of the choir there is a double sedilia, in the Norman style. The roof was stone-groined, as is evident from the remains of its beautifully-sculptured corbel shafts. Adjacent to the church are the ruins of the conventual buildings; and, a little to the east, the walls of a small church are yet standing. In the south wall of this building there is an old canopied tomb, with some other memorials of ancient piety and art, which have been there collected by the present vicar of Trim, as we are informed by a Latin inscription.

Crossing New-town (or St. Peter's) bridge, the ruins of the ancient priory or hospital of Cross-bearers, or Cruched Friars, immediately present themselves. They are situated south of the Boyne, and are actually washed by it. These ruins present much of the character of the religious edifices of the borders of the Pale. They were evidently half-castles half-churches. The towers possessed all the characteristics of fortresses, and were usually placed in the positions which afforded most protection to the church. The church of the Cruched Friars of New-town was a long, narrow, and low building. In the east end there was a triplet of lancet lights. The west end was protected by a castle, and other fortified buildings flank the north, or river side.

St. Vincent de Paul.

"Divina musica est rectus cogitationum, verborum, actionumque concentus."—*Marcellus Ficinus.*

A PANEGYRIC ON SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL, PRONOUNCED IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CASTLE OF VERSAILLES. By order, and in presence of LOUIS XVI., March 4, 1785, by Cardinal JOHN SUFFREIN MAURY. Translated from the French. DUBLIN: J. BROWNE.

THERE are sermons in stones! Nature is vocal with sweet and solemn teaching. History is ripe with moral! the present is preceptive; eloquence has a suasion which force misses; truth is beautiful and self-

declaring; but nothing in nature, history, art, or abstraction, preaches so effectively to the human heart as the life of a brother like Vincent de Paul. Oh! it is most high and kindling—thrilling the heart like an old man's cry—nerving the soul like a brave man's deed; at once an appeal and a demonstration—a reproof and an incentive; it preaches to the young, holy and strong purpose, rich and golden opportunity; to the old, benevolence never growing feeble; to all, hope, and faith, and charity. Fact is more striking than thought; the concrete best shows the abstract. Practice is a rule's finest commentary. Christianity has no more fitting illustration than a life like this—history has no nobler object than its record—eloquence boasts few loftier themes than the details of its events and the enforcement of its moral.

From our soul we pity the man who could think of it with no fresh, warm gush of feeling showing in eye and mien; or the historian who could dwell upon its incidents without paying tribute to that holy Church, of which it is the special distinction and peculiar phenomenon; or the orator whose task it was to pronounce its panegyric, who could not catch from the page of the annalist, or at the foot of the cross, a spark of that inspiration—truly divine, because it comes of charity—that of old, fired Paul or Chrysostom, sweeping down opposition, firing tepidity, and inflaming enthusiasm.

None of these was the Cardinal Maury, whose name stands above—whose sermon on St. Vincent we would speak of—neither was he all we could wish. In a trying time, in a fearful ordeal of circumstances, he did not always prove what we would most admire. Amiable, learned, talented, and pious, he was not a Vincent de Paul. But in the midst of the affectation and profligacy, the morbidity and febrility of the sad times that preceded the Revolution in France, he conceived what this St. Vincent was, and resolved to announce, and did announce the same to France in a fitting way. This great fact of the past history of his country and his church appeared to his mind in all its majesty, and touchiness, and encouragement; so, he determined, shall it appear to this court of Versailles, and a godly work shall be done. Accordingly, on the fourth day of March, 1785, while Necliar was yet labouring at the finances, and Mirabeau haranguing at the Sacquetous, and Louis lordling it at the Convention, he preached, in the chapel of the castle of Versailles, to the king, queen, and court, a panegyric which has placed his name among the highest in French oratory, and given to French literature the most eloquent and truthful portraiture, that it can boast of—one of France's greatest men.

That panegyric, a few months since, has been, for the first time, placed before the English-reading public, and in a fashion that the good Cardinal himself could scarce wish improved.

Objections have been raised to it. In the 315th page of Cardinal Pacca's "Memoirs"—a book which all who would rightly study modern history must read—it is related how, while the great "Lord-secretary" was confined in the fortress of Fenestrelles, some twenty years after, he had a conversation with a certain Signor Hannon, of the house of St. Lazare, at Paris, concerning the genius and character of Maury; how, when he expressed his admiration of this "model of sacred eloquence," and his surprise that it should remain as yet unpublished, Hannon stated, in explanation, that it contained some allegations for which

there existed no authority in bull or memoir regarding the Saint. With a somewhat perverted research, and indiscriminating zeal, this has been made out and put forward, lately, in depreciation of the sermon. Now we, loving the memory of St. Vincent with a true and hearty love, and recognizing, or believing we recognized, in Maury's panegyric, much of the highest eloquence and the truest portraiture, have attentively collated with it M. Collet's life of St. Vincent, recently translated—a labour so pleasant, that we can claim no gratitude for it—and have found every fact of importance noted in the panegyric, detailed at much greater length in the admirable memoir—the acknowledged authority on the matter. Some discrepancy of dates we discover, and some carelessness of arrangement, but any sign of deliberate fabrication or intentional misrepresentation, in general tone or particular fact, we confidently deny. We care not what may be the explanation of this; a hundred may answer without exceeding the bounds of probability, or implicating the character of any individual. Perhaps, that the sermon, as preached, did inadvertently contain something for which rumour was the only authority, but that afterwards, on consideration or representation, it was expunged from the published form, may not be the least likely supposition.

At any rate it is a fine oration. You cannot read a sentence without knowing that the man believed in his inmost soul what he uttered. It has the true magic of earnestness. *Ars maxima est celare artem*, combined with this, and elegantly concealed by it, is much artistic skill and power. The portraiture, the chief point after all, is admirable. Demosthenes-like flow, and majesty, and suddenness—the subject starting out upon you all at once, like Apollo armed to the rapt Darden shepherds, it has not; neither has it the exquisite poetic grace and elevation of Bosuet, with every proportion adapted and every adjunct used. Stealing upon your soul like a sweet angelic vision, tender and mystical—but vigorous, loving, true delineation—bold in etching, delicate in inlight and shade, such as a man might give of a friend whom he knew well and enthusiastically admired—it undoubtedly possesses. We defy you to read and think of it as it should be read and thought of, without feeling some glow of that holy resolution and humble gladness which are the seeds of heroism since the world began.

The style on the whole corresponds. The sentences, cumbrous at times, are in general straightforward, full, and musical, falling upon the ear with the roundness of Augustan latinity. Now and then you meet a chilling instance of the feeble conceit and poor pomposity of the then French school; but before you have time to languish over it, you come once more to the vigour of bold thinking and eloquent sincerity.

Recall now the scene. Imagine that gorgeous, regal chapel, nanoplied with the banners of old nobility, and glittering in the light of the noon-day sun, streaming, tinted, through scrolled windows upon the flaunting crowd and the dusty tombs of kings. Conceive that gay court come to pay to the religion its existence outrages, the tribute of a heartless formularism. Remember the emergency of the time—the old faith shaken, the old throne falling, the new Voltarianism, with all its plausibility and profligacy rampant, and already half triumphant. Picture to yourself weak Louis prostrate before the altar he has not courage to defend—fair Marie praying for the heroism she lacks and the prosperity that is passing away—the

poor blind "enlightened," with curled lip and supercilious glance, invoking the Omnipotent round His chosen sanctuary—and hear a small dark man, with sonorous voice and earnest manner, utter such a passage as this:

"Ye children of indigence and affliction, who sleep in the dust of the earth, I call upon you, with the prophet Isaiah, to raise the hymn of praise and thanksgiving to Providence—*'Awake and give praise, ye who dwell in the dust.'*" I announce to you a friend, a protector, a father! And you, my brethren, who rank as the first class of society—who deem it so difficult to act the part of benefactors to your fellow-creatures, do you descend from your elevation, and contemplate for your instruction, the most accomplished benefactor the world ever witnessed issuing from the most obscure grade of society. Happy France! Vincent of Paul founds in thy capital the most important of his charitable institutions amid the storms of the Fronde, as, a century previous, Michael de L'Hopital gave thee thy best laws amid the commotions of civil war. Here, then, is a priest of Jesus Christ who has not signalized himself by any eloquent works in favour of the destitute, and to whom even the word 'philanthropy' would seem to be unknown, but who by his good works, and the influence of his virtues, has proved himself such, that we cannot think, without terror, on what this capital would have become if he had not existed—or without sensibility on what it might be, were God to bestow upon it, in every age, a citizen of such a character. He went about as Jesus did on earth, doing good to man. He extends, in favour of the indigent, the usual boundaries of Providence. His paternal solicitude for the unfortunate became the ardour and profusion of the most devoted affection, united with the perseverance that belongs only to virtue. Such is his love for his fellow-creatures, that in him the activity of charity surpasses the energy of the most intense passion that ever swayed the human breast. He becomes the immortal hero of Christian citizens, and seems chosen by heaven to exhibit in its purest light that Christian patriotism which is the creative genius of good, as impiety is the evil genius of destruction."

We would that we could follow the orator through his picturesque narration of the events of that soul-stirring life, view in succession the poor ignorant shepherd boy of Bordeaux, naked and hungry, "that he might be enabled to feed the destitute whom he meets in the fields, and to whom he distributes his daily bread"—the young priest refusing the rich curacy of Thil, because "the possession was contested"—the wretched Christian slave of Tunis, captured by a pirate, "sold three times in the market-place," and subject, three years, to the extreme of human misery and physical degradation, stripes, nakedness, disease, hunger, labour—the zealous servant of God in the din of Paris, thinking not of aught but "the companions of his sufferings whom he has left in the dungeons of the infidel"—the wonder-working missionary of Châtillon, who in six months "regenerated a district"—the priest of the galleys—the *slave* of the galleys, all gyved and fettered—slave for the love of his brother and of Jesus!—the solemn minister of unearthly consolation by the bed-side of the expiring king—the founder of societies and orders and missions, to this day the hope and strength of France's church, and of all churches that the cross crowns. Companion of Bosuet, Perochal and that last pavillion of Aronce—favoured of princes and potentates—loved of every class and province, blessed throughout Europe and in the isles of the East and on the sands of the desert, standing there at Paris. Ruler of a mightier executive than Louis the gorgeous; centre of a system conceived by his own mind, worked by his own hand; a great loving heart drawing to it misery and woe and sin, pouring forth consolation and love and manful aid—proof of the reality of Christianity, sign of the possibility of human attainment, life of the beneficence of God! and to us a joyful

. . . . "beacon, throwing light far out
Over the rippling tide of centuries."

We must pass over all this. But we cannot refrain from quoting the concluding passages of the present "panegyric:"

"Oh! were it permitted to mingle in this solemnity the language of regret with such consoling recollections, I would complain that the Frenchman who had rendered the most important services to the nation is now scarcely known to his thankless country! that even those suffering classes who owe him so much gratitude, have cherished no permanent recollection of their benefactor; that even some of this audience are astonished at the relation of facts so recent and so sublime! I would exclaim, O folly of human applause! answer me, human glory! who are the men thus celebrated?—and who are those thou consignest to oblivion? But surely my brethren I must be deceived; the nation cannot be so culpable. How could the famous writers of the age of Louis the Fourteenth behold so many important movements rising around them—an admirable police established in Paris; the unheard-of munificence of a man emulating the liberality of Providence—without celebrating such a phenomenon of the genius of charity—without participating in such a glory by recording it—without publishing in their writings the name of such a citizen. Alas! is it possible that the ashes of the illustrious dead must lie in cold oblivion for a century before the voice of truth and justice is heard in its behalf. O Fenelon! Fenelon! thou who didst render him so glorious a testimony when soliciting his canonization—thou whose persuasive eloquence could have so meetly praised him—thou hadst only attained thy second lustre when he descended into the tomb. Ah! hadst thou witnessed his creative charity, thy soul would have recognized a kindred spirit—thy voice would have broken this long-baleful silence—and thy noble genius would have paid the debt of gratitude due by thy fellow-countrymen. But pardon me, sacred walls of this temple. You would disavow me in the name of Vincent of Paul himself, were I to attach too high a value to this celebrity—often deceptive when desired, but still more deceitful when obtained; particularly when terminating the panegyric of a saint who, referring all to God, never regarded the opinions of men. Why should I regret for him the vapour of fame? He placed his hopes infinitely higher in confiding his virtues to a religion which, after crowning him in heaven, now dedicated altars to him on earth. She will glory for ever in having given to the world, in the son of a peasant, a benefactor who throws into the shade the disciples of the Portico and the Lyceum. At the recital of so many deeds of mercy, infidelity, abashed and humbled, will be forced to pay homage to Christianity. It is the religion of Jesus Christ which has produced this great man—it is the school of Jesus Christ which has sent him forth on his career of beneficence—it is the spirit of Jesus Christ that has created all those wonders, ever present to our eyes, for the immortal honour of Christian charity—and it is beneath the cross of Jesus Christ that we humbly lay down all those titles of glory founded on the gratitude of mankind."

* * * * *

"It is at last achieved. The hour of justice has arrived. This day terminated our ingratitude—this day awakened a grateful recollection of thy benefits in every breast as, issuing from the temple, we behold thy charitable institutions. During more than an age, the very stones of the city did not cease to speak to us of thy charitable establishments; and yet it is only to-day that, roused from our apathy, we begin to comprehend their eloquent language. In viewing those extensive hospitals thou hast founded, those dispensaries of charity thou hast opened to every species of human misery, that asylum for deserted infancy (dear and sacred temple of a truly maternal charity, where religion fulfils the duties of nature, and every cradle is an altar to thee!)—in fine, when looking on those indefatigable servants of the poor, whom we meet in all parts, like so many visible angels of Providence, whose daily miracles they distribute to the suffering—those spectacles, hitherto mute to the unreflecting multitude, shall henceforth excite in all hearts the most lively unaction. The streets and the public places of this capital shall thus assume a new aspect, and become to us a touching incitement to piety and benevolence, as, together with the history of charity recorded in so many splendid monuments, we retrace at every step thy admirable life in action, thy eulogy in universal blessings, and thy most magnificent titles of glory in establishments worthy of Providence—institutions which proclaim to us from edifice to edifice what good can be accomplished in a great state by the fruitful alliance of religion with humanity. * * * * * Already, methinks, I hear the benedictions of posterity breathed around thy statues; and soon shall the enthusiasm of thy panegyrist become the sentiment of the public mind. Continue then, by thy intercession in heaven, to shed happiness on the people who were so dear to thee during life. Prove thyself still, after thy death, the guardian angel of Provi-

dence. Protect, from the height of thy eternal abode, the establishments thou hast formed, and which are so necessary in an empire where public spirit is so rare. Raise to thyself, by thy influence with the Omnipotent, successors in whom thou shalt revive. Enkindle in our souls a spark of that charity that burned so intensely in thine own. Lend to us that voice that could pierce the callous heart of the rich man, and soften it into pity—that could make the groans of abandoned misery re-echo in the palaces of kings—that could rally round thee every feeling and compassionate heart, and render Providence visible in action throughout the entire extent of France, to the end that having accomplished, after thy example, each according to his state, the measure of good in our power to perform, we may be called to share its recompense with thee in the kingdom of everlasting glory, and the enjoyment of the God of charity. Amen."

Have we exaggerated the merits of this oration? Have we done ill in devoting so much space to the finest picture of one of the greatest of men? No! It is good to think of this man—good to present him often to the public mind—good to grave his existence on our memory as a healing, a resource, and an encouragement—good, especially in our land and in our times. For to Ireland the name of St. Vincent should be dear as a son's—beloved as an apostle's. In his lifetime the clash of the Cromwellian troopers' swords, and the shrieks of maids and matrons, ringing from the cross-foot across the sea, caught his watchful ear and aroused his active sympathy. The "City of the Slaughter" was among the earliest of his foreign missions. That is more than two hundred years ago; and his spirit lives amongst us yet, glorious and beneficent. "Providence is active," indeed, through the holy "Sisters," ministering by the pestilential deathbeds of this generation, and rearing in virtue the poor young mothers of the next, through the zealous missionaries keeping alive that faith and charity among our rural population, which, as persecution could not scare, famine, fever, and beggary—reigning furies of the time—have failed to crush out, and performing wonders, the story of which reads like a chapter from De Monthston, or a lecture from Tertullian; through that singular and significant "society," binding in holy brotherhood the young men of our great middle class, for purposes in which angels might take part, and furnishing to our trades-people that succour which is the most judicious and most effective, because it is the most loving of any—a spirit so old, that it is linked with some of the sweetest memories of Ireland's past, so active, that it is among the greatest consolations of her present, and so fruitful that it is connected with the fairest and most rational hopes for her future. On another account, also, notice of his life is beneficial. At a time like this, when signs are rife abroad and at home, in the street and by the hearth, in the field and in the market, which to the humble reader, are *not* hieroglyphics, it is good to be reminded in a way so striking, that our holy religion is in truth a nation's best guardian, a state's strongest safe-guard, and a citizen's wisest and most effectual teacher. Oh! that God would fructify and multiply among us those individual qualities and citizen virtues, which only can light our path and safely direct our course, and of which St. VINCENT DE PAUL was, in one class at least, the loftiest and most perfect exemplar. Reflection on his life and on the other heroes of Catholic charity, might aid many of our political economists in solving the terrible problems which now perplex our Irish rulers. It might turn their attention to the cheap and simple management by which charity is developed and distributed for the benefit of the poor in Catholic countries. Our laws are all based on the essentially erroneous sup-

position that Ireland is like England. A Protestant church establishment, and an absentee Protestant aristocracy give a colour to the delusion. But, perhaps, legislative wisdom may at length discover that it would be better for all the subjects of Queen Victoria, if it were assumed that Ireland is not like England; that the great majority of the Irish are Catholic—too fervent Catholics, if we believe our enemies—and that a church which has produced social benefactors like St. Vincent of Paul might ever, in the eye of the mere lawgiver, be entitled to more consideration than phantom establishments and absentee aristocracies, who abdicate the noblest right of property—the rights of supporting and sympathizing with the poor. Is there a *chapel* in your poor-houses, where the poor Catholic may forget his sorrows in the presence of his God? No, because the English poor do not believe the Real Presence.

Sacred Irish Poetry.

THE original Irish of the following poem, by John Murphy, is the property of Mr. John Daly, Assistant Secretary of the Celtic Society. The author was born in the year 1700, at Rathoineach, parish of Whitechurch, county of Cork. At the early age of 26, he had finished a copy of Dr. Keating's History of Ireland; and if we can judge from the large folio and other volumes in his handwriting, in possession of Mr. Daly, his life must have been devoted exclusively to the literature of his country. Some of the pieces are original, but far the greater portion are transcripts on all subjects interesting to the Irishmen of his time, especially several pieces on the sufferings of Ireland in 1641 and 1689, from contemporary poets, the contention of the bards which worked the genius of Irish poetry and prognosticity at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and a very miscellaneous and interesting collection of the ancient religious and bardic history of Ireland:

Naomhtha ceáirda mhíe Mhíre.

Holy are the Works of Mary's Blessed Son.
 Holy are His Mercies unto every one.
 Holy is the Sun that lighteth Heaven.
 Holy is the Weather, morn and even.
 Holy is the Wind, that woos the flowers.
 Holy are the gentle April Showers.
 Holy is the Summer's cheering Glow.
 Holy is the Rain God sends below.
 Holy are all in His Abodes of Love.
 Holy is every Heaven of His above.
 Holy is the Sun and every Star.
 Holy is He who sends their light afar.
 Holy are the Winds that fall and rise.
 Holy are the Waters and the Skies.
 Holy is all outspread beneath His eye.
 Holy are the Birds He formed to fly.
 Holy are the Hazel woodlands green.
 Holy are the Vineyards in their sheen,
 Holy are the Fruits they bear and bring,
 Holy is the Earth from which they spring.
 Holy is the ever-circling Heaven.
 Holy is every thought to Jesus given.
 Holy is all that He hath made and sees.
 Holy are all His ways and His decrees.

Holy are the Ocean, Strands, and Floods.
 Holy are the dark umbrageous Woods.
 Holy are the Herbs and Plants and Flowers.
 Holy is all Creation, with its powers.
 Holy are the Earth's four corner-bosoms.
 Holy are the mossy Rocks and Blossoms.
 Holy is Fire, that giveth light and cheer.
 Holy is all that I have written here.
 Holy is the Sea's Voice, calm or hoarse.
 Holy are the Streamlets in their course.
 Holy are the Heathy Moorlands bare.
 Holy are the Fishes, and the Air.
 Holy are the Counsel and the Will.
 Holy are God's Works, and pure from ill.
 Holy are His Laws, His Faith and Troth.
 Holy are his Wrath and Patience both.
 Holy is Heaven, with its Nine Orders bright.
 Holy is JESUS, its Great Lord and Light.
 Holy is Heaven above all Holiness.
 Holy is the King the Angels bless.
 Holy are the Saints in Heaven that be.
 Holy is the Adorable Trinity.
 Holy are all High Heaven's works and words.
 Holy is Love, the Saints' Love, and the Lord's.

J. C. M.

The Monk of Olmutz.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

PREVIOUS to the period of Luther's preaching his mis-called Reformation, monasteries were to be seen at the declivity of all the hills in Germany. They were large buildings of simple and unassuming aspect, with their tapering steeples arising in the midst of thick woods, around which fluttered the wild pigeons. These establishments were inhabited by men, whose whole thoughts were devoted to heavenly contemplation.

At the monastery of Olmutz resided one, who was revered by the whole country for his piety and learning. He was a simple man, as all those men who have studied profoundly generally are—for science is like the sea, the more you advance in it the more extended the horizon becomes, and the more acutely one feels their own nothingness. Brother Alfus having wrinkled his brow and bleached his locks in the search after useless knowledge, called to his aid the faith of the little children, and, devoting his life to prayer as an anchor of mercy, he had found a soothing resting-place from the tempestuous waves of vain enquiry in fervent love and celestial hope. Notwithstanding all this, a violent squall would at times agitate the holy navigator. Occasionally, the temptation of a strong and exalted intellect would return, and reason would interrogate faith with human pride. Then brother Alfus would become sad, heavy clouds would pass over his interior sunshine, and his heart would become cold. Wandering about the country, he would seat himself on the moss-covered rocks, stop under the foaming torrents, walk amidst the murmurs of the forest, but vainly did he interrogate nature, to all his questions the mountains, the waves, and the leaves replied to him but in one mighty word—God! Brother Alfus escaped victorious from many of these fearful struggles; each time he felt more strengthened in his faith, for temptation is the gymnasium of the conscience—when it breaks not, it more strongly fortifies. But for some time a poignant disquietude had taken possession of

the poor brother. He had often observed that all that was beautiful in nature lost its charm by usage, that the eye became fatigued in looking upon the most exquisite landscape, that the ear wearied of the sweetest voice, and he asked himself how he could find even in heaven the ingredients of eternal joy. What would become of the fickleness of our being in the midst of an endless magnificence? Eternity!—what a word for a creature who knew no other law than that of variety and change. Oh, my God! no more of the past nor of the future—no by-gone recollections, no future hopes! Eternity! eternity! Oh! word of mighty import, which unlocks the fountain of the sinner's tears, what sensation dost thou create in the realms of celestial joy? Thus thought brother Alfus; and his uncertainty with regard to the future became greater.

One morning, arising before the accustomed hour of the brothers, he left the monastery and betook himself to the valley beneath. The landscape, still moist with dew, was joyously opening its bright blossoms to the first rays of the rising sun. Alfus slowly followed the umbrageous pathway of the hill; the birds had just arisen, and fluttered in the hawthorn-tree, shaking upon his bald head the glittering dewdrops, and the butterflies, but half aroused from their repose, were carelessly moving towards the sun to dry their dewy wings. Alfus stopped and looked around the country which lay quietly reposing before him. He recalled to mind how surpassingly beautiful this scene had appeared to him the first time he beheld it, and with what intoxicating delight he had thought of finishing his days in such an elysium. To him, the dried up child of a sombre city, with its blackened walls and gloomy streets, these flowers, these trees, and the pure and balmy air, were thrilling novelties; and, during the sweet year that had been the period of his noviciate, short, delightful walks had he taken in the valley! What charming discoveries! The murmur of the rivulet amidst the glades inhabited by the nightingales, with the eglantine and the blushing rose, and the wild strawberry of the woods; oh! what excess of felicity to see all these things for the first time—what joy to ramble by unknown paths that lead to flowery arbours, and to encounter at each step a spring, from whence one never drank before, a mossy bed that one has never before trodden upon! But, alas! these pleasures endure but for a short time; as soon as you have traversed all the varied pathways of the forest, as soon as you have heard the thrilling melody of the feathery choristers, as soon as you have culled the sweets from off the flowery stems, adieu then to the beauties of the country and all its varied harmony; custom draws a veil between you and creation, which blinds your perceptive faculties and deafens your ear to the music of nature. Alas! brother Alfus was one of these, and might be likened unto a man who had drank so deeply of the most intoxicating liquors, that he no longer felt their power, he now looked with indifference on the spectacle which was formerly so ravishing to his eyes. What celestial beauties could then occupy a soul for eternity, when the works of God upon the earth could charm but for an instant? In proposing this question to himself, Alfus was in the very heart of the valley; with his head sunk upon his breast and his arms lying listlessly by his side he still walked on—seeing nothing, clearing the rivulets, the woods, and the hills; already the steeple of the monastery had disappeared—Olmutz was immersed in fog, with its churches and its fortifications; the mountains themselves appeared no longer but as a

cloud upon the distant horizon. On a sudden the monk stopped—he was at the entrance of a vast forest, which presented itself to his view like an ocean of verdure, a thousand charming sounds hummed around the spot and an odoriferous breeze sighed amongst the foliage.

After having cast his astonished gaze into the faint obscurity of the wood, Alfus hesitatingly entered, as if he were afraid of committing an act that had been forbidden; but scarcely had he advanced ere the forest became grander and more magnificent—the trees bending with their flowery foliage, which shed an inconceivable perfume around. This perfume was unlike all other earthly odours, and was a sort of moral emanation which embalmed the soul, and was both fortifying and delicious, like the sensation one feels upon witnessing a high and mighty action. Alfus soon heard a harmony which filled the whole forest with its music; he still advanced, and perceived at a distance a dazzling splendour of marvellous light. What struck him above all with astonishment was that the perfume, the music, and the light, were conveyed to him through the same sense, and communicated themselves to him by a single perception, as if he had ceased to have distinct senses, and as if nothing remained to him but his soul. He soon arrived near to the light, and seated himself by it, the better to enjoy its wonders, when on a sudden a voice was heard, but such a voice—the oar gently dipping in the calm lake—the breeze softly whispering through the willow foliage—or the sigh of the sleeping infant on its mother's breast, could convey no idea of its entrancing sweetness. All that the water, the earth, and the air can convey of enchanting murmurs—all that language and human music can attain of celestial seductions, were concentrated in that voice. It was not a song, and yet one would say it was a strain of melody—it was not a language, and yet the voice spoke. Science, poetry, wisdom, all was in that voice. Like a celestial sigh, it raised the soul, and made it wander into an unexplored region. On hearing it, one knew all and felt all, and the world of thoughts which it embraced was infinite, and the voice though still the same was ever varying—such a voice as one could listen to for ages, and in the end find it as entrancing as it had at first appeared. The longer Alfus listened to it, the more he felt his interior joy increasing. He appeared to discover in it at each instant some ineffable mystery. At length the light which illuminated the forest disappeared, a lingering sound resounded through the trees, and the voice was hushed.

Alfus continued for some time immoveable, as if he had been aroused from an enchanted sleep. At first he looked around him with a stupified air, then wishing to rise, in order to retrace his road, he found his feet benumbed, and his limbs had lost their wonted agility. He retraced with difficulty the path by which he had entered the forest, and soon found himself out of the wood. He then sought the road to the monastery, and after some trouble recognized it; he hastened his footsteps, for the night was fast advancing, but his surprise augmented with every step he took, for the whole face of the country appeared to have changed since he had left the monastery. There, where he had seen the tender plant, arose as if by magic the towering oak; he sought upon the river for a little wooden bridge, interspersed with wild briars, which he was accustomed to cross, but it was no longer there, and in its place arose a solid stone arch. In passing near a pond, some women who were drying

clothes upon the flowery elder trees, interrupted their occupations to look at the monk as he passed, saying to each other, "There is an old man who wears the habit of the Monks of Olmutz, but we know all the brothers, and have never seen this one amongst them." "These women are mad," said Alfus, and he passed onwards. He however began to feel a little uneasy, when the steeple of the monastery showed itself through the trees. He hurried on, clambered up the little path, crossed the meadow, and advanced towards the threshold, but to his indescribable amazement the door was no longer in its accustomed place. Alfus raised his eyes and was transfixed with surprise. The Monastery of Olmutz had changed its whole exterior; the entrance was considerably larger, and the building had increased almost beyond his power of recognition. A plantation which he himself had planted a few days before, beside the chapel, now covered the sacred asylum with its abundant foliage. The monk bewildered and amazed, directed his steps towards the new entrance and gently rang the bell; but it was no longer the silvery-toned bell, the sound of which he knew so well. A young brother opened the door.

"What is the matter?" demanded Alfus. "Why is not Antoine the porter of the monastery?"

"I do not know Antoine," replied the brother.

Alfus raised his hand to his brow with terror. "Have I become mad," said he. "Is not this the Monastery of Olmutz which I left this morning?"

The young monk gazed at him with astonishment and replied, "I am now five years porter to the monastery, and I know you not."

Alfus gazed around him with a wild and searching gaze; several monks were passing to and fro the cloisters; he called them, but they replied not to the names he pronounced; he ran to them to recognize their features, but they were all strangers to him. "Here is some miracle of God," he cried, "In the name of heaven, my brothers, look at me, and say if none amongst you have ever seen me before? Is there nobody present who knows Brother Alfus?"

All looked upon him with astonishment.

"Alfus," at length replied the oldest amongst them.

"Yes, there was in former times at Olmutz a monk of that name. I have heard my ancestors speak of him. He was a man learned and thoughtful, with a great love of solitude. One day he descended into the valley, and they saw him disappear in the distance behind the woods. They vainly waited for his return, but they never could learn what had become of Brother Alfus. This occurred about a hundred years ago."

At these words Alfus uttered a loud cry, for now he understood all. Throwing himself on his knees on the ground, and joining his hands fervently together, "Oh! my God," said he, "you wished to prove to me my folly, in comparing the joys of earth with those of heaven. A whole century has glided by me like a single day in listening to Thy voice. I now understand the meaning of paradise and its eternal joys. Accept now the offering of my fervent heart, my merciful God, and pardon your unworthy servant."

After having spoken these words, Brother Alfus extended his arms, and raising his eyes with a beatified expression towards that celestial paradise which was opened to his view, softly whispered the holy name of Jesus, and expired.

B. M.

Reminiscences of the Irish Mission.

BY A RETIRED PRIEST.

NO. V.

THE M'QUILLANS—A FAMILY COUNCIL—THEY RESOLVE TO LEAVE THEIR FARM—MURTAGH DEVLIN VISITS THEM, AND PROPOSES TO MAKE CATHRINE HIS WIFE—A REFUSAL AND A PROPHECY—A WHISKEY DANCE AND THE PRIEST OF THE PARISH—PAYMENT FOR A COAT REFUSED—A JOURNEY.

THE Widow M'Quillan's house was a house of sorrow on the day that the Sullivans left it. Cathrine was scarcely more deeply affected than her mother, and, though each of them strove to hide her emotions, they had mutually surprised each other in the act of weeping several times during the day. The two younger girls, who loved their sister dearly, shed tears on account of her distress. When James M'Quillan, the widow's only son, came to his dinner from the fields, in which he had been assisting the labourers at some out-door work, he was astonished to find the whole family in tears, and grieved to observe that they scarcely tasted the food which was placed before them. The exciting scenes through which they had passed had enabled them to put an unnatural restraint upon their feelings, but now the reaction had set in and, though usually thoughtless and buoyant, the young man found himself infected by the prevailing despondency. He was yet but a boy, being younger than his sister Cathrine, but older than the other two girls. He thought it would be an unmanly act to yield to these emotions, and he therefore made a desperate effort to eat his dinner. But nature was not to be forced; his appetite, like a false friend, deserted him in his utmost need, and even his throat had joined so deeply in the conspiracy that he was in imminent danger of being choked by every morsel he attempted to swallow. At last the tears burst from his eyes, and rising and throwing his arms round his sister, he kissed her forehead. "Cathrine, dear," said he, "the best and dearest of sisters, I cannot look at you in this sorrow; but don't be afflicted, darling, and we'll all be happy yet. Mother (he continued), I wish you would consent to our selling our farm and going to live in Father John's parish, for we can never be happy here again; and, besides, that villain Devlin will surely undermine us, and the landlord will be against us on account of our religion." "My dear children," she replied, "I have lived a long time happily here, but within the last few years it has pleased the Almighty to afflict me with many sorrows. I know that He chastiseth us in mercy and not in anger, and His will be done. Since that time your father has died, leaving me with a young family, and our best neighbours and kindest friends have either died or left the country. But, blessed be God, He has left me good and virtuous children, and wherever they choose to go I shall go with them." "God bless you," said the young man, going to her and embracing her, "and we must have been bad indeed if we had not profited by the love and piety of such a mother. I promised to visit Father John during the summer, and I'll be ready the day after to-morrow. Besides I was very sorry that I was from home when John Sullivan and his father went away, and I want to see them, which I can do by calling at the town of —, from which they are to sail, and which is upon my way. I would not be astonished," he added, after a pause, "if, when the Sullivans hear this, they would change their minds about Ameri-

ca, and settle along with us in Father John's parish." As he said this he looked towards his sister, but, although her tearful countenance was lighted up with a smile of gratitude, there was no hope in it. All places on earth were alike to her now—her only hope was in heaven. She even opposed the design of selling their farm, which, although concealed under other pretexts, she felt to be intended for her sake alone. As she expressed her grateful thanks for their kind desire to alleviate her distress, a sad smile of resignation, more painful to the beholder than the loudest burst of sorrow, played upon her beautiful but pale features. Her mother saw that her heart was breaking; she folded her to her breast, and besought God to spare to her this dear child, whom she loved better than her own life. James M'Quillan determined to leave no means untried to save her and to restore her to happiness, and, in spite of all her remonstrances, he set out on the morning of the next day but one, more for the purpose of seeing the Sullivans than of visiting Father John.

About the middle of that same day Murtagh Devlin, dressed in his holiday attire, was seen approaching the widow M'Quillan's house. Cathrine immediately left the kitchen, accompanied by the youngest of her sisters. "Good day to you, Mrs. M'Quillan," said Murtagh, entering, "I hope you are all well?" "Quite well, thank God for all his mercies." "And how are you, Mary," he continued, addressing the second of her daughters. The young girl, knowing that he had got the Sullivan's farm and looking upon him as the chief cause of her sister's sufferings, replied with more zeal than discretion, that she "wondered how he had the impudence to ask." Her mother, however, reproved her sharply, and this appearing to Murtagh a favourable symptom, he determined forthwith to explain the objects of his visit. He, therefore, requested to speak with Mrs. Sullivan alone, and Mary, who had waited on purpose to have an opportunity of "telling him her mind," as she expressed it, was obliged to take her departure and join her sisters, to whom she related the exploit which she had already performed.

"Mrs. M'Quillan," said Murtagh, "it is a good while since I was in this house, an' troth I gist came to make up friends, for I cannot think of remainin' on bad terms with sich near neighbours." "Deed, Mr. Devlin," she replied, "there is not one in this house who wishes to be at enmity with you or with any Christian." "Thank you kindly for that," said Murtagh, taking the widow's hand and shaking it warmly, "and maybe you wud call James an' let us make up that little quarrel at once. Its myself that's sorry for goin' to the landlord an' tellin' him about it, but, plase God, I'll go to the office the morrow, an' tell him that I was more to blame than James." "I'm very sorry, Mr. Devlin, that he has taken one of the horses and rode from home on a little business." "I'm in no hurry," said Murtagh, "an' I can wait until he comes back, for troth I cannot sleep at night since this quarrel came between us." "He will not be back," she answered, "in time for you to see him to-day, but, as soon as he returns, I'll tell him that you have been here and make him call over to see you himself."

Murtagh knew full well that the young man had gone from home, for he had seen him riding away in the morning, and had even followed and watched him for a considerable distance; indeed he would not have ventured to have gone to the house if James had been at home, and as he felt all the paltry curiosity which be-

long to mean and little minds, to discover where he had gone and the object of his journey, he determined to employ his miserable cunning to make the discovery. This was one of the objects of his present visit, but by no means the chief one. The other shall presently appear. The widow's hesitating answers, and her unusual reluctance to tell where her son had gone, convinced Murtagh that there was some secret connected with it, which he resolved to penetrate. Mrs. M'Quillan on her part, although entertaining the utmost horror for this man on account of his apostacy from his faith, yet was afraid to offend him, knowing his vindictive character and his influence with the landlord. Murtagh resumed the dialogue—

"I'll not think of troublin' James to come to me, for I wish to show him that I'll be the first to make friends, so I'll jist call back in the evenin', or in the mornin', if that will do better."

"James has gone," said Mrs. M'Quillan, "to visit a friend, and will not return for a few days."

"Ah, ha!" thought Murtagh, "I have you now. Well," he continued aloud, "I declare I'm very sorry for the departure of the poor Sullivans, and I often thought if James had been at home he would have prevailed upon them to remain. Troth an' if he's gone to see them afore they lave the country, and to try and bring them back, its kind of him an' I respect him for it. I'll engage, now, they're the friends he has gone to see?"

He was perfectly well aware that Mrs. M'Quillan would not tell a lie, and he was, therefore, sure that if her son had followed the Sullivans she would either tell him the truth or remain silent. But, as James had told the family that Father John was the friend whom he went to visit, and whose advice he wished to obtain with regard to their removal to that part of the country, she unhesitatingly answered that the Sullivans were not the friends whom he had gone to see. This did not satisfy Murtagh's curiosity, but it removed certain misgivings which had occurred to him. The suspicion flashed across his mind that James M'Quillan had gone to bring back John Sullivan for the purpose of giving him his sister in marriage. On this point he was now reassured, and he became once more convinced that Mrs. M'Quillan would not be disinclined to obtain a rich husband for her daughter. He also hoped that if he could enlist the mother on his side, the reluctance of the daughter would be easily overcome, since the departure of John Sullivan for America rendered all prospect of a union with him impossible. He now therefore, not without very visible embarrassment, approached the main object of his visit.

"How is Cathrine?" said he, "its an age since I laid my eyes on her."

"Indeed," said she, "Cathrine is but poorly. She has latterly gone through a great deal of fatigue and suffering, and her health has given way; but, please God, she will soon be better."

"I never saw a girl," said Murtagh, "for whom I had the feeling I have for Cathrine. I loved her since she was a child, and she may have tould you that I once wanted her to become my wife. She then, I believe, refused, because she considered herself engaged to John Sullivan; he is gone, and that engagement is of course at an end. Mrs. M'Quillan, I am a rich man—a great deal richer than you suppose; I am more wealthy than Doctor — (naming the young apostate), who is about to be married to one of the landlord's daughters, and I am sure that I might have

one of them for the asking. I do'n't wish to ask Cathrine to marry immediately, if she does not wish to do so; I only ask you to use your influence to make your daughter promise that whenever she does marry she will become the wife of a man who will enrich her, and you, and the whole family."

The widow listened patiently until he had ended, and then said.

"Mr. Devlin, I feel very much obliged to you for the good opinion you entertain of my daughter, but I must tell you, candidly, that I could not prevail upon her to marry any person that was not of her own religion. Besides, Cathrine has but a very small fortune, which is not at all equal to what you have a right to expect."

"I dont want fortune," said he, "I have plenty myself, and as for religion—do you think I am a Protestant? No more than you are: I have made fools of the squire and parson to serve my own purposes; and, if Cathrine consents to become my wife, I'll go back to the holy Catholic church, the truth of which I have never doubted in my heart, no more than she has herself."

"Mr. Devlin," said she, "I feel that it would be unpardonable in me to deceive you in so important a matter, and, therefore, however painful the disappointment may be, I feel myself compelled to tell you that she will never be your wife. I would call her, to assure you of this herself, but she is in such a delicate state of health, that she could not bear the shock of such an interview."

"Oh you may spare yourself that trouble," said Murtagh, "for I'm sure she has been listening to every word that has passed between us."

"You quite mistake my daughter," she answered, "and that observation alone would prove that you are unworthy to be her husband, no matter how rich you may be. She would not be guilty of the meanness you attribute to her for ten times your wealth."

"Widow," he said, and his harsh features assumed a look of malice and hatred which Satan himself might envy, "you may keep your lady-daughter; but listen to me—the landlord has already promised to send your young rascal of a son off the estate on account of the way he trated me for my convarision from the religion of the baste, and I fear he may find it necessary to send you all to beg along with him. Kate will scarcely retain her beauty when she is going barefooted through the gutters, with a torn gown and a bag upon her back."

He left the house; and, as soon as he was gone, Mrs. M'Quillan burst into tears. The daughters, who saw him hurrying away at a rapid pace, quickly rejoined her, and enquired what he had done to distress her. She did not tell them of his proposal for Cathrine, which she knew would be a fresh source of affliction to her, but she repeated his threats of punishing the whole family on account of the insults which James had offered him.

When Devlin had first asked Cathrine M'Quillan to become his wife, she had thought it her duty to acquaint her mother and brother with the circumstance. They were both almost as indignant as she was herself. Murtagh Devlin was a great coward, and, though bigger and older than young M'Quillan, was mortally afraid of him. Rows were, at this period, unfortunately very common in fairs and in public-houses, and whenever one of these commenced, James singled out Murtagh to give him a drubbing. This was done more out of sport and thoughtlessness than from any ill feeling,

which he really did not entertain towards him. Shortly after James had heard from his sister of Murtagh's proposal to her, he happened to meet him at a "punch dance"—that is a place where each person paid a certain amount for admission, in return for which he was supplied with a quantity of whiskey. Such meetings were always got up by the proprietor of some public-house for the purpose of selling his whiskey; they led to drunkenness, quarrels, and immorality, and were always denounced by the priests as the worst nuisances of the parish. Mrs. M'Quillan strongly disapproved of her son going to any place of the kind; and he would not have disobeyed her on the occasion to which we have referred, except for the purpose of meeting Murtagh, who was never absent from such gatherings. The dance went on, and the punch went round very merrily, when the priest of the parish in which they were assembled suddenly appeared amongst them. A ghost would not have caused a greater panic; every one, not even excepting the blind piper, made for the door—candles were extinguished—tables and forms upset—the very counter of the whiskey-shop was carried away by the fugitives—and broken glass, delf, and crockery were scattered everywhere. The priest was soon the sole occupant of the dancing-room and of the house, with the exception of those who lived there. James M'Quillan would have been as much afraid of the priest as any person present, but he was in a strange parish and had some hopes of not being recognised; he had never lost sight of Murtagh during the evening, and the moment the confusion commenced he darted towards him. Murtagh, who on his part had been taught by experience the kind attention which James would be likely to pay him, when an occasion like the present presented itself, had made up his mind to escape on the first appearance of disturbance. The moment therefore that he saw the priest, he bounded towards the door; but his flight was retarded for a moment by other fugitives. This enabled James to seize him by one skirt of his coat, which he fairly plucked off. Murtagh made his escape without waiting for the remnant of his garment, and, when James and a young man who accompanied him got a short distance from the house in which the dance had taken place, they were obliged to sit down on the roadside to give full vent to their laughter. Murtagh, who was engaged in various kinds of business, was a frequent visitor at the sea-port town from which the Sullivans had hoped to have obtained a passage for America. Here he became acquainted with a gentleman who dealt in old clothes, from whom he used to provide himself with cheap and fashionable dress—for he was both vain and a miser. These were commonly called "hand-me-downs," or "wall-flowers," and were held in the utmost contempt by the honest and independent yeomanry of the neighbourhood. Murtagh and the Bible-reader were the only persons who affected finery of this kind, and to spoil one of their second-hand coats was looked upon as an act of patriotism. This feeling it was which caused the excessive merriment of the young men on the present occasion. Besides, although eternally tattling to the landlord, it was well-known that they would not tell him anything which would lead to the disclosure of their having attended a "whiskey-dance," for they pretended to be so holy as to shudder at the very mention of a place of the kind.

On the day after the dance, Murtagh went to Mrs. M'Quillan's house at about twelve o'clock. Having first reconnoitred the premises, he asked if James

were within? He was told that he was not. He then entered and sat down.

"I suppose," said he to Mrs. M'Quillan, "James told you we met at the dance, last night."

She answered, with unfeigned surprise, that she was quite astonished at what she heard, as she had been under the impression that her son had not been out of the house during the previous night.

"Oh! then he was," said he, "an' I suppose he did not tell you, neither, about his tearin' the skirt off a new coat af mine, worth two guineas; but I wint to the landlord this mornin', an' he bid me tell both him an' you that if he didnt pay me for my coat afore a week, you might all pack up an' lave the farm."

"Wait, Murtagh," cried James, who had just entered the house, and accidentally overheard part of the discourse, "and I'll pay you now." Murtagh did not wait to reply, but darted out of the house. James M'Quillan pursued him for more than half a mile, to the infinite amusement of a large number of spectators. He did not catch him, for fear gave him wings; but Devlin, who like all cowards, was proud of boasting of his physical prowess, was publicly disgraced, and conceived, in consequence, from this moment a mortal hatred for the young man. He also knew that his story of having told the circumstances to the landlord was known to be false, and the consciousness of having for the hundredth time been detected in a gross lie, added to the malevolence of his feelings.

When he left Mrs. M'Quillan's house, he hurried home at a rapid pace, and enquired, as soon as he entered, if the "Bible-reader" had been there. He was answered in the affirmative, and that he had left word that he would be back in an hour. "Very well," said Murtagh, "have the dinner ready by that time, and let two horses be prepared, for I am obliged to set off to the town on urgent business." He then went over to the landlord's office, where he saw the agent. Having first told innumerable lies against the M'Quillans, and done all he could to ruin them—without effect however, for the agent, although like his master a bigot, had a great respect for this family—he next informed him that his friend the "Bible-reader" was going to Ballymouray—which was near the sea-port town already mentioned—for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the benighted Papists in that county, and that he designed to accompany him. These benighted Papists lived upon a small estate which his landlord possessed in that part of the country. The agent highly applauded Murtagh's pious intentions, and said he would not forget to commend him for it to his landlord.

In a few hours, Murtagh and the "Bible-reader" were riding in hot haste over the same road which James M'Quillan had passed in the morning. But with what different intentions?

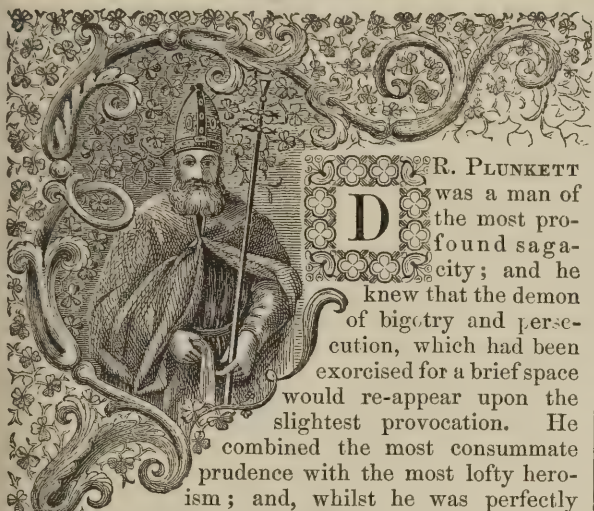
"I'll humble the pride of the M'Quillans," cried Murtagh, as he struck his jaded horse furiously. "I'll see them begging at my door for a handful of meal; and if Cathrine wont be my wife, why then by — I'll make her my —"

The night was beautiful. The queen of the stars had led forth her bright armies, and shone down calmly and peaceably upon the reeking steeds, and upon the travellers, without being able to assuage the angry passions with which their breasts were agitated. It was but

"Moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it could not calm."

THE
Life and Death of Oliver Plunkett,
 PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

PART III.



DR. PLUNKETT was a man of the most profound sagacity; and he knew that the demon of bigotry and persecution, which had been exorcised for a brief space would re-appear upon the slightest provocation. He combined the most consummate prudence with the most lofty heroism; and, whilst he was perfectly ready to die for the faith, whenever the occasion should demand this sacrifice from him, he firmly believed that at the period of which we are writing, nothing but the quiet and unostentatious discharge of their duties on the part of the clergy, and their almost total disavowal from temporal concerns, could repair the present evils of the church, or save her from the future dangers which he saw impending over her. But not even death itself could force him to surrender one atom of his country's nationality, or the least of the traditional glories of her Church, for in the cause of God and of Ireland he was zealous as an apostle, and as brave as a predestined martyr of her faith.

When his rights were disputed by Dr. Talbot, in the synod, in 1670, he maintained, from the practice of former ages and the diplomas of the Roman pontiffs, that the primacy always belonged, of right, to the successors of St. Patrick, in the see of Armagh. But, that the synod might not be disturbed nor its time wasted, he offered to submit the dispute to the decision of the assembled prelates. This Talbot refused, and they both sent their reasons to the holy see, and appealed to it for a final decision. After duly considering them, the secretary of the Congregation de Propaganda Fide, Baldescus, archbishop of Cæsarea, afterwards Cardinal Colonna, pronounced "*L'Armacano sta a Cavallo*,"* that the reasons of Armagh prevailed. Shortly afterwards the Congregation, with the approbation of the Roman Pontiff, ordered these words to be inserted in the office of St. Patrick:—"*Armacanam sedem Romani Pontificis autoritate totius insule principem Metropolim constituit*" (*stus Patricius*).†

It was in consequence of this dispute that Dr. Plunkett published, in octavo, in 1672, his "*Jus Primatiale*;" or, the antient rights and prehemineny of the see of Armagh above all the other archbishopricks of the kingdom." Dr. Talbot wrote a letter, dated the 24th of May, 1672, to Peter Creagh, then the agent of the Irish clergy at Rome—afterwards bishop of Cork,

whence he was translated to the archbishopric of Dublin—to obtain for him the title of Primate of all Ireland. The original of this letter Dr. M'Mahon (*Jus. Prim. Armac.*, p. 22,) suspects to be still preserved in the archives of St. Isidore's, at Rome. From it we learn that Talbot had already written his book in reply to Dr. Plunkett, for he boasts (No. 30) "That he had made the most illustrious Oliver Armagh ridiculous, that he had most clearly proved the primacy of Dublin, and that Doctor Goolding would shortly send the preface to Creagh." This book was not, however, published until 1674, and it is stated that even then it appeared without the knowledge of the author. Its title is, "*Primatus Dubliniensis, vel summa rationum quibus innititur ecclesia Dubliniensis in possessione et prosecutione sui juris et primatum Hibernie*." Insulis (Lisle), 1674. It is a small duodecimo.

Both the letter and the book are written in a lively style, and the author ridicules, with as little justice as mercy, everything which seemed to stand in the way of his claim to the primacy. He calls the Pallium of St. Patrick, an "*individuum vagum ex lana caprina contextum*"—a miserable affair, "*ex ideis platoniciis consensendum*." He disparages the "Four Masters," Keating, Colgan, and even accuses the secretary of the Propaganda, Dionysius Mazarius, with having deceived the Popes, Innocent X. and Clement IX., by inducing them to address Edmund O'Reilly and Oliver Plunkett as Primates of Ireland. The plan, he says (p. 54), which appeared to many persons the best and most convenient for ending the dispute, was to give the honorary title of Primate to the archbishops of Armagh, whilst the archbishops of Dublin should enjoy both the name and the authority.

Long afterwards, in 1728, Hugh M'Mahon, archbishop of Armagh, published, in a small quarto volume, the most able and learned work that has been ever written on the Irish primacy. This book is entitled "*Jus primatiale Armacanum in omnes archiepiscopos, episcopos et universum clerum totius regni Hibernie, apertum per H. A. M. T. H. P.*;" to which he annexed another treatise, called "*Prosecutio ejusdem argumenti contra anonimum*," "which anonymous," says Ware (*Writers*, 195), "was a Jesuit of Clonmel, one John Hennessy." Dr. M'Mahon says (*ad Lectorem*, p. 1), that he was a little boy at the time of the contest for precedence, which took place in 1670, between the archbishops of Dublin and Armagh, and that he remembered it. He was ten years old at the time, for he was born in 1660. He says that he was for a long time familiar with Plunkett's book on this subject, but that he had great trouble in finding Talbot's. He at length, however, procured a copy, and wrote his own splendid work, which is in a great measure a reply to Talbot, and published it in the sixty-eighth year of his age. In this work he ably vindicates Keating and the "Four Masters" (p. 178), and passes a just and glowing eulogium (pp. 99-100) on the learning, the zeal, and the genius of Colgan. This love of our ancient annalists was derived from his illustrious predecessor, Oliver Plunkett, who fully appreciated the difficulties against which they had to contend, and deeply honoured them for the brief but truthful and precious records of our country's history which they have transmitted to us. He loved all who loved them and who laboured like them in the vast field of Irish history, and his dearest wish would have been gratified, if an O'Donovan had arisen in his time to fill up and to breathe life into the skeleton which they left behind them.

* Literally, that Armagh was on horseback.

† See Dr. Hugh M'Mahon's, "*Jus Primatiale Armacanum*," pp. 20, 21.

In the year 1670, Dr. Plunkett received an appeal from a decision of the archbishop of Dublin; held his court in that city, and pronounced a decision which was acquiesced in by all parties (M'Mahon's Jus. p. 17).

The dispute of these two holy bishops, Plunkett and Talbot, though warm, led to no personal animosities. It was not ambition, but a deep sense of duty by which each of them considered that he was bound to preserve intact the rights of his see, that induced them to enter upon this contest. And if there was anything inconsiderately said by either, the language of St. Augustin, concerning the altercation between the holy martyrs, Stephen and Cyprian, may be applied to them—that the peace of Christ prevailed in their hearts, so that no crime of schism took place between them, and that they washed out by their blood whatever imperfections they were guilty of; for although the archbishop of Dublin was not hanged, he was imprisoned for the faith in Newgate, where he died in 1680, after having endured a most cruel imprisonment of two years. All parties admired the integrity and prudence of the Primate; they listened respectfully to his merciful counsels with regard to the “remonstrance,” and his exhortations to be united; and thus a matter which threatened to produce almost a schism, ceased in a short time to be even mentioned in the Irish Church.

In the year 1671, which was the next after that in which the convocation had been held in Dublin, Dr. Plunkett, was delegated by commissorial letters from the Holy See, to decide on a dispute which had been carried on with great animosity between the Dominicans and Franciscans. The question related to the respective rights of the two orders, to receive the alms of the faithful in the dioceses of Armagh, Down, Dromore, and Clogher. Each of the orders had been settled in the province before the Cromwellian persecutions, and all the houses belonging to each were destroyed during those lamentable times. Whether any of the Franciscans who had resided in these places escaped death or exile does not appear; but De Burgo tells us, in the place referred to at the foot of the page, that not one Dominican belonging to the province of Ulster was left in Ireland. The Franciscans returned very soon after the Restoration, whereas the Dominicans did not return to that part of Ireland until a considerably later period. In 1671, however, as we learn from the Primate's letter, they had re-established three houses in Ulster—one in Clogher, one in Down, and one in Armagh. The Franciscans insisted, that in consequence of the priority of their return, they alone had a right to seek or receive the alms of the faithful in Armagh, Down, Dromore, and Clogher; they vehemently resisted the attempts of the Dominicans to re-establish themselves in these places, and induced several of the laity to take part with them, to the no small scandal of religion. The Primate taking along with him Patrick Plunket, bishop of Meath, Oliver Dease, vicar-general of the same diocese, and Thomas Fitzsimons, vicar-general of Kilmore, visited, as he himself says, with great labour and at great expense, each of the dioceses in which the disputes existed, and examined on the spot the allegations of both parties. Having thus thoroughly investigated the matter, he determined to put an end to the scandal at once, and he accordingly issued his definitive sentence in favour of the Dominicans, dated Dundalk, 11th of October, 1674,* and

* See this letter, as well as a brief account of the whole affair, in the “*Hibernia Dominicana*,” pp. 129, 130. De Burgo says

commanded the Franciscans to submit to it under pain of suspension, to be incurred without further process or appeal. When we remember his scanty revenue, which, as we shall see hereafter, never exceeded sixty pounds per annum—the difficulty of travelling in those times—and that he took with him three dignitaries of the church from dioceses which were not involved in the dispute, in order that he might not be obliged to trust to his own judgment alone, we can form some idea of the energy and zeal displayed by this apostolic bishop. The controversy, however trifling it may now

(note 2), in the latter page, that we must not conclude that the Dominicans had only three houses in Ulster at this time, but that there were no friars in the rest, or that there was no dispute about their rights. The former we take to be the true state of the case.

In Dr. Plunkett's letter the bishop whom he took with him is called “*Reverendissimus Patritius Midensis*,” and De Burgo says in a note at the foot of the page that his name was Patrick Cusack. All modern writers of Irish ecclesiastical history have adopted this statement. Yet it is not the fact, for the Primate's letter is dated 11th October, 1671, and of course the visitation must have been made somewhat earlier. Now Peter Walsh, who was not only a contemporary, but was intimately acquainted with all those affairs, states (Hist. Remon., p. 576) that Patrick Plunket was translated from Ardagh to Meath 1669, and that he was still bishop of Meath in 1672, the time in which Walsh was writing. This passage which is quite decisive will be found a little farther on.

No person can have a higher veneration for De Burgo than I have, but I must say that he, along with others, was too apt to trust to the slippery authority of Protestant writers upon Irish Catholic ecclesiastical affairs. As an instance I may mention that he dates (Hib. Dom., p. 690) the bull granted by Alexander VII., and directed to the bishops of Raphoe, Clonfert, Leighlin, and Cork, empowering them to absolve the Irish from the censures of the Nuncio Runicini, so late as 1665. The true date is 1655 and De Burgo was led into an error of no less than ten years by relying on Ware's “*Gesta Hibernorum*,” ad annum 1665. The writer of the reign of Charles II., in Cox (Appendix, p. 7), commits the same mistake, and gives as his authority Peter Walsh. The latter, however, who was himself concerned in this bull and absolution, everywhere gives the date of 1655. Thus he says (Hist. Rem., p. 573) “That in the year 1655 the said Nuntiotist party, having as to the affairs of their own country all power at Rome, prevailed at last with His Holiness Alexander VII. to grant a bull of extraordinary delegation, dated at Rome, August 27, 1655 . . . directed to John Cullenan, bishop of Raphoe, in Ulster, Walter Lynch, bishop of Clonfert, in Connaught, Edmund Dempsey, bishop of Leighlin, in Leinster, and Robert Barry, bishop of Cork, in Munster, though all four, even at that very time (as always after till they all every one died) living abroad in banishment, and wide enough dispersed and separated: the first in Brussels, second in Hungary, third in Gallacia, or elsewhere in Spain, and fourth at St. Malos, in France.” Walsh again, in the preface to another work (*Causa Valesiana*, London, 1784), gives the same date of 27th of August, 1655 to the bull of Alexander VII.

Besides, the four bishops to whom Alexander VII. directed his bull were all dead before 1665. Walsh (Hist. Rem., pp. 604–5–7), inserts two letters of John Burk, Archbishop of Tuam, the latter of which bears date 13th March, 1665, and one letter of Mac Swiney, bishop of Kilmore, dated 22nd February, 1665. Having spoken of the “infirm” bishop of Tuam, he continues, “How the other infirm (nay, besides Ardagh, the only other, either infirm or not infirm) bishop then at home in Ireland, Doctor Swiney, bishop of Kilmore . . . as for the three other bishops, viz., Ardmach, Ferns, and Kilfenuran, likewise the only bishops remaining at that time (1665) in foreign parts (their banisht bretheren of Cashel, Limerick, Cork, Clonfert, Killala, Leighlin, &c., being all dead before in several countries during their banishment).”

The truth is, that absolutions from the Nuncio's censures were granted by several of the bishops, by virtue of the bull of Alexander VII., long before 1665.

De Burgo was also partly misled by the fact that some Irish Dominicans who, being at Rome in 1656, endeavoured to induce the Holy See to grant their countrymen absolution from that censure (Hib. Dom., p. 690). But he himself quotes a note (pp. 690–1) which proves that what these Dominicans asked for was a relaxation of the penance imposed by the bull of Alexander VII., and which must, therefore, have been published before the year 1656. What they asked was not granted until about the year 1698, when, after much solicitation, Dominick Burk, bishop of Elphin, obtained it from Innocent XII.

appear to us, involved in its consequences the most vital interests of the Irish Church; for so early as 1665, not five years after the Restoration, there were in Ireland no less than four hundred Franciscans, two hundred Dominicans, one hundred Augustinians, and nearly one hundred other regulars, consisting of Jesuits, of whom Sall, afterwards an apostate, was then superior, and of Carmelites, Capuchins, Cistercians and canons regular of St. Augustin.* Many of these acted as parish priests and curates, and in those times of persecution the united efforts of all were necessary to preserve the faith, and to administer to the poor people all they had left on earth—the consolations of that religion for whose sake they had endured so much. Indeed the total number of the Irish Catholic clergy at this period—which did not amount to 1900, of which only between 1000 and 1100 were seculars—was miserably disproportioned to the exigencies of the people. The firm, zealous, and impartial conduct of the Primate, fortunately had the effect of putting an end to the scandalous discussions which had arisen between the Franciscans and Dominicans, and of inducing those two illustrious orders to labour strenuously and lovingly together in the troubled times which followed, and to contend with each other in a generous rivalry for the crown of martyrdom.

It was impossible that the widowed church of Ireland should not have had occasion to bewail, amid her other woes, the evil effects produced by the expatriation of almost all her bishops, and of the great bulk of her clergy. It is true that some priests and bishops, still remained who kept alive the faith in the hearts of the people, and that one was no sooner dragged to martyrdom, than another eagerly rushed into his place, and coveted the glorious crown which he had so nobly won. But it was impossible that the loss of the advice and instructions of their pastors should not have produced some disorders amongst the laity, and that a few—and they were very few—of the clergy should not have felt the absence of the wholesome controul of an ecclesiastical superior. The Primate, from the moment of his arrival in Ireland, had set about the reformation of these abuses with his usual zeal and fearlessness. He commenced first with his own diocese, but no part of the province of Ulster escaped his vigilance and care.† His chief object was to procure holy and learned priests; for the successor of St. Patrick knew that this was all that was necessary to preserve the faith amongst a people who clung to the teaching of their national apostle, even with the loss of their property

and to the shedding of their blood. By the sanctity of his own life, he was a burning and a shining light to the whole kingdom. Like another St. Paul, he preached publicly, and from house to house; and, by his example as much as by his doctrine, raised the minds and the hopes of the most lowly from the earth and lifted them even to heaven. With him religion was no abstract idea, but a sublime reality which taught men, even when weighed down by this body of death, to live pure as angels and to reflect in their lives the image of the omnipotent God.

He stated, at his trial, that he had “lived in a little, thatched house, wherein was only a little room for a library which was not seven feet high, that he had never more than one servant, and that he was scarcely ever able to support even one.” How he managed to support himself and a servant, and even to procure books, is a mystery, for he declared, on the same occasion, that his income never exceeded “three score pounds per annum.” Yet from the list of those ordained by him, who were registered in 1704, we find that he held ordinations in many places far removed from each other, each year from 1669 to 1679, and it is certain that on the miserably small sum of sixty pounds a-year he visited the entire of his extensive diocese during each of these ten years. Nor did he confine his zeal to his own immediate diocese, but extended it over the whole of Ulster and even to other parts of the kingdom. We have already seen that the cause of religion led the Primate, within the first two years of his episcopacy, to Dublin, Down, Dromore, and Clogher; and Arsdekin, whose words are copied by De Burgo, affirms, that he travelled through every part of Ulster to instruct and confirm the faithful in the faith of their fathers. During these visits he narrowly inspected the conduct of the clergy; and, although Dr. M'Mahon justly designates him “meek-minded” (*Jus Primatiale*, p. 17), yet he was possessed of the greatest firmness and punished the incorrigible and refractory with the severest censures. He also found that some of the friars had occasioned grave abuses by their “questing,” and he therefore interdicted some of them from pursuing this occupation in his diocese. These necessary acts of severity procured him enemies amongst the base and irreligious of his own order, some of whom, as we shall see hereafter, carried their enmity so far as to insult him in his thatched cottage, and even to swear away his life—thus procuring immortal infamy for themselves and imperishable renown for their victim.

Dr. Plunkett did not confine his exertions to the reformation of the lives of the clergy, but he laboured also with the most unwearied zeal to supply every parish in his own diocese and through the whole of Ulster, with a faithful, a learned, and a holy priest. So successful were his exertions that Peter Walsh says (*Hist. Remon.*, p. 576) the number of secular priests was doubled between 1665 and 1672. Most of these ordinations took place after the period of the Primate's arrival in Ireland; for we have already seen that all the bishops, most of whom had but lately returned from exile, were obliged to fly in consequence of the rejection of the Valesian remonstrance, in 1666, with the exception of two who were bed-ridden and unable to leave the country. Peter Walsh asserts (Letter to Henrix in the *Causa Valesiana*, dated 17th of January, 1677, old style, p. 41) that there were four archbishops and eight or nine bishops appointed in Ireland in the years 1669-70, besides Duffy and Tyrrell,

* Hist. Remon. part ii. treatise i. p. 575. Antony Dougherty was prior provincial of the Franciscans, John O'Hairt of the Dominicans, and Stephen Lynch of the Augustinians, in 1665. The Jesuits, of whom Sall was then superior, amounted to twenty-five; there were nearly as many Discalced Carmelites, of whom Thomas Dillon was prior; about twenty Capuchins, amongst whom Gregory Mulchoury was superior of the mission; nine or ten monks of St. Bernard; three or four Canons Regular of St. Augustine besides others in *commendam*, two or three Benedictine monks, and one Calcedonian Carmelite (*Id. Ibid.*) The number of secular Priests was between 1000 and 1100. (*Id.* p. 576.)

† Quantum industriæ adhibendum, ut pluribus locis idoneas animarum curatores præficeret. Quantum laboris exanthlandum, ut per latissimas ulterinæ plagas, populum illum Romanæ fidei semper tenacissimum opportunis ubique documentis confirmaret. Sed quod omnium maximi arduum, quanta illi vigilantia tot annis incumbendum fuit, ut gregem suum ubique in ipsi admixtum ab eorum dentibus et erroribus illasum conservaret.—*Arsdekin*, p. 159. De Burgo, who in his brief notice of Dr. Plunkett, almost transcribes *Arsdekin*, says—Quis memorare valeat quantum illi insudatum fuerit ut plurima in rebus, et moribus, iniquitate temporum restauraret, &c.—p. 130.

who a little later successively filled the see of Clogher.* It is worth while to quote the words of the same writer (Hist. Rem., p. 576), "Now forasmuch as peradventure some readers, observing how occasionally I have given the number as well of bishops then however living, viz., three at home in Ireland, and three abroad in foreign parts, as of those Irish churchmen at that same time possessing and tyed to regular orders by solemn vows, in all about 800, may think it some oversight if I give not also the total number (that is my best conjecture of the number) of secular clergy throughout all the several diocesses of that kingdom at that very time. . . . I can say that the secular priests then at home were between a thousand and eleven hundred; though I cannot say the exact number. But now, in 1672, I doubt not they are well nigh as many more by reason of the indiscreet laying of hands, ever since 1666, by the bishop of Ardagh, till 1669, on all persons that were presented to him; and since 1669, to this present 1672, not only by the same bishop, translated to Meath, but by so many other bishops and archbishops who have been made since by new creations from Rome." It may therefore be safely affirmed, that within little more than two years after the Primate's arrival in Ireland, most if not all the vacant sees were filled, the number of secular priests was increased from eleven hundred to two thousand two hundred, and that this glorious result is to be especially ascribed to the zeal of this illustrious prelate. When the bloody hand of persecution was again raised to strike the Irish Catholics, and especially the Irish Catholic priests, Dr. Plunkett continued to hold frequent ordinations in various parts of his diocese, and occasionally in other more remote places. Out of eighteen hundred secular priests, registered in 1704—that is twenty-three years after Dr. Plunkett's death—no less than one hundred and sixteen were still living who had received orders by the imposition of his hands. We learn this fact from the "list" of priests registered at this time, of which I have expressed my opinion in a previous note, and, although several ordinations are there ascribed to the Primate which he did not perform, yet this is counterbalanced by some of those which he actually did perform being attributed to other bishops. He held ordinations in the year 1679, in which he was apprehended and put into prison in Dublin. In the "list" of priests registered at the Wicklow general sessions, on the 13th of July, 1704, the second name is James McKee, P. P. of Ballynure, who resided at Baltinglass, and who is stated to have been ordained by Archbishop Plunkett at Castletown Bellew, county of Louth, in the year before he was executed. Although this cannot be literally true—for the Primate was imprisoned from the 6th November, 1679, until the time of his execution, on the 1st of July, 1681—yet it is most probable that this ordination must have taken place very shortly before he was arrested. It is mentioned in the *Catholic Directory* (p. 240), but the interesting fact regarding the time when it took place is entirely omitted.

So long as the hands of the Primate were unbound by chains, he did not cease to lay them on the heads of those whom he considered worthy of being admitted into the holy ministry. His conduct in this respect forms a strong contrast with that of his rival, Talbot, who did not ordain a single one of the 1800 priests registered

in 1704. The two Plunketts—Oliver the Primate and Patrick, successively bishop of Meath and Ardagh—frequently ordained in Dublin during the time Talbot was archbishop, but his own name never occurs as an ordaining bishop. This fact seems to justify the charge which the Primate made against him, in 1670, that he was more anxious about secular than about ecclesiastical affairs. English by descent, he was a stern and unflinching Catholic, but at the same time he was thoroughly imbued with the feelings and prejudices of the "pale." He could scarcely suppress his scorn for the "mere Irish," and he ridiculed the ancient annalists of the country, and discouraged those who laboured to rescue her ancient history from oblivion. When Colgan died at Louvain in 1658, having only published the first three months—January, February, and March—of his *Acta Sanctorum*, or lives of Irish saints, he left behind him, in manuscript, abundant materials for the completion of that great and valuable work. It is the heaviest charge against Talbot's memory that he was opposed to its continuation. He was, moreover, like his brother, the Duke of Tyrconnell, an aristocrat in sentiment and in feeling, whose dream of Irish justice was not to rescue the people from misery, but to restore their wide domains to the ancient nobility. Plunkett, though descended of a noble family, was imbued with entirely different feelings. He loved the poor better than the rich, and spent his time amongst them, consoling them and alleviating their distress to the utmost extent of his abilities. His leisure hours were spent in his "little library not seven feet high," in the study of theology, of sacred scripture, and of the ancient history of his country. Of the latter he was passionately fond, and Peter Talbot's attempt to wrest the primacy from him he regarded not as a personal injury to himself, but as an effort to overturn the venerable traditions of the country. He always looks, through the blood and tears of the few last centuries, to that early light which, though no longer visible, still left the reflection of its glory on the dark clouds which hung threateningly over the ancient and renowned "Island of Saints." He wished to preserve the fading remnant of this light of the past which still struggled to live, and he hoped that it would survive, for he believed it to be immortal and that it would one day burst forth with renovated splendour and with a brightness which would rival its ancient glory. Patriotism supplied in his breast the spirit of prophecy and enabled him to discern, even in her present ruin, the future resurrection of his country.

The Sicilian Question

IN 1848.

BY THE REV. FATHER JOACHIM VENTURA.

EX-GENERAL OF THE THEATINES.

[Continued.]

SECTION 11.—UNION AND FUSION ARE VERY DIFFERENT THINGS; THE FORMER PRODUCES POWER, THE LATTER WEAKNESS.

It is foolish to urge for the contrary opinion, the maxim that "union is force." In the first place, "union is not fusion," union is "the league of several distinct beings for a common end and interest, each remaining what it was originally." Fusion is the decomposition of beings, and their aggregation so as to form but one whole, so that they lose altogether their former manner of existence. In union, the numerical distinction of the units is preserved—in fusion it is lost. Union, therefore, supposes and requires that the units which combine should preserve their own existences and their individuality intact. Things which in combination lose that distinct and individual existence are fused not united.

* Duffius et Tyrrellus ad Clocherensim in Hibernia sedem unus post aliam evecti; et paulo ante ipsos Archiepiscopi quatuor; episcopique alii octo vel novem annis 1669 et 1670 creati.

Should Sicily therefore, as a people, be united to the crown of Naples, she must retain her individuality and political existence; she must remain what she has ever been; what in spite of all the foolish combinations of diplomacy—in spite of all the blind efforts of despotism, she shall never cease to be—a people—a nation. Therefore she must have native government and parliament, for on that condition alone can she be a people and a nation. But if she is foolish enough to surrender—if force or fraud compel her to renounce those prerogatives; if she is amalgamated with Naples as a pitiful province of an united kingdom, she ceases, by the very fact, to be a people and a nation; she loses all individuality and political existence; she disappears from the rank of nations; her amalgamation is no union, but a dissolution—a result directly the reverse of what is intended.

I say "directly the reverse of what is intended," for if union be force, fusion is dissolution—is death. Three bars of iron bound together oppose greater resistance and are more difficult to be broken than one, though it was formed of the three bars melted together, and was of precisely the same material and weight as the three separate bars.

Now the case is precisely the same in the political order. Several nations, preserving their personal political existence, but coalescing, confederating, uniting under one head, for the common defence, present a more powerful resistance, and are more difficult to be conquered than if they were fused together, and formed but one people.

SECTION 12.—EXAMPLE OF THE EMPIRE OF AUSTRIA; ITS PRINCIPAL FORCE CONSISTED IN ITS BEING COMPOSED OF DISTINCT NATIONS, EACH HAVING ITS OWN CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT.

Where lay the power of the empire of Austria?—was it in her twenty million of subjects? Certainly not; but because these millions consisted of five or six distinct kingdoms, with their own laws, institutions, and governments, but under the political sway of the one crown. Hungary was the most powerful bulwark of the empire, precisely because she had been always preserved as a distinct nation, because they left her her constitution, her diet, and her distinct national existence. The same was true of Bohemia and Transylvania; and for that reason Austria never sanctioned the absurdity of fusing these different nations, under the same government and one constitution, a measure that would in fact have been impossible, for no power on earth can destroy at will the nationality of nations, and create on their ruins one people and one nation. And a nation, compounded of so many different elements, would be a people only in appearance and by force, but in reality divided by its interests and sentiments. The empire would thus become a prey to intestine dissensions, and fall to pieces rapidly; that very fusion which, according to the foolish opinion of a few politicians, should be the guarantee of her power and stability, would really be the cause of her decline, and perhaps of her ruin.

Why has she not always observed this prudent and wise policy in respecting nationalities? Why has ministerial despotism renounced its instincts and, by slow and successive usurpations, weakened those local laws and institutions, and thus, by degrees, robbed those states of their ancient privileges and liberties? Oh! if that had not been done, how much more powerful and respectable would the Austrian Empire be this day?—Austria, the sovereign of five or six free nations, would be the most powerful monarchy in Europe.

As the sovereign is more honoured by swaying five or six nations than one, so is he much more powerful at the head of five or six distinct nations, than if he ruled over those same nations, fused and amalgamated into one people.

So will it be in the present case; Sicily, united to Naples, under the same sceptre, but enjoying her own government, will be one of the principal props of that crown, and the chief glory of the kingdom.

SECTION 13.—DIGRESSION ON ITALIANISM. ITALY WOULD NOT BE MORE POWERFUL UNDER ONE CROWN.

This doctrine—founded on the nature of things, and, consequently, an absolute and invariable truth—ought to be preached and inculcated, especially in present times, so that it may be universally acknowledged, because some silly and pedantic politicians imagine that Italy would be more powerful if united under one crown, and formed into one kingdom. Quite the reverse; Italy, so constituted, would be much more feeble; the loss of a single battle would subvert her, at one blow, to the sceptre of the stranger. Had Italy been so constituted, French or German would now be the general language from Cape Lilibeo to the Alps. But it is because she was divided into so many small, independent principalities, into so many different centres of subordinate nationalities, and above all, because it was the seat of the Papal power, in whose independence alone all nations, and all Christian powers were

interested, for that reason (and it ought never be forgotten), Italy was never more than partially occupied by the foreigners. That was the real cause that saved her language and nationality, and preserved her Italian existence. That was the real source of that one thought, one feeling with which her soul throbs at present. That it is which makes her rise now as one man, full of force and life, and disconcert all calculations, baffle all ambitions, and set the world laughing at the stupid diplomacy which, in its imbecile impudence, has always presumed to dispose of her without her own leave.

The great secret of the enemies of Italy has ever been, to foment discord and rivalry between her different kingdoms and principalities. It was thus they succeeded in annihilating her, in shutting her out from all political influence, as if she did not exist at all, in oppressing each state in turn, and holding all in the most sovereign contempt.

But now, when, at the word of the Pope—the guardian—the natural protector—the natural and powerful bulwark of Italian liberty—now, when at his word, the rivalry of the Italian provinces, their prejudices and international jealousies have disappeared—now, when no Italian people fears that it shall be enslaved by another—when no Italian prince fears that his neighbour will rob him of one-third of his territory—when the sincere sentiment of fraternity and confidence has supplanted that of jealousy and the terror of foreign domination which kept us divided—when Italy, rich and magnificent in the inestimable advantage of being of the same religion, the same language, the same genius, the same nature, and soon, we hope, of the same material interests and political institutions—confederated, anointed, under the presidency of the august Head of the Religion of the World, who, because his power is moral and religious, can never excite that jealousy and distrust which is invariably excited by the head of a great military power; now, I say, Italy begins to live a new life—to take her rank among the nations—to become a power—to inspire fear—to command the respect due to a great nation—and to give an additional proof that it is not amalgamation, but union that gives power, and triumphs over all resistance.

SECTION 14.—SICILY AMALGAMATED WITH NAPLES, MUST BE ALWAYS HER ENEMY; UNITED TO NAPLES UNDER THE SAME CROWN, SHE WILL BE A GENEROUS SISTER.

Be it remembered that the Sicilians, by their character, their manners, and finally, by the geographical position of their country, are a people in themselves—an original people, with a peculiar political physiognomy, not like that of any other people—a people who, though frequently subdued by the most powerful sceptres on earth, have passed under the yoke of all, without ever being fused in any of them—a people two hundred miles distant from Naples, but infinitely farther removed from her by her character, habits, opinions, sentiments. A complete and entire fusion between the Neapolitans and Sicilians is therefore as impossible as a fusion of the Belgians with the Dutch, or of the Irish with the English. The government which has just fallen, and which conceived the silly and absurd notion of attempting it, now knows the result of its attempt. After thirty-two years of fatal amalgamation, the Sicilians were still disaffected slaves, guarded over to Naples in chains, and the Neapolitans were but an execrated garrison encamped in Sicily; antipathy and mutual hatred became every day more irritated and rancorous. Ah! believe me, it is easier to exterminate than to amalgamate Sicilians.

But though you should succeed now in establishing unity of government under the one parliament, this unnatural union would be only apparent, fictitious, transitory. People so different in character, are still more so in their interests, and in the rivalry of temper and position. Mutual distrust must engender discord. The inevitable preponderance of Neapolitan deputies must always keep those of Sicily in a state of inferiority and humiliation. By the very nature of the case, by the necessity of consequences springing from invariable principles, and which no human power can prevent or correct, the Neapolitans must assume the tone of superiors and masters,* and will exact from the Sicilians a forced resignation, silence, the obsequiousness of inferiors and slaves—a position which the Sicilian character can never brook. Hence, at first arise secret murmurs; then public reclamation; open hostility; next universal hatred; finally, a new revolution, necessary, inevitable, breaks out, convincing the obstinate, but too late, enlightening the blind, and demonstrating the transparent folly and absurdity of those who attempt to confound two nations whom God and nature have separated.

On the other hand, make Sicily a separate kingdom, under her own government and institutions, she will forget her past woes, those protracted afflictions suffered under the old *regime*. A people

* Lord Shrewsbury's letters on the Irish Church for instance, and the defence of that Lord by an English prelate, who in the same pastoral denounces *lay interference in church matters!*

that fights bravely in the field, is always generous in pardon. She will no longer remember *her sorrows more bitter than death*—"affanni più amari che morte," but to execrate that form of absolute government which has dared during so long a time to make so many millions of Christians the sport of a few ruffians; which has so deplorably blinded an intelligent sovereign to the real wants, the true condition of his subjects, and their interests, that he regards as the clamour of a few disaffected men, the discontent and misery of all, and their determination to tolerate no longer the tears and cries of two oppressed nations; which, in a word, has changed into an unnatural parent a sovereign who had all the qualities necessary to form the good king as perfectly as those which make him the best of fathers.

Henceforward the Sicilians would throw the blame of their past sufferings on the *times*, and would feel nothing but love and gratitude to *persons*. They will once more regard the Neapolitans as brothers. Thus two nations, mutually independent, in their distinct parliaments and governments, will rival each other in ameliorating their condition, and thereby increasing the riches and power of the state, and the glory of the same crown.

SECTION 15.—IT IS THE INTEREST OF ITALY THAT SICILY SHOULD HAVE A SEPARATE GOVERNMENT.

It can hardly be necessary now to refute in particular the opinions of those who think "That Sicily ought to accept with the constitution, the same parliament and same government as Naples, and dissolve herself to form one kingdom, and one people—such fusion being required for the general interests of Italy." No, no—quite the reverse; the interests of Italy is, that Sicily—who is her advanced guard—her defensive citadel, on sea-board—should be peaceful, rich, powerful, free, and independent. Such Sicily never can be without her own parliament, government, and political existence. The interest of Italy, therefore, requires that these should be guaranteed to Sicily.

Sicily, confounded with Naples, will add but an additional province to that kingdom; it will be a burden, not a support, and must make the kingdom of Naples more feeble in itself, and in its relations with the rest of Italy. But separated from Naples, and being a distinct nation and people, it will give you a nation and people the more, which by contributing to the strength of Naples, must consolidate the power of Italy.

Furthermore, and this consideration deserves special attention, if Sicily should happen by this contemplated arrangement to lose her political existence and independence, her woes will soon recommence with more intensity than ever; she will merely change her tyrants, and after having been so long the victim of ministerial despotism, she will wither under parliamentary despotism, which is not less intolerable, or unjust, or shameful than the other. Once more then she must appeal to the chance of war and revolutions, but then it will be to throw herself into the arms of the stranger, for a nation driven to despair shrinks from nothing. Thus will that fair and fertile land be lost not only to Naples but to Italy.

CONCLUSION.

1st—Sicily though great, rich, and powerful enough to form a distinct nation, is not powerful enough to support her absolute sovereignty as an independent state. She ought, therefore, to be politically subject to the crown of Naples, and thus continue to belong to Italy, and to be a member of the great Italian family.*

2nd—But as her union in the bonds of political fraternity with a nation of 6,000,000 men is, and must be for her, a guarantee of power and dignity, not a title of slavery; she must have her own constitution, her own government, and her own ministry; she must have her own viceroy, or lieutenant, appointed by the king, invested with most ample powers, such as the selection of ministers, the exercise of the constitutional prerogatives of the crown, and of the executive power in accordance with the chambers and the national representation, as is the case in Hungary, with regard to Austria, and still better in Canada, with regard to England.

3rd—Where all is liberty, religion must not be a slave, dependent on the local ministry, or the caprice of the government. Religion, thus degraded—a mere government tool in the hands of power—loses all moral power, as experience proves, and can neither sustain the government, nor guide the people in the true paths of morality and civilization. When Italy is at peace, Sicily requires troops only in the fortresses, but she does not require them to preserve her fidelity to the crown, her word and oath being more than sufficient for that purpose, and consequently she can convert to other purposes the enormous sums hitherto consumed by a parasite enemy, which was the ogre of liberty, and good for nothing but the tyranny which employed it.

The revolutions of Sicily always commenced above; the *people* in Sicily were never the first to revolt; the people never revolted against the government until the government had revolted against

* Written before Sicily had declared her independence.

the people; Sicily never rose against a just and paternal government. Inconstancy, in changing her masters, is not part of her character—she never forgot loyalty until power had forgotten justice.

Place government in the happy impossibility of oppressing Sicily. Give her a parliament and government of her own, and that fair portion of Italy—powerful, free, independent, subject to the crown of Naples, and a member of the Italian confederation—must be a powerful bulwark to our Italy, and a glorious manifestation of her independence and her liberty.

FATHER JOACHIM VENTURA.

OLD ANGLO-IRISH CATHOLIC ASCENDENCY.

A Correspondent having protested against "the parallel" between Ireland and Sicily, in the last number of the Magazine, we answer, that there was no intention of forcing a parallel. Some points of resemblance were obvious enough in the relation between England and Ireland and those between Naples and Sicily; and those points were urged so efficiently by Father Ventura, that they were left to speak for themselves. Our correspondent might have seen that there was even an express disclaimer of publishing the translation for the sake of the parallel; the points of dissimilitude between the two cases, are so obvious to persons of ordinary information, that it was not deemed necessary to mention them.

Objection is made, particularly, to that part of the translation in which Father Ventura describes the Neapolitan prelates in Sicily "as mitred policemen," and as aiding in the government of Sicily for the interests of Naples. "How," asks our correspondent "can that apply to Ireland? It may be true of the Protestant clergy of the last three centuries, but it never was nor will be true of the Catholic clergy in Ireland." To this the answer is not very difficult. It may appear strange, yet it admits of strong proof, that the relations between a large portion of the Irish clergy and the English government, from 1172 to 1560, were not so different as our correspondent imagines from those subsisting between the same government and the Protestant clergy from 1560 to the present day. In the former period England and Ireland were of the one faith. Catholic prelates and English nobles in an incredible short space of time covered Ireland with splendid architectural monuments of their zeal and munificence, but if viewed in connexion with the English government on the one hand and the mass of the Irish people on the other, those really princely prelates do appear after all to bear, in a political light, some resemblance to the Neapolitan prelates, sitting on the episcopal thrones of Sicily. A few proofs of this position will answer our correspondent's assertion with regard to the past; and, as to the future, we leave that to those who pride themselves on their foreknowledge of all that unborn Time has in store for this revolutionary world.

It is painful, even at this distance of time, to review the antagonism of the old Irish and Anglo-Irish Catholics, and the extremes to which they were hurried in mutual recrimination. So late as 1656, when Cromwell had crushed both in one common ruin, when the remnant of the Irish clergy, Irish and Anglo-Irish, were lurking in bogs and mountains, or huddled together in the western islands, awaiting the fetter of the West Indian planter; even in that hour of woe, when all animosities should be hushed, as in the chamber of death, a work by an Irish priest was circulated in Rome, tracing all the calamities of Ireland to the Anglo-Norman settlers, raking up their history from the moment Strongbow landed to the day on which

their descendants fought in the armies of Elizabeth and defended her towns, and implying that there could be no peace for Ireland so long as those Anglo-Irish held sway in the land! It is not in this spirit that reference is now made to the past. This priest "with the long memory" drew forth a crushing reply from an Irish priest of English descent, who protested indignantly against being called an Anglo-Irishman. "Does Luke Wadding," he asks, "or Lombard, or White, or any other of our great writers of English descent, write themselves down in the title-page of their works 'Anglo-Hibernicus.' Are the English Anglo-Normans, or the French Franco-Gauls? Why is this pernicious and insulting distinction to be perpetuated among us alone?" The reply was presented to the Propaganda, a fact which shows that the controversy was not the mere ebullition of antiquarian bile, but the expression of a wide and deeply-seated feeling. Now how will our correspondent account for that fact? what is it that immortalized this animosity of race, even in the sanctuary, and excited two priests against each other, whose fathers had prayed before the same altars, in the same land, under the same nominal government during nearly 500 years? Is it merely that tenacious memory of national wrong, which, according to Thierry, characterizes the Irish race beyond all others? was it recent political discord, or are we to look higher for the cause? was religion its root? were there some clergy, after all, in Ireland in Catholic times, who, like the Neapolitan clergy in Sicily, were the nominees of an anti-national government, and soiled their hands by anti-national services? Let us see—

In the commencement of the fourteenth century, and not long before the invasion of Ireland by Edward Bruce, O'Neil, prince of Tyrone, sent his memorable remonstrance to the pope.

"MOST HOLY FATHER—The calumnies and false representations which have been heaped upon us by the English are too well known throughout the world, not to have reached the ears of your Holiness. We are persuaded, most Holy Father, that your intentions are most pure and upright, but from not knowing the Irish, except through the misrepresentations of their enemies, your Holiness might be induced to look upon as truths, those falsehoods which have been circulated, and to form an opinion contrary to what we merit, which would be to us a great misfortune. To avert such a calamity, we have resolved to send you, in this letter, a faithful description of the real state of our nation."

After this preamble, a long and painful statement of the political misery of the country follows, but the point to which we direct our correspondent's attention is:

"The same tribunal—namely, a parliament—with the co-operation and contrivance of some English bishops, at which the Archbishop of Armagh presided—a man who was but little esteemed for his conduct, and still less for his learning—made the following regulations at Kilkenny:—All religious communities in those parts of Ireland of which the English are in peaceful possession are prohibited to admit any novices but those of English blood, under the penalty of being treated by the king of England as having contemned his orders, and by the founders and superiors of those communities as refractory and guilty of disobedience. This regulation was but little needed; because before as well as after its enactment the English Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, and Regular Canons, and all the other communities, observed the spirit of it but too faithfully."

This may not have been the universal practice; because, in the reign of Edward II., a Mora O'Melaghlin, and after her a Mac Geoghegan, were approved by royal letter as abbesses of the convent of Clonard, which was certainly within the English land. It is possible, too, that some of the Irish convents, especially that most Irish one at Mellifont, had enforced a similar practice against postulants of English blood. But the general

fact is but too true. It was in vain that the Pope reminded the king of England of Adrian's grant to Henry II., and complained of the violation of its terms.

"To the tenor of that grant," he said, "neither Henry nor his successors have paid any regard, but, passing the bounds that were prescribed to them, they have, without cause or provocation, heaped upon the Irish the most unheard of miseries, and have during a long period, imposed upon them a yoke of intolerable slavery. None have dared to stem the persecution inflicted on the Irish, not one, I say, has been moved through a holy compassion for their sufferings, though the loud cries of the oppressed have reached the ears of your Majesty."

In vain did Pope John XXII. thus advise, admonish, and threaten; for about forty years later, and at a time when the political power of England was declining in Ireland, when those noble old barons had become more Irish than the Irish themselves, the memorable statutes, the great statute of Kilkenny was passed which excluded, by law, all native Irish not only from monasteries but from cathedrals and benefices wherever the English had any power. We have styled it the great statute—the fundamental statute—the *Magna Charta* of English rights in Ireland; because the great charter itself, the laws of the good King Edward were not more frequently sworn to and confirmed in England than was this statute of Kilkenny in Ireland. We pray our correspondent to study its enactment; manifestly he is a gentleman of respectable information on other points, but as he is not acquainted with these facts, we are excused, nay we discharge a sacred duty in enlightening him, lest other respectable men among our readers might be equally ignorant of matters which every Irish Catholic who loves the liberty of his church ought to know at the present time:

"XIII.—Also it is ordained," saith the statute, "That no Irishman of the nations of the Irish be admitted into any cathedral or collegiate church by permission, collation, or presentation of any person; nor to any benefice of Holy Church, amongst the English of this land; and that if any be admitted into such benefice, it be held for void, and the king shall have the presentation of the said benefice for that avoidance."

"XIV. Also, no religious house, situate among the English (be it exempt or not) shall henceforth receive any Irishmen to their profession, but may receive Englishmen without taking into consideration whether they be born in England or in Ireland; and that any that shall act otherwise, and shall thereof be attainted, their temporalities shall be seized into the hands of our lord the king, so to remain at his pleasure."

The Catholic understands, at once, the fearful consequences of this royal edict. The native Irish in the fertile plains of Meath, Kildare, Kilkenny, Wexford, and Tipperary, who never were able to shake off the yoke of English dominion, were doomed to perpetual exclusion from the hallowed precincts of the monastic choir; morning, noon, and evening the convent bell might speak to their souls of the tranquillity they could enjoy under the monastic rule; it might stir up within them a vocation which the Giver of all Good had implanted in their hearts; but English law frustrated God's vocation. Though they had never raised an arm in the field against the lord of Ireland, nor ever listened to Irish rhymers or proscribed bards, there was no admission for them (except by patent) into convent or monastery, though it were hallowed in their memories by the glory of a St. Columba or St. Kevin who had founded it, and shed a lustre around their land, before the Saxon had yet bowed to the cross of Christ. From the mountains of Wicklow, or the wooded frontier of Offaly, or the castellated marshes of Cavan and Monaghan, the young Irishman who felt he was not called to the busy scenes of life, but to the peace of the cloister, might gaze in sad despondency on the monastic

turrets in the pale; he might sigh for a resting-place in Kells or Durrow, or Kildare, or Bective, but there was no admission because he was "of the nations of the Irish." The kindness of the Irish heart had often won its way through statutes, and annulled by the laws of nature the laws of England, but this law of exclusion was enforced by the tremendous penalty of excommunication. It was signed by three Archbishops and four bishops, and of these four at least were Irish by birth and name—may the Lord have mercy on them! Will our correspondent really maintain that there never was in Ireland, under English rule, in Catholic times, a system of politico-clerical government, analogous to that which Father Ventura denounces as lately existing in Sicily?

And yet those Anglo-Irish were really a noble race, men who have left lasting monuments of their zeal and munificence in Ireland; they were racy of the soil, but they were the instruments of alien dominion. That fact alone can explain how severely the statutes of Kilkenny were enforced down to the Reformation. In 1485 and 1493 the Catholic archbishop of Dublin was under the necessity of applying for an act of parliament to justify him in appointing Irish priests to the Irish districts of his diocese. Such was the law. Its violation was treason and excommunication. It was treason to appoint an efficient priest for the inhabitants of the Dublin mountains, or the southern suburbs of the city, if the king or parliament had not previously given a patent. When such was the case in the rural districts, it will not be surprising though it may be new to many of our readers, to read the following extract from a letter of Pope Leo X.:

"Item, consuetudo illa, antiquitus observata, de Hibernicis natione, moribus et sanguine non admittendis in Ecclesiâ cathedrali sancti Patricii præfatâ quâcunque regiâ dispensatione non obstante, concordatum est QUOD VIGENT VALEAT ET INVALESCAT, VIRIDI OBSERVATIONE SEMPER VALITURA et super hoc tam per archiepiscopum, quàm per Decanum diligentissimè fiet inquisitio."

Thus, not even royal patent could open the stalls of St. Patrick's cathedral to a mere Irishman so late as the pontificate of Leo X. Will our correspondent point out to us the difference, in point of national or political principle, between this system and that which has prevailed in the same cathedral during the last three hundred years, under the mixed system of Luther and Calvin? Substitute Catholic for Irishman and where is the difference?

We know the arguments that can be adduced to explain these extraordinary laws. The Irish and Anglo-Irish, as it has been forcibly said by Dr. Doyle were two nations struggling in the womb of the same mother. And *they were her children*, for when the Church was left to her own free action or could enlist the piety of the king, the distinction between Irish and Anglo-Irish was forgotten. Thus by royal grant of the kings of England the most inveterate Irish enemy or rebel, who had but just encountered the royal troops in the border passes, could march securely into the heart of the Pale on a pilgrimage to the churches of the Blessed Virgin at Navan or Trim, and any English paleman arresting or injuring this rebel pilgrim, was condemned to the utmost penalty of English law. These are memories on which it is sweet to ponder, and which you may seek in vain through all the royal charters of the successors of Elizabeth. We recall them lest it might be supposed that a wish to make our parallel good had led us to suppress facts. But we now introduce an unexceptionable witness.

It is deeply interesting to watch the progress of

Anglo-Irish feeling at the period of the Reformation; how the colonists began to regard the Irish as not entirely so bad, when they found themselves ordered by English governors and influence to renounce the old creed. England now began to appear in a new light to the worthy burghers of the pale; but the traces of anti-Irish prejudice and English predilection are visible in the writings even of the most eminent among them. Peter Lombard, Catholic archbishop of Armagh at the close of Elizabeth's reign, who was one of the most accomplished scholars of the day, boasts, in several passages of his celebrated work, that he was of English descent, and indignantly disclaims any intention of disconnecting the countries. He maintains that the Anglo-Irish were vastly superior to the native Irish in civilization and general perfection—in a word, he was an honest but prejudiced palesman nurtured in pale ascendancy, the type of many honest Anglican Irish of the present day, who, in spite of the best possible intentions, unconsciously betray a sense of their own superiority over the *natives*. But this prejudice of the honest archbishop gives additional value to his condemnation of past English policy towards Ireland. In an able and very temperate work, which was presented to the Pope about the year 1600, he thus epitomizes the main grievances of Ireland under Catholic England. Mark how he, though a native of Waterford, speaks as if he were not an Irishman.

As to *their* complaints I will state a few of them, leaving to others to decide upon their merits:

"Secondly, they complain that though more civilized manners and arts have been established in the places occupied by the English colonists (as I proved already), yet the native Irish, so far from being made partakers in those blessings, were, on the contrary, systematically excluded from them. Nay, that no sufficient provision was made in the country for those establishments which could, at once, develop and increase the national wealth and respectability.

"Thirdly, though the Irish have a decided taste and eminent talent for literature and art, their genius being often of the first order, the English governors never could be induced to maintain an university in Ireland. When a project of that kind was once mooted, in Catholic times, at the English council-board, it was violently opposed by one of the most eminent councillors, himself a Catholic bishop. When he was afterwards asked how was it possible that a Catholic bishop could oppose so holy and desirable a project? he answered, that he gave his vote against the university not as a Catholic bishop, but as a councillor of the king of England. There might be some sense in this subtle distinction, if it could save the Catholic bishop, when the English councillor was condemned at the bar of God and his saints."—*Commen. de Reg. Hib.*, p. 256.

This is not the harangue of a demagogue, nor the manifesto of a soldier like that of O'Neil, but a plain statement of grievances presented to the Pope by the highest ecclesiastical authority in Ireland. Surely there was grave reason for the assertion of Father Ventura, that the ecclesiastical relations between England and Ireland in Catholic times, were not on the most satisfactory footing. Men who have studied the subject with the calm of the historian believe, not without good grounds, that the native Irish Catholics were far less advanced in all the arts that adorn and elevate human society in the sixteenth century, than they had been when the English first came to the country. It would be too painful to adduce some of the proofs of this opinion, but we shall merely say that the ignorance of the sixteenth century was such as might be expected in a country which had gone through a period of 400 years' war, and in which the influence of the church was paralyzed, by being ranged on the side of foreign oppression. The more you compare those two government establishments—the Anglo-

Irish and the Protestant church—the more you will be convinced that they were both strongholds of an English interest, differing only in faith and in the extent to which they carried their anti-national feelings. It would be an atrocious calumny on the memory of the Anglo-Irish prelates, to say they were as bad as their Protestant fellows after the Reformation. The latter had but a small flock, they were generally imported direct from England, they sought but English interests, and have left hardly a trace of their beneficent influence on Irish soil. The exceptions to the rule are so well known that it is unnecessary to name them.

So much for the past; but as to our correspondent's prophecy that there never can be in the Irish Catholic church a party like that of the Neapolitan prelates in Sicily; fervently we pray that he may be right, and that there is no danger of a practical Catholic ascendancy in Ireland so long as Ireland is under the imperial parliament. Catholic ascendancy, whether under an imperial or an Irish parliament is a frightful evil, it would assuredly destroy the Catholic religion. On that point there is little doubt among Catholics, but many doubt whether the imperial parliament may not at length establish a practical Catholic ascendancy in this country. By a practical ascendancy is meant a strong Catholic party favoured by England and acting on English views, in return for the lion's share of English patronage. This ascendancy requires neither penal laws nor statute to support it. Its right is its power—its patent is that law by which English imperialism gravitates towards the strongest party in Ireland, that party by which Ireland could be most cheaply governed for English interests. But is there no danger of such an ascendancy under an imperial parliament? If the Catholic prelates adopted the principle of Whig Catholics, that a liberal state endowment was the panacea for the evils of Ireland, if on receipt of such endowment they co-operated cordially with the English government, if the Catholics, who eighty years ago could not take even an acre of bog without certain conditions, continue to increase in wealth and power, if the clergy and Catholic gentry, i.e. the genteel and *moderate* classes, consented after a generation or so, to be, in one word, the English party in Ireland, would there be any danger of a practical Catholic ascendancy? Such we presume is the true mode of testing the prophecy, that there never can be in Ireland, under the imperial parliament, a clerical party like the Neapolitan bishops in Sicily. You lean on a broken reed if you imagine that England will respect Irish Protestant feelings or Protestant interests when they are opposed to her own interests. She has never done so—she has severed, with an iron hand, the ties of centuries when they crossed her path. The present poor-law and, better still than the poor-law, the arguments by which the English press enforced its enactment, show her respect for her old Irish allies. So has it ever been. In 1340, the English crown resumed all the grants that had been made to the Anglo-Irish nobles, because they were beginning to become more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the sixteenth century she destroyed some and curtailed the possessions of other Anglo-Irish, because they were opposed to English interests, but, in 1660, the creation of a new English interest exhibits her system so truly that it is worth while to listen to the eloquent and prophetic voice of a Catholic bishop denouncing it.

"Supposing," he says, "that the preservation of an

English interest were so sacred a thing, that it may be held lawful in that regard to extirpate the old inhabitants of Ireland, who have received from the hand of God that portion of the earth for their inheritance, upon what colour of title can our rigid statesmen design the extirpation of so many families in Ireland, of the English race and extraction lineally descended from the best families in England, and those ancient English colonies who first brought over that interest into Ireland and maintained it there for so many ages? If this cannibal English interest gives no better quarter to the children of English in Ireland, what can strangers expect? nay, what assurance can be had for the posterity of those very adventurers and soldiers (Cromwellian) that, after an age or two, they shall not be likewise disowned or displaced to make room for a new warm of English planters, upon the account of securing a new English interest; and those new colonies, also, within an age after, shall be extirpated upon the same score; for the children of those who were planted about the beginning of King James's reign, are now destroyed for the better security of an English interest, as well as the posterity of the first English, so that, to the world's end, if we follow this rule, we shall never be able to secure the English interest in the kingdom of Ireland."

Now is it not notorious that the Irish conservative press regards the poor-laws as a confiscation, and were not "English interests" the argument urged for its enactment, when the imperial revenue and the English ratepayers felt the pressure of Irish pauperism? were not the arguments used against it by the whole Irish conservative press that it would confiscate the loyal Protestant property of Ireland, for the benefit of disaffected Catholic paupers? Is there not some truth in Dr. French's prediction? That poor-law or its principle is nevertheless a law of the Medes; it cannot be repealed by an Irish or English parliament. Certainly it will become, not by mere figure of rhetoric but in stern reality, a confiscation on an extensive scale, if the tribute paid to England, in the shape of surplus revenue, purchased manufactures, and absentee drain, be not stopped before another decade. It will work the social revolution in Ireland predicted by O'Connell; it will drag down those who have the property to the level of those who have not, and when that revolution is approaching its consummation, what will be the ascendant power in Ireland? At present the aristocratic element is nearly worn out; we are not so confident in our prophetic skill as our correspondent, but, perhaps, there is more danger of a Catholic anti-national ascendancy in Ireland under an imperial than an Irish legislature. Eighty years ago, remember, an Irish Catholic could not take an acre of bog except under certain conditions; now they enjoy the good things of the government, and really, as far as we can judge from the *moderate classes* among them, since 1829, they relish those good things as well as any other class of her majesty's subjects—a Catholic attorney-general can draw the line of distinction between the government Catholic and the mere Irish Catholic. Let no priest who values the independence of his church imagine that the Catholic gentry will defend it; a certain old bishop in the south was dragged out of his bed some thirty-eight years ago by a Catholic millionaire, because he would not consent to the *veto*. "What!" exclaimed the indignant Sir, "a plebeian to cast his church scruples in the path of my liberty and promotion?" This may not be the feelings of the class at present, but the contrary does

not appear; Shiel, for instance, has often prescribed the omnipotent sanative of gold. And should the Catholic clergy at last, worn out by the pressure of want, and endless agitation, and despair of conciliating the Protestant middle classes (the aristocracy some say are hopeless,) abandon themselves to the golden tongue of the Irish Catholic gentry and the English government (in some crisis of the Papal temporal power) young men may live to see one of the most wretched ascendancies that ever cursed even this island. And oh! what a shameful fall was there; that the church who has waged three centuries of successful war against England, who the first among all Catholic churches in Europe has, in those modern times, solemnized the union of the sternest Catholic principle with the most liberal constitutional liberty, that she should bend her proud neck to the gold collar of the English imperialist, and, at last, expire under the weight of boards, commissions, trusteeships, &c., &c., entrusted to her care for the benefit of imperial centralization. Welcome, a thousand times welcome, the puritan trooper and his Cromwellian bloodhound; welcome the mountain altar and the traitor mass, rather than such a degradation. It is death—the worst of deaths—the death of the anti-national, clerical, felon amid the execration of a confiding and betrayed people.

In these hurried lines some disagreeable facts have been stated, facts to which many persons, no doubt, would prefer extending the amnesty of death. What good is it, you ask, to exhibit the Catholic prelates, John O'Grady, archbishop of Tuam, Thomas O'Carroll, archbishop of Cashel, and Thomas O'Hogan, bishop of Killaloe, sitting in parliament, in St. Canice's cathedral, with English barons, and pronouncing sentence of excommunication against all who should presume to admit, any of the "nations of the Irish" into any Anglo-Irish church, monastery or benefice? Why this—it simply exhibits the ecclesiastical policy of England, it proves that if England were Catholic to-morrow, the woes of Ireland were not over, because the old system, as exemplified in Naples and Sicily, might be revived, and finally it indicates Father Ventura's parallel.

But we hope the time is at hand when England can no longer make any Irish church an accomplice in misgovernment, when all who are not ashamed, or are obliged, or love to live in Ireland will combine to manage their own affairs in their own country, and allow the Irish Catholic clergy to be as retiring as Giraldus Cambrensis, and his turbulent Norman clergy, found them centuries ago. The fear of Catholic ascendancy under a national government in the present age, when Pius IX. opens the ghetto, when the French clergy proclaim liberty and equality, when Catholic and Protestant are rivalling each other in preserving whatever of good there is in our history, when the young men of all parties are rapidly forming, what Ireland never had—a united, intelligent, and resident middle class, the class which will rule Ireland; the fear of any ascendancy in such times is one of those phenomena which could not be believed if many of the most famous Orange *wreckers* had not quietly perished by famine in the ditches round Dungannon, in 1847. And yet the fear really exists, not only among the veterans of the Orange party and the aspirants to high ecclesiastical promotion (in both of whom it is natural) but even among many who have nothing to gain but much to lose by things as they are. From such a shadow of national death may all honest men be speedily delivered.

Acta Sanctorum.

THE BOLLANDISTS.—LITERARY TOUR.

IV.

THE inscription on the tomb of Papebroch is rigorously true:

Quod Rosneydus prepararat
Quod Bollandus inchoarat
Quod Henschenius formarat
Perfectit Papebrochius.

It is true, if not of the "Acta," at least of the museum of the saints. Papebroch's father was a wealthy merchant of Hamburg, who emigrated to Antwerp in order to enjoy his religion in peace. He bequeathed all his wealth to his son, who devoted it all to the Bollandist library. The tour to Rome both enriched the collection with valuable accessions, and made it real and comparative value known to its founders. Henschenius was amazed at finding nothing equal to it before his arrival in Italy; and even after nine months' residence in Rome, his surprise was still not removed. The Papal collection, and those of some princes, it is true, contained more rare and more numerous articles, but as a general museum not one of them could be compared to the museum at Antwerp.

It is not merely to indulge ourselves on a delightful topic that we enter into some details on this point, for it is really the most essential part of the subject. The Bollandist museum is the cradle of the "Acta," the trophy of the saints, the permanent home of the hagiologists; their tent in labour and in rest—in truth almost their tomb. It was in the act of tottering out of it, after correcting a sheet, that Bollandus was struck with the paralysis that carried him off. Henschenius was paying it his last visit, when he, too, was struck at the very door; and Papebroch, at the age of eighty-six, and after losing his sight, still continued to dwell in that monument of the lights of Christianity.

Let us recall our reader's attention a moment to our first paper. When Rosweyde died, it was asked whether the manuscripts which he had collected in his cabinet should be abandoned to decay (*tineis esset blattisque relinquenda*) or preserved. The latter alternative was adopted; Bollandus, who was appointed legate, found all the materials piled in confusion in the library at Antwerp. He succeeded in obtaining for himself two chambers in the upper story, where he stored up by themselves all that he had received from Rosweyde. This apartment was very high, narrow, lighted from the roof, and so dark that even in noon day a candle was required in the corners of it. The books and manuscripts were piled here so closely that it was difficult to distinguish and count them. As long as Bollandus worked alone, his practiced eye and tenacious memory supplied a sure thread in this labyrinth. Still it sometimes happened that after a four days' search for a book he was obliged to give it up in despair. But when he had a fellow-labourer it was impossible that each of them could respect the mental catalogue of the other. The printing once commenced, scattered sheets, proofs, reserved pieces, and other incumbances, increased their embarrassment. An unexpected letter sometimes threw them into complete confusion. Every day, from twenty different quarters, letters were received giving the first and last lines of certain lives of the saints, and inquiring whether they had them. To ascertain it, they were obliged to turn over those chaos mountains of documents; dunned in the mean time by impatient messengers. In a word,

Bollandus and Henschenius often remained, lamp in hand, until eleven o'clock, in the depth of winter, searching their two garrets. The whole month of January was compiled while the materials were in this disordered state, and the work still bears the marks of its laborious production.

By degrees inventories introduced some order into those mazy compilations. But it was not before the year 1660, after the journey to Rome, that they undertook to compile a general alphabetical catalogue of all the saints whom they had then discovered. Nothing but the old age and increasing infirmities of Bollandus could induce them to change the scene of their labours.

They succeeded in obtaining, over the refectory, in their house at Antwerp a large apartment, well aired and lighted : a long desk, breast high, extended through the whole room ; above it was ranged, in order for each month, a case, in which every day had its own drawer, for the manuscript documents and detached pieces. The rest of the apartment was furnished with shelves for books and the more ponderous manuscripts, arrayed in order under the general headings, general history, particular histories of bishoprics, abbeys, and other ecclesiastical institutions ; next, general lives of the saints, monographs, proper offices, breviaries, and other liturgical books. These details may appear trifling, but it is sweet to breathe in spirit the air of this sanctuary, and to become familiar with its very looks.

This was the Bollandist museum, over which one might justly write the inscription of Serapion, *τήσ-φύξης ιατρείον* : *anima pharmacum*. But *philosophy*, Omar of civilization, which burned all libraries because all knowledge was compressed into its own "Koran"—philosophy, in the day of its evil ascendancy, scattered the Bollandist museum to the winds, and of all the treasures which devoted industry and liberality had collected there, we have but a catalogue : even the specific inventory of manuscripts is lost. A few stray sketches may be discerned here and there ; and surely we may be allowed to study them with as much respect as the traveller gives to the remnants of Grecian or Roman genius which have escaped the destroying hand of Vandal or of Turk.

Papebroch states that during his tour to Rome, alone, he had collected more than a thousand "acts of saints," who had been hitherto either unknown or known from the brief notice in a martyrology only. In the city of Rome he found seven hundred. Four hundred others were restored to their original integrity, and two hundred and seventy acts of the Saints of the Eastern Church were preserved in the original texts. If we judge from the ninety-nine volumes which were intended as materials for the three last months of the "Acta," the collection for the whole year must have comprised more than four hundred volumes. An inventory, taken by an imperial commissioner when the Jesuits were dispersed, gives the number of 449 manuscript volumes ; "and this number," as Mr. Marshal observes in his notice of the "Bibliothèque de Bourgogne, Brussels," "would be much greater if the commissioner had specified the separate documents included in the same collection, the works bound up in the same volume, and the different papers marked with the same figure."

The original catalogue of these 449 manuscripts is lost ; there remains only a note concerning seventy-six of them, divided into two parts, one containing

twenty-five, the other fifty-one, the only ones which were left to the Bollandists for the continuation of their labours, after their removal to the Abbey of Cauberg by Joseph II. This piece of imperial robbery is gravely attributed, in the official document, "to the *generous solicitude* of his Majesty for the success of a literary work which had always commanded *his special patronage* and sympathy."

In one of these catalogues are marked an "Eusebius," a "Rule of St. Benedict," a "Pliny," and a "Julius Cæsar," which were said to be very ancient, together with the "Annals of Antwerp," a posthumous work of Papebroch. But the Bollandists were deprived of the use of several other of their most valuable works, such as three ancient collections of the "Canons of the Church," all anterior to Burchard's ; the "Russo-Sclavonic and Muscovite Calendar," which had been presented by Baron de Spazwenfeldt, a descendant of St. Bridget of Sweden ; and the most ancient copy extant in Belgium of the works of St. Cesarius, which had been given to the Bollandists out of Bellarmine's collection.

Of the printed works the catalogue is extant in two large folio volumes. It appears that they exceeded 8,000, but their chief value was their rarity, selection, and the special subjects which they treated. Papebroch states that in his own time they had not less than 400 lives of particular saints, and 200 histories of cities, bishoprics, and monasteries of Italy, in the Italian language alone.

But to remove all obstacles to the triumphant progress of their work, the Bollandists extended their researches to all points, by means of an extensive and organised literary correspondence. Their museum was brought into communication with all the great literary treasures in Europe, and became, so to speak, a central counting-house for the literary world. They paid with rich interest any new capital forwarded to them. It is computed that Father du Sollier alone wrote 12,000 letters, of which a register was kept in a work destined exclusively for correspondence on the hagiological subjects ; and yet du Sollier's was certainly not the most extensive correspondence. The letters were often accompanied with dissertations, notes, and long memoirs. The increasing importance of the work gradually raised the house at Antwerp to the first rank among those of the order. It was the centre not merely of hagiological labours, but of many other works of literature and religion. Thus, almost all the "Lettres Edifiantes" of the missionaries passed through the hands of the Bollandists. There are still extant at Brussels large collections of documents relating to the history of China and Japan exclusively ; and among others, almost all the letters of Father Verbiest. The new Bollandists have in their possession some invaluable portions of that immense correspondence, in the autographs or with the signature of Bollandus and most of his successors, together with those of their learned brethren Fronton le Duc, Hardouin, Sirmond, Labbe, Jouveney, Lancinius, Poussin, Kircher ; as also those of Leibnitz, Muratori, Pagi Ciampini, Saxius, Magliabecchi, and Cardinals Fontanini, D'Aguire, Ursin, Tholomei, Barberini, and Bellarmine.

We have already heard the voice of that great man encouraging Rosweyde, and predicting the accomplishment of the glorious work, stupendous though it appeared at the time.

In going over this immense collection of letters, and communing with those great spirits in every

quarter of the globe—seeing them in turn amiable and learned, candid and profound, we felt a charm which we would fain communicate to our readers. It was Raphael's dream of the school of Athens realised, but with that air of faith, humility, and Christian charity which the gardens of the Academicians never knew. This elegant correspondence, which was blessed by the saints, as it was commenced for their glory, is so very different from the literary correspondence of the present day, that it would look like a fable of the golden age if we laid specimens of it before our readers. Some idea must be given of it, however, because the Bollandists, whose tours have been already described, cannot be known in their every day life—the interior bustle of their museum cannot come home to us except through their correspondence. Bollandus commences his work like one of the patriarchs of old; as soon as his treasures begin to accumulate, he scatters them with more than regal profusion. Thus he gave Father Bucher the five “*Opuscula*,” which made him a name: to Father Sirmund he gave a whole volume of Archbishop Hincmar, and to André Duchesne the “*Annals of St. Bertin*,” and several other manuscripts to other literati, who, in return, contributed valuable aid in elucidating the difficult questions which were occasionally started in the extensive field of the “*Acta Sanctorum*.”

But the liberality of Bollandus was not confined to these men whose fame was already recognised in the republic of letters. Thus Father Lahier, a native of Lorraine, received from him copious notes for a calendar of Holy Virgins; to Father Lisen, a native of Liege, he gave full materials for a history of that city; and at the request of two Irishmen, then unknown to fame, Ward and John Colgan, he patiently examined that obscure labyrinth, the chronology and history of the saints of England and Ireland.

The Plantinian press was then in as great request as that of the Elzevirs, and it was through Bollandus that applications were generally addressed for its use. But, not content with giving his kind services for that end, he often undertook the trouble of correcting the sheets, and received frequently, as a compensation, the appointment of universal legatee to the manuscripts of celebrated authors. Thus Father Lancicius bequeathed to him all his works, and the good father published them in two large volumes, every sheet of which was corrected with his own hand. From another intimate friend, Father Casimir Sarbievius, he received a volume of poems, which were then highly esteemed, and regarded almost as classics. Bollandus, who was himself an admirable classical scholar, and a poet too, accepted the present, and, as he was wont, summoned to his aid the best classical scholars of the day to lend their charms to the preface, title-page, and dedication of the “*modern Horace*.” Even from the distant plains of the Catholic but now unhappy Poland, he received a letter from Father Hincska, requesting twenty-six steel engravings from the Plantinian press. The request could not, of course, be refused, being made for the most valuable volume of the “*Bibliothica Mariana*,” namely, that Polish work so highly prized, “*The Life of the Blessed Virgin and the Infancy of Jesus*.” Two theologians, Guismar, and Wadding, the Irishman, applied to him from Bohemia to have their ponderous tomes published by the same famous printers. The same favour was obtained, by his means for “*a Funeral Oration on Frederic II.*,” by his confessor; for the “*Tides of the Sea*,” by Moret;

the ascetical works of Nieremberguis, and the publications of Garzia de Valle.

Of course his kind offices could not be refused to his own society, which entrusted him with an edition of its statutes, nor to his devoted patrons, the Abbots of Liessies, for whom he published an edition of the works of Louis de Blois, to which he prefixed a life of the author.

But what episodes were crowded into the life of this extraordinary man! One day a missionary from China, named Father Martin Martini, came to him from Rome, with an enormous map of the Celestial Empire. Neither Plantin, nor Meursius, nor any of the Catholic printers in the Low Countries could attempt the publication of that map. Bollandus, without a moment's hesitation, went to Blaen, of Amsterdam; the missionary was at once received like a mandarin in that Lutheran city; a hotel was assigned for him at the expense of the senate, and the great Protestant printing press published the Map of China, dedicated to the Pope, compiled by a Jesuit, illustrated with Papist notes, and consecrated to the glory and diffusion of Catholic propagandism.

Father Bollandus had his eye ever watchful over all the interests of the Church. He was one of the first to detect and denounce the rising scourge of Jansenism. He kept up on that subject a close and almost daily correspondence with the Nuncio at Cologne. Henschenius and Papebroch found at Rome whole piles of those letters, which were then carefully preserved by the same nuncio after his elevation to the popedom, under the title of Alexander VII.

To the last moment of his life, the indefatigable old man was ever liberal of whatever strength and time his infirmities and professional labours left at his disposal. Shortly before his death, and as if to prepare him for it, Providence entrusted to his care, as the last act of his devotion, the printing of the “*Euthanasia*,” or “*Meditations on a Happy Death*,” of Father Weischer. Even when he was on his death-bed, they brought another work for his sanction, namely, “*Moral Instructions taken from the Lives of the Saints*.” He gave his opinion in favour of the publication of the work, and these were the last words he uttered before his agony. On the very day that he received the last sacraments, one of the superiors of the society wrote to him from Rome, and addressed him as the great pillar of science in all matters regarding the veneration of the saints; but before this eulogy came to its destination he was dead, and, let us hope, enjoying the society of the saints for whose glory he had laboured.

In a preceding article, some account has been given of the letters written by Father Henschenius during his tour to Rome. The relations he had contracted in that journey naturally brought on a correspondence, and enriched the Bollandist museum with many valuable letters. He left Father Possin after him at Rome to superintend and urge on the copyists in that city and throughout Italy. Father Kircher counted on his kind help for the circulation of his works in the Low Countries. Father Combefis sent him the acts of a St. Peter, of Mount Athos; and Father Quetif, in the name of his order, presented to those Bollandists all the literary labours of that learned Dominican.

Some years ago there was extant a collection of letters written to Papebroch from 1680 to 1700, but, unfortunately, we have not been able to consult it; his correspondence was more extensive than that of any of the Bollandists, and it gives a connected history

of all the controversies to which their work had given rise. The letters would form a subject for a separate paper. Among them are several from Leibnitz, who, with characteristic candour and nobleness of soul, aids the Bollandists, and contributes to the circulation of their work. Some letters of Pagi on chronology, and of Schelesdat on hagiographical criticism, especially regarding the Roman Breviary, with others from l'Abbe Chatelain, Hardouin, and, above all, Mabillon, are still extant in the same collection.

It is pleasing to find in this correspondence a name worthy of being cited after those of Bellarmine and Mabillon; Muratori has also contributed his share of those letters, which are monuments so creditable of Christian greatness and simplicity. Father Jenninck, one of the youngest of the Bollandists, sent him some critical notes on the edition of St. Paulinus, which was Muratori's first great work. The learned editor at once acknowledged the kindness in the most cordial and candid manner. "You have conferred a very great favour on me," he writes; "nothing could be more welcome to me than your last letter. In suggesting the true reading of several passages of my 'Paulinus,' which I had mistaken, you have corrected, with the kindness of a friend and the profound skill of the critic, my sad attempts at correction. I cannot express to you how deeply grateful I feel that, overwhelmed as you are with far more important concerns, you could have spared time to bestow a thought on me. I am not at all surprised that a person of your learning should have found many faults in that book; but, allow me to confess my impudence. I published the edition of 'Paulinus' in a hurry, and without consulting a single person of competent judgment, or asking the opinion of any censor. And if you ask 'whence such effrontery?' I can only answer that I was urged on by an irresistible propensity to make my name appear in the world of letters, that I had no regard for the 'Lima' of Horace or his other sage precepts; in a word, that I was only twenty-five years of age. Here is my apology, if such it be, and not an aggravation of my faults, and I have no delicacy in making it known to the most indulgent of my friends. I have recorded all your corrections in my work, so that should my 'Saint Paulinus' see a second edition it will be with your amended readings. Should you detect similar faults in my other publications, please make them known to me; be assured that I will receive it as an act of great kindness at your hands." In another letter, he commences thus: "Do you remember a Muratori who once had the honour of being inscribed among your friends? I hope you do. Permit him now to protest against your silence. He can no longer endure this long interruption of our friendly relations. You are now, I suppose, under the care of your good father, and making a rapid progress in the vast career of your labours. Do spare time to let me know whether you have forgotten me. If there be any favour you require from the most serene Duke of Modena, you know how you can count, not indeed on the intellectual services of my head, but on a heart that is ever and affectionately yours." This is not the mere politeness of the scholar, for Muratori mourns, like a fervent and devoted Catholic, over the evils with which the Church in his day was afflicted. "Let us pray the ever good and most high God, to grant us the fortitude of patience, and the cure of our souls, that we may receive with calmness and profit the strokes with which He visits

us. Literature, assuredly, will suffer; and I fear we cannot pursue our labours with tranquillity of mind; but O, may religion, at least, escape uninjured; may the Swedes be arrested in their invasion of Poland, and the turbulent disciples of Calvin in another quarter be hushed to repose."

With these extracts from the amiable Muratori we close the notice on the Bollandist collection. If the length of the extracts from his letters needed any apology, we would give it at the risk of adding to the offence, by citing another passage of his own flowing and Ciceronian Latin: "*Dulce est eruditionis sectatoribus quotidie cum mortuis versari: dulcius profecto futurum, cum vivis a quibus brevi, facilique compendio, eruditior in dies discedas.*"

This account of the Bollandist collection naturally suggests some thoughts on the manuscript and monumental evidences of our own national history, which are far more numerous than many of our readers imagine. A short visit to the Royal Irish Academy shows that the convulsions by which Ireland has been tortured during many a long century have spared enough to enable the scholar to trace the history of civilization, and to prove that the glory of other days is not the enthusiast's dream. Of those who have commenced, and are every day increasing, at great expense, the collection in the Academy, we are afraid to speak as we feel—they belong in general to that party which had been long identified with oppression, and from whom no national good was expected; and yet they have been silently erecting a monument of unpretending patriotism which will make future scholars describe them—as more Irish than the Irish themselves. The Anglo-Normans of old, preferred Irish language, laws, and dress to those of the English. The same principle is operating at present, and fervently we pray that it may produce greater fruit. Catholics have welcomed with such enthusiasm all indications of Protestant nationality, that the very extravagance of their eulogy must have often defeated its own end.

Review.

ARCHÆOLOGIA HIBERNICA. A Handbook of Irish Antiquities, Pagan and Christian. By WILLIAM F. WAKEMAN, M'GLASHAN, Dublin.

THIS interesting little volume is, we hope, the pioneer of more extensive inquiries into the important subject of which it treats. A great deal has been written and published relative to our national antiquities, but until very lately these publications reflected little credit on the country or its historic monuments. Our antiquaries of a former period might be divided into two classes, and it would be difficult to determine which party proved more dangerous to the subject which they attempted to illustrate: there were visionaries who went on dreaming of an undefined degree of remote antiquity, who would, were you inclined to give credence to their fancies, persuade you that

"Of Eve's first fire they had a cinder."

But having pored over their dull tomes, you felt a certain misgiving as to the amount of enlightenment you had received, and if not sufficiently enthusiastic to stomach Vallancey, you probably terminated your inquiries in downright scepticism. The object of these investigators, however, was laudable, although their means were far from being justifiable. Truth was un-

fortunately sacrificed to the weakness of heightening our veneration for the past, by sending it back a few centuries in the stream of time. The second class of authors differed from the former in their object, which was to depreciate the antiquity of our historic monuments. They treated our antiquities as the remains of works of foreign invaders—the Danes; or of Popish superstition, ignorance, and all that sort of thing. Whatever they could not with any appearance of reason attribute to the latter, was freely bestowed upon the former; hence Dr. Ledwich gravely informs us that certain symbols which we know to have a Christian signification, are *runic knots* and so forth. Of these conflicting sets opinions the former were the more estimable, not that they contained more truth, but because, in the time they were set forth, they were calculated to excite in the minds of some persons a love and reverence for the old land, while the latter could only contribute to an ignorant contempt of our history and neglect of its monuments.

To what cause soever it may be attributed, it is certain that the remains of antiquity with which our country abounds, have been, with very few exceptions, completely neglected by what are called the “better classes.” The peasantry regarded with affectionate veneration the visible memorials of their ancient church, and were often scandalized at seeing their “betters” laying ruthless hands on the remains of holy places. Till about twenty years ago, a beautiful traceried window remained in the remote little church of Moyagher, in the county Meath. It had escaped the first shock of devastation, and withstood the damaging effects of weather for many a year. The poor people pointed to it with pride; and often as they returned from mass or a neighbour’s funeral, stayed to admire its intricate foliations and skilful workmanship. It was too much, however, for serfs to enjoy, so a neighbouring baronet, being engaged in building a residence for himself, which he called a “castle” (although it bears no more resemblance to a knightly stronghold than a Roman cement conventicle does to an ancient cathedral), tore it down from its old place, and set it up in the new castle, where it is as much in place as an old knight’s helmet would be on the cranium of the worthy baronet. As “civilization” and the “spread of enlightenment” have advanced, the peasantry appear to have grown more apathetic, so that it is no uncommon thing now to see places desecrated and ruined which were formerly held sacred. We think, however, that the circulation of such works as Mr. Wakeman’s will do much in exciting a love and reverence for Irish antiquities, principally by the dissemination of correct information relative to their dates, eras, and uses.

In the preface to the *Archæologia* the writer speaks of the indifference of many of our tourists and pleasure seekers to the claims of their own country, in the following terms:

“Yet most of our travelled countrymen are better acquainted with the appearance of the Rhine than with that of the Shannon; with the windings of the Thames than with those of the Boyne; their knowledge of these Irish rivers being probably just so much as may be acquired out of a school geography, while they have steamed down the Thames, and visited the chief points upon the Rhine.

“We may venture to say that in like manner there are, even among our Tipperary gentry, many better skilled in the fortifications of the Rock of Gibraltar, than in the exquisite monuments of ancient Irish piety and art remaining upon the Rock of Cashel, in their own county; many who, in England, Scotland, Wales, and upon the Continent, have sought mountain air and scenery, while the Galtees, the Reeks, and the sublime range of the Mourne

Mountains had never cost them a thought. It would be at least out of place, in a volume such as we now present, to trace to its source this feeling, or rather want of feeling, by which so many Irishmen are ruled. It must be granted that Ireland—though generally rich in every point attractive to the tourist, whether the mere pleasure-seeker, or artist, antiquary, or geologist—has generally been described by book-makers as a country wherein, if indeed a man might pass in safety, he would still suffer so much from want of accommodation, &c., that, unless he possessed some presence of mind, and a considerable taste for the ridiculous, his time and talents had better be employed elsewhere. These writers were, almost without exception, strangers to the country—men whose knowledge of the Irish, previous to their visit, appears to have been derived from the stage, whereon it was, and perhaps still is, the fashion to represent us as marvellously fond of fighting, drinking, bulls, blunders, and superstition. Our neighbours appear to have been greatly amused with these representations, and with ballads and other publications which tended to show Irishmen and manners in the same light; and as the “*squireens*,” who form a numerous class in Ireland, and indeed too many of the gentry, were accustomed to adopt this cant, even when it tended to their own discredit—because they deemed it more aristocratic, in proportion as it pointed against the “mere Irish”—a very general disregard of everything Irish arose, and has continued, though in a decreasing degree, even to our own days. Happily there is a sign of better times.”

And with reference to subjects of interest to the archæologist, he continues:

“The subject of Irish Antiquities has latterly excited considerable attention, not only in Ireland, but even in countries beyond the limits of the British empire. Much has been done already, yet much more remains to be done. It is not sufficient to have shown that Ireland contains an unbroken series of monuments, many of them historical, which lead us back, step by step, to a period long before the conversion of her people to Christianity—to have formed museums—to have translated other annals and manuscripts relating to her history and antiquities; a feeling should be awakened in the breasts of the people generally, to preserve with scrupulous care the numerous remains of early Irish art with which the country abounds, and which frequently, in local history, form our only records. The anxiety which the various governments of Europe, even the most despotic, evince for the preservation of their antiquities, shows how widely their importance is recognized.”

The work is divided into three parts. The first portion treats of “Pagan Antiquities,” including cromlechs, druidical circles, pillar stones, raths, and sepulchral cairns. We extract the following description of the cairn of Dowth, which has been recently opened:

“Of the internal arrangement of this huge cairn, little, until very recently, was known beyond the fact that it was different from that of the monument last described, inasmuch as, instead of one great gallery leading directly towards the centre of the pile, there appeared here the remains of two passages in a very ruinous state, and completely stopped up, neither of which, however, seemed to have conducted towards a grand central chamber. The Committee of Antiquities of the Royal Irish Academy having, in the course of last autumn (1847), obtained permission from the trustees of the Netterville Charity, the present proprietors of the Dowth estate, to explore the interior of the tumulus, the work was commenced and carried on at considerable cost, under the immediate direction of Mr. Frith, one of the county engineers. It should be observed that, from the difficulty of sinking a shaft among the loose, dry stones of which this hill, like that of Newgrange, is entirely composed, Mr. Frith, in order to arrive at the great central chamber which was supposed to exist, adopted the plan of making an open cutting from the base of the mound towards its centre. The first discovery was that of a cruciform chamber, upon the western side, formed of stones of enormous size, every way similar to those at Newgrange, and exhibiting the same style of decoration. A rude sarcophagus, bearing a great resemblance to that in the eastern recess at Newgrange, of which we have given an illustration in page 30, was found in the centre. It had been broken into several pieces, but the fragments have all been found, and placed together, so as to afford a perfect idea of its original form. In clearing away the rubbish with which the chamber was found nearly filled, the workmen discovered a large quantity of the bones of animals in a half-burned state, and mixed with small shells.

“A pin of bronze and two small knives of iron were also disco-

vered. With respect to instruments of iron being found in a monument of so early a date, we may observe, that in the 'Annals of Ulster' there occurs a record of this mound, as well as of several others in the neighbourhood, having been searched by the Northmen of Dublin as early as A. D. 862: 'On one occasion that the three kings, Amlaif, Imar, and Ainsle, were plundering the territory of Flann, the son of Coaing;' and it is an interesting fact that the knives are precisely similar, in every respect, to a number discovered, together with a quantity of other antiques, in the bog near Dunshaughlin, and which there is reason to refer to a period between the ninth and the beginning of the eleventh centuries. Upon the chamber being cleared out, a passage twenty-seven feet in length was discovered, the sides of which incline considerably, leading in a westerly direction towards the side of the mound, and composed, like the similar passage at Newgrange, of enormous stones, placed edgewise, and covered in with large flags. The chamber, though of inferior size to that at Newgrange, is constructed so nearly upon the same plan, that a description of the one might almost serve for that of the other. The recesses, however, do not contain basins—and a passage extending in a southerly direction, communicating with a series of small crypts, forms here another peculiarity. A huge stone, in height nine, in breadth eight feet, placed between the northern and eastern recesses, is remarkable for the singular character of its carving.

"A portion of the work upon this stone bears great resemblance to Ogham writing. A sepulchral chamber, of a quadrangular form, the stones of which bear a great variety of carving (among which the cross, a symbol which neither in the old nor the "new" world can be considered as peculiar to Christianity, is conspicuous), has been discovered upon the southern side of the mound. Here, as elsewhere, during the course of excavation, the workmen found vast quantities of bones, half-burned, many of which proved to be human; "several unburned bones of horses,* pigs, deer, and birds, portions of the heads of the short-horned variety of the ox, and the head of a fox."† They also found a star-shaped amulet of stone, a ring of jet, several beads, and some bones fashioned like pins. Among the stones of the upper portion of the cairn were discovered a number of globular balls of stone, the size of small eggs, which Dr. Wilde supposes probably to have been sling-stones. Up to the time of our writing, no other chambers have been found; but, as the works are still in progress, further discoveries may yet be made; and even now the gentlemen of the Academy may feel that their undertaking has been most successful. A double circle of stones appears anciently to have surrounded this cairn. Of these the greater number lie buried, but in summer-time their position, particularly after a long continuance of sunny weather, is shown by the remarkably dry and withered appearance of the grass above them.

"Among the trees between the mound of Dowth and the mansion are the remains of a small sepulchral chamber; and a little to the east of the house the student will find a grand specimen of the ancient military encampment, or rath."

Leaving the subject of "Pagan Antiquities," around the origin and use of which so much uncertainty yet exists, we turn into the surer path of Christian antiquity:

"Long had it been considered as an established fact, that the churches of Ireland, previously to the twelfth century, were altogether constructed of wood, or wattles daubed with clay; and that consequently there remained in the country not a single example of church architecture of a period much antecedent to A. D. 1148, in which year died Malachy O'Morgair, who is stated to have erected the first building of stone which had ever appeared in Ireland. The well-directed labours of one true antiquary—who, leaving the beaten track of what was misalled investigation, sought among our antiquities themselves for evidences by which their era might be determined, and in our hitherto neglected manuscripts, for notices relative to such structures as were in use at the time of their composition—have lately shown how little a question so interesting to every lover of Ireland was understood, even by the most judicious writers of the many who had dwelt upon the subject.

"With Dr. Petrie, indeed, rests the honour of having removed the veil of obscurity which had so long shrouded the subject of our ecclesiastical antiquities, and to have shown that Ireland not only contains examples of church architecture of the earliest period of Christianity in the kingdom, but also that they exhibit many characteristics of unrivalled interest. Following Dr. Petrie upon a subject which he has taken so much care to elucidate, we

could not hope to bring forward much new matter; and, even were it in our power to do so, the brevity of this volume would preclude more than a general sketch. We shall treat the subject broadly, pointing out the more striking features of what may with justice be styled our national architecture, but leaving its more minute, though not less interesting details for the future study of any who may wish to pursue the inquiry."

The second part describes the general characteristics of our early Christian antiquities, including oratories, churches, crosses, and round towers. No new information is afforded us on these subjects, beyond that already communicated by Dr. Petrie, in his "*Inquiry into the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland.*" The chapter on "Crosses" contains a description, with illustrations, of the crosses at Monasterboice, two of the most perfect and beautiful of those interesting memorials of the ancient church of Ireland. The subject, however, is not capable of being sufficiently illustrated within the compass of a short chapter. A goodly volume might be made up of descriptions of those remains of our ancestors' piety and art. They are not, as many persons suppose, confined to churchyards and market-places, but are found—silent witnesses of the ancient faith—by the way side, and in the lonely recesses of our valleys. A fragment of a singularly beautiful cross was lately discovered in the valley of Glendaloch. It differs from any ancient Irish cross we have seen, and is of more ornamental character than the other crosses which are to be found in the same locality. It consists of the stem of a standard cross, which must have been about six feet in height. The arms and head are lost. The front is sculptured with a figure in good relief of an ecclesiastic in alb and chausable. The head of the figure is so mutilated, that it is impossible to determine whether it is that of a bishop or a priest. Above this the lower half of a figure of our Saviour is seen, also executed in bold relief, and with considerable artistic skill. The back and sides of the cross are sculptured with net-work of curious design. This interesting relic of antiquity has been removed to the chancel of the new church of St. Kevin, lest, like many other valuable memorials, it might become the prey of "curiosity" hunters. We cannot leave the subject of crosses without quoting the following allusion, by Mr. Wakeman, to sepulchral monuments, in which we heartily agree with him:

"A simple flag-stone, inscribed with a name, and sculptured with the sacred symbol of Christianity, such as it was the custom among the early Irish Christians to place over the grave of an eminent man, forms a striking contrast to the tablets which too often disfigure the walls of our cathedral and parish churches. Many remains of this class lie scattered among the ancient and often neglected graveyards of Ireland, but they are every day becoming more rare, as the country stone-cutters, by whom they are regarded with but slight veneration, frequently form out of their materials modern tombstones, defacing the ancient inscription.

The second part of the "*Archæologia*" closes with a chapter on Round Towers, in which some of the opinions formerly entertained with regard to their origin and uses are briefly examined. The author is of opinion that the proverbial mystery of the towers has been "dispelled completely and for ever by Dr. Petrie," and gives the following conclusions of the learned Doctor:

"I. That the towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries.

"II. That they were designed to answer, at least, a twofold use, namely: to serve as belfries, and as keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables, were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security, in cases of a sudden attack.

* At Rathmullen, in the county of Down, similar bones, mixed with cinders and charcoal, and covered over with an earthen mound, occur.

† See Dr. Wilde's interesting paper on the Boyne, in the *Dublin University Magazine* for December, 1847.

"III. That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons and watch-towers.

"That these conclusions were arrived at after a long and patient investigation, not only of the architectural peculiarities of the numerous round towers, but also of the ecclesiastical structures usually found in connexion with them, is sufficiently shown by many references to, and illustrations of examples scattered over the whole island. But Dr. Petrie, also, with the assistance of the best Celtic scholars in Ireland, sought in our annals and in our ancient MSS. [fortunately not a few] for references to such buildings as it was the custom of the Irish to erect; and from this hitherto neglected source of information, much of the light which he has thrown upon the subject of ancient Irish ecclesiology has been derived. The third and remaining portion of Dr. Petrie's work, it is to be hoped, will soon appear. But to our subject. There is but little variety to be observed in the construction or details of the round towers.

Mr. Wakeman then gives the following description of the characteristic features of those national monuments:

"DOORWAYS.—In form similar to those which we have described as characteristic of the early churches, but they are generally more highly ornamented, and appear to have been furnished with double doors. They are placed almost invariably at a considerable elevation above the ground. A flat projecting band, with a small bead-moulding at the angles, is the most usual decoration, but in some instances a human head, sculptured in bold relief, is found upon each side of the arch. A stone immediately above the doorway of Antrim tower exhibits a cross sculptured in *alto-relievo*; and at Donoughmore, in the county of Meath, a figure of the Crucifixion occupies a similar position. This style of decoration may have been much more common than is generally supposed, as of the number of towers remaining in Ireland the doorways of at least one-third have been destroyed. Concentric arches, with chevron and other mouldings, occur at Timahoe and at Kildare.

"WINDOWS AND APERTURES.—Generally similar in form to those in contemporaneous churches, with this difference, that they never splay, and that the arch-head in numerous examples is of a different form upon the interior from the exterior. The tower was usually divided into stories, the floors of which were supported by projections of the masonry, or by brackets. Each story, except the highest, was generally lighted by one small window: the highest has generally four of large size. A conical roof of stone completed the building."

From the occurrence of concentric semicircular arches and chevron and other mouldings, English ecclesiologists have concluded that the edifices in which these features are found cannot be of an older date than the twelfth century.

The third part, "ANGLO-IRISH REMAINS," treats of that portion of Irish antiquities which is likely to prove the most interesting to the ecclesiologist and student of mediæval art, and we regret to find that it lacks much of the information we would wish to obtain. Dr. Petrie, in his great work, has satisfactorily demonstrated the peculiarities which distinguish our Ant-Norman edifices from the contemporaneous buildings of other countries. He has also described their arrangement and proportions. We should wish the same information were afforded us relative to the more elaborate and elegant architecture of a later period. We should also desire to see the precise characteristics of the several periods of Irish ecclesiastical architecture pointed out; and the distinguishing features of the various districts (such as the half-church, half-castle churches of the borders of the old English pale,) illustrated. Another subject of interesting inquiry would be the difference in character of monastic churches of the same period, belonging to the several religious orders. This would, properly speaking, be an *Ecclesiologia Hibernica*, and would aid in preserving for future ages memorials of our fathers' piety and art, which time or sacrilegious hands may have destroyed, before a wiser generation may bethink themselves of

turning into the ancient ways, and of treading in the "footmarks of their sires."

A few of the principal of our "Anglo-Irish remains," such as St. Patrick's and Christ's Church Cathedrals, Dublin, are described in a general way with dates and names of the founders, some few of the less pretending, though no less interesting churches situated in rural districts are likewise illustrated. With regard to these the author observes, that

"Down to the very latest period of Gothic architecture, the original plan of a simple nave, or nave and chancel, was followed, and the chief or only difference observable in churches of a very late date from those of the sixth and seventh centuries, consists in the form of the arch-heads, the position of the doorway (the style of the masonry of which is usually much better in the more ancient examples), and the use of bell-turrets, the *cloigteach*, or detached round tower having answered this purpose during the earlier ages. A beautiful and highly characteristic example of an early pointed church may be seen at Cannistown, not far from Bective, upon the opposite side of the river. As usual, it consists of a nave and chancel, and there are the remains of a bell-turret upon the west gable—the usual position. There are numerous examples of churches of this style scattered over the entire island, but they are usually plain, and the choir-arch is generally the plainest feature of the building."

Plain they are, surely, but unmistakeably churches—and contrast strongly in their unaffected simplicity or chaste and appropriate adornment, with the wretchedly mean barns, or expensive monstrosities which of late years we have been accustomed to erect for the service of religion. The foregoing extract contains a correct description of *all* that is essential for the fabric of a rural church. We hope that one of the good effects of such publications as Mr. Wakeman's will be, an improvement in our modern ecclesiastical architecture, by directing men's minds to the only standards of excellence which have yet been vouchsafed to us—the works of the old men who laboured in Faith and Hope. We are tempted to give the following long extract, descriptive of the singularly interesting church of St. Doulough, situated so near the Irish metropolis, and nevertheless so little known or cared for:

"The church of St. Doulough, the origin of which is involved in the deepest obscurity, is the most remarkable and unique example of pointed architecture remaining in Ireland. It stands at a distance of about four miles from Dublin, in the direction of Malahide, and has long occupied the attention of writers upon the subject of Irish antiquities. This church has been generally classed with the stone-roofed chapels and oratories of the early Irish saints; but its style is wholly different, and numerous architectural peculiarities, evidently original, prove the building to belong to the thirteenth century. In plan it is an oblong, with a low, square tower in the centre. A projection on the southern wall of the tower contains a passage leading from the upper part of the building to an exceedingly small chamber, in the eastern wall of which are two windows, one commanding the only entrance to the church, the other an altar in an apartment or chapel between the tower and the west gable. The body of the building is divided upon the interior by a mass of masonry which was evidently intended as a support to the roof, and which contains a small semicircular arch, now stopped up. The western apartment measures ten by seven and a-half feet: it is vaulted, and was anciently lighted by several windows, with square or trefoiled heads. The altar, or "tomb," as it is popularly called, rests immediately against the masonry which divides this apartment from other portions of the building. The chapel, or eastern apartment, measures twenty-one feet by nine and a-half. It was lighted by four windows, one to the east, two to the south, and one, now stopped up, to the north. The eastern window is larger than the others, and is divided into two lights by a shaft, with shallow hollows at the sides, and a semi-cylindrical moulding on its external face. Similar hollows, and a moulding, run round the arch, and meet those of the shafts. The northern window is of the plain, early, lancet form. The windows in the southern wall are unequal in size; the larger one is placed beneath the tower, near the centre of the building, and is divided by a shaft into two lights, the heads of which are cinque-foiled, while the space between them and the crown of the arch is left plain. The vaults of the lower apartments form the floor of acroft occupying, uninterruptedly, the

whole length of the building. There are the remains of a fireplace in the centre of the northern wall of this singular room, which appears to have been used anciently as a habitation. It is lighted by small trefoiled windows in the end walls, and is higher, by several feet, for a distance of about four yards from the west gable, than in the other part. By this arrangement, and by a depression of the vault of the western division of the building, provision is made for a small intermediate apartment, to which a passage from the lower leads. The tower was divided by a wooden floor into two stories, the lower of which contains a small fireplace. The roof is formed of stones, well cut, and laid in regular courses. It has been suggested that the tower is more modern than the church. The upper portion is certainly different in its style of masonry from the rest of the building, and appears to be an ancient addition or restoration, but the body of the tower is clearly coeval with the church.

"Such are the more remarkable features of this singular and unexampled structure, in the erection of which the architect appears studiously to have avoided every principle of Gothic composition except variety.

"The well of St. Doulough, which was probably also used as a baptistry, is quite in keeping with the singular character of his church. The spring, which is covered by a stone-roofed, octagon building, rises through a circular basin, cut out of a single stone, and was, not many years ago, thought to possess miraculous powers. According to tradition, the interior of the octagon building was anciently decorated with pictures, and holes are pointed out as having been made by the iron pins by which they were fastened to the wall. Adjoining is a most curious subterranean bath; it is supplied by the well, and even yet the water rises to a considerable height within it. According to Mr. D'Alton, the well was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and the bath was called 'St. Catherine's Pond.'"

Mr. D'Alton says, the subjects of those paintings were the descent of the Holy Ghost and effigies of Saints Patrick, Brigid, and Columba, as also of St. Doulough, in the habit of a hermit. He adds, that they were represented "much after the manner they are engraved in the title to *Messingham's Florilegium*."

There is a short chapter on the very interesting subject of baptismal fonts, with wood-engravings of a very fine example, at Kilcarn, near Navan, in the county of Meath. Two chapters on castles and town-gates describe the chief features of those strongholds of the middle ages. The volume concludes with "Miscellaneous notices of weapons, ornaments, &c. &c.," including some notices of "ornamental cases for Sacred writings." We should prefer that the author had given us some information respecting sepulchral monuments, encaustic tiles, and such remains of ecclesiastical furniture and costume as are yet preserved, in lieu of the very doubtful *celts* which he has described.

As a manual for tourists, this volume will prove an excellent substitute for many of our trashy "Guide books," the staple of which is caricature of our countrymen with libels on our national faith and habits. The *Archæologia* is intended principally as a guide to those of our antiquities as are easy of access from the Irish metropolis. As a specimen of the writer's descriptive powers, we extract the following:

"The lone and singularly wild valley of Glendalough, in the county of Wicklow, lying at a distance of about twenty-four miles from the metropolis, presents a scene which, for stern and desolate grandeur, is in many respects unsurpassed. Huge, gloomy mountains, upon which clouds almost continually rest, encompass, and in some places overhang, the silent and almost uninhabited glen. Two little lakes, now appearing in the deepest shadow, now reflecting the blue vault, according as the clouds above them come or go—a winding stream, and grey rocks jutting here and there from out the heath—form its natural features. A noble monastic establishment—round which a city subsequently rose, flourished and decayed—was founded here in the early part of the sixth century by St. Kevin. The ruins of many ecclesiastical structures yet remain, and 'the long, continuous shadow of the lofty and slender round tower moves slowly, from morn till eve, over wasted churches, crumbling oratories, shattered crosses, scathed yew trees, and tombs, now undistinguishable, of bishops, abbots, and ancho-

rites.* How few of the gay tourists, by whom the glen is yearly visited, view these ruins with any other feeling than that of idle and ignorant curiosity. Their ears have been poisoned with the burlesque and lying tales [inventions of the last half century] which the wretched men and women, mis-called guides of the place, have composed for the entertainment of the thoughtless. They wander unmoved among shrines which, nearly thirteen centuries ago, were raised in honour of their God by men joyous and thankful in the feeling of certain immortality—men whose fathers in their youth had revered the druid as a more than human counsellor.

"That several of the existing churches formed part of the original foundation, their style of architecture sufficiently indicates.

"The noble doorway of 'the Lady's Church,' a modern name, is, perhaps, the grandest of its kind remaining, and exhibits in a striking degree that early Greek form which is so very commonly found in the doorways, and in other openings, of our most ancient churches and round towers, and even, though more rudely developed, in the cathairs [cahairs], and other Irish remains of the Pagan era.

"The remarkable building called St. Kevin's Kitchen, now, alas! sadly mutilated, is not the least interesting object in the group. Its high-pitched roof of stone remains in a perfect state. A doorway in the western gable displays an instance of the lintel surmounted by an arch. The chancel, which a few years ago remained, though of great antiquity, and stone-roofed, appears to have been an addition; and a portion of the ancient east window may still be observed in the wall, just above the head of the choir arch, which was not formed in the usual manner, but *cut out* of the masonry. The little tower upon the west end appears to be the earliest example of a belfry springing from a roof or gable; but this, as well as the sacristy, is of later date than the rest of the building.

"Trinity Church, perhaps, in a greater degree than any coeval structure in Leinster, retains the original character of its various features. It possesses a magnificent specimen of the square-headed doorway; a choir arch, of its period, certainly the finest in Ireland; chancel windows, with heads semicircular or triangular; in fact almost every characteristic of the most ancient style of church architecture in Ireland, and each perfect in its way.

"In that singularly interesting ruin, styled the Monastery, are columns which, upon their capitals, exhibit ornamental sculpture of a style peculiar to monuments of the ninth and tenth centuries. These in England would be pronounced Norman, more particularly as the arch which they were designed to sustain displayed a variety of the zig-zag, or chevron moulding, as may be seen from several of its stones which yet remain.

"The Refectory, or Royal Cemetery Church, though less imposing in its general appearance than several of the equally ancient remains in the more eastern part of the glen, is, on account of its association with the life of the founder, not surpassed in interest by any of the others.

"In the cemetery of this (Refectory) church was preserved, a few years since, an ancient inscribed tombstone, popularly called King O'Toole's Monument; but it has disappeared, 'the guides' having sold it in small pieces to tourists, scarcely less ignorant than themselves.

"The large structure standing within the enclosure of the cemetery, a little eastward from the round tower, is popularly styled 'the Cathedral,' and appears, from its name, dimensions, and position, to have been anciently the *Domhnach more*, or *Daimhliag-mor*, or chief church of the place. Notwithstanding its present state of dilapidation, there are in Ireland few structures of the same antiquity and extent that retain so many original features. The tower adjoining is one of the largest and most perfectly preserved now remaining. Its semicircular doorway-head, carved out of a single stone, may be looked upon as a good example of that peculiar mode of construction.

"A *caiseal*, or wall, appears usually to have enclosed the greater number of the ancient Irish monastic establishments. That such a work anciently existed at Glendalough is certain, though scarcely a vestige of it at present remains above ground. One of the gateways however, until very lately, stood in a nearly perfect state. It is described and engraved by Dr. Petrie, 'Essay on the Round Towers,' page 447, and his prophecy that, for want of care this monument, unique in its kind, would soon cease to exist, became half fulfilled last summer upon the fall of the principal arch.

"We have slightly glanced at the greater and more generally interesting ruins of this celebrated glen. It also contains numerous relics, such as crosses, monumental stones, &c., which, by a visitor, should not be overlooked; but, as we shall have occasion to refer our readers to other and much finer remains of each class of antiquities which they represent, it would be at least unnecessary to describe them here. We may, however, mention the singular

* Rev. C. Otway.

chamber called 'St. Kevin's Bed.' That it is altogether a work of art cannot be satisfactorily demonstrated. Though, to a certain degree, its artificial character is distinctly marked, it is quite possible that a natural cavity, the sides of which have been roughly hewn and squared, may have existed previously. The bed, which is situate in an almost overhanging rock, at a considerable distance above the lake, is said to have been the residence of St. Kevin, when pursuing that course of study and contemplation for which his name, even to this day, is revered; and the celebrated St. Laurence is said to have spent much of his time in prayer and heavenly contemplation in this cavern.

We cannot conclude our notices of this volume without bearing willing testimony to the truthfulness and excellence of the illustrations. The several wood-cuts, by Mr. O'Hanlon, with which the book is interspersed, are fully equal to anything which has been produced in the same department in England or elsewhere: another proof that native talent merely requires moderate encouragement and protection for its development.

Reminiscences of the Irish Mission.

BY A RETIRED PRIEST.

NO. VI.

ANN M'LOUGHLIN AND JOHN SULLIVAN—AN INTERVIEW WITHOUT AN EXPLANATION—A DREAM—THE POOR MAN'S LOT—A HOUSE BURNED, AND A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE—A HUT IN THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE—AN ESCAPE—A ROSARY—ANN M'LOUGHLIN'S FLIGHT—A MURDER—A TRIAL AND CONVICTION—A NIGHT CALL—A DISCOVERY—CONCLUSION.

WHEN the dark spectre had vanished from the cave, Ann M'Loughlin, having cautioned John Sullivan to speak low, said to him—

"Do you know that man?"

He answered "yes."

"What is his name?"

"His name is Murtagh Devlin."

"No," she said, "you are mistaken, that is not his name."

"Mistaken," he exclaimed, still speaking in a low tone, "no, I am as certain that it was Murtagh Devlin who was in this cave and that he would have murdered me but for you, as I am of my own existence—I saw him in the next apartment, through a chink in the wall, before he came in here."

"Then he is known by a fictitious name—but, tell me, has he any spite against you?"

"He has the spite of having ruined me and mine."

"In that case you must indeed be watched most narrowly, for he is the most cruel of all the ruffians that frequent this horrid den."

"God almighty bless you!" said he, fervently, "for your great kindness, for which I cannot find words to express my gratitude; but oh! my dear young lady—for such I believe you to be—I beseech you to awaken my father instantly, and I entreat you, by the love of the holy Virgin, whose name I have heard you pronounce with such reverence and love, to assist him to save one of your own sex, to whom virtue and honour are dearer than life and whose life is dearer to me than my own."

"What is her name?"

"Cathrine M'Quillan."

"And that," she said interrogatively, laying her hand at the same time on his arm, "is your name also—she is your sister?"

"No," he replied, with some embarrassment, "she is not my sister—my name is John Sullivan, and I have neither sister nor brother living."

She instantly withdrew her hand, but as she was in the act of doing so he felt it tremble violently; a pang shot like a burning arrow through his heart, as the conviction all at once flashed upon him, that he had gained the affections of this beautiful girl. He did not desire this—very far from it—and yet he was angry with himself that he did not feel so much pained by it as he ought. It is not wonderful that a sentiment of gratitude towards the preserver of his life should have sprung up and at once attained full maturity in his own heart; he did not strive to check this, although he knew that it was love—but only such love as a brother bears towards a darling sister, who has been his companion and his guide in his youthful years. If he could have hoped that her affection towards him—if she entertained any—was of the same kind, it would have removed a weighty load from his heart; for, incapable as he was at present of analysing his feelings, he did not dare to persuade himself that he would wish her entirely to forget him. If he had known the beautiful lines, he would have said:

"As a sister remembers a brother,
Dearest, remember me."

It was, perhaps, owing to his bodily weakness that so many distracting images crowded upon his mind, for the moment his father, who now stood by his bedside, called him by his name they all fled away. He related briefly to his father and Ann M'Loughlin what he had heard and seen, and entreated them not to think of him, but to save Cathrine M'Quillan. He could have wished to have explained that in all this he had no other object than to save a young, innocent, and virtuous girl who had watched over his mother in her last illness and closed her lifeless eyes; but there was no time for this now, for Ann M'Loughlin, who had listened with the deepest attention, exclaimed, when he concluded, that there was not a moment to be lost. She ran out of the cave, and returned quickly with a light, and accompanied by a strong, coarse, and somewhat desperate-looking man, about forty-five years old.

"Neal," said she, pointing to John Sullivan, "this is the young man."

He merely nodded.

"And," she added, addressing the old man, "you can lie down again and get some sleep—if you should be required, he will awake you. At present you can be of no use in this matter, but, on the contrary if you were seen abroad it would perhaps deprive us of all chance of success; lie down instantly, for here is the old woman with the drink for your son, and if she sees you up she may suspect something."

In less than a minute the old hag entered with some whey, which Ann M'Loughlin handed to John Sullivan saying, "drink this before I put out the light, and perhaps it will enable you to sleep after the cruel fright you have received."

"Do you hear me, granny," said Neal, calling after the hag as she was about to depart, "I wish nobody to enter here unless I give him leave; or if he dis, I'll try how cowl' lead agrees with him."

As he spoke, he cocked his pistols, and the hag, giving a malicious grin, departed without uttering a word. The young girl, having extinguished the light, left the cave, silently and noiselessly, by the same secret passage by which she had entered it. The old man, in spite of his anxiety, soon fell into a heavy slumber, and, as his grim protector did not speak, John Sullivan was left entirely to his own meditations. These

chiefly turned upon the dreadful situation in which Cathrine M'Quillan, and probably her mother and sisters were placed, but he could not forget the heroic and generous conduct of Ann M'Loughlin. She had already exposed her life to imminent danger for himself, and he had no doubt but that she was now once more doing the same for the sake of one whom she had never seen, and whom she regarded possibly in the light of a rival. Everything which had occurred since the adventures connected with the handkerchief, had surrounded her with new and more perplexing mysteries: the interest which she had taken in him, an utter stranger, was most inexplicable—her absence from M'Loughlin's house for so long a time, apparently without being remonstrated against, or even noticed, by the family, was still more wonderful; and he was now convinced—from the elegance of her language, the accomplished graces of her manners, and from the respectful deference which was paid to her slightest word by all those who came in contact with her—that she was not and could not be a mere country-girl. At first he vainly tortured his brain to conjecture who she might be; but, as sleep came on, he at once recognized her for the queen of Saba, who had come to visit his uncouth guard, now metamorphosed into King Solomon. There was never on this earth so potent an enchanter as sleep.

But how sped it during this time with the M'Quillans? On the evening of this same night, Mrs. M'Quillan, her daughters, and her servants, having as usual said their prayers together, the two younger girls and the servants retired to rest. Cathrine and her mother remained up very late, talking over their future plans and projects. It was night but not dark and they had not lighted a candle. Cathrine gave a sudden start and then said in a low voice:

"Mother, there has been a person looking through the window; his face was close to the glass when I saw him, but so soon as he perceived me he instantly withdrew it."

"Do you know who he is?"

"No; but judging from the obscure glimpse which I obtained, I think he is quite a stranger to me."

They became greatly alarmed—not for their own personal safety but on account of their cattle; for they at once concluded that the man who had looked through the window was one of the gang of horse-stealers who had, for some time past, infested the neighbourhood. They little imagined to what diabolical excesses a man may be driven by revenge and hatred, when his passions are not controlled by the soothing influence of religion. This alone—sweet and lulling as the music of David's harp, when he played before Saul—can chase away the evil spirit of crime when it torments the human heart.

Widow M'Quillan and her family lived in a substantial farm-house; it was a long, low house, thatched, and the windows were rather small, according to the uncomfortable fashion which prevailed in all houses of its class at the period of which I am writing; but it was pleasantly situated, commanding a view of fertile fields, of a bright lake on which numerous waterfowl gambolled, and, in the distance, of blue mountains, around whose rugged base the waters of the ocean leaped and danced with tumultuous joy. The few feet which intervened between the front of the house and the high road was divided into handsome flower-plots; along the walls, the roses peeped out from amongst the sweet honeysuckle and other parasitic

plants, whilst the green house-leek flourished luxuriantly on the roof. Behind the house was a large farm-yard; the side which was opposite to the dwelling was occupied by strong and comfortable outhouses, the two remaining sides, as well as part of the front, being enclosed by a wall six feet high. The entrance was secured by a well-made wooden gate. In the beginning of the summer all the walls were regularly white-washed, both on the outside and on the inside, and it is really wonderful what virtue there is in a small quantity of lime; it makes an old, dull house look new and cheerful, just as the spring gives fresh life and beauty to the venerable trees which surround it. It is, moreover, a preservative of and an incitement to cleanliness, it banishes noxious vapours and prevents infection, so that it adds as much to the substantial comforts as to the appearance of the farm-house. What comfort has the labourer, the small farmer, or the tradesman upon this earth, but what he finds in the evening and on the day of rest by his own domestic hearth? He ought to remember that every bit of dirt removed from the inside or outside of his cot, and the slightest improvement he makes in it adds to his permanent comforts, and teaches his children habits of cleanliness and industry which will improve their condition and prospects more than worldly wealth, accompanied by filth and coarseness. The condition of the labouring classes must be improved—their misery is unendurable—a social revolution, more or less extensive, is inevitable, and I would prepare them for this by teaching them that they were not created to sleep with pigs and to eat the same food almost out of the same vessel with them, but that if they were born to labour they were also born to the rational enjoyment of human beings. The first practical result of this feeling, on the part of the poor, will be manifested in the care and attention by which they will strive to provide comfortable dwellings for themselves and their families—dwellings for human beings and not stys for pigs. Some well-meaning persons say, "Why talk of comforts when the poor are starving for want of food?" As long as the poor are content with just as much of the coarsest food as will keep them alive—as long as they confine themselves to the mere necessities of life and do not seek those comforts to which they may legitimately, and to which, therefore, they ought to aspire; so long will the slightest failure in the worst kind of food induce misery, starvation, and death. But whilst the condition of the poor must be greatly improved, I would not encourage indolence or mendicancy; I would expect to find the poor man on a fine evening doing something about his cottage or in his garden, if it were only planting a flower, or instructing his children how to do such things, instead of sitting at his door smoking in the midst of dirt which he could clear away in one half-hour. It is astonishing how much a man of industrious habits can add, in a few months, to the appearance of his cottage and garden, and to his own comforts and those of his family. The same may be said of farmers.

Widow M'Quillan's house was neither larger nor better built than those of her neighbours, but in it everything was neat and clean; she no more thought of admitting into it the fowl and pigs than the cows and horses; everything had its own house and place, and she was justified in acting thus by principles not only of comfort but also of economy. Her neighbours wondered how she could incur such expenses in build-

ing and keeping her whole establishment in such perfect repair, and grow rich, whilst they never calculated their own losses and discomforts when the fowl not only dirtied everything in the house but often broke the vessels which were filled with milk, and even ran away with the oaten cake from the fire; and the pigs which kept up a most dismal chorus of squealing at the door during the entire time the inmates were engaged at their meals, sometimes succeeded in lifting the door off its hinges, when they rushed in, pell-mell, upsetting, in a confused heap, stools, chairs, and children, destroying everything frangible, and, when attacked fiercely by men, women, and dogs, getting entangled in metal pots, crocks, and even in the rails of the table, and carrying all away in their flight.

The only persons in Mrs. M'Quillan's house, at the time the man was discovered looking through the window, besides the widow herself and her daughters, were two servant maids; for, it will be remembered, that her only son had gone to visit Father John and had not yet returned. Cathrine and her mother retired to an obscure part of the kitchen, in which they had been sitting, and from which, without being observed themselves, they could see any one who came close to the window. There they remained for a short time in silence, but, as nothing was seen or heard, Mrs. Sullivan began to think that her daughter was deceived; but she asserted that she could not be mistaken, and that as she was afraid some robbery was intended, she thought it would be better for her mother to go to bed, and she would awake one of the maids, who would sit up and watch with her. Mrs. M'Quillan would not listen to this proposal, but persisted in sitting up herself. There were several men servants employed by the family, but they were all but one married, and lived in cottages at some distance. The remaining one, who was an old man, slept in one of the outhouses which communicated immediately with the stable. The gate which led into the yard, and through which, as it was immediately at the end of the house, no horse could be brought without their knowledge, was locked, as well as all the doors of the outhouses. Of this they were quite certain, for ever since her husband's death Mrs. M'Quillan herself, or her son, since he was capable of discharging this duty, locked the gate and doors every night, and brought the keys into the dwelling-house, which was also strongly secured. It would, therefore, they knew, evidently be the utmost madness to open the door on any pretext whatever, as some of the party—if there was a party, for but one had been seen—would most probably rush in and secure the keys of the gate and stables. They hoped that the robbers would not be able to effect an entrance into any of the houses, and that if they even attempted it, the man who slept beside the stables would hear them and frighten them away. They remained thus for about an hour; in great anxiety at first, but this gradually subsided, until at length they made up their minds to go to bed, as they considered that no harm was intended; but just as they were about to retire, a small stream of light burst forth, brilliant as a meteor, and after flickering for a moment seemed to disappear. Again it burst out, more large and splendid than before. Cathrine rushed to the windows, and clasping her hands, exclaimed, "merciful Heavens! the stables are in flames." Without a moment's hesitation Mrs. M'Quillan, seizing the keys of the outhouse, opened the door and rushed out to rescue the man and the cattle from the fire. Cathrine hastily

giving the alarm to the maids and her sisters, and telling one of the former to run for aid to the nearest neighbours, who lived something less than a quarter of a mile off, followed her mother. The sight which met their eyes was most awful and terrific. The doors and roofs were enveloped in one consuming flame. The old man who was locked up was uttering the most frightful screams, and the painful cries of the animals, on which the flames had fallen, were truly appalling. Mrs. M'Quillan had fainted, but Cathrine, snatching the keys from her, rushed to the door of the house where the old man slept, and opened it, although she burned her hand severely in performing this courageous action. Notwithstanding that he was old and stiff at other times, he shot swift as an arrow through the flames, and so terrified was he that he climbed over the high wall and wet himself all over in the waters of the lake, lest he might be on fire. Cathrine, at the peril of her life, and at the expense of some additional burns, opened the doors of the houses where the animals were confined, and called on the others to help her to release them. She herself freed many, some of them being already on fire, and maddened by the flames. The mother had recovered, and in conjunction with her sister and the maid, who remained at home, hastened to pump water and throw it on the suffering animals. The old man returned, and being thoroughly wet, and in no danger of taking fire, he rushed courageously through the flames to rescue the animals which were still confined, and which were sending forth the most piteous cries for help. One cow and four sheep were burned to death, but all the other animals escaped, the greater number having sustained more or less injury. By this time many of the neighbours arrived and attempted to save the barn and some of the other houses which had not yet sustained any material injury. Mrs. M'Quillan believed that this effort would prove unsuccessful, as indeed it did, for the devouring element consumed them all, and she therefore confined her own attention entirely to pouring oil on the wounds of the cattle which were burned. The sight at this time was magnificent and appalling. All the outhouses were burning in one fierce flame, whose ruddy glare was reflected in the clouds, and rendered the country for a considerable distance around bright as day. All eyes were involuntarily attracted to this magnificent spectacle; Mrs. M'Quillan herself desisted a moment from her labour, and looking earnestly around, said, "where is Cathrine?" The inquiry was repeated by all present almost simultaneously. The dwelling-house was searched—in vain; the yard, and even the fields around were searched—in vain; and now the horrid suspicion which had already found its way into the hearts of all, burst from her mother's lips, "merciful God, my darling daughter has been burned to death!"

All the other calamities of this dreadful night were quickly swallowed up in the intense horror with which everyone regarded what now appeared to be the certain and terrible fate of Cathrine M'Quillan—that she had perished by fire, her cries having been unheard or unheeded in the general confusion. Men and even women rushed in amongst the flames, and cast aside madly the burning embers, in the hope of discovering the blackened corpse. In vain—no trace of her could be found, although they did not desist from the sorrowful search until the morning sun shed his bright smile upon this scene of sadness and of desolation. The poor widowed mother awoke from insensibility, into unconscious-

ness—her reason had fled, and she frequently called her daughter by name, and wondered what delayed her. The two children sat by her bed-side, gazing with speechless anguish upon that mother who no longer heeded or, perhaps, even recognized them.

Whilst this fruitless search was being made for Cathrine M'Quillan, two parties were proceeding furiously towards the same point, from different directions. One of them consisted of but two persons—a boy and a girl—both young, but the former the younger of the two: they both rode the same horse, the girl being seated on a pillion behind the boy. The animal they rode was a fine, spirited horse, and they urged him as if life or death depended on his speed. They proceeded at the same speed after they had turned into by-paths and bridle-roads, although they had no other light to guide them save that of the bright stars. At length they arrived at a solitary hut, situated in a narrow glen which lay between two barren mountain ranges. Built in a fissure of the rocks, and not observable until you approached quite near, it was said to be a noted haunt of smugglers, the vicinity affording many excellent hiding-places. It presented so ruinous an appearance that no one would have believed that any human being resided in it. At a little distance from this hut the horse stopped, and the girl dismounting, stealthily approached it. When she reached the door, she listened for a moment, then rapped, muttered a few words to a person inside, made a signal to the boy to approach, and entered. When he reached the door, she exclaimed—“Thank God, this is the place, and we are in time. But lead the horse quickly by the pathway at the head of the glen, and take care that you are not observed.”

About an hour later, and when the earliest dawn of the morning began to appear, a more numerous party approached the same hut. It consisted of four men, and a young woman who was now carried in an apparently lifeless or insensible state on the pommel of the saddle, before one of the riders; but her dishevelled hair and torn dress showed how violently she must have struggled to regain her liberty. They carried her into the hut, and consigned her to the care of the old woman, who undertook to restore her to consciousness, not without considerable grumbling. For this purpose, she took her into a separate apartment, leaving the men to regale themselves with the “mountain dew,” of which, after the fatigues of the night, they now began to drink deeply.

When Cathrine M'Quillan recovered, she no longer felt herself pressed by rude hands, or assailed with coarse jibes, for she was encircled by gentle arms, sweet lips were pressed to her cheeks, and bright, though tearful eyes, full of tenderness and compassion beamed upon her.

“Where am I?” she cried, wildly.

“Hush!” said Ann M'Loughlin, “the men who carried you here are in the house, and if they should discover me here, we are both ruined.”

“Oh!” said Cathrine—suddenly recollecting all she had suffered, and throwing herself upon the young girl's breast, with all a sister's fondness—“for the love of God, and of His mother, save me from those horrid men.”

“I will, dear!” said Ann, returning her embrace; and she resolved to keep her word, if it should be at the expense of her life, for she said to herself, “She is indeed a sweet girl, and I love her as a sister.”

The same feeling had already sprung up in Cath-

rine's mind towards her gentle and beautiful protectress.

The old woman had returned to the apartment where the men were drinking. She told them that the girl had got a little better, and that she was so exhausted that she fell into a deep sleep.

“No wonder,” said one of the ruffians, “for when we seized her, in her mother's yard; stifled her cries; took the keys from her; opened the gate, and carried her off, amid the confusion, by my sowl, I thought she would have torn herself away from the four of us, and for several miles we had to carry her, for whenever she got her mouth uncovered, she screamed like a devil, and as soon as we put her on horseback, she threw herself off again, as if she intended to kill herself. But take good care of her, Biddy, for you know Mr. Devlin will pay us all well for this job, an' by —, so he ought, for divil a nicer piece of woman's flesh I ever laid my eyes on.”

It was still early when the old woman announced that the men were all asleep. Cathrine, conducted by her companion, was obliged to step over some of their bodies, as they lay upon the floor. She shuddered as she looked upon the savages, and saw that some of them grasped their arms in their hands, even in their sleep. At a signal made by Ann, when they had reached the top of the glen, young M'Loughlin—for he was the boy who had accompanied his sister—approached, leading the horse. It had been already arranged between the girls that he should take Cathrine to Father John's house; for it would be necessary for the old woman, in order to avoid suspicion, and to save her own life, to awake the men soon, and to persuade them that in consequence of watchfulness and fatigue, she had fallen asleep for a few moments, and that on awaking, she found her charge gone.

Just as Cathrine was about to mount, she stopped, and exclaimed—“What will become of you; I cannot leave you at the mercy of those men.”

“Away, away,” she exclaimed, “if you would not ruin us both. I know every path over these mountains; fear not for me; I can save myself.”

In a moment the gallant steed dashed off, and the young girl after gazing after him for a moment, fled away herself, fleet as the roe, over the mountain. During the next night she entered the cave where John Sullivan slept, carrying in her hand an antique rosary, with a silver heart and cross attached to it. She had visited him in the evening, and assured him that Cathrine was safe; and as he had been able to sit up during a part of the day, he was quite astonished to see her enter now. Besides, she was deadly pale, and her eyes had the same fixed and staring look that had terrified him so much on the night when he slept in old M'Loughlin's house. She approached his bed, and calling him by his name, placed the rosary about his neck.

“There,” said she, “they told me that was the only mark by which I would find my mother. See the name on that heart is Ann M'Loughlin.”

“That is your name,” said John, who was a good deal frightened by her manner and appearance.

“Oh yes,” said she, “they called me after her; but come away to some quiet place where we will gather the wild flowers in the bright evenings, and live so happily together.”

He did not reply, not knowing what to think of this.

She looked at him reproachfully, and said, “Oh, John, you do not love me, and am I not a tender and affectionate sister?”

Before he could speak she glided swiftly and noiselessly away, leaving him in the greatest perplexity and astonishment. His first impulse was to awake his father, and ask him if he could explain the mystery. But then he thought this would be a dishonourable betrayal of her secret, and so he determined to question herself about it, on the very first time he should see her. He hoped that this would be in the morning, when least he should be afterwards suspected of having acted a treacherous or deceitful part, he was determined to explain fully the state of his heart and feelings, as well as the utter ruin into which all his prospects in this world had fallen. He was, therefore, deeply disappointed on receiving the following note early next morning:

"I think I forgot a rosary in the cave on yesterday evening. If so, I hope you will be kind enough to give it to the bearer, who will bring it to me. I regret that I am not able to go and see you, for I am making the utmost haste to start with messengers who are waiting for me. The business is most important. God bless you, and do not forget in your prayers your sincere friend, A. M."

* * * * *

More than a year had elapsed since the events which we have related had taken place. The Sullivans and M'Quillans were residing in Father John's parish. They had both neat houses and comfortable farms, for the landlord, on learning from the good priest the exemplary character and industrious habits of the Sullivans, had himself advanced sufficient capital to enable them to stock a farm which he gave them. The M'Quillans had money enough of their own, and although John Sullivan and James M'Quillan went out to fish occasionally, it was not from any necessity, but because they loved the sea. I was at this time curate in the parish; and one morning after having received the holy communion, as was his custom every fortnight, John Sullivan came to me and said,

"Father Ned, I am come to claim the fulfilment of your promise, to marry me and Cathrine M'Quillan."

"I shall be delighted," said I, "to do so, and I can say with truth, that you are getting as good a wife as in Ireland, and that you deserve her."

"I know she is all you say," he replied, "and I am fully sensible that I do not deserve her. But do you know, Sir, she is always talking of Ann M'Loughlin, whom she never saw but on that terrible night, and she has frequently declared, that if she thought that 'darling girl' had the least wish to become my wife, she would rather die than marry me. She constantly says that she would feel quite happy if I were Ann M'Loughlin's husband; and it was only after her brother's return from old M'Loughlin's, yesterday, and when she learned from him that Ann was no relation of that family, but some great lady who stopped with them for a time, they knew not why, as if she had been one of their own condition in life, and that they had never heard from her since she left them, that Cathrine consented to become my wife. And indeed, to tell the truth, I had, and have still, a great affection for Ann—just as if she was my sister—but she was always mysterious, and she was so good and charitable and kind to me, that I sometimes thought she was my mother's spirit which came back to guard me—not such as she was before she died, worn down by disease, but young and beautiful as a blessed spirit from heaven. And really, Sir, I observed in her at times, a great resemblance to my mother. I am going to-day to bring

one or two old friends down to our wedding, and at Catherine's special request, I am to call round by old M'Loughlin's on my way back, to invite the young man who rode away with her from the glen. I am also anxious myself to enquire from them more particularly concerning Ann's history, and to know why she passed for one of the family, and whether the two servants—a man and a woman—who came for her, gave any hint as to her name and family, for to tell you the truth, I suspect the old man and his wife know more about these matters than they care to tell any one."

I was myself too deeply interested in the history of this girl, of whose goodness I had heard so much from both John and Cathrine, not to encourage him to make out as much of her history as possible. He set out soon afterwards to visit his native place, for the first time since that sad day when he had left it a houseless wanderer, after having resigned the hand of Cathrine M'Quillan, and along with it every hope of earthly happiness. Now he commenced his journey, riding a fine horse, with plenty of money in his pocket, and for the purpose of asking a few of his old friends to see him claiming that hand as his own for ever. A shade of melancholy passed over his mind, as he thought upon his dead mother, whose grave he had resolved to visit before seeing any one, in order that he might shed upon it a tear of regret and affection.

After visiting the few old friends who remained after the ravages of fever and the proscriptions of a tyrannical landlord, and receiving the hearty congratulations of all, and the promises of a few to be present at his wedding, he set out on his return. He knew the narrow glen to which Cathrine had been carried away on the night of the fire, and as it was not a great deal out of his way in going to M'Loughlin's, he determined to visit the hut to which she had been brought, and from which Ann had so wonderfully and so courageously rescued her. He entered the desolate, lonely, and barren glen, and as he approached the place where he knew that the hut was situated, he was horrified to hear stifled cries of MURDER! He urged his horse to his utmost speed, but before he reached it, he saw three men running up a rugged part of the mountain. He had a dim recollection that he had seen them before; and as he was about to enter the hut, one of them turned and fired at him, wounding him slightly in the arm. When he went in, the first object that presented itself to him was the frightful and mutilated body of Murtagh Devlin. His heart sickened at the sight, and he ran out of the place in horror. Just then a party of soldiers entered the glen in search of smugglers; they ordered the young man to stand, and seeing the blood on his clothes, took him along with them. They found in the hut the body of the murdered man (of which, however, he had already informed them, as well as of the other circumstances which he saw), beside him was a pistol which had been recently discharged. He was arrested on a charge of murder, tried at the next assizes, and found guilty.

It would be impossible to describe the anguish of his aged father and of his betrothed wife, who was now almost as frantic as her own mother had been when she imagined that her daughter had been burned to death. Every one who knew John Sullivan, would have sworn to his innocence, but all strangers believed in his guilt, for in addition to the other circumstances which told strongly against him, it had been proved on the trial that Devlin was his mortal enemy, and had got possession of his father's farm. Of course such

persons believed his own story to be a pure fiction, invented to save himself.

I had, in common with almost every person in our village, been present at his trial, and when I returned home, being sick at heart and weary, I said my prayers and went to bed. I was too feverish and excited to sleep for a considerable time, but at length I fell into an uneasy slumber. A horrid dream came upon me; I thought I saw the wretched bible-reader who now resided in and endeavoured to disturb Father John's parish, hanging over the abyss of hell, and that he stretched out his hands towards me, imploring me to save him, whilst the devils endeavoured to drag him in. I awoke frightened, and at the same moment heard a loud rapping at my window.

"Who's there?" I inquired.

"For the love of God, Sir," said a voice, "come to the bible-reader who is dying, and openly declares that he will be damned if you be too late."

I was on horseback in less than ten minutes, and as I knew the road well, I rode across the country. When I arrived at his bed-side, he could scarcely speak, and he asked me to kneel down and pray that he might be allowed a fortnight to do penance for his sins. I did so, and made all who were in the house join with me, and when we had finished, he was able to speak. He then declared to me that he wished to be re-admitted into the Catholic church, which he had only deserted for money, but that there was a matter which must be instantly attended to, in order to save an innocent man.

"I am a murderer," he exclaimed, starting up and staring at me—"I and two of the smugglers who frequent the old woman's cave, and who had seen John Sullivan there, murdered Murtagh Devlin, because we found out that he had betrayed us, and was bringing the soldiers to arrest us for smuggling. I fired at John Sullivan, thinking to kill him also, and even this evening I was delighted when I heard he was found guilty. But when I saw death approaching, I knew that the devils were by my bed-side, ready to carry off my poor soul to hell. I became afraid of God, and I repented. Now send for a magistrate that I may swear this before him."

When all this had been done it was early morning, and I had found it so easy and pleasant to go across the fields, that I determined to return by the same road by which I had come. What then was my astonishment to find, that an immense wall of ten feet high was directly in my way, so that I was obliged to go to the road in order to avoid it. How I had crossed it coming I cannot tell, but God's mercy is above all his works, even when it is exercised by the instrumentality of sinners.

A gentleman, who, with his son, daughter, and daughter-in-law, had resided long in America, but had lately returned to his native land, and who had considerable influence with the government, exerted himself so successfully in behalf of John Sullivan, that he was soon liberated and the real murderers cast into gaol, where the bible-reader died at the end of the fortnight he had asked, a sincere penitent.

John Sullivan and Cathrine M'Quillan were married soon after, in the village chapel. A lady closely veiled, and two gentlemen, entered after the procession, and witnessed the ceremony, at the conclusion of which the lady rushed to the bride and clasped her in her arms. This lady was Ann M'Loughlin. Those who accompanied her were her youthful husband and her father-in-law. The knowledge that she was married, at once

removed the embarrassment of the young bride and bridegroom. John Sullivan had even the courage to ask her to explain the "rosary." A cloud of redness passed over her beautiful features as she produced it. Old Sullivan no sooner saw it than he snatched it from his son's hand and exclaimed—"My God, this is my own dear mother's rosary, which she gave me when she was dying, and which was about the neck of my child when she was drowned."

"Father," exclaimed Ann, "I am that child"—and in a moment she was clasped in his arms.

"Ann, dearest Ann," said John, "how I have wished and prayed that you had been my sister, without daring to hope, and without having even once imagined that it was possible. Now, blessed be God, I have all I could desire. Is it not strange that I should never have suspected who you were, although I could never look upon you without remembering my mother, on account of the striking likeness which you bear to her."

"And what must my feelings be, dear John," she answered, "to find that I am not a child of shame, cast away and disowned by my own kindred upon earth. I know not how it happened, whether it was that some dim image of you had been impressed upon my infant mind, or that I was attracted by some invisible sympathy of nature, or that I felt in my inmost soul my mother's image reflected in your features, the first time I saw you pale, and sick in old M'Loughlin's house, but I certainly loved you from that moment until this, with all a sister's tenderness, devotion, and affection."

Never did two sisters meet after a long and painful separation with more delight, or with stronger affection, than did Ann and Cathrine. Nor was this feeling evanescent, but, on the contrary, it was strengthened every day, as each of them learned more and more the unselfishness, the virtue, and the piety of the other.

The story of Ann Sullivan (as we must now call her) is thus briefly told. Her mother, taking her two children along with her, had gone on a visit to a friend who resided in the town from which her husband and son afterwards resolved to sail to America. A young girl who was Ann's nurse, wandered out one day with the child in her arms, accompanied by two other girls as young and giddy as herself. They had proceeded about half a mile along the shore, when they perceived a solitary boat in a small secluded bay. They unmoored it, intending to row across the bay, where the water was not deep. Ann's nurse having the child in her arms, got into the boat first, and the other two pushed it into the water. The boat, however, no sooner floated than it got into a current which carried it into water about four feet deep. The girls who had pushed the boat screamed, but could give no assistance, and Ann's nurse, in her excitement and alarm, jumped out, as she still thought the water was not too deep for her to wade, and that she could pull the boat in by her strength. The current and the boat dragged her on farther, she was drowned, and the boat was drifted out to sea.

That boat was providentially picked up by a large merchant ship, when it was a considerable way out on the wide ocean. It was found to contain a child, only two years old, with no other means to identify it but a rosary, which was hung about its neck, having a silver heart attached to it, on which was engraved, but evidently very long ago, the name Ann M'Loughlin. The captain, whose wife had recently died in England, had on board his only child, a son about three years

old, whom he was bringing to America, to place him under the care of his own aunt who resided there. The captain was almost glad of the accident which supplied his son with a beautiful playmate. The attachment which the children conceived for each other from the moment they first met, grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength, so that it was everywhere said that the orphan girl would be the bride of the rich son of Captain Hobart. The boy's father loved the girl, and was delighted to see his son's affections carried in the same direction. Not so the aged aunt, who looked upon Ann as a designing impostor, and persecuted her in secret with the most pitiless hatred. She taunted her with being a beggar, an illegitimate child, and with artfully designing to entrap John Hobart. She had now abundant opportunities of carrying on her persecution, for Captain Hobart still continued his sea-faring life, and John had joined his fellow-citizens, the Americans, in the war of independence. He occasionally visited home, and during one of these visits, towards the end of the contest, Ann had promised to become his wife as soon as America was a nation. It was on this occasion he gave her the handkerchief on which the name John was written. The old aunt had watched them, had heard and seen all, and made up her mind on the spot to put an end to the contract as soon as her grand-nephew should rejoin his regiment. She well knew the town near which Ann had been picked up, for Captain Hobart had caused inquiries to be made there concerning the parents of the girl; but as they lived far from this, and the friend whom Mrs. Sullivan had gone to visit was dead, they all proved unavailing. The old aunt watched anxiously for a ship proceeding to this place, and having found one, she paid the girl's passage immediately. Ann had no resource but to obey, for the old lady threatened to turn her out of doors if she refused. Besides she thought that this would allow John Hobart greater freedom in choosing his wife, and she argued that if he really loved her as he professed to do, he would easily find her in Ireland, and if he did not, she would not for worlds become his bride. She had, moreover, some slender hopes of discovering her parents, and of thus wiping away the stigma which was cast upon her birth. Leaving, therefore, an explanatory letter for her betrothed, in which she informed him that she would remain in the town for which the vessel was bound, until she should hear from him, she set sail for Ireland. Believing her father's name to be M'Loughlin, she had sought for her parents in vain, until a bountiful Providence, which turns even our trials into benefits, brought her relations and her together, when the secret sympathies of nature united the affections of the brother and sister, and the charity of the girl was at length rewarded by the discovery of her father.

The news of the acknowledgement of American Independence by England, had arrived in the new world on the very day after that ship set sail; but John Hobart had been severely wounded sometime previously, and he was neither able to go home nor to write, and when at length he did write, he received no answer. At length he came home, and learned with unutterable grief from her letter, the cause of her departure. He dare not, however, on account of the state of his health, undertake a sea voyage, but when his father arrived shortly afterwards, he told him the circumstances. Captain Hobart taking in a cargo, set sail for Ireland as soon as possible, and as his business

did not lead him to the town where Ann was, and he could not conveniently leave his ship, he brought with him two servants who were fondly attached to her, and to one of whom she had entrusted the letter for her betrothed. These were the persons who found her at old M'Loughlin's house.

"But," said John, when they were alone together, "sister dear, why did you give me the handkerchief and rosary?"

"I was," she answered, "then so troubled in my mind, that I sometimes walked in my sleep; I was then, but thank God I am so no longer, a SOMNAMBULIST."

The Songs of Beranger.*

PIERRE-JEAN BERANGER was born in Paris, on the 19th of August, 1780, at the house of a tailor—his "poor and old grandfather." His father, a native of Flamicour, near Péronne, constantly aspired during an adventurous life to raise himself to a more elevated condition. He always retained before his name the "De," as the subsign of some long-lost but not forgotten trace of family distinction. His son, however, entertained a thorough contempt for this aping after titles, and he thus expresses the feeling in one of his songs:

"So I hear that the critics in heraldry blame
My presumption in having a 'De' to my name,
And ask by what right I nobility claim?
I have none in the world I reply—
A thorough plebeian am I.

Beranger remained in Paris until he was nine years old, and witnessed the taking of the Bastille—an event which he celebrated forty years afterwards within the walls of the prison *De la Force*. Shortly after this event he went to Péronne and resided with a paternal aunt, who kept an inn in the suburbs. This lady paid considerable attention to his moral and literary training, but unhappily she was not so successful in the former as in the latter, for she found it impossible to eradicate from his soul the scepticism and irreligion which was then so prevalent in France, and which had already made a deep impression upon his mind. But he advanced rapidly in his literary studies, and read with avidity Telemachus, Racine, and such other books as his aunt possessed. At the age of twelve he nearly lost his life, having been struck senseless by lightning.

When he was fourteen he was apprenticed to M. Laisné, a printer, and at the same time he attended the *School of Primary Instruction*, founded at Péronne, by M. Bellue de Bellanglise, deputy in the legislative assembly. This institution resembled at once a club and a camp—the children wore the military costume; on every public event they nominated deputations, pronounced orations, voted addresses; they wrote to citizen Robespierre and citizen Tallien. Young Beranger was the general compiler of these addresses, and by such exercises his taste was awakened, his style formed, and his knowledge of history, geography, and of public affairs extended. The learned languages were not however taught in this school, and these the poet never learned. On this defect in his education M. Tissot observes, "Beranger has always affirmed that he did not know the classical languages, and one cannot doubt the word of such a man; nevertheless, after having read a certain number of his beautiful

* Translated by the author of "The Exile of Idria."

songs, which breathe all the perfume of ancient poetry, one has some difficulty in repelling incredulity. But if Beranger has not read Homer, and Virgil, and Horace in their own language, he has not the less deeply studied those authors, as is evident from his observations upon them, and, above all, from his style and manner of writing."

At seventeen, Beranger returned to Paris, and in the following year he first conceived the idea of writing verses. He sketched a comic piece called the "Hermaphrodites," in which he ridiculed coxcombs and effeminate men, and ambitious and meddling women. But he soon abandoned comedy out of reverence for Molière, who, along with La Fontaine, was at this time his favourite author. He next turned himself to satire, but for a very short time, and then he determined to write a grand epic, of which Clovis was to have been the hero.

Poverty, however, now forced him to think of some means of supporting life, and he had actually resolved on expatriating himself to Egypt, which was then in the hands of the French. Still "sweet poesy" smiled upon him, and taught him to derive from his intercourse with the common people, and even from his very necessities, some of his brightest inspirations.

He was unexpectedly rescued from want and indigence by M. Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of the First Consul, who enabled him to cast aside his "Old Coat" and to desert his "Garret," each of which he has since immortalized in his songs. In 1805-6, Beranger lived in London and contributed to the "*Annales de Musée*," and, on his return to Paris, he received an appointment to an office in the University, on which he lived contentedly, although the receipts did not exceed 200 francs per annum. He retained this office for twelve years, but in 1821 he was dismissed on account of his political sentiments. He was also prosecuted for the collection of his works, which he published in the same year, and condemned to three months' imprisonment. In 1828 he was again prosecuted for the opinions expressed in his songs, and the term of his captivity was, on this occasion, extended to nine months. When France proclaimed herself a republic during the present year, Paris elected Beranger as one of her representatives to the national assembly. But the old poet loved his books and his retirement too well to exchange them for the noisy declamations of the senate, and he wrote to the national assembly for leave to resign his seat, which that body granted to him with great reluctance.

We have here transcribed a few of his songs from the English translation, but we must say that those who would see all the beauties of his thoughts, and all the graces of his style must seek them in the original. His songs are thoroughly democratic, and there is a delicacy in them even when they touch upon the grossest subjects, which they unhappily do not unfrequently.

My Republic.

J'ai pris goût à la république
Depuis que j'ai vu tant de rois, &c.

AIR—"WHEN OLD ADAM WAS FIRST CREATED."

I.

I AM quite a republican grown,
Since I've seen that our kings are such fools;
So I'll have a snug state of my own,
Make its laws and establish its rules;

Its commerce I'll limit to wine,
Its judges in fun shall decree;
My state is this table of mine,
And its motto it is "To be free."

II.

My friends, let us each take our glass,
You're my senate assembled to-day;
Only one severe law we will pass,
That *Ennui* shall be banish'd away.
What! "banish'd?" Ah, ever unknown
Amongst us that word ought to be;
And *Ennui* will still let us alone,
Since pleasure attends on the free.

III.

Mirth will teach us to stop where we ought,
For excess is destruction to joy;
No shackles shall fetter a thought,
So says Bacchus, that merry old boy!
Each may worship his god or his goddess,
Just whatever it happens to be;
He who likes it (if any so odd is),
To go even to Mass shall be free.

IV.

Aristocracy's narrow and vain,
We'll speak not of grandsire or crest,
E'en the comrade no *tittle* shall gain,
Who jokes and who tipples the best:
And should any, by folly misled,
Endeavour our ruler to be,
We'd soon lay such Cæsar down dead—
Drunk—and so keep ourselves free.

V.

Let us drink our republic, and may
The genius of liberty aid her!
Ah, a people so gentle and gay
Are no match for a mighty invader.
Lo, Lizzy comes in, and we bend
To her and to pleasure the knee;
With the fair it is vain to contend—
She will rule—we must cease to be free.

The Plebeian.

Eh quoi! j'apprends que l'on critique
Le *De* qui précède mon nom, &c.

I.

So, I hear that the critics in heraldry blame
My presumption in having a '*De*' to my name,
And ask by what right I nobility claim?
I have none in the world, I reply.
I've no grant of coat-armour and motto and crest,
On vellum inscribed my descent to attest;
Tho' I love my dear country as well as the best,
A thorough plebeian am I,
A mere vile plebian,
A low-bred plebeian,
An arrant plebeian am I.

II.

Yes, I ought to have come into being without
This *De*, I confess; for, I have not a doubt,
That my forefathers were but a beggarly rout,
A poor service-rendering fry;
They were, as it were, the consumable grain,
Which some mighty great neighbouring noble was fain,
Enacting the mill-stone, to grind for his gain;
Yes, a thorough plebeian am I, &c.

III.

My ancestors were not like certain great lords,
Who, heading their vassals and plundering hordes,
Their living acquired by the points of their swords,
Spoiling those who their castles came nigh.
Nor was one of them ever, by Merlin's spells,
Transported to court from his rural dells
Into Charlemagne's service, or any king's else!
No, a thorough plebeian am I, &c.

IV.

In the old civil wars that laid waste our France,
My forefathers poised not their knightly lance,
Nor, to gain their own ends and deliverance,
Introduced the English ally;
And at length when towards ruin the state declined,
Thro' the church's intrigues and its own combined,
The LEAGUE by no sire of mine was sign'd,
No, a thorough plebeian am I, &c.

V.

So leave me alone, my fine lords of lace,
And be off to the palace, your natural place;
There are new rising-suns, don't be last in the race,
But to offer your incense fly.
How times are changed! It is I who am free,
And lords now are servile and bend the knee.
No, none, but the poor, are flatter'd my me;
Such a thorough plebeian am I,
A mere vile plebeian,
A low-bred plebeian,
An arrant plebeian am I!

Liberty.

First song composed in Prison, January, 1822.

D'un petit bout de chaîne
Depuis que j'ai tâté, &c.

AIR—"ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, AS I'VE HEARD SAY," &c.

I.

I've had a little taste of bolts,
And learnt to think those are but dolts
Who take so stoutly Freedom's part,
In truth I hate it from my heart!
So, down, down, Liberty down, Liberty down.

II.

**Marchangy* was the sage so wise
Who open'd my benighted eyes,
And kindly proved how slavery's state
Is good and right legitimate.
So down, down, &c.

III.

That Goddess so bepraised of yore
Shall have my homage now no more;
How back she keeps the world I see
In swaddling clothes and infancy!
So down, down, &c.

IV.

Alas! and what remains there now
Of that proud civic tree? one bough,
One bough, to form the worthless wand
Of Despotism's grasping hand!
So down, down, &c.

V.

Ask of the Tiber? he can tell
The difference of the two full well;
He bathed the freeman's sinewy limb,
And papal fat has cool'd in him.
So down, down, &c.

VI.

When once a man has made pretence
(Infected fool) to common sense,
His acts are like a galley-slave's,
Who in his bonds rebellious raves.
So down, down, &c.

VII.

My turnkey so beloved, and ye,
My gaolers (jolly boys to see!)
Straight to the Louvre's self, I pray,
My alter'd tone and vow convey
Of down, down, Liberty down, Liberty down.

* The conductor of the prosecution against Beranger.

Mary Stuart's Farewell to France.

Adieu, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois tant chérir! &c.

AIR—"ROUSSEAU'S DREAM."

I.

DELIGHTFUL land of France, farewell,
Blest cradle of my infancy,
I love thee more than words can tell!
Adieu—to quit thee is to die!
Adopted country of my heart,
Let Mary's name remember'd be
In that sweet soil from which I part;
I part an exile, leaving thee.
The breezes blow, we quit the shore,
And God, to whom I groan in vain,
Stirs nor the billows to restore
In storms our ship to thee again.
Delightful land, &c.

II.

When round my brows thy royal flower
Was twined, the lily of thy pride,
How thy sons shouted in that hour!
What gallant praises bless the bride!
In gloomy Scotland's frozen scene
The sovereign power were vile and vain;
I ne'er would wish to be a Queen,
Unless o'er Frenchmen I might reign.
Delightful land, &c.

III.

Too fleet my happy days have flown,
With Love, and Mirth, and Poms beguiled,
A different lot must now be known
Midst Caledonia's deserts wild.
A dire foreboding has congeal'd
My blood and horrid sight to see!
An awful dream but now reveal'd
A scaffold, which seem'd meant for me!
Delightful land, &c.

IV.

Yes, France, still 'midst her woes and cares,
The daughter of the Stuart line
To thee will turn her thoughts and prayers,
And fix her hopes on thee and thine.
But ah, our ship too swift and light
O'er colder waves already sails,
And from my straining eyes the Night
Thy shores in mist and darkness veils,
Delightful land of France, farewell,
Blest cradle of my infancy,
I love thee more than words can tell,
Adieu—to quit thee is to die!

The Beggars.

Les gueux, les gueux,
Sont les gens heureux, &c.

AIR—"BALLAD OF LORD LOVEL."

I.

HURRAH for the Beggars, jolly boys!
How merry they are, hurrah!
And they love one another,
Each beggarly brother,
Hurrah for the Beggars, hurrah!
Let us sing to the praise and the glory
Of the jolly beggarly crew;
The honest man who has nothing else,
At least should have his due.
Hurrah for the beggars, &c.

II.

Yes, e'en in the breast of poverty
May happiness exist;
Ay, witness my own gaiety,
Witness the Evangelist!
Hurrah for the beggars, &c.

III.

For ages Parnassus Hill has been
The freehold of the poor;
Old Homer walk'd with wallet and staff
About from door to door.
Hurrah for the beggars. &c.

IV.

How many a hero has gone to the wars
With equipage complete,
Who has sigh'd for a beggar's wooden shoes
At last to shield his feet!
Hurrah for the beggars, &c.

V.

How many a man of sumptuous state
Has been an exile made!
Was Diogenes, with his tub on his head,
Of banishment afraid?
Hurrah for the beggars, &c.

VI.

To keep dulness out of palaces
There is no valid law:
One may heartily dine without damask-cloths,
One may soundly sleep on straw.
Hurrah for the beggars, &c.

VII.

And who is the God that is scattering flowers
Yon lowly couch above?
'Tis a guest whom smiling poverty
Oft welcomes—it is Love!
Hurrah for the beggars, &c.

VIII.

And friendship, who for so many a year
From lofty halls has fled,
Still lingers and takes his cheering glass
In the poor man's humble shed.
Hurrah for the beggars, jolly boys!
How merry they are, hurrah!
And they love one another,
Each beggarly brother,
Hurrah for the beggars, hurrah!

The Last Baron of Cluan.

WHAT Irish tourist has not visited the pretty little town of Inistioge, even now scarcely exceeding the limits defined for it by its founder, Thomas Fitz-Anthony. The ivied remains of the walls which he erected, strengthened with massive square towers—some of which still remains uninjured—bear witness of the care with which he secured to its inhabitants the quiet possession of their dwellings. He provided, moreover, for the spiritual wants of his vassal burghers by the erection of a noble abbey, the venerable remains of which attest, even to this day, the piety and power of its great feudal founder.

Having surveyed this pretty little town, with its picturesque scenery of undulating hills and rich woodland, together with the river, bridge, and islets of the lake, the next and principal attraction is the domain, house, and pleasure-grounds of Woodstock; their unvalued natural and artificial beauties being further enhanced by the free access and ready courtesy of the proprietor and his dependants. The visit to these scenes, the favourite resort of the tourist, antiquary, and trim artizan who, on some fine, summer holiday makes an annual visit or two to this delightful place with his wife and happy children, is generally, if not always, concluded by an adjournment to the "red house"—a lovely cottage that stands on an eminence overlooking the clear waters of the "stubborn" though ever tranquil Nore—there the day's pleasure is sure to

be ended by the party partaking of plentiful and oftentimes luxurious fare.

As good cheer gives a zest to an old story—or perhaps, rather, 'tis the old story that gives the additional zest to the good cheer—we shall here endeavour to relate one for the amusement of the happy group that crowd round the well-furnished table in the octagonal room of the "red house;" or, may be, with better taste, regale themselves on the soft and mossy green-sward beneath the spreading branches of some venerable oak—assuring our readers, in the mean time, of the truth and authenticity of our tale.

In yonder gray, old, ruinous castle which crowns, at a short distance, that high, conical moat or mound, erected there by Heremon the son of Milesius, as tradition tells, dwelt the ancient palatine barons of Cluan, or Brown's-ford as they were alternately called, ruling over a large tract of country with all the arbitrary sway and, too often, wanton cruelty of feudal chiefs; many an aged villager would shake his hoary head significantly at name of one or more of its fierce barons, and many a fond mother would endeavour to still the cries or check the caprices of her wayward child, at the same time pressing it more close to her bosom, by threatening it with a visit from the "grim baron," there being still a vivid tradition that one of these dread Castellans had hanged the son of a widow, in punishment of his disobedience to his parent, the consequence of which unnatural act was, according to the bereaved widow's curse, that the bleak winter wind will for ever howl through its open windows, and the wild raven build his nest in its desolated hearths; with these more remote traditions we will have no more to do at present, suffice it to say, that till the memorable revolution of 1688, the barons of Cluan held large possessions in the vicinity of this their romantic and chief family residence. Edmond Fitzgerald, baron of Brown's-ford and Cluan, having taken an active part in the civil wars of 1641, and being a member of the Catholic confederation of Kilkenny, had his person and estates attainted by Cromwell, but, on the restoration of Charles II. to the throne, his estates were partially recovered by him: his son, Edward, he sent into France to be educated, under the care of an Irish ecclesiastic—that advantage being denied him at home on account of his religion.

Annoyed by the state officers and puritans, and apprehensive of losing his estates again, the father determined on sending his son, after he had completed his education in the Irish college at Bourdeaux, to a French military school, in order to join the army—then the resort of many an Irish youth of high birth and fallen fortune—and, in the armies of chivalrous France did they, in common with thousands of their more humble and exiled countrymen, acquire a high reputation for talent and bravery. In this school of military science, our young hero formed intimate acquaintance with many a daring youth who was destined to take an active part in the military operations which, in some years after, took place in his native land. Amongst those of his most intimate acquaintance we may number the Chevalier, afterwards Major-general De Fessè, the young De Hocquincourt, St. Martin, and the proud, vain, but brave Gascon noble, the Count de Lauzun. The chivalrous spirit, noble person and bearing of the young Irishman won their warmest sympathy for the exile, whose melancholy and love of home they often endeavoured to dissipate by making him the frequent though often reluctant

participator of the pleasant recreations which their summer vacation afforded. From their parents and families, too, he met a cordial welcome at their splendid and richly-ornamented chateaus: he was an excellent performer on his native harp, one of which he carried with him to France, and which was often the sole companion of many of his leisure hours. Many a time would he wake in the breasts of his hearers the tenderest sympathies for his afflicted land, as he played for them some of its most pensive and thrilling melodies; yet, it must be said, his strings were not always attuned to those saddening airs; his enlivening strains inspired his young and buoyant companions to join the merry dance in the summer twilight amidst the rich vineyards of southern France.

Having finished his military education, he joined his countrymen in the French service, then under the command of Lieutenant-general Sir G. Hamilton, who, with his regiment, served with great distinction under Turenne. Our young hero, in all his campaigns, showed much bravery and military skill, but his chief officer Hamilton having fallen in the hour of victory, and his regiment being almost entirely reduced by waste of war and want of recruits, he, together with several other officers, found themselves reduced to the alternative of seeking commissions in the native French army or of turning their steps to the land of their birth, where some new hopes were held out to their persecuted countrymen by the accession of James II. to the throne; the latter course was adopted. It would be a vain endeavour to describe the feelings with which he again beheld the cherished scenes of his early youth, and his never-forgotten home; or the emotions with which he embraced his venerable and aged parent, whose eyes streamed with tears of joy as he again beheld him whom he so fondly loved, with whom he so sorrowfully parted, and whom he so justly considered now the support and joy of his old age.

Having enjoyed the happiness of his son's return for some time, the old baron closed his days in peace, and his son, in order to relieve the solitude of his heart and home, married a lady of suitable rank. The blessing of repose and peace was soon embittered by fears; rumours of war became rife, and the public mind became, in consequence, much agitated; the revolution broke out in England, King James was forced to make a precipitate flight to France, his son-in-law, William, prince of Orange, having landed with 12000 men. In the mean time Tyrconnell, King James's lord lieutenant in Ireland, made all possible exertion to raise an army in favour of the king, in which he was powerfully assisted by several of the old Irish and Anglo-Norman nobility and gentry, most of whom raised regiments or companies of horse and foot, and equipped them in the best manner they could, at their own expense. Among others who exerted themselves in this work of duty and loyalty was the young baron of Cluan; he raised a company of foot which he incorporated with the regiment of Colonel John Grace, then being raised in and about the city of Kilkenny. Among the new-raised troops, it is scarcely necessary to add there was a total ignorance of military discipline, and equal, if not greater was their want of military uniforms, arms, or ammunition. New life and vigour, however, were infused into all hearts by the arrival of King James into the harbour of Kinsale, early in the spring of 1689, bringing with him some French soldiers and several officers, with a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition. The military operations of


that year are well known; early in the summer of 1690 active preparations were made on both sides for a final struggle. King William landed at Carrickfergus with a large and well-supplied army of British and foreigners. In the mean time King James collected nearly his whole force and advanced as far as Dundalk to meet him. The French fleet had a little before this time landed in Kinsale between 5 and 6000 troops of that nation, including a regiment of Swiss and Germans; they received immediate orders from King James to march northwards, whilst the several Irish regiments that lay in garrison along their line of march had orders to join them on the way.

It was a soft and brilliant evening, early in June, as they approached, in long line of march, the city of Kilkenny. Never did that ancient city resound with more loud or hearty acclamations than when were descried the snow-white banners of the advanced guard, having the "*Fleur de lis*" of France richly embroidered in blue and gold on their ample folds; crowds of expectant gazers thronged the walls, ramparts, towers, and gates of the city, whilst thousands who could not find access to these more elevated points lined every avenue through which their allies were to pass; immediately after the van rode the gallant, gay, and youthful commander of the whole, the Count De Lauzun, accompanied by his brilliant staff. Their approach to the city gate was announced by a renewed and prolonged cheer, which, accompanied by salvos of artillery from the walls and castle, made the distant echoes again and again reverberate. As he rode down the street towards the castle, where his quarters were assigned him, many a fair arm waved a snow-white scarf in token of hearty welcome, all which with true courtly politeness (in which, after all, the gallant count was a greater adept than in military skill) he gracefully acknowledged. As the several battalions, preceded by their splendid bands, passed beneath the narrow archway of St. Patrick's gate, they were loudly cheered. High over the northern tower of Ormond castle waved the royal standard of James, having written on it, in large capital letters, the significant motto "now or never—now and for ever," and on its southern bastion floated the snow-white drapery of the French standard. The interior of the castle became the scene of joyous feasting and revelry; French and Irish vied with each other in acts of gallantry and politeness—for on both sides were there many of high rank and ancient lineage. These amusements, however, in no way interfered with the military discipline which was strictly and punctiliously observed both by them and the common soldiers. During the night a strict watch was kept up, whilst the days were spent in reviews and military exercises; in these the French performed their part admirably, whilst the rude and awkward movements of the raw, undisciplined Irish gave occasion sometimes to the loud laughter and, oftener, to the contemptuous expressions of the French soldiery. At this, however, the Irish took no offence, nor did it in anywise damp the zeal, ardour, and enthusiasm which they felt; the gentry, for many miles around, with their families, together with thousands of the country people, flocked in daily to witness the military evolutions which took place in the great park of the castle. The charging and intermingling of horse and foot—the volleying of the small arms—the thunder of the artillery—the burst and crash of military music were all to them a new sight and sound.

[To be continued.]

THE
Life and Death of Oliver Plunkett,
 PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

PART IV.



BORN in the county of Meath, his heart filled with the splendid vision of Ireland's ancient renown, it could not be supposed that he would be insensible to the glories of Tara—the renowned hill on which stood for so many ages the palace of the monarchs of Ireland. There the assembled chieftains had received the truths of the Gospel from the mouth of St. Patrick, and proclaimed Christianity to be henceforth the religion of Ireland. Around this ancient hill were entwined the highest hopes of the faith and the “fondest memories” of nationality. The subject was calculated to call forth all the poetry that dwelt in the soul of the religious and patriotic Primate, and he accordingly wrote a poem upon Tara, probably during the peaceful administration of Lord Berkley. This poem is mentioned by O'Reilly,* who had a copy of it, but quotes, according to his usual practice, only the first line. The only other portion of it that I have been able to discover is the first stanza, which has been kindly given to me by a friend :

A Tēamharr na Ríog doḃ anam leat,
 Re lín Cormac mac Mícheall Mícheall Cúil,
 Alc ríabac boḃac boḃc,
 Bheir gearradh zort ar do dhruim.

The first line is, of course, the same as that which is quoted by O'Reilly. It may be freely translated as follows :

“Oh ! Tara of the kings, it was not usual with thee
 In the time of Cormac, son of Art, son of Con,
 To have the rough limbs of wretched clowns
 Cutting corn on thy back.”

Arthur Earl of Essex was sworn into the lord lieutenancy on the 5th of August, 1672. He does not appear to have been an evil disposed or bloody-minded man, but he lived in perpetual terror of the fierce and persecuting puritanical English parliament. This hideous demon constantly haunted him, and made him afraid of exercising the least indulgence towards the unfortunate Catholics of Ireland. Still if he was unable to confer upon them any favours, or restore them to any of their rights, he did not carry on against them a very active persecution. He was in particular an acquaintance and admirer of Primate Plunkett, and described him to Burnet as a “wise and sober man, fond of living quietly and in due subjection to the go-

vernment.”* When the Primate was afterwards found guilty of high treason, Essex was so convinced of his innocence that he went to the king and implored him to pardon that excellent man, “assuring his majesty that the witnesses must needs be perjured, for these things sworn against him could not possibly be true.”† A quarto volume of letters, written by the Earl of Essex in 1675, whilst he filled the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland, was published at London in 1770. With the exception, however, of a few details concerning some of the robbers who then infested the country, under the name of “Tories,” there is nothing contained in them which can be at all said to throw light upon the history of Ireland. Besides, the events of this period are so well known that I shall consider myself bound, during the remainder of this narrative, to confine myself in a great measure to those which bear more immediately upon the transactions connected with Oliver Plunkett.‡

Shortly after Essex had assumed the chief government of Ireland the English House of Commons addressed the king on the affairs of Ireland. The address passed the house on the 9th of March, 1673. We have already had occasion to mention that the first part of this address required of his majesty that he would recall the commission which had been appointed to inquire into the claims of several Irish Catholic noblemen and gentlemen with regard to the forfeited estates, and that the commission had accordingly been annulled on the 2nd of July in the same year. The third article of the address prayed “That the Irish Popish archbishops, bishops, vicars-general, abbots, and all others exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction, by the Pope's authority; and in particular Peter Talbot, pretended archbishop of Dublin, for his notorious disloyalty to your majesty and disobedience and contempt of your laws, may be commanded by proclamation forthwith to depart out of Ireland and all other your majesty's dominions, or otherwise to be prosecuted according to law. And that all convents, seminaries, and public schools may be dissolved and suppressed; and the secular priests commanded to depart under the like penalty. 4. That no Irish Papist be admitted to inhabit in any part of the kingdom unless duly licensed according to the aforesaid acts of settlement.” The fifth article demanded, that the indemnity granted to those who had been concerned in resisting the Puritans, in 1641 and the following years, should be recalled; the sixth, that Colonel Richard Talbot should be deprived of all his employments and banished from court; and, finally, the whole address was concluded by a declaration that his majesty's kingdom was chiefly endangered by Peter and Richard Talbot.

The archbishop of Dublin was, in consequence of this address, obliged to leave the kingdom, and so far was Charles from thinking him disloyal, that both he and his royal brother, James, united in recommending him to the protection of the King of France. The venerable archbishop did not, however, forget the church committed to his charge, for, like the early martyrs, he wrote letters from his place of exile to comfort and strengthen his flock. One of these documents was a pastoral epistle, addressed to the Catholics

* History of his own times, vol. i. p. 502.

† See Postea.

‡ Those who may wish for the details of this portion of our history, should consult the *Gesta Hibernorum*, Cox's “Reign of Charles II.,” p. 13 and following; Cartes' Ormond, vol. ii. p. 535 and following, and the state letters at the end of the volume.

* Irish Writers, P. cc.

of Ireland, "On the duty and consolation of persecuted subjects," which was printed at Paris in 1674.*

In August, 1677, the Duke of Ormond succeeded Essex in the lord lieutenancy of Ireland. Although he had ever been unfriendly to the Catholics, he was undoubtedly opposed to the bloody persecution which was soon to burst upon them. England was at this period drunk with fanaticism, and the disordered imaginations of the people, which were constantly conjuring up monsters and devils, gave ready credence to the outrageous and impossible fictions of Tongue and Oates, which are commonly known by the appellation of the Popish plot. Even those who did not believe dissembled their incredulity, through fear or through dishonesty. The Duke of Ormond, who first received notice of the Popish plot, at Kilkenny, on the 3rd of October, 1678, was one of those who whilst he pretended in his official capacity to look upon it as a matter of the most awful magnitude, and to satisfy the fury of the English Whigs adopted the most stringent and cruel measures against the Catholics, treated it in his private correspondence with his friends, not only with perfect incredulity but, with the utmost scorn. He justly believed that if such a plot existed in England† it would necessarily extend to Ireland, where the Catholics were so much more numerous; and he says, as any one may see by consulting his letters at the end of the second volume of "Carte," that no such thing was to be found in Ireland; and he even treats with supreme ridicule and contempt, as we shall shortly see, the witnesses who were brought over to prove it.

Oliver Plunkett was the last victim of that diabolical conspiracy, and it is necessary to trace its progress briefly, in order to prepare the way for a mournful, but at the same time, sublime and interesting recital of the solemn tragedy which was enacted at his trial and execution.

On the 7th of October, only three days after the first intimation of the plot had been transmitted to the lord lieutenant, he received a further communication from the secretary of state that the plot extended to Ireland, that Peter Talbot was concerned in it, and that persons were hired to murder Ormond himself.‡ The duke had "no apprehension of that nature at the time, the Irish being in no condition to raise an insurrection, and Peter Talbot (being) in a dying way." Notwithstanding this belief, he signed a warrant on the 8th for his apprehension, and despatched an officer to secure his person, and then set out for Dublin, where he arrived on the 11th.§

The archbishop of Dublin had returned from the continent to England in 1676, "and had spent the two last years at Poole Hall, in Cheshire, being all the while in a very bad state of health, and terribly afflicted with the stone and stranguary. Thinking himself near his end, he was desirous to die in his own country, and, by his brother's means, made interest with the Duke of York to recommend his case to the lord lieutenant, and to prevail for a connivance for his return, he behaving himself quietly, without intermeddling in any affairs. Upon this assurance he had

returned to Ireland, in the May before, and was carried in a chair to his brother, Colonel Talbot's house, at Lutterelstown,* from whence he had never stirred since he first entered the doors till the officer came to seize him and secure his papers. . . . None were found in his drawers but a few letters on controversial divinity. He was in so weak a condition that the officer, having no means of removing him thence, was forced to leave him, taking his brother's security for his appearance. But upon the lord lieutenant's coming to Dublin, Peter was removed thither in a chair, and committed close prisoner to the Castle, with a person to attend him in his miserable, helpless condition—the violence of his distemper being scarce supportable, and threatening his death every moment. Colonel Richard Talbot was soon after committed, pursuant to a like order from England, but was suffered to transport himself to foreign parts.† Archbishop Talbot, Colonel Talbot, Mr. Richard Butler, and two Jesuits, Bourke and Ryan, had been examined concerning the "plot," but nothing had been discovered which even the most malicious ingenuity could torture into a shadow of evidence that such a design had been ever contemplated. Yet Dr. Talbot lingered in prison for two years, amid the greatest afflictions, when death at length delivered him from his sufferings in the year 1681.

Although Ormond knew that the Popish plot both in England and Ireland was a malicious fiction, he acted as if he believed it to be an awful reality, which involved the fate of the whole empire. Notwithstanding that he had first heard that the plot extended to Ireland, on the 7th of October, 1678, and had reached Dublin only on the 11th, he issued a proclamation in council on the 16th, commanding all titular Popish bishops, dignitaries, and all others exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction by authority derived from the see of Rome, as well as all Jesuits and other regular priests to depart the kingdom by the 20th of November. It further ordered that all Popish societies, convents, seminaries, and schools, should be dissolved forthwith, and utterly suppressed. To deprive the clergy of all pretext for evading the clause ordering their banishment, a proclamation was issued on the 18th of November, requiring all owners and masters of ships bound for foreign parts, to receive them on board, and

* This is not correct. It is truly stated in Harris's *Ware's Writers* (Life of Peter Talbot), that the residence of Colonel Talbot, where the archbishop was apprehended, was at Cartown, in the county of Kildare, Lutterelstown is in the county of Dublin, and a few miles nearer the city than Cartown, which is near Maynooth. It may, perhaps, be useful to remark here, that the lives of the Irish writers of the seventeenth century, contained in Ware's works, were written by Harris. The latter is, therefore, the author of the lives of both Plunkett and Talbot. Harris wrote the fourteenth chapter of the first book of "Ware's Irish Writers," which occupies 200 pages, whilst the previous thirteen chapters occupy only 100 pages in the edition published at Dublin in 1646. Ware's own life will be found in this volume, pp. 145-157. He died on the 1st of December, 1666, when he was just entering on his 73rd year.

"Ware's Annals of Ireland" contain only the reign of Elizabeth; but they were published in English, in Dublin, in 1705, with a continuation, under the title of "*Gesta Hibernorum*," which begins with the proclamation of James the First, in Dublin, on the 5th of April, 1603, and brings down the narrative to the year 1704.

The sixth chapter of the second book of "Ware's Irish Writers" was also written by Harris. The latter is far more bigoted and less to be depended upon than Ware; and indeed he had no intention of writing anything upon Irish History until a great many of Sir James's manuscripts fell into his hands, in consequence of his having married one of the illustrious knight's descendants.

† Carte, ii. 477-8.

* *Arsdekin, ubi supra*, p. 162. "*Epistola Pastoralis ad Catholicos in Hibernia de officiis et solatiis patientium subditorum typis trodita Parisiis anno 1674.*"

† See Carte, *passim*, vol. ii. in the history of the years 1677-78-80.

‡ Carte, ii. 477.

§ Id. *Ibid.*

transport them accordingly. On the 20th—the day after which it became a felony for any Catholic bishop, regular clergyman, or any other, exercising legitimately his religious functions to be found in his own country—another proclamation appeared, offering a reward of £10 for every commissioned officer; £5 for every trooper; and 4s. for every foot-soldier that could be discovered to have gone to mass since he took the required oaths of supremacy and allegiance. The Catholic laity were also disarmed, and to insure the execution of all those measures, two proclamations were issued, one on the 2nd, and the other on the 12th of December, whereby all justices of the peace, and all others in authority were ordered to make more strict search after arms, and after the bishops and regular clergy, and to send to the government the names of their abettors, relievers, and harbourers.* Moreover more effectually to secure the extirpation of the Catholic religion, orders were given for “the suppression of mass-houses, and of meetings for Popish service in the cities and suburbs of Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Kinsale, Wexford, Athlone, Rosse, Galway, Drogheda, Youghall, Clonmell, and Kilkenny.

The lord lieutenant and council having thus, as they vainly imagined, banished the Catholic religion from the land of St. Patrick, turned their attention to the Catholic laity, in order to deprive them of their civil rights, and to visit them with a persecution which it was hoped would satisfy even the Puritans.

On the 20th of November, 1678—the same day on which the reward had been offered for the discovery of any officer or soldier who had gone to mass since taking the oaths of supremacy and allegiance—a proclamation was issued :

“That none of the Popish religion, or so reputed, should come into the Castle of Dublin, or any other fort, or citadel, without special order from the lord lieutenant; that markets, and fairs should be kept without the walls of Drogheda, Wexford, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Youghall, and Galway; that no persons of the Romish religion should be suffered to reside in the said towns, or in any other corporation, who had not for the greatest part of twelve months past resided therein; that no Papists should come to fairs or markets with swords, pistols, or any other weapons or fire-arms; and all of that religion to forbear meeting by day or night in any unusual numbers.”

Orders were soon after sent “to remove all the Popish inhabitants from Galway, Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, Clonmell, and Drogheda, except some few trading merchants, artificers, and others, necessary for the said towns and garrisons.” Thus all the Catholics, who were more numerous in these towns than in any other in the kingdom, and formed, indeed, fifteen to one of the entire population, were, without regard to age or sex, at once expelled from their own habitations.

“There were too many Protestants in Ireland,” says Carte, ii. 482, “who wanted another rebellion, that they might increase their estates by new forfeitures.” “To forward this righteous and evangelical design, anonymous letters were dropped in the streets of Dublin, in the month of December, of this year (1678), intimating a conspiracy formed for murdering the lord lieutenant. But he saw that the matter too nearly resembled the proceedings connected with the pretended ‘Popish plot,’ in England, to deserve any credit, and he therefore contented himself with offering a reward of £200 to any person who should make a discovery of the matter. He, however, soon after re-

sorted to other measures of severity, for on the 26th of March, 1679, a proclamation was issued, ordering :

“That the kindred and relations (i.e. the wives, fathers, mothers, brothers, and sons) of such persons as were known tories, or out upon their keeping, in any county of the kingdom, should be forthwith seized upon and committed to close prison in the county jail, until such tory, or person out upon his keeping, to whom they were so related, should be either killed or taken, so as to be brought to justice; and that when there was any Popish, pretended parish priest, of any place where any robbery, or murder was committed by such tories, he should be seized upon, committed to the common gaol, and thence transported beyond the seas, unless within fourteen days after such robbery or murder, the persons guilty thereof were either killed or taken, or such discovery made thereof, in that time, as the offenders might therefore be apprehended and brought to justice.”*

These cruel and sanguinary measures, by which fourteen-fifteenths of the people were proscribed, did not in the least satisfy the Protestants, who wished to precipitate a rebellion, and thus occasion new confiscations. The very undertakers, to whom he was chiefly instrumental in securing their rapine, when the commission was issued to examine into the claims of the loyal Catholic noblemen and gentlemen who had been robbed of their property to enrich the king’s revenues, sent over complaints against the lord lieutenant, accusing him of acting with too much leniency towards the Papists. Constant expresses were sent to Dublin Castle, informing the chief governor that the French were on their way to Ireland, and that the Catholics were just about to rise in arms, and murder all the Protestants. Informations were forwarded in hot haste that Lord Shannon was advised by a priest to retire, with his plate and most valuable effects, into Cork, and that similar friendly cautions had been given to other Protestants by their Irish friends and neighbours. Ormond sent a free pardon to this priest, and the other Catholics who had given the warnings, desired them to be forwarded to Dublin without delay, and promised them rewards, in order that he might be able to probe the plot to the bottom. This order was treated as a matter of great severity against English Protestants, as indeed it was, for on the matter being investigated, it turned out “That no such friendly advertizements had been ever given, and the caution given to Lord Shannon was only the advice of a relation of his own, Mr. Richard Poore, who lived within a mile of him, and was a very good Protestant—that since he ordinarily lived in Cork, it was not proper for him to leave his plate in a lonely country-house—very open, his servants careless, and sometimes but one in the house—for fear it should be stolen.†

The chief complaint, however, against the lord lieutenant was, that some Catholics were retained in the towns as tradesmen and servants, because the Protestants could not do without them, “and that all the Popish priests had not quitted the kingdom upon the proclamation. But this (continues Carte) was not to be expected; it never was, and never will be the consequence of a proclamation: yet more had been shipped off than could have been imagined, and the rest lurked in corners, and durst not come near the great towns.”‡

Thus, the end of 1678, and the early part of 1679, were spent in constant endeavours to afford a pretext for seizing on the property of the Catholics, either by forcing them into rebellion, or by forging a plot. The

* Carte, ii. 481-2; *The Gesta Hibernorum* in Ware, ad an. 1668-9, &c.

† Carte, ii. 483-4.

‡ Carte, ii. 483.

* See Carte, ii. 480; *The Gesta* in Ware’s Works, p. 136; and *The Reign of Charles the Second*, in Cox.

continued tranquillity of Ireland was also a great disappointment to Lord Shaftesbury and the Whigs, and they therefore determined to insist on such measures being carried into effect against "Popery" as should force the Catholics into resistance. For this purpose they resolved to propose the introduction of the test act, as well as of all the other English penal laws, into Ireland. There was, however, another motive for this conduct, in which all the English parties in the excess of their blind fury against the religion of their ancestors equally participated. This motive we shall explain in the words of Carte (ii. 495):—"It was a terrible slur upon the credit of the Popish plot in England, that after it had made such a horrible noise, and frightened people out of their senses in a nation where there was scarce one Papist to an hundred Protestants, there should not, for above a year together, appear so much as one witness from Ireland (a country otherwise fruitful enough in producing them) to give information of any conspiracy of the like nature in that kingdom, where there were fifteen Papists to one Protestant, as that charged upon the Papists of England, whose weakness would naturally make them apply for assistance from their more powerful brethren in Ireland." On this account it was determined to goad the Catholics into a conspiracy, "all the endeavours that had been used by many persons who were on the watch against the least danger, and diligent to find out something to countenance the English plot, or to serve for the pretence of an Irish one, having hitherto produced but little to show there was any design of such a nature carrying on in Ireland."

Some persons may imagine that Carte is not an impartial witness concerning the Popish plot of 1678, which, if it does not owe its origin, certainly does owe its sanguinary success to Shaftesbury and the Whigs. We shall, therefore, give the opinion of Charles James Fox—the greatest Whig that ever lived, or that ever will live—concerning the conduct of the Whig leader in relation to the Popish plot:

"Shaftesbury did not consider the Catholics fellow-creatures; a feeling very common in those times Locke's partiality might make him blind to the indifference with which he expressed either monarchical, arbitrary, or republican principles, as best suited his ambition, but could it make him blind to the relentless cruelty with which he persecuted the Papists, in the affair of the Popish Plot, merely, as it would seem, because it suited the purposes of the party with which he was then engaged? You know that some of the imputations against him, are certainly false; the shutting of the Exchequer, for instance; but the two great blots—of sitting on the regicides, and his conduct in the Popish plot—can never be wiped off."*

Ever since the proclamation of the 16th of October, 1678, the persecution raged furiously against the bishops and clergy of the Catholic church. Vast numbers of them had been shipped off to foreign parts, and those who remained did not dare to come near the great towns, but lay concealed in the bogs and mountains. The Primate, however, did not desert his country, or even his diocese, but he left his usual residence of Ballybarrack, within a short distance of Dundalk, and took up his abode in a little house in an obscure country place called Castletownbellew, which is within a few miles of Drogheda. It was here he held his last ordination. As the persecution of the Catholic religion became every day more fierce and the search after its ministers more close and persevering, it was impossible that the head of the Irish

Church should long escape the vigilance of his enemies. He was, however, so good a man, so wholly devoted to the duties of his ministry, so great and constant an enemy of Tories and robbers, as he himself afterwards declared at his trial, and so successful a promoter of peace, virtue and order, that Ormond was most reluctant to have him apprehended. Thus he succeeded in remaining at large for more than a year after the proclamation for banishing the clergy had been issued, and during all that time he continued to exercise the most useful and important part of his functions, by ordaining priests to take the place of those who were banished out of the country. At length he was apprehended in the retreat to which he had retired, and committed to prison on the 6th of December, 1679. It is not at all true, as De Burgo, p. 130, erroneously states, and after him all our modern ecclesiastical historians, that Dr. Plunkett was made prisoner on a charge of high treason.* On the contrary, the Primate himself, as well as the attorney-general, declared at his trial for "high treason," in London, that he was at first imprisoned solely on account of his religion. The usual charge against the clergy was that of having received orders abroad, and of exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction by the authority of the Pope, and for this alone was Dr. Plunkett apprehended. As I shall give his trial in full, I shall not quote, but merely refer to such portions of it as may be necessary to illustrate this previous portion of the narrative.

It was after the imprisonment of the Primate in Newgate, Dublin, that the charge of high treason was concocted against him by Owen (or as he called himself, Edmund) Murphy, at the instigation of Hetherington. These, as well as the other witnesses who appeared against him, were all men of notoriously infamous character; many of them were priests, whom he was obliged to suspend for their immoralities, and who, as we shall see in their examinations, had sworn to wreak vengeance upon him. But they were all, whether priests or laity, chiefly influenced in the perjuries concerning the Irish plot, whether they were directed against the Primate or other innocent individuals, by the promises of pardon for their own infamous crimes, and by the hope of rewards which were held out to them. Shortly before the arrest of Dr. Plunkett orders were given in the English council, on November 28th, 1679, for Mr. Secretary Coventry to draw up a letter "requiring the lord lieutenant and council (of Ireland) to issue a proclamation forthwith for encouraging all persons that could make any further discovery of the horrid Popish plot to come in and declare the same by a certain day to be prefixed; otherwise not to expect his majesty's pardon." The natural result followed; murderers and robbers and thieves, some of whom were actually in gaol, became informers, in order to avoid being hanged.

"Nobody (says Carte, ii. 498), was more active in procuring these witnesses than the bishop of Meath, who had been scout-

* "Sed cum vigilantissimi et indefessi pastoris officium securus perageret, a malevolis et pessimæ famæ hominibus de crimine læsæ majestatis accusatur. Hinc in vincula raptus Præsul integerimus Dublinium deportatur, communicque mancipatur carieri Portæ Novæ vulgo appellato, die 6, Novembris 1679."—*Hib. Dom.*, p. 130. De Burgo here says that the Primate was apprehended in November, which is another error, for both Ardsdekin (*ubi sup.* p. 160), and Harris (*Life of Plunkett*), say it was in December. It is strange that Harris, and even Ardsdekin, fall into the same error as De Burgo, for they both state that he was apprehended on a charge of high treason.

* Letter of C. F. Fox, in the Introduction to his *Historical Works*, p. 50.

master-general to Oliver Cromwell's army, and now exerted himself to the utmost to serve that great and worthy patriot, his very good friend (as he styles him), the Earl of Shaftesbury. The private, intercepted letters of his correspondence with the earl, which was carried on by means of Colonel Mansell, and William Hetherington (that nobleman's chief agent, manager, and instructor of the Irish witnesses brought to give evidence of the plot) show something more zealous than honourable in his proceedings in that affair."

"The most considerable witness (about the plot) was David Fitzgerald, a gentleman of the county of Limerick, and a Protestant. He was in gaol for having uttered treasonable words, and was soon to be brought to trial." Being acquitted, as a matter of course, of the crime with which he was charged, and this being his only object, he endeavoured to elude all further discoveries. He was, however, after considerable difficulty, sent over to Lord Shaftesbury; "but whether he could not comply with what was proposed to him, or was afraid of being prosecuted in his turn for accusations he could not prove, he stole away from London in order to make his way for Ireland, but was retaken at Bristol.* He then repeated his evidence, accusing Lord Brittas and other gentlemen, who wished to be tried in Limerick, their native county, but were forced to follow their accuser over to London, where they would have been infallibly convicted and hanged, if Fitzgerald had not confessed that all he had sworn was a pure fiction, concocted by himself and Hetherington. The latter opposed his design of retracting with all his might, but happily without success.† David Fitzgerald was so remorseful for his conduct, that Maurice Fitzgerald swore before the privy council in London, on the 20th March, 1680, that he strove to stifle the evidence of Edmund Murphy, John Moyer, Hugh Duffy (who were the chief witnesses against Dr. Plunket), and also of George Coddan, Paul Gormley, Murtagh Downing, and Maurice Fitzgerald." "Furthermore, that the said David did order me to write in my information that one William Hetherington and the rest of his majesty's evidence were all but rogues and thieves and gaol breakers; and that he gave Robert Poor instruction to draw up my evidence against Hetherington."‡ This "David Fitzgerald, upon a hearing between him and Hetherington, before the king and council, did assert that he could procure forty Irishmen, for forty pound, to swear whatever he desired them."—*Castelhaven's Memoirs*. See Thorpe's Pamphlets *ubi sup*.

Certainly nothing could show more strongly the degradation of our country and of our countrymen at this period than the shoals of witnesses who rushed to England to co-operate in the murder of the best men in the kingdom by the most foul and abominable perjury. It is to be observed, too, that these witnesses were found amongst the most fierce and turbulent opposers of English rule in Ireland. Most of them, whether priests or laymen, had actually been in arms against the government. They were all, however, base and immoral men, and such persons always carry in their hearts the seed from which treason against the holiest cause will spring. They are never its strength but its weakness. It will not, therefore, appear extraordinary, that the "parties of tories (to use the words of Carte) which the Duke of Ormond was careful to suppress, because they were a sort of nurseries for rebellion, served likewise for supplying wit-

nesses for the Popish plot. One Murphy, living in their quarters, and corresponding with them, was prosecuted for that correspondence by Baker and Smith, of Dundalk. The proofs for convicting him were ready, and the assizes were near, when he made his escape out of prison, and put himself under the protection of the government as a prosecutor, for the king, of the charge against Oliver Plunkett, titular Primate of Armagh. John Moyer, being guilty of the like correspondence, took the same part as Murphy had done, and went to England, whence they returned with encouragement to proceed to the conviction of Plunkett, and powers to take up such persons as they saw fit for further witnesses. They had been examined in England as evidences of the plot, but had neglected to take out their pardons; and being prosecuted on their first return for their correspondence with tories, the bishop of Meath pressed the Earl of Shaftesbury, by frequent letters, to procure their pardons and get the titular Primate's trial (which was to be at the next assizes which were then near, at Dundalk) to be removed from that town, where he would be certainly acquitted, to either Dublin or London. The latter place was deemed most convenient, and the old man was accordingly sent for thither, tried, and convicted by this and the like evidence, of a charge that was in its own nature incredible, viz., the inviting 20,000 French to invade the kingdom, and land at Carlingford, and the listing of 70,000 men to join them."

Another of the witnesses of the Popish plot was James Geoghan, of whom Ormond, the lord lieutenant, thus writes.* After going to England and giving information concerning the plot, he returned to Ireland, in November, 1680, bearing with him an order of council requiring the government and magistrates to give him assistance in the business he came about, especially for the apprehending of any of those who had engaged themselves to kill the king. Having landed in Youghal he came to Waterford and was committed for treasonable words, but was released by the lord lieutenant, from whom he obtained money, a guard of six horsemen, and ample power to take up every person he pleased. "Thus authorised," says the letter, "guarded and provided, he set forth from Dublin," and commenced his work by whipping and beating a butcher in the open street about the hire of a horse, and riding away with the horse without making any agreement whatever with the owner. "In prosecution of the circuit he intended to make, he committed many other outrages, but at length his violences, excesses, debaucheries, and in effect his plain robberies committed on Irish and English Protestants and Papists, were so manifest, and raised so great a disturbance in all places" that it at last became necessary to put him in gaol.

Writing to his son, the Earl of Arran, on the 29th December, 1680,† the lord lieutenant says:

"You have already sent you a part of Mr. Geoghan's life and achievements till he left Ireland and was re-converted by the bishop of Durham, under the name of Dalton. His exploits since he came over with the authority of the council to take plotters are many and remarkable, and shall be sent to my Lord Sunderland as soon as the story is compleated to his committal to Newgate, where he now is. I send you authentic copies of examinations which will satisfy anybody that it was not fit to let him go on to plunder, beat, and imprison whom he pleased, English and Irish, Papist and Protestants, as his fancy, supported by strong ale and wine, should direct him.

* Carte, ii. 493.

† Id. *ibid.* p. 598; Thorpe's Pamphlets, 1641—1690.

‡ See the pamphlet containing this evidence in Thorpe's collection, 1641—1690.

* See the letter in Carte, ii. 514.

† See the letter in Carte, ii. 101-2.

"There is also Owen Murphy, authorized to search for and carry over witnesses (I suppose) to give evidence against Oliver Plunkett. . . . He has been as far as the county Tipperary, and brought thence about a dozen people, not like to say anything material as to Plunkett; so that I believe he takes them upon the account of Eustace Conyn's mad narrative."

In a letter to the same, dated January 6th, 1680, old style, or 1681, new, he continues the narrative of Irish witnesses.*

"Mr. Geoghan's history is brought so far that we have thought it time to transmit it to my Lord Sunderland; and we hope his villainies will appear to be such as will justify his sending to Newgate. Murphy, sent hither to gather witnesses, by virtue of an order of the House of Lords, is ready to embark with those he has picked up. In Hetherington's letter, produced by Murphy, he was advised to good husbandry, and particularly to take none with him but material witnesses, and yet he has taken some from Carrick that profess here that they are able to say nothing of the plot or plotters."

And again, writing on the 9th, he says :

"This westerly wind has carried over Murphy, with a number of witnesses; and Geoghan, since his imprisonment, has accused my Lord Carlingford, Colonel Garret Moore, and one Nugent, of treason, that the title of king's evidence may not only defend him from punishment here, but help him into England, where he hopes for more favour than here, where he is best known. And to make his presence there the more necessary, he now desires to be examined against the Lord Molineux. This is evidently his drift, but how safe it may be to find or affirm it to be so, I cannot judge."

He says to the same person, in a letter written on the 25th of the same month :†

"A notorious tory in Munster being ready to be sent by my Lord Orrery to prison, and at last actually, perhaps too hastily, sent hither by his lordship, offers at great discoveries, and names many persons as guilty of the plot. But orders will go this night for his setting at liberty, and for protecting him in his way hither. The fellow's name is Honaghan, as I think in times past an attorney in the Presidency Court, but since that was suppressed, turned robber. He has put his tale as well together as any of his country."

The last extract I shall produce from Ormond's letters is a most graphic description of an Irish witness of the period :

"All the business here belongs to the term and the judges; and at council there is little more to do than to hear witnesses, some come out of England and some producing themselves here; and all of them (I doubt) forswearing themselves. Those that went out of Ireland with bad English and worse clothes, are returned well-bred gentlemen, well coronated, periwigged and clothed. Brogues and leather straps are converted to fashionable shoes and glittering buckles; which next to the *zeal tories, thieves and friars have for the Protestant religion*, is a main inducement to bring in a shoal of informers. The worst is, they are so miserably poor that we are fain to give them some allowance; and they find it more honourable and safe to be the king's evidence than a cow-stealer, though that be their natural profession. But seriously, it is vexatious and uneasy to be in awe of such a sort of rogues. Now that they are discarded by the zealous suborners of the city, they would fain invent and swear what might recommend them to another party; but as they have not the honesty to swear truth, so they have not the wit to invent, probably. It is for want of something else to say that I fall upon *this character of an Irish witness*."

The truth is, as Carte states (II. 517), that "multitudes of miserable wretches were sent over from Ireland to serve in England as witnesses of a plot of which they knew nothing, till they were instructed by Mr. Hetherington, Lord Shaftsbury's chief agent, in managing and providing for them." Yet the evidence of these persons was made the pretext in England for ordering the lord lieutenant to persecute the Irish Catholics—and especially the priests—with the utmost rigour; and Ormond, whose opinions we have just seen, was base and subservient enough to feign a belief in the plot and to carry out the persecutions.

* Carte ii. 103.

† Carte, ii. 105.

Sketch of "J. R." of Cork.

"Who is 'J. R.'?" "What is 'J. R.'?" "Where has 'J. R.' lived during his life?" "Who knows 'J. R.'?"

Such questions have often been asked in London and Dublin amongst literary people during the last few years. They relate to the writer of a variety of contributions to the *Literary Gazette*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Dublin Review*, and several other periodicals. Men of letters have often been glad to know the history of their author, and some account of this interesting writer will probably be acceptable.

The writings signed "J. R." are on a great variety of topics. They are of the nature of original *ana* on philosophy, general criticism, political history, and biography. Some subjects are more especially familiar to the writer's mind. Amongst these are the history of French literature since Louis XIV.; the family history of the great leading houses in Europe: the lives and adventures of eminent Irish Catholics since 1688. And throughout the writings there is displayed a knowledge of the last fifty years, evidencing, on the part of the writer, a personal acquaintance with many of the eminent characters of France and the British islands. The power of rapid reference shows, on the writer's part, a memory of extraordinary retention.

"J. R." is the signature under which Mr. James Roche, a magistrate of the city of Cork, makes public his curious contributions. In the seventy-seventh year of his age, performing the duties of a magistrate, and of the directorship of the National Bank of Ireland, Mr. Roche exhibits in advanced years an energy and vivacity of character, a parallel for which can scarcely be found. After the labours of the day, instead of dozing in an easy chair, like a fine old lazy gentleman, he commences to satiate his exhaustless appetite for reading. Copiously supplied with new works, he eagerly devours their contents. With pencil in hand he minutely annotates the margins, corrects all the wrong dates, and rectifies the quotations, often appending references of great value to a scholar. How he finds time to do all this is a mystery to those unacquainted with the wonderful readiness of his memory, and its singular precision upon dates and persons. The vigour of his memory is surprising, and when it is added that he is a master of the modern tongues, a sound classical scholar, that for sixty years he has been in "*hellno librorum*," and that he has mixed in the best circles of London and Paris, the variety of his attainments can be conjectured.

Mr. Roche is a member of a very ancient family—a branch of the great Roches. The representative of his family (nephew to "J. R.") is said to be the only person in Ireland who possesses landed estates in Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. This family always occupied a very high social position, and notwithstanding their adherence to Catholicism, they contrived to secure a large amount of their ancestral property. "What are the Roches of Limerick doing?" asked Edmund Burke,* when towards the close of his life he was applying his mind to the redemption of the Irish Catholics. The family of Roche exercised considerable influence amongst their fellow-countrymen in days previous to the advent of O'Connell.

* Vide Correspondence, vol. iv.

At an early period of his life Mr. James Roche was sent to France, where he was educated at one of the colleges which existed prior to the revolution. He was at Paris when Louis XVI. was executed, and witnessed the procession on the day when the most virtuous of the modern Bourbons fell a victim to the crimes of his ancestors, and the fury of a sanguinary populace. All the orators of that period were repeatedly heard by Mr. Roche, and with some of them he was personally acquainted. Though never in favour of violent measures, he was somewhat influenced by the amiable and generous party of the Gironde, whose classical spirit and romantic enthusiasm had great charms for one delighting in the study of the ancient authors. With the brilliant Vergmund he was intimately acquainted. Mr. Roche is probably the only person now living who *repeatedly* heard all the French orators of the revolution, and all the great British and Irish orators who illustrated the close of the last century, including Burke, Fox, and Pitt. The marked superiority of the British school of speaking was most evident. No comparison could be made between them by one who heard them both. Leaving Mirabeau out of the question, Mr. Roche has said that not one of the French declaimers, either of the Gironde or the Mountain, could be matched for an oratorical encounter with Pitt, Burke, Fox, or Sheridan—an opinion in which the French historians of the period would not coincide; but Mr. Roche's testimony is that of an impartial judge. Of our great British speakers, Mr. Roche, and he has heard all the great political chiefs from Burke to Peel, would assign the palm to Mr. Pitt, whose immediate effect upon an audience he has graphically described to the writer of these lines. Mr. Pitt appeared to him to unite strength and finish in a greater degree than his rivals. He came up more nearly to the standard of classical perfection.*

Of Mr. Roche one thing can be said, which is not true of any other Irishman—he was the personal friend of Lord Clare and Daniel O'Connell—certainly two of the greatest opposites that can be imagined! His grandfather gave John Fitzgibbon, the father of Lord Chancellor Clare, his first fee, and introduced him to the notice of some of the Catholic body. Lord Clare, the son, never forgot the kindness of the elder Mr. Roche, and a friendship and intimacy subsisted between the families, even though they were widely severed.

For a great number of years Mr. Roche was a banker at Cork. He resided at a very handsome country seat, over the river Lee, on the Glanmire Hill. In a wing of his mansion was assembled one of the most valuable private collections of books to be found in Ireland. The library was peculiarly rich in the classical and historical department. With his books Mr. Roche spent his leisure hours; and certainly none of his Irish commercial contemporaries could boast of such literary wealth as he was master of. In the year 1820 the house with which he was connected was compelled to suspend its payments. The disasters of a monetary crisis destroyed its prosperity, along with thirteen other Irish banks, which all failed within a few days of each other. No blame was attributed to the Messrs. Roche, and the deepest sympathy was felt in the reverses of the subject of this sketch. His creditors presented him with whatever books he chose to keep, as a mark of their respect.

* O'Connell had much the same opinion.

Mr. Roche resided afterwards in London for some years as a parliamentary agent, where his knowledge of Irish affairs was found extremely useful. He was an intimate friend of Charles Butler, the conveyancer. Community of tastes, not less than religious ties, united them. They were both the two most learned Catholic laymen in the British empire. The learning of Mr. Roche was appreciated in the highest circles. Amongst many others who distinguished him by particular notice, was that accomplished scholar, the late Lord Dudley. While secretary for foreign affairs, under Canning's ministry, Earl Dudley was much in want of a private secretary skilled in foreign tongues, and conversant with business and the affairs of the world. Mr. Roche's name was mentioned to him, and Lord Dudley eagerly desired to have an arrangement effected with Mr. Roche, on the most honourable terms. All was definitively settled. Lord Dudley, however, was excessively near-sighted, and from the nervous affection to which he was subject in his latter years his vision was much impaired. Mr. Roche's handwriting was curiously small—most provokingly minute. This writing was more suitable for a secretary to a queen of the fairies than for the British minister of foreign affairs. To the regret of both parties the cramp hand-writing acted as a disqualification.

It was always supposed that from Mr. Roche's learning and great variety of accomplishments, he made a considerable income during his stay in London. He afterwards resided for several years at Paris, and was there during the whole of the French revolution of 1830. He saw the assembly of the National Convention, and he was in forty years afterwards to see the erection of the barricades. He saw Benjamin Franklin at Paris, and beheld the procession to execution of Louis XVI. From Mirabeau and Vergund, down to Carrier, Perier, &c., he heard all their orators. He has thus known and seen France of the *ancien regime*; France during the throes of revolution; France of the Empire; France of the Restoration, and, last of all—France of the Throne of the Barricades. He has survived to see another revolution in the country where he passed so many years of his life. His knowledge of the various events of modern French history is extremely extensive; and he understands French literature with philological precision.

The conversation of this venerable scholar is extremely interesting. Always ready to communicate his knowledge, he is glad to assist all enquirers, and the swarm of living *littérateurs* of which Cork has been the prolific parent, constantly have recourse to his scholarship and encyclopedic learning. The Reverend Francis Mahony, in the "Prout Papers," called Mr. Roche "the Roscoe of Cork;" and there is more felicity in the title than is usual in compliments of that nature. Indeed few things are more admirable in Mr. Roche's character than the pious resignation with which he has borne great reverses. The loss of his library was to him a heavy calamity. His library occupied a large room in one of the extensive wings at the mansion of Lota Park; the room was tastefully ornamented with classic busts, and from its windows was a charming prospect of Lough Mahon, the river Lee, and the wooded peninsula of Blackrock; the books were selected with critical judgment, and contained some rare treasures. Conscious, however, of his intellectual resources he bore without repining the loss of his loved library. In study and philosophy he found ample amends for the cruelty of fortune, and

the sincerity of his nature is in itself the best proof of the refining and elevating influence of literary studies. Delightfully free from the spleen of old age, and exempt from a querulous disposition, his is a bright happy, tranquil, and respected age. No gloom—no peevishness—no discontent—no sour repinings at diminished health or enfeebled energies.

“Semit a certe,
Tranquillæ per virtutem palet unica vitæ.”

Nor has religion, in its most elevated form, been wanting to this dignified character. In all periods of his troubled life—even during the first French Revolution—he was a devout and practical Christian according to the Catholic church, strict without asceticism, and pious without bigotry. False philosophy never lured him by its deceitful glare: the faith of his boyhood is the faith of his old age, as it was that of his manhood during a period when even the most religious minds contracted a dangerous laxity of thinking on subjects of eternal importance. As he never was tainted with infidelity, neither is his mind polluted with that morose antipathy to Christians of another creed. This toleration for the faith of others is as strong as his conviction of his own. He is a liberal, learned, and reverent thinker, and feels by his heart what his learned mind, skilled in historic lore, can promptly illustrate—that in all ages bigotry is a reproach to genuine religion.

Such is a faint picture of this admirable old man. Would that the wish of his numerous friends were gratified, that he might with his own pen, give the world his autobiography! His life would both instruct and entertain, and be perused with the greatest interest.

Evenings with the Poets.

NO. II.—ALFRED TENNISON.*

For a considerable time, Poetry may be said to have gone out of fashion. It is neither favoured by the learned, who have betaken themselves to philosophy—nor by the idle, who sleep over worthless novels. Yet a vast quantity of poetry is written and published in newspapers, magazines, and sometimes even in small volumes. It is proclaimed in narrow circles to be the genuine inspiration of the Muse, and is then forgotten for ever. We do not mean to say that some tolerable poetry has not been written within the last dozen of years, very far from it; but certainly no person who could with any truth be called a great poet, has arisen to fill the vacant throne of Byron or of Moore, of Wordsworth or of Southey. There is in fact no longer

“A grand Napoleon of the realms of rhythm,”

and Horace has sung, long ago, that “middling poets are an abomination in the eyes of gods, men, and booksellers.”

Why no poems are now written amongst us which are likely to procure for their author a world-wide fame, whose inspirations are transfused into every tongue, and which have impressed upon themselves the sure stamp of immortality, is a problem which admits of a great variety of solutions. It may be that splendid poetry is not written because the world is too busy with politics to appreciate or perhaps even to read it. It may be that the well of inspiration, which, during the early part of the present century, seemed so deep

and inexhaustible has gone dry; or, mayhap, whilst an inharmonious Codrus stuns our ears with his hoarse sounds, the bright child of song is toiling for his daily bread, all unconscious of the hidden glory which dwells within him. There is a trite expression of this last solution, but withal so beautiful, that it cannot be too often repeated:

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear—
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

But, though none of those who at this time attune their thoughts to the harmony of sweet sounds “can be called a great poet,” there are many with whom we can spend a pleasant evening. Here, for instance, is Alfred Tennyson, a worshipper of the Wordsworthian school, who has been pensioned for his poetry. His poems are imbued with the great and redeeming virtue of the school to which they belong, for they contain nothing irreligious or immoral. The rhythms are also perfect, being often as sweet and harmonious as those of Moore. Unhappily he has also the vices of the “lakers,” being frequently obscure, and he sometimes confounds the natural with the puerile. Thus, in the introduction to a very pretty epic on the death of King Arthur, he says—

“For I remember’d Everard’s College fame,
When we were *Freshmen*.”

This is so natural as to cease to be poetic. But our object is not to quarrel with our companion, but to spend the evening pleasantly, and we shall therefore extract a few of the pieces which have pleased us most in the two volumes before us:

The Poet.

THE Poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate—the scorn of scorn—
The love of love,
He saw thro’ life and death, thro’ good and ill,
He saw through his own soul
The marvel of the Everlasting Will,
An open Scroll
Before him lay: with echoing feet he treaded
The surest walks of fame;
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And winged with flame,
Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light
And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like arrow-seeds or the field-flower
The fruitful wit
Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew
Where’er they fell behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance grew
A flower all gold,
And bravely furnished all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of Truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.
So many minds did gird their orbs with beams
Though one did fling the fire.
Heaven flowed upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.
Thus Truth was multiplied on Truth, the world
Like one great garden show’d,
And thro’ the wreaths of floating dark upcurl’d
There sun-rise flow’d.
And Freedom rear’d in that august sun-rise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before her burning eyes
Melted like snow.

* Poems in two volumes: London, Edward Moxon, 1843.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
 Sunned by those orient skies;
 But round about the circles of the globes
 Of her keen eyes
 And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame
 WISDOM, a name to shake
 All evil dreams of power—a sacred name.
 And when she spake
 Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
 And as the lightning to the thunder
 Which follows it riving the spirit of man,
 Making earth wonder,
 So was their meaning to her words. No sword
 Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
 But one poor Poet's scroll, and with *his* word
 She shook the world.

VOL. I., p. 46, and following.

We would warn the reader that he must accustom his ear a little to the peculiarities of the rythmes in these volumes, before he will be able to catch their harmony. The meaning, too, is not unfrequently to be attained only after considerable study.

St. Agnes.

I.

DEEP on the convent roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon:
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
 May my soul follow soon!
 The shadows of the convent towers
 Float down the snow'y sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my lord:
 Make thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

II.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb
 My spirit before Thee;
 So in my earthly house I am
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens O Lord! and far
 Thro' all yon star-light keen
 Draw me thy bride a glittering star
 In raiment white and clean.

III.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
 The flashes come and go!
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits
 To make me pure of sin.
 The Sabbaths of eternity
 One Sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea
 The Bridegroom with his bride!

VOL. II., pp. 171-2-3.

The next piece which we shall transcribe is written in exquisite rythme, and is better known than any of the other poems in these volumes:

Locksley Hall.

COMRADES leave me here a little, while as yet tis early morn;
 Leave me here and when you want me sound upon the bugle horn.
 'Tis the place and all around it as of old the curlew's call
 Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;
 Locksley Hall that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
 And the hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts.
 Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest
 Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the pleiads rising through the mellow shade
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

There about the beach I wander'd nourishing a youth sublime
 With the fairy-*tales* of science and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed
 When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
 Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be—

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;

In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
 And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
 Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
 As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs,
 All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying "I have hid my feelings fearing they should do me wrong."
 Saying, "Do'st thou love me, cousin?" weeping "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands,
 Every moment lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might,
 Smote the chord of Self, that trembling passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring.
 And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
 And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
 O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
 Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to decline
 On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level, day by day,
 What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
 And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.
 He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
 Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.

Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
 Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought:

He will answer to the purpose easy things to understand—
 Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Where is comfort? In division of the records of the mind.
 Can I part her from herself, and love her as I knew her kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move;
 Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
 No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort! Comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
 That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memory lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof.

In the dread unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
 Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall press before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
 To thy widowed marriage pillows, to the tear that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, Never," whispered by the phantom years,

And a song from out the distance, in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee, on thy pillow : get thee to thy rest again.

Nay but nature brings the solace ; for a tender voice will cry,
'Tis a purer life than thine ; a life to drain thy troubles dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down : my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child, too, clothes the father with a dearness not his due,
Half is thine, and half is his, it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee, old and formal ! fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims, preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings—she, herself, was not
exempt—

Truly she, herself, had suffered"—Perish in thy self-contempt !

Outlive it—lower yet—be happy ! wherefore should I care ?
I, myself, must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

Hark ! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn—
They, to whom, my foolish passion was a target for their scorn :

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string ?
I am shamed thro' all my nature, to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's pleasure, woman's
pain—

Nature made them blinder motions, bounded in a shallower brain.

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here, at least, where nature sickens nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining orient, where my life began to beat.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
Or from island into island, at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons, and happy skies,
Breadth of tropic shade, and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the hind o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the
crag.

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment, more than in this march of
mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake
mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and
breathing space ;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild-goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight, poring over miserable books—

Fool again, the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast, with lower pleasures, like a beast, with lower pains !

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime ?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon in Ajalon !

Not in vain the distance beacons—Forward, forward, let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever, down the ringing grooves of
change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother, age (for mine I knew not), help me as when life begun :
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the
sun—

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall,
Now for me, the woods may wither, now for me, the roof-tree fall.

We have transcribed only a portion of this poem, but
the reader will be able to judge, from this specimen, of
the merits of Mr. Tennison's verses. For our own parts
we will freely confess that we formed a very low opi-

nion of it when we first cast our eyes rather carelessly
over it ; but we have since read it frequently and at-
tentively, and on each occasion it has improved. We
now consider it a powerful portraiture of the struggles
of passion and reason in a mind whose confidence has
been betrayed, and whose hopes of happiness have
been suddenly and rudely blasted. The wild outburst
of feeling and the sudden and unexpected reappear-
ance of more sober thoughts which abruptly arrest it
are finely and naturally expressed throughout.

Mr. Tennison has frequently seized upon the sweet
recollections of our early years, where everything, al-
though looked back upon through a long vista of sor-
rows, appears gilded with the golden hues of youth,
and we doubt not that he owes to this circumstance
much of his popularity. King Arthur and the Knights
of the Round Table, Godiva, Sir Galahad, Sir Launce-
lot and Queen Genevieve reappear in his volumes in-
vested with new charms. We have only room for
"*Morte D'Arthur*"—the death of King Arthur—of
which, as in the case of "Locksley Hall," we shall
omit much, and merely transcribe a few of the best pas-
sages :

Morte D'Arthur.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man
Had fallen in Lyonness, about their lord,
King Arthur : then because his wound was deep
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field ;
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water and the moon was full—
Then spoke King Arthur to his Bedivere :

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep,
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made—
Though Merlin swear that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be.
I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it like a king :
And wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take excalibur
And fling him far into the middle meer—
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."
Then quickly rose his Bedivere, and ran,
And leaping down the ridges lightly plunged
Among the bulrush beds and clutched the sword
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
That like a streamer of the northern morn
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night with noises of the northern sea,
So flashed and fell the brand excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the meer.
(Sir Bedivere having carried King Arthur to the lake)
There saw they how there hove a dusky barge,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them; and descending they were 'ware
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
 A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
 And as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes
 Or hath come since the making of the world.
 Then murmur'd Arthur "place me in the barge,"
 And to the barge they came. Then those three Queens
 Put forth their hands and took the King and wept,
 But she that rose the tallest of them all,
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shattered casque, and clasped his hands.
 And called him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow,
 Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east.
 And all his greaves and cuirasses dash'd with drops
 Of blood; and the light and lustrous curls
 That made his forehead like a rising sun,
 High from the dais-throne, were parched with dust
 Or clotted into points and hanging loose.
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fring'd his lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the king—
 Not like that Arthur, who with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
 Then slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
 "If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats,
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If knowing God they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."
 So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink like some full-breasted swan
 That fleeting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the meer the wailing died away.

Acta Sanctorum.

THE BOLLANDISTS.—PAPEBROCH.

NO. V.

To some it may appear that in following the literary tours of the Bollandists, and examining their museums, our object is merely to amuse the reader, as our brief sketch could not do justice to their subject. But sketches are now the order of the day. When Papebroch passed from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century, he immediately diminished the size of his folios, to accommodate himself to the growing fashion. If our brief notices of the chief points in the work of the Bollandists convey any useful information to the reader, or direct and confirm a taste which is rising in the country, our humble labours are more than repaid.

It is well to know in the first place, and above all, the labour that the hagiologist must undergo before he can write the first line of his work. It is well known that "*legends*" are no longer objects of contempt to the learned; a scholar does not now lose his reputation if he plead guilty to the charge of knowing the legends of his country; whether it is a reaction, or a mere amusement, or fashion, or devotion—legends of

the saints are not unpopular; except, perhaps, among some of ourselves in the ends of the earth, who exhibit the usual Celtic obstinacy in clinging to antiquated prejudices which have long since been banished from most of our neighbours. The continental and English press is contributing every month an imposing accession of new lyrics and legends, dressed out in all the pomp of prose and verse, and the luxurious drapery of illuminated border and vignette. Bollandists are springing up in every province on the continent; every diocese will soon have its Godescard. Perhaps some reader is snatching a hurried glance at these lines before he rushes eagerly to his desk to lay down the plan of the life of a saint, on whom he has bestowed some anxious thought some twenty-four hours before. But whatever be the motive, whether a mere predilection, or an act of reparation, or a religious intention, the embryo hagiologist ought to weigh well the obligations of his task. He must earn success with the sweat of his brow, he must cultivate with long and assiduous care the earth which is to produce that lily of holiness, the perfect life of a saint; he must draw from the purest sources—walk over all the paths that have been examined by his predecessors; he must live with his hero, and follow him step by step, without resting even at his tomb, should he be so fortunate as to discover it; he must interrogate the generations among whom he lived, the cities that have adopted him as patron, and the churches dedicated under his invocation, in order to discover his shrines, banner, titles, and all the records of his posthumous glory. Some may think the labour is thrown away. Some may devote sleepless nights to discover one bright streak in the gloom of a pagan antiquity, or write tomes on the origin of some fossil remain, of ancient political or social life, but they could not waste a moment on the life of one of the heroes of the church, though, considered merely as a society of fellow-men, it is the most imposing institution both in its duration, extent and power, that has ever swayed the destinies of the world. Why should we not do for the saints of God what so many learned men have done for the illustrious names of Greece and Rome, or for the less famous characters of Egypt and the East? It has been calculated that one Bollandist wrote not less than 12,000 letters; we have seen them completing that labour of the intellect by making two or three times the tour of the world of letters. If you will be the biographer of the martyr or the virgin, go on in the name of the saint of your choice, but after having spent long days and nights in tracing the scenes of their labours, and after praying before their shrines and kissing the marble of their altars, remember that you have laid only the preliminaries, and that your work is not yet commenced.

If there be an ancient document to be read, a charter to be deciphered, or a strange tongue to be mastered, you must not shrink from the difficulty. If a knotty question in chronology, genealogy, or archeology cross your path, you must use a steady and fearless pen, and whatever point of dogmatic, moral, or mystical theology may arise, as it frequently does, you must not turn aside from it. These were the ordinary "*postulata*," the indispensable qualifications of the Bollandist. He came to his task, rich in profane knowledge, but grounded in solid principles by many long years in the halls or the chairs of theological study. As his final apprenticeship, he spent some ten years in conning over the folios of his predecessors,

spelling, column by column, and line by line the two preliminary indexes and the four tables at the close.

But for those who are at liberty to select one life among a thousand, that liberty of itself imposes an obligation more stringent than that of the Bollandist who, by his profession, undertakes at the same time many lives, like Bollandus himself, to whose unaided labour we owe the 1,100 lives of the month of January.

Imagine, now, the work commencing: the literary tourists have returned home; the correspondence is exhausted, no more letters are expected; all the documents are arranged in order, like the produce of the harvest in the granary of the provident farmer. Surrounded by their literary treasures, and under the presidency of the senior, the conferences of the Bollandists commence. He cites, one after another, all the martyrologies, and marks down the saints which they commemorate on any particular day. Some of those saints are omitted, because their lives have been already published; others are deferred to another day, and many are erased from the list. After a long and rigorous examination two lists are drawn up—one containing those saints whose acts are to be given in full, the other, those that are passed over, or the "prætermisii." This latter list is found at the close of the former list, before the acts of each day of the month. It often contains, especially on Irish hagiology, short notices that could not be easily, if at all, found elsewhere. This duty of discrimination, or classification, was always entrusted to the most competent hand. At first it fell to Bollandus, then to Henschenius, whose notes marked out, during twenty years after his death, the track for his successors. Du Sollier next resumed that difficult censorship, and continued it to 1740, when he was succeeded by Stilling, in whose care it remained almost to the suppression of the society. Debye was the last of these venerable "ancients," as they are now usually styled. These five men were able during more than one hundred and fifty years to keep the whole system in motion, and to impart to all its productions as characteristic a seal of unity and consistency as any merely human work admits of.

As soon as the list of the saints had been fixed, the labourers immediately divided the work. The materials were distributed; auxiliary notes and references were supplied by the veterans to the younger hands, and the whole plan was at once struck out for a whole volume, embracing, perhaps, the labour of two or three years.

The first draught of a volume was sometimes twice or three times more voluminous than the form in which it ultimately passed into the printer's hands. After allowing 192 pages of text, and thirty-four of an appendix to St. Norbert's life, as it is published, Papebroch had still remaining materials for eleven folio tomes of his "Annals of Antwerp," which, after lying a century and a half in manuscript, are now being published.

When the printing commenced, the printer issued his sheets of eight pages; the author corrected the first proofs. The second was submitted to all his colleagues, each of whom examined it, and marked down his notes. A general conference was then summoned. If the votes were equal, the casting voice lay with the author, who, it was supposed, would be at once the most competent and the most sure, as having made the matter his special study. This was the regular cen-

sorship adopted. After the revision the sheets were given once more to the printer, the author gave his final corrections, and eight hundred copies were struck off.

But to arrive at this last point, what labours had been incurred by these indefatigable men! Death often carried them off before they had come at the term of their work. Cuper died while engaged in the "Acts of St. Augustine," and was succeeded by Stilling. Stilling, in turn, fell away before he had brought to a close the Life of St. Francis of Assisium, and was succeeded by Suyskens. An unknown saint, an obscure name in a martyrology, or a stray note on some holy man, often gave rise to a long train of inquiries. Bollandus, after having traced St. Switbert along the banks of the Rhine during five years, left Henschenius and Papebroch to go over the same route once more, through the almost inextricable confusion of the hagiology of the seventh and eighth centuries.

A better idea may be conceived of this immense labour by singling out one who was longer engaged in the work, and pushed his researches to a greater extent than any of his fellow-labourers. Papebroch continued his task to his eighty-fifth year. We have already accompanied him in his long literary tour from Antwerp to Rome. We contemplate him now in his study during fifty-five years, holding communication with all the literati of Europe, and communing with all the holy men who consoled and enlightened the church during 1,600 years.

When he was first associated with Bollandus and Henschenius he was in the flower of youth, and they were more than sixty years old. The first task imposed on him, as a birthday present, was to collect and edit the acts of the saint on whose festival he was born, St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. Thus he became acquainted with the land of pilgrimages, through the life of the great patron of those countless troops of holy and learned men who went forth from the shores of Ireland in the middle ages. Bollandus, in exhibiting to his young disciple the glories of the "Isle of Saints," told him that he always regarded that daughter of the church as his own special portion. Papebroch illustrated the acts of St. Cuthbert, of Lindisfarne, St. Celsus of Armagh, St. Richard of Chester, St. Augustin of Canterbury, St. Edward the Martyr, and St. Margaret of Scotland, and a host of other less celebrated saints, whose shrines are scattered over the islands, grottoes, and valleys of the three kingdoms. This line of research kept him in close intercourse with the green isle of the west, which in the beautiful words of Görres appeared, during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, like an emerald wafted from the glistening mines of the east and set in the verge of the western seas.

He traces to the most remote regions the pilgrim apostles from Ireland and Britain; he associates their names with the missionaries of Germany and the north, and with the martyrs of Mayence: with St. Norbert of Magdeburg, and his spiritual sons, who were invited to Denmark by Canute the Great; with Ladislas, the apostle King of Hungary, and the virgin Queen Cunegonda; with St. Stanislaus, the martyr of Poland, and a pleiad of less famous eclat, whose names are preserved in the Muscovite and Russian calendars, which he had received from a descendant of St. Bridget of Sweden.

Next after Rome, Constantinople was the city of his love; many a long hour he had snatched from his sleep, exhuming the menologies and ritual monuments

of that new Rome, from the Vatican and Ambrosian libraries, and from those at Venice, Naples, and Grotta Ferrata. He translates into Latin poetry, preserving both the original metre and acrostics, the canons and hymns of St. Joseph, and St. John Damascene. He consecrated the close of his life to the history of the Patriarchs of Constantinople, but died before he had completed it; not, however, without bequeathing the lives of St. Nicephorus, St. Theodolus Stylites, and of Constantine the Great, the founder of the eastern empire.

Departing from Constantinople, with St. Gregory of Nazianzen, he examines all the cities of Asia Minor, to honour their martyrs; collects the splendid original and unedited acts of St. Theodotus of Ancyra; opens an unexplored mine of research for the Mechitarists in the saints of Armenia; takes the lead of the Assemani in the martyrs of Persia, and illustrates Nisibis, Edessa, and Mesopotamia, in the lives of St. John Damascenus, and of the holy abbots of the Eastern Lauras. Thence the life of St. Mary of Egypt brings him to the city of Jerusalem.

Arrived in that holy city, the cradle of Christianity and perhaps of the human race, he examines all the holy places in company with two guides—Phocas, the monk, and Antoninus, the martyr, whose *itineraria* he published. He traced up the long line of patriarchs to the days of the apostles, dwells with St. Peter on the shores of Genesareth, and with St. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel. To St. John the Baptist, the precursor of the apostles, he devotes one of the noblest monuments of learning and critical research that ever came from his pen; then, ascending beyond the bounds of the New Alliance, he penetrates the most ancient regions of hagiology, discovers the history of the saints of the old law, especially of Eliseus on Mount Carmel, and goes back full three thousand years to holy Job, the patriarch of all who have suffered for justice sake.

If we pass now to Egypt and the Thebaid, we meet Papebroch again in the acts of St. Athanasius and of the two St. Pacomius; in Africa he cleared the way for the life of St. Augustine, by publishing those of his mother St. Monica, and of his historian Possidonius; and in the isles of Chio, Cyprus, and Mytilene he reviewed the memory of illustrious saints, who shed on those classical regions a glory which they could never derive from their pagan associations.

There is hardly a country, or province, or diocese in Europe which this indefatigable writer did not examine in some of his publications. In Rome he traces down the illustrious line of martyrs from SS. Praxedes and Pudentiana to St. Philip Neri; at Nola he has St. Paulinus—at Lucca, St. Zita—at Padua, St. Antony—St. Antoninus at Florence—St. Catharine at Sienna, and SS. Gervais and Proteus at Milan. On the summit of the Alps he meets St. Bernard de Menthon, and at the opposite extremity of Italy St. Francis of Paula, who died in France. France herself, richly though she has been served by native writers of the first order, is under great obligations to Papebroch, who compiled in his best style the acts of some of her most illustrious men. Though France had been more especially allotted to Henschenius, Papebroch commented the lives of St. Hugh of Cluny, Robert of Cîteaux, Queen Hildegarde, Hilary of Arles, Ireneus of Lyons, and many other of the most brilliant ornaments of the French church.

Spain received equal attention from him, but was

more ungrateful. An inexplicable decree condemned to suppression, in that country, during full twenty years the “acts” of St. Ferdinand of Castile, those of the Infanta St. Joana, of the blessed Ferdinand, and of the canonized labourer, St. Isidore; all of which had been compiled by Papebroch with more than even his usual care, nay with an almost enthusiastic predilection.

This severe blow brought grief and depression on his old age. To the last hour of his life—in his blind old age—this condemnation oppressed him; that was the strange reward of his fifty-five years’ labour—the price of his fourteen folio volumes which had cost him so much toil; but it was perhaps a happy recompense, because it assimilated his fate to the saints whose earthly sufferings he had so gloriously celebrated.

It would seem that he had long before anticipated and made preparations for this affliction by a particular department of the “Acta,” and the most important though we have not yet alluded to it. Those cosmopolite labours which we have sketched were, in truth, not the most important part of Papebroch’s labours. It was not enough to decypher charters and give dissertations on myths, and leave after him copious and respectable poetical effusions; whether from obedience or from choice, his chief care was concentrated on the most mystical saints, those favoured souls who had been raised to the highest flights of spiritualism. That distant and unexplored world was made familiar to him by the wonderful manifestations of its ways in the lives of the saints. Some are of opinion that in the volumes of the “Acta,” issued before and after his time, you do not find the records of the mystic life, the silent communings of the pilgrim soul with God, as abundantly as in those volumes published under his own care. Yet Görres, the most learned man in Germany, compiled his most learned work from those enlightened records, those inspired pages so much despised by the world, though they give a glimpse of what neither eye can see nor ear can hear. Thanks to Papebroch, when we are so disposed either in an hour of calm or spiritual depression, we can commune with St. Lidwina of Holland, St. Elizabeth of Schönau, St. Magdalen of Pazzi, St. Catharine of Sienna, St. Juliana de Falcariusi, the blessed Giles of Assisium, Simon Stock, Marie D’Ognies, and St. Humilita of Vallombrosa, with one of her inspired homilies, or the numerous spiritual letters of Osanna. These virginal souls were all purified by tribulations, and we may imagine them grouped like guardian angels around Papebroch in his humiliations, consoling him in his afflictions and blindness, and raising his hopes to the eternal mansions of the saints for whose glory he had devoted his life.

After this short sketch of one of the Bollandists, may we venture to take a passing view of his fellow-labourers, and of the character of their productions. To mark our ideas with some precision we may distinguish four phases in the whole learned series. The great leading characteristics are preserved throughout; there was no departure from the main object, but different periods had nevertheless different shades; like everything human, it was not exempt from change.

From the moment that Henschenius departs and leaves his three colleagues, Papebroch, Baert, and Jennings, labouring in the museum, you discover at once the inevitable law of human affairs. There was the gradual departure from the original plan of Bollandus; the masculine vigour of the capacious and persevering

intellect of Henschenius, and the occasional "slumberings of Homer," towards the old age of Papebroch. The evidences of this are found in the more frequent revisions and rectifications in the beginning and end of the first twenty-five volumes, in the more numerous appendices, and in the meagre and often confused index. This period was still the great epoch of the "Acta."

The next group is Father Sollier, assisted by Pion, Cuper, and Van den Bosch; and after them, in order of merit, Limpens and Van de Velde. Under their care, the work proceeded silently, and more slowly, without any departure except for a moment from the beaten track. The exceptions are the martyrology of Usuard, the patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria and the treatise on the Mozarabic liturgy, which form the most distinguished characteristic of this period. Intimidated, it would appear, by the violent controversies of the day the Bollandists studied to maintain a persevering equilibrium between the unhesitating credulity of the ancients and the daring scepticism of the innovators. Still there are traces of a fastidious criticism, and some timid admissions even in the best volumes of the period. The "Acts" of St. Bernard and St. Dominick have some traces of the evil days.

From the middle of this philosophic seventeenth century, the labourers become more numerous and urged on the work with greater rapidity. Suyskens, Perier, Ghesquier, Clè, De Rye, can scarcely keep pace with the indefatigable Stilting. The march of the Bollandists becomes more lively, more aggressive, more daring: there is more of polemics, the prescription of old traditions is losing its force; the negative argument, the want of rigid historical proof is often urged against the best positions. This feature, which was rather unusual, was developed principally by Stilting. You will be surprised to find him in almost every page in opposition to Papebroch and Henschenius on the Patriarchs of Constantinople; with Henschenius and Mabillon on St. Gregory the Great and St. Bechu; with Du Sollier, Pearson, and Baillet on St. Hermes; with Baillet, Tillemont, and Pagi on St. Firmin, St. Eusebius, SS. Cosmas and Damien; with Suarez on the one hand and the Jansenists on the other, regarding St. Faustus of Riez: with Grabe for his credulity and Ittig for his scepticism regarding St. Theckla; finally, with Baronius, the Roman martyrology and Breviary, and the traditions of the churches of Autun, Lyons, Vienna, Rheims, Orleans, Palermo, and Capua, on the succession of their ancient bishops. Stilting was right in most of his criticisms and hypercriticisms, but it is not pleasant to find him so frequently in antagonism with his predecessors.

In the saddest period of its history, that is from the dispersion of the Jesuits down to the dispersion of the Bollandists themselves, the working of the "Acta" was principally under the superintendence of Father De Bye. It is no wonder that during that interval of woe, the sorrows of the writers occasionally imprint some traces on the works themselves; dissertations are long and sometimes not decisive, and the prevailing opinions of the age are found to have some influence. But what is more astonishing is, when you follow the dates of those wretched days, to find always, even during the tornado of revolutionary passions, the imposing calmness of learning and faith in the Bollandists, and the fecundity of their better days. Thus, in the interval between 1783 and 1794, they published annually the "Analecta Belgica," which was exclusively their own work.

All due allowances made, no person can speak of the "Acta Sanctorum" but as the admiration of the world. Science by all its oracles, authority by all its organs, have decided in its favour. Even incredulity and scepticism have been disarmed. After Alexander VII. and Benedict XIV., after Bellarmine, Bona, and Fontanini, with Mabillon, Muratori, and Ducange, uniting in the same homage with Leibnitz, Meibom, Bayle, Ludovig, and Fabricius, what more is requisite. Napoleon spoke as highly of it as Turenne. It is not long since M. de Hammer and Görres in Germany and Monge and Guizot, and St. Marc Girardin, in the name of the learned and scientific world in France, have subscribed to the following passage of one of the most learned fellow-countrymen of Bollandus. "Whatever," says M. de Reiffenberg, "be the opinions you profess, or philosophy you adopt, be you believers or unbelievers, zealots or indifferentists, Catholics or disciples of Luther or Calvin, if you love learning and have any historic belief in the past, you must respect the 'Acta Sanctorum' as one of the greatest monuments of learning, and as the archives of the grandest epoch in the history of man."*

* Collect. de Chron. Belg. ined. t. 1. Introd. p. 29.

RECOLLECTIONS, CONFESSIONS, ADMISSIONS, AND AVOWALS OF AN

Irish Parliamentary Reporter.

BY WM. B. MAC CABE, ESQ.,
Author of "A Catholic History of England."

"Dispari in causa idem omnium clamor est."—*Q. Curtius*, lib. x. c. 2.

CHAP. IV.

THE king's visit to Ireland.—The author unacquainted with politics in 1821. Eloquence of O'Connell, as exemplified in its impression upon a school-boy.—Promises of benefits to be conferred on Ireland by George IV.—The Government papers paid for deluding the Irish.—Unpopularity of George IV. accounted for.—Prosecution of Queen Caroline, and its disgusting disclosures.—The state of feeling in England with respect to the king.—The necessity felt by the king's advisers of exciting a loyal enthusiasm in his favour in England.—The means resorted to.—They are successful.—The monarchical republican!—the loyal ribbonman.—The 12th of August, 1821.—The king astonishes his admirers by his ugliness.—The first day of the royal visit.

AT the time that it was announced "his most gracious Majesty, George the Fourth," intended paying a visit to his good and loyal people of Ireland, I could not with justice boast that I had the honour of being connected with the press. I knew much more then of the achievements of Alexander the Great than of the Duke of Wellington, had read more of the speeches of Cicero than of George Canning, and was a greater admirer of Demosthenes than of Richard Shiel; or, to state the truth in plainer and simpler language, I was utterly ignorant of politics—and took so little interest in them that I had never attended but one Catholic meeting. That meeting was held when I was a school-boy at Cork—and I now refer to it for the purpose of showing what were the powers of O'Connell as an orator, and how different he was from any other person I ever listened to. I remember being brought to the meeting, listening for a couple of hours to various speakers, and wondering to find that what was as unintelligible to me as if it were spoken in a foreign language, should be so much applauded. I could not make out what was the object of the assembly, nor why there was so much excitement, until it was addressed by O'Connell, and then—I felt as if the speech he delivered was ad-

dressed to myself alone—was solely intended to enlighten my ignorance—to awaken my zeal, and to animate my exertions. All was plain, clear, and comprehensible, and as a boy-Catholic, I wished that I was a man, that I too might struggle to remove the stigma which bad laws imposed upon me, because I was an Irish Roman Catholic.

I trust I may be pardoned for this digression, but I could not avoid referring to an incident which made a deep impression on my after life, and that has always strengthened the conviction that there never was, and never will be, a popular orator to equal O'Connell.

The first great political event in Ireland that attracted my attention was "the king's visit." I was not then a reporter—merely a student—corresponding in bad prose, and worse poetry, with one who was then, as he ever has been, despite of all differences in politics and religion, a true, trusty, and honoured friend, Dr. Andrew Mac Arthur, of Shinrone. He it was who made me believe I could even write epigrams, and who stirred up in me the ambition of being connected with the press. I might then be said to begin to flit about the flame, although I was not absolutely caught, nor even *singed*. My justification for referring to "the king's visit" amongst my "Recollections" is, that it was a great act in the political drama—that upon it turned the interest of many of the succeeding scenes, and that such was the impression it produced upon me, I can refer to the various incidents with as much clearness and vividness of thought as if they had occurred but yesterday.

For weeks—I may affirm for months—previous to the time determined upon for the king's visit to Ireland, the papers of the Castle were filled with mysterious declarations, and demi-official announcements of great and important changes in the political condition of Ireland being in the contemplation of our kind monarch—of wondrous blessings that were to be bestowed upon the country, either at the time of his visit, or as memorials that such a visit had taken place. That there was great good to be done, it would have been a species of heresy to disbelieve; the only doubt or uncertainty was as to the *time* of its being done; but one thing at least was positive—it was to be either whilst the king actually was there, or immediately subsequent to his departure from the country! In these announcements the most implicit credence was placed by the people of Ireland, who, if they are not always willing to be deceived, have ever been found that as a nation, they could with facility be cajoled. The honest, well-meaning, and confiding Irish credited these announcements: and they had some reason for doing so; for they knew that there was not a paragraph that assured them of some unknown good, and which appeared in the Castle papers, that was not paid for by the public, and charged for by those papers at the same rate as if each were a proclamation—that is, one shilling a line for each particular promised blessing! Accordingly the Irish had at that time a most lively "sense of future sorrows"—they were full of gratitude for the good they *expected*, and they were determined that their future conduct should not disen- title them to it.

I cannot say by whom was concocted the plan of holding out false hopes at this time to the Irish people; but to this I can bear witness, that if it were a dishonest, so also was it a most politic measure, and one for which a Machiavel might find an excuse, as "*una astutia fortunata*," because of the indispensable necessity

of having recourse to such a device. Truth to say, immediately previous to the publication of those *hopeful* and well-paid paragraphs, the character of our most gracious sovereign was not in very high odour in Ireland. Until they appeared, I verily believe that Sir Harcourt Lees would, at the time, be better received at a Catholic meeting in the South, or Mr. O'Connell at an Orange club in the North, than King George the Fourth in Dublin. Orangemen and Catholics are Irishmen, and never, amid their multitudinous squabbles, have they lost sight of that characteristic of their country—a respect, amounting to a romantic devotion, to the purity and honour of the fair sex. This feeling had been outraged in the prosecution, and the publication of the trial of the unfortunate Queen Caroline. Both had tended to excite in the hearts of *all* Irishmen a general feeling of commiseration and of pity for the accused. I well remember the horror excited by the publicity given to the testimony of one witness, especially, against the queen—it was that, if I recollect the name aright, of Barbara Krantz—it aroused one common, universal, and most disloyal sentiment of disgust: and it is by no means improbable, that if at the moment that it was prevalent, "the royal visit" had been paid to Dublin, the "jackeens" of the Liberty would have been as profuse in their bestowal of clumps of turf upon the royal carriage, as "the vagabonds" of London with dead dogs, defunct cats, and treasonable stones.

At the time that the Irish were promised a beneficent visit, Queen Caroline was living. She had a strong party in England. The lower classes had enrolled themselves under her standard, and their superiors in station would, had she survived but a few months longer, been compelled to join their ranks. It was the popular spirit which first tried its strength in her defence, that subsequently carried the Reform Bill. It began by defying a king, and ended by mastering, for a moment, the House of Lords.

Queen Caroline was, at the time, most popular in England, whilst her kindless and remorseless husband, who ruled over the mightiest empire in the world, was not merely unpopular, but was personally hated for his cruelty, and despised for his meanness. Such was the state of feeling in England, whilst in Ireland, the popularity of the queen, as the *opponent* of her husband, was daily increasing; had not feelers then been thrown out by the government journals respecting the king's visit, and the good that was to be accomplished—had Mr. O'Connell then accepted the situation of Her Majesty's Attorney General which was offered to him—had he raised the ægis of his eloquence in defence of her cause, presenting to her opponents the gorgon-head of his sarcasm and vituperation, and which would have indurated them for ever as emblems of infamy in the memory of his countrymen—had such as this occurred, then in vain would the king's visit have been made. It would have effected no good for his majesty, and he would have been as unpopular in Ireland as he was in England.

The king of England dared not then appear in presence of his English subjects. The monarch was hooted after as a baffled conspirator who has sought to oppress the innocent with charges of crimes invented by himself, and deposed to by his creatures. It was necessary to relieve the king from this position in the face of Europe. Some *point d'appui* must be discovered—some expedient resorted to for the purpose of sustaining the sinking spirits of the king's party. The

Lord Castlereagh, then one of the chief secretaries of state, knew Ireland well; he knew that there was the possibility of deluding her people by words that seemed to be promises, but that time should prove to be nothing more than false hopes—the associate of Pitt, and the prompter to Cornwallis, he had proved by the Union that the Irish were credulous; and consequently their powers of belief were to be again tested. False hopes were held out to them. The stratagem had the desired success. Ireland was prepared to be grateful. The people had official authority for imagining that they ought in reality to be grateful. That exuberant loyalty for which Ireland had long been remarkable was aroused. The people became desirous to see the king who was “coming to Ireland to do them good, to serve them, and to confer great benefits upon them.” Day after day their loyalty waxed stronger, and at last they were betrayed into that enthusiasm, which brought down upon them the vial of wrath which the glorious genius of Byron poured forth in his “*Avitari*.”

It is not my desire to enter into political disquisitions in the course of these “*Recollections*,” but when reference is made by me to the king’s visit, it is indispensable that I should show what were the causes that induced the enthusiasm manifested by the Irish in their reception of the king in 1821. To illustrate the feelings that then prevailed is to state facts, and to adduce arguments. I remember, a few days before the king’s arrival in Ireland, I was speaking to a gentleman, whose name, for reasons that will immediately appear, I forbear to mention. I asked him how he felt as to the approaching visit of the king to Ireland.

“You know,” said he, “that I still bear upon my person marks of the wounds I received in fighting against the king’s troops in Ross. I could have little idea that when I shot a sergeant, as he was running over the bridge, and received at the same time a wound which disabled me for the day, that I should ever feel rejoiced to see a king of England come to Ireland as her monarch. I am rejoiced that I shall live to see the day when such an occurrence takes place; for I do believe that the king—God bless him!—(and here the pious rebel took off his hat) will do more good to Ireland than could be accomplished by any republican government we might have established. I have seen it stated in the papers, and I have also heard it from the best authority, that his majesty has said he will endeavour to prevail upon his ministers to have the parliament of the United Kingdom held in Dublin every third or fourth year. If so, the English, as with us, the Irish nobility, will be obliged to have houses in Dublin, and the former will begin to know and love the country; and in a few years they will, not improbably, prefer a residence here in summer to a tour through France and Italy. Yes—our kind monarch, now that he has the power will make Ireland a happy country.”

So this “good, easy man” thought at the time, and therefore he was enthusiastically loyal! I remember too, my private tutor was a gentleman whose violent, and ultra-political principles were so notorious that he was once publicly accused in Trinity College of being a leader of ribbonmen; and he declared to me, upon my questioning him as to his feelings with respect to the king, about this time; “That he was so convinced of the honest intentions of George IV. towards the Catholics, that he would willingly have laid down his life to save his majesty one moment’s pain.”

Hopes of promotion, places, pensions, and a modifi-

cation of the Union, were the inducements held out to the one party—honours, titles, and Catholic Emancipation were the temptations for the other. Both placed implicit confidence in their deceivers, and all became impatient to welcome the king in Ireland, and to show the radicals of England that *their* monarch had at least one brave and faithful nation in whom he could confide, and on whose valour he might rely.

It was on the evening of the 12th August, 1821, that His Majesty, King George the Fourth, landed in Ireland. It was a glorious evening, rich with the glow of a sunset that fell upon a land with fields that were either bright as with a summer’s queen, or uplifted the golden fruits of an abundant harvest. I bear in mind that as the first booming cannon told by its clamorous roar that the king *was* in Ireland, I was sitting at the dinner-table with my father, and the Very Rev. Eugene O’Reilly, the Vicar-General (I believe) of the diocese of Down, and I remember the enthusiasm of both, as they stood up and pledged with the heart, as with the lip—“the king, God bless him.” It was the loyalty of the home—the loyalty of the hearth—with none to witness it but one, who now records it but as indicative of that which occurred most probably in every homestead in Ireland, whatever the rank or condition of the inmates. This home scene portrays the state of feeling in Ireland at the time. The deceiver and the deceived have since gone down into their graves. The one won what he wished for in this world. May that peace and happiness which man cannot give, be for ever the lot of those who were then so deceived!

At the moment that George IV. landed at Howth, there were but few persons, comparatively speaking, to welcome him; and I am sure I am justified in saying that there was not one who had been previously unacquainted with his person who was not disappointed upon seeing him. There were many persons, who, like myself, had formed an opinion respecting the appearance of the king from the pictures of him that were to be seen in the print-shops. I, for instance, thought I should have looked upon a man, certainly declining in the vale of years, but who would still bear some traces of the manly beauty which was attributed to him. I thought I should have seen an antiquated Adonis. Moore’s satires had prepared me for that at least; but instead of it, nothing was to be remarked but a very infirm, a very unwieldy, and a very bloated old man; and no more like the pictures which Sir Thomas Lawrence has given to the world “than I to Hercules.”

I can never think of the figure the king presented to my astonished sight, the first time I saw him, without bringing to mind the description given of him a few years afterwards to a friend of mine, by a clever droll in the Castle, whose powers of mimicry led to his expulsion by the Marquis Wellesley. “You know,” said Sir C—— V——, “that when the king was in Ireland he was ugly enough, but egad, *now*, Sir, he is the ugliest man in the world!” And “ugly enough” he certainly was when he landed on Howth—however he was *the king*—“every inch a king”—and all was joy and enthusiasm. The moment he landed, he was placed in his carriage—horses, mules, and asses formed his body guard—turnpikes flew open to receive him—a shouting mob dashed, helter-skelter, after him—along the roads, through the park into the Vice-regal Lodge. Previous to the king retiring, he took off his blue travelling cap, and assured the tag-rag-and-bob-tail by whom he was surrounded, that “*that was the happiest moment of*

his life." Curious as it may appear, he certainly then spoke the truth; for he was received in Ireland better than he deserved, and he was aware that not many hours had elapsed since his hapless, persecuted wife had expired.

The moment that the king reached the Vice-regal Lodge, in the Phoenix Park, notice was sent to the salute battery that the king had arrived. The cannons' mouth soon roared forth the good tidings to the citizens of Dublin. The people, in return, huzzaed, and put tallow candles in their windows. There was a general illumination—feasts were in every house, and bacchanalian royalists rolled through every street, and in this happy and delightful manner passed off the first day of the king's visit to Ireland!

Lament

OF FERGHAILL OG MAC AN BHAIRD* FOR HIS VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

(From the Original Irish.)

I.

O MOURNFUL my journey to Alba has been!
I left the spouse of King Feilim, Rachtmar the Fair!
With a heart o'erborne by grief and despair
I sailed away from Erin of pastures green!

II.

Through love of this world's false pomp and show
I crossed the seas, alas! to an alien strand—
I left my home for the stranger's land.
Oh! God's Great Day for me will be dark with woe!

III.

And fearfully pondered I that day,
What time I crossed with my precious poem the wave,
Which seemed to yawn for me like a grave
For thus forsaking the Isle where the Gael held sway.

IV.

Already my punishment seems begun!
In the land of golden goblets and hedge-rows white
I never, never, by day or night,
Received the body of God's Eternal Son!

V.

O! ruinous pride of intellect!
Well pondering thee this night, may I wail and weep!
Alas! by voyaging over the deep
My peace of mind, I fear, has been ruefully wrecked!

VI.

O, woe! for a share of this vile world's wealth
I left the bome, the churches, the shrines of my youth,
For sake of lucre, and not of truth,
I madly perilled my soul's eternal health!

VII.

Were all the treasures of bower and hall
In Alba's regions of mountain-crag and lake
This blessed moment mine own to take,
One single holy Mass would excel them all!

VIII.

O, Alba! think not, altarless one,
That the blood of the Heavenly King is given to thee!
The Eucharist, holiest mystery!
Resides, and bides in the Catholic Church alone!

IX.

And other lands too, O sad and strange!
O! cause to me of bitterest lasting grief!
There be who reject the high belief
Of the Angel-worshipped sacramental change!

X.

Thrice dead is the land that adareth not
The pure, celestial body of God the Lord!
Catholic! Fools may hold thee abhorred,
But strong in the Church's faith, how blest is thy lot!

* Lived in the beginning of the 17th century.

XI.

Better in the Green Isle to beg my bread,
Where I may kneel and worship the sacred Host,
Than reign a king in this land of the lost,
Which even the day of wrath scarce moves to dread!

XII.

I glance around me with many a sigh;
I see house, castle, flood, forest, valley, ravine,
But where is the chalice or jewelled shrine?
O, Saviour! not in this cold, cold realm would I die!

XIII.

And yet, for thy sake, may Alba be blest!
I bid that land of disasters a long farewell,
Though Heaven above alone can tell
If e'er I again shall see mine Isle of the West!

XIV.

Thy holy help, O Lord I entreat,
To guide me safely anew to Erin's shore—
Thy Mother's protection, too, I implore,
Till that loved soil shall next be pressed by my feet!

XV.

From dying in sin in this godless clime
Preserve me, O, Trinity! Spirit, Father, and Son!
And thou, too, Mary, Immaculate One!
Rich Tree of Holiness, ever in golden prime!

XVI.

Behold, Blest Mother, my griefs and tears!
In mercy pardon whate'er I have wrought of wrong,
And 'mid the woods that I lov'd so long
O, grant me the favor to close my weariful years!

XVII.

There was one who of old wept bitterly
For denying the Lord who came to save Man's race—
O, holiest Virgin! Queen of Grace!
Remember penitent Peter, and pray for me!

J. C. M.

The Compact.

A LEGEND OF FLANDERS.

In the middle of the seventeenth century there was at Brussels, in a street leading from La rue Notre-Dame-des-sommeit—which they still call "*The Devil's owner*"—a small house of neat and modest appearance, the inhabitant of which was a celebrated architect, whose history contains a sage lesson and a useful moral.

This architect was called Olivier. He had amassed by skilful speculations a tolerable fortune, when he undertook to construct the bridge over the rushing waters which cross the Seine at its entry into Brussels, between the gates of Het and Anderlecht. He calculated on finding there a solid foundation, but he was obliged to go to enormous expense, in order to strengthen the fundament, which was upon a very marshy and miserable soil. However, the first stone of the new bridge was laid the 28th of April, 1658, as is proved by an inscription discovered some time since, during some partial repairs which it was undergoing, and which inscription bears the names of Necke, Bruyere, and Bassery, chief officers present at the ceremony.

Olivier pursued his work with courage and perseverance. Soon the capital which he possessed was devoured by it. He saw that he had been fearfully deceived in the undertaking; his enterprise was scarcely one-third raised, ere he was obliged to suspend the work, not having means to proceed any farther.

This thought maddened him, he was a ruined man, about being dishonoured, the public looking to him for

a ratification of his engagements, those whom he had employed awaiting the means of preserving their daily bread; he rushed wildly to his friends, and he sought their assistance for a few months, but those who had offered him their purses when they knew he did not require them, closed them again under some pitiful pretext when they saw him in want; and, heart-sick and disgusted at the name of friendship, he returned grief-stricken to his home. He shut himself up alone, in order to meditate on the part he ought to take, no satisfactory step having as yet occurred to his mind. All those upon whom he had confidently looked for assistance had abandoned him. Friendship he looked upon as a vision, which fled at the approach of gloom. He numbered over those who had so often protested their devotion to his interests, but who, in the hour of need, had forgotten their protestations, and looked smilingly by upon the ruin which awaited him. But a nobler view of humanity soon presented itself—he thought of the loved one to whom he was about being espoused; he remembered her devotion, in insisting upon his drawing upon the means she had at her disposal. But her resources were not sufficient, and distress soon reappeared.

One evening Olivier returned to his home, his heart filled with despair, and his mind debating the propriety of flying rather than endure his complicated embarrassments any longer. Shame had put to flight his courage, and his pride had outstrode his patience.

The night was falling, and it was gloomy and cheerless. The wind whistled fiercely, and the rain fell in torrents—all nature appeared to manifest a sympathy with his sufferings.

On entering his house, it was announced to him that a gentleman was awaiting his arrival. He ascended the staircase eagerly, and, on entering his chamber, saw, seated by the fire, a gentleman dressed in green.

"You are at present in some embarrassment," said the stranger, without further preface.

"Who has told you that?" cried Olivier.

"Your friends, or those whom you considered your friends; but you have not had much to boast of in that way. If nobody comes to your aid to-morrow, you are ruined," coolly replied the stranger.

"I know it," said Olivier, "and yet I dare to ask you what motive has brought you hither."

There was a momentary silence. The candle, which the servant had left behind, threw around a pale and sickly light, but the eyes of the unknown flashed and glistened, and lighted the spot where he sat. His features were coarse, and a smile, the bitterness of which he tried to dissemble, displayed itself upon his thin and parched lips. After he had looked for some minutes at the excited architect, he slowly said, "I feel interested in your welfare."

Olivier trembled from head to foot. He wished to take the hand of the man whom he already looked upon as his benefactor, but the stranger avoided this by promptly withdrawing his hand, which was covered with a black glove.

"No demonstrations," said he, coldly; "I lend upon interest, alone."

"It matters not," said Olivier, wildly, "my blood, my life—all shall be yours, if you relieve me from my present embarrassment."

The eyes of the stranger sparkled still brighter.—"Of what sum are you in want?" he demanded; "I think we shall soon understand each other."

"For the present, a small sum will suffice," replied

the architect; "but to save my credit, I must finish my undertaking, and for that purpose one hundred thousand florins——"

"You shall have them, if my conditions are complied with," interrupted the stranger.

"I comply without even hearing them," said Olivier, "it is heaven, ever merciful, that has sent you to my rescue."

"No, not heaven," said the green man, with a wrinkled brow; "but you cannot comply with conditions of the nature of which you are ignorant. I have come a considerable distance to see you. I appreciate your great talents, and am desirous that you should belong to me, both in life and in death."

The architect started.

"Let us understand each other perfectly," said the unknown, "I give you ten years; at the expiration of that term you must follow me; I shall bring you where I choose; I must be the master, you shall be my property."

Olivier, surprised, without being able to analyze the sensations he experienced, and fearing to admit what he was beginning to suspect, looked sadly and uneasily at his guest. His heart beat with violence when he saw the stranger coolly draw from his pocket the bill for one hundred thousand florins, to be paid at sight, upon the first house in Brussels.

"Remember," he emphatically articulated, "without my assistance, you must perish. Sign, then, this engagement." At the same time he presented a sheet of parchment, and with his right hand he drew forth a gold pen.

"Excuse me," at length said the bewildered architect, "this scene confounds me; let me know, at least, whose debtor I shall be?"

"That cannot be a matter of interest to you," said the unknown; "I shall leave you ten years in your own country. I repeat it, that although you shall be mine, yet you shall never hear of me during that period, and to-morrow your credit shall be restored. A young bride awaits you. You hesitate? Perhaps one hundred thousand florins is not sufficient?—here is half a million."

Olivier, in his delirium, no longer possessed his reasoning faculties—at the sight of so much money, the possession of which would make him rich, glorious, and distinguished. He seized the two gloved hands of the unknown, and frantically pressed them to his lips, and hastily snatching the gold pen, he signed the engagement—to follow in ten years the unknown who had purchased him.

When this was done, the green man folded the parchment, placed it in his pocket, and withdrew, saying, "Adieu! in ten years, upon this day, you will be ready."

"I shall be ready," said Olivier.

How profoundly the architect afterwards meditated on what had first passed! He could not sleep, but remained the whole night gazing upon his half million.

The next day he procured his cash, and satisfied all his engagements. He publicly announced that his object of late was to try the stability of his friends, and he doubled the number of his workmen.

Instantly he was overpowered with proffers of friendship and protestations of affection, but he smiled in bitterness at the sad lesson he had been taught of the value of those professions.

His betrothed bride—the only human being who had been true and trusting in her love—he soon espoused.

Nought but joy and gladness reigned around, his sun had risen with miraculous splendour, and he dared not think of the gloom that was sure to follow.

Of the nature of his sudden leap into prosperity, and the conditions annexed to it, he closely kept concealed within his own breast. He endeavoured to dispel the disagreeable thoughts which would occasionally obtrude themselves to disturb his peace, and he thought of the present, and endeavoured to be unmindful of the future. He was in due time blessed with children, handsome and healthy, all his speculations succeeded far beyond his most sanguine wishes, wealth restored to him his friends, and happiness greeted him on all sides.

But, notwithstanding all this, it was observed by all, that the prosperous architect was daily becoming more pallid and abstracted.

A short distance from the city, between the Porte de Flandre and the Porte du Bioage, he had built a small and elegant house, where he sought to forget himself amidst its magic beauties, occasionally returning to the house we have before described. During nine years did Olivier live thus, but when he saw the time approaching that he must leave all, to follow the unknown, his heart became agonized; terrors the most cruel were constantly before his eyes; sleep forsook his eyelids; and he daily became thinner. In vain his wife, whom he fondly loved, sought to penetrate into the secret recesses of his heart, but the secret which he there held was inaccessible to all. The caresses of his children agonized him, and the tears would course each other down his cheek, and already had his wife more than once remarked that he trembled convulsively in crossing over the grand and beautiful bridge which he had himself constructed, when their walks would lead them in that direction.

At last the fated day approached, when the stranger would come and exact the accomplishment of the bargain which had been made. Olivier gave a grand supper, to which he invited his relations, friends, and those also of his wife, who, rejoiced beyond measure at this apparent display of gait in her husband, besought of her confessor, the good old Father John Van Muffet, the Canon of St. Gudule, in whom Olivier had great confidence, to attend the festival, although for the last ten years the architect had neglected altogether the duties of his religion, which was owing to a most singular circumstance, namely, that during that period he could not enter into a Catholic church without feeling a sort of suffocation, attended with deadly sickness. This worthy priest had reflected long and sadly on the conduct of the architect, and, without manifesting his anxiety, drew from thence his own inferences, but acting all through with a precaution, the wisdom of which soon displayed itself.

The company had assembled, and they had been about an hour seated around the festive board. The pallidness of Olivier became fearful to contemplate; in vain had he recourse to the wine, to renew his courage. He drank deeply, and his thoughts became less troublesome. He heard the clock strike nine—this was the moment when the unknown had left him ten years before. With a convulsive movement, and intensity of anguish, he wished to drink again, and finding the bottles empty, he ordered his servant to fetch some of his oldest and best wine from the cellar. The servant, taking a candle, hastened to obey him; but when she had descended, she perceived a large and gloomy-looking man, clothed in green velvet, seated on the

last step of the stairs. She drew back affrighted, and asked him whom he sought?

"Go and tell your master that I await him," replied the stranger; "he will know who I am."

The servant quickly ascended, and, in a trembling voice, acquainted her master with what had occurred.

The architect groaned in anguish, and at the earnest supplications of his wife related the compact he had made with a stranger, and the assistance he had received from him, and gave himself up to wild despair.

His wife, his children, and his friends shrieked in horror, and vented the most piteous lamentations.

"Do not ye despair of the bounty and protection of God," said the old priest; "tell the stranger to ascend."

The heart-broken wife, and the poor children were on their knees before the venerable priest, beseeching him with frenzied eagerness to spare their protector.

Olivier, upon whom a ray of hope had beamed, became more composed.

The servant, summoning up all her courage, communicated to the unknown that his presence was desired in the drawing-room.

He appeared on the instant, walking with a firm and dignified air, and holding in his hand the compact signed by Olivier.

A fiendish smile spread itself on his lips, and irradiated his eyes, at the approaching consummation of the engagement.

The old priest, calmly turning to the unknown, said, "you did not expect to find me here; you know that I possess power over you?"

The unknown bent his head towards the ground, and appeared ill at ease.

The old priest, raising in his hand a measure full of the grains of millet, continued—"I ask you but one favour, and that is to grant us but a few minutes. Swear that you will leave Olivier in peace until you have picked up, grain by grain, all the millet which is in this measure."

"I consent," said the green man, after a moment's silence.

"Swear it by the living God," said the venerable ecclesiastic, commencing to pour out the grains on the floor.

The unknown began to gather the grains with a fearful agility. He trembled, and said in a sepulchral voice, "I swear it."

The priest making a sign, a boy appeared, carrying with him a vessel filled with holy water, and sprinkling what remained in the measure with the holy water. The green man, not daring to put his finger in after this, bellowed most fearfully, and disappeared.

Thus was the architect saved, but ever since this occurrence, the bridge over the great fall between the gates of Het and Anderlecht has been called *The Devil's Bridge*.

Strange Story by a Student.

(Communicated by Isaac Webster, Esq., LL.D.)

SHOWING HOW HE PROPOSES TO PAY A VISIT HOME,
AND WHAT BEFEL HIM ON HIS WAY.

" * * * * *

I had just caught a glimpse of them walking down the College square, arm in arm, and I wondered why they should not immediately have called upon me, es-

pecially as they passed close to my chambers. I was about to run out and hail them, but recollecting that I was neither shaved nor dressed, I deemed it better to wait a little, satisfied that they would certainly come to see me, and in the mean time I took up the letter which lay still unopened upon my table, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR CHADWICK—My father is a good deal concerned not to have heard from you for such a length of time. It is now three months since you wrote to us—a circumstance quite unusual in one possessed of those regular and studious habits for which you have always been so remarkable. He hopes you will pay attention to your health, and not overwork yourself. There is nothing new in this part of the country, unless the departure for America of your two former school-fellows, James Nugent and William Rafter, both of whom sailed for Upper Canada on last Tuesday morning. A few of their friends, myself among the number, accompanied them to the sea-port, and actually saw their vessel expand her sails to cross the broad bosom of the Atlantic. Their cousin, Tom Sleator—for you know he stands in that relation to them both—is also preparing to go, and on next Friday an auction of all his goods and furniture is to take place at his house. He sends his most affectionate regards to you, and, as he never expects to see you in this world, he bids you farewell for ever, but trusts to meet you in a better one. He says he would be glad to see you once if he could—but as he knows that *that* is out of the question he does not expect it.

Enclosed you have a ten pound note, which my father sends, lest you might feel any way cramped in your circumstances. As for ourselves we are all well. My father had a slight touch of rheumatism last week,—but it is gone. My mother joins him in begging that you will take care of your health, and, above all things, not study too much.

I am, my dear Chadwick, your ever affectionate brother,

ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

"I felt great compassion for my poor brother, in consequence of the delusions to which, unhappily, I and his whole family knew he had been occasionally subject. For instance, his account of the departure of James Nugent and William Rafter to America I felt to be one of them—I myself having seen them both, only a few minutes before, walking arm in arm down the College square. At all events I lost no time in shaving and dressing, after which I sallied out, and on arriving at the College entrance I was just in time to catch a glimpse of them turning at the outer gate towards Westmorland-street.

"I paused, and felt hurt that they should both be so near my chambers and decline coming to see me, especially as they knew my number. However, after a couple of minutes' hesitation, I followed them towards Westmorland-street, but in consequence of the delay caused by it, I could neither come up with nor discover any trace of them whatever. Still I felt for my poor brother, because I feared that their presence in Dublin was an incidental corroboration of my apprehensions lest he might relapse into those delusions which induced him to imagine so many strange things that had existence nowhere but in his own brain.

"As for Tom Sleator, however, I knew myself that he and his family had made up their minds to follow my brother Edward to America, where he was advancing rapidly into wealth and independence, and it struck me that by a short visit home I could satisfy myself upon many points—for instance, upon the appearance of Nugent and Rafter in Dublin, who were stated to have been on their way to Upper Canada, and, what was of more concern to me, upon the condition of my dear and affectionate brother Alick.

"Having taken all these points into consideration, and feeling myself fortified besides by the ten pound note, I resolved to start by the Belfast coach the next

morning, and accordingly at half-past seven I found myself an inside passenger, and on my way to Black Park House, the residence of my father. It was called Black Park House in consequence of * * * where the spectre was in the habit of appearing.

[Here there is an obliteration in the MS., which appears purposely blotted out, as if he had felt regret at having detailed the circumstances, whatever they may have been.]

"On reaching the town of * * *, the nearest point, in fact, at which it touched in the direction of my father's house, the distance being ten miles by the shortest road, which went across the mountains, I felt so anxious to reach home that I preferred the latter, wild and gloomy though it was, to the better but more circuitous one, which would have brought me through the inhabited country. The season was about the beginning of March, the night was tolerably calm, but ever and anon there would arise that moaning breeze which passes solemnly along, like the voice of lamentation, and which dies away in something between a prolonged sob and a sigh. The light of the moon, too, was dim and ghastly, and shed a wild and spectral character upon every prominent object around me. For my own part, I rather enjoyed the feeling of romance occasioned by this, and as I proceeded through the dismal solitudes, I amused myself by trying to turn the trees or other objects into such fantastic shapes as pretty strong powers of comparison suggested to my imagination. This kind of fearful enjoyment increased upon me so much, that I began to feel as if, among so many grotesque and supernatural-looking shapes, it was impossible that I could be actually alone.

"In this way I proceeded for a distance of about five miles, when I remembered that there was a kind of broken pathway, sometimes distinct, and sometimes not, even in day light, but still such as I imagined my early sporting habits had made me sufficiently acquainted with—that went in a more direct line across the moors,—until it came out on the great road which passed within a couple of hundred yards of my father's house.

"I had, with my characteristic want of reflection, forgotten to consider how long the light of the moon could be depended upon on the night in question, but in point of fact, I deemed it next to an impossibility that I could mistake the path with which my feet had, to use a common phrase, been so intimately acquainted.

"The turn from the mountain road along which I was proceeding, to the path in question, was at the head of a little glen, the sides of which were covered with that description of underwood peculiar to mountain glens and dells. The sides of it were thickly tangled with hazel, hawthorn, dogberry, mountain-ash, and holly, and along the bottom ran a prattling little stream, whose banks were fringed with the varieties we have just described, which in many places met across it, so that it consequently peeped out only occasionally, whilst winding through this romantic little spot of lonely but picturesque beauty.

"One side of it was now in deep and impenetrable shadow, whilst the other lay in that dim and dreamy indistinctness that lends such an inexpressible feeling of terror and delight to such scenery, when viewed in solitude at such an hour.

"On taking the path across the head of this glen I felt still in that mood of imagination which gives pecu-

liar shape and life to everything that meets the eye under such circumstances. A mournful breeze came up slowly from the glen, and as I advanced I thought I perceived a tall, supernatural being waving a long arm in an admonitory manner, as if to warn me from taking that path. I felt no terror, so, to speak, for I knew that the object before me was a bush set in motion by the breeze; but I experienced a wild kind of excitement, which was not without pleasure, nor wholly without pain.

"I had left the mountain road, and was now beyond the object which seemed to have warned me back, when, just at my very ear, I thought I heard the word "Chadwick"—my own name—pronounced with something like distinctness, yet not in such a manner as to render the fact of its pronunciation certain. It might have been my name, or it might have been some sound which the power of my imagination had shaped into it, just as it had given to the visible objects, that presented themselves to me, wild and fantastic forms as I went along. This little incident, however, shook my fortitude much more than anything I had seen during that part of the mountain journey which I had yet passed.

"I now became far more observant of the sounds than of the sights about me; but having gained an elevation that commanded a view of the wide and dreary moor that lay in front, I felt considerably relieved, as even in the struggling light I was able to recognise its undulations, and thought I could discern in the dim and uncertain distance the top of the mountain that overshadowed Black Park House. I accordingly proceeded with fresh confidence, and had got about a mile into the dark expanse before me, still satisfied that I was on the proper path—as, indeed, was the case—when I found that the little light that had hitherto been so friendly to me, was gradually fading away—the moon, in fact, being upon the point of setting behind the mountains that rose to my left.

"I now felt the full force of my folly in having, for the sake of saving a couple of miles, departed from the safe mountain road, and had thoughts of retracing my steps, when, behold, the light had completely disappeared, and I found myself alone upon the wild waste, and in utter darkness. I would, however, have still returned, were it not from the dread of missing my way. The glen I had passed was, on the side next me, precipitous in many places, and I knew not but in such palpable darkness I might have walked over one of its beetling cliffs. I determined, therefore, let what might happen, to proceed with as much accuracy as possible in the direction of home, certain that there was less risk in traversing the undulations of the moor than in encountering the danger of the precipices behind me.

"I soon found, however, what it is to walk along the expanses of a mountain solitude in pitchy darkness. In the course of a few minutes I had lost my path, and in a very brief period afterwards became conscious that I was completely, and in every possible sense astray. It is impossible to describe the terrors which now crowded upon me. Any person who has lost his way in a lonesome place at night, and out of the reach of human aid, will understand what I felt. The sensation is one of peculiar horror, combining as it does a frightful apprehension of personal danger, mingled with a vague but painful dread of something that is more than natural—or, at all events, of something that it fears but cannot define. All sense of my

relative position was at once lost, and I knew not now in what direction I was proceeding.

"In this painful position I called aloud for aid, exclaiming, in my loudest voice—

"'Help, if there is any one within hearing; I am a traveller who has lost his way!'

"This I repeated at the top of my lungs several times, when at last I heard once more, just at, or rather *into* my ear, the word 'Chadwick!' firmly, and as I was now certain, distinctly pronounced.

"'Who speaks?' I shouted; 'in God's name, who or what is near me?'

"This I also repeated several times, but there was no reply—all was silence.

"I now bethought me of a plan common among the country people when they happen to feel themselves in circumstances similar to mine. They are of opinion that the act dissipates or neutralizes any evil influence that may have been cast over them, and restores them to a clear perception of their position and of the localities about them. Remembering this, I at once stripped, and began to turn my coat inside out; but whilst doing so I felt as if a hand had been gently pressed upon my right shoulder. It is true I might have been mistaken, but my convictions were all in the affirmative. The tumult of sensations, however, in which I felt myself, prevented any one danger from pressing too strongly upon me, and accordingly I got my arms into my coat, and had it drawn pretty tightly about me, when again I thought I felt a gentle pressure upon the right shoulder, as before. The pressure in this instance, I thought, was less, but still more distinct, than the first. The effect upon me was indescribably frightful. I trembled from head to foot, and the perspiration poured from me in torrents. To feel in a midnight desert, far from the contiguity of your fellow-creatures, that you have a supernatural being at your side, and to experience this by both touch and hearing, is such a trial to human fortitude as no philosopher, safe and comfortable in his study, could at all conceive. In the mean time I felt that the sooner I got myself out of this fearful position the better, and for that purpose I thought there was less risk in advancing than remaining stationary; and as I felt anxious, moreover, to ascertain whether the turning of my coat was likely to prove in any way beneficial to me, I walked on steadily in what I conceived to be the right direction. Still, however, although a little more composed, I felt in no sensible manner relieved by the act, unless it might be that I proceeded at a brisker pace, and with more confidence than before. Whether I was going towards home or from it, I could not for the life of me guess. At all events, I advanced at a rapid pace, and after about two hours and a half's toil, I had the satisfaction to find myself upon some kind of path that seemed like one that had been made by human labour.

"I stooped down and examined it with my hands, in order to determine if possible whether it actually was a pathway or not. The darkness, however, prevented me from ascertaining the fact in a satisfactory manner; it might be a path or it might be only one of those natural rutty passes, from one hill range to another, that are instinctively formed by the mountain cattle, when changing their pasture, or seeking the sheltered side of the uplands.

"I had now been nearly three hours in the mountains, and when the reader is informed that for the last four months I had been reading for a fellowship,

at the rate of sixteen hours a day, without of course having taken twenty minutes' exercise during that time, he will not wonder that I began to feel both faint and feeble. I felt, besides, a grievous want of food, for I had taken nothing since four o'clock, at which hour the coach stopped for a tantalizing dinner at ——. In addition to my other terrors, the dread of perishing from hunger now came upon me, and I am satisfied that imagination, strengthened by alarm, made both the sensation and the dread resulting from it incomparably greater than under ordinary circumstances they would have been. Be this as it may, I soon experienced a sense of relief which it is impossible adequately to convey to the reader. In going up an ascent, I discovered that I was among a flock of cattle—and I can solemnly say, that the strength I derived from that simple fact could be understood by no human being who had not been in a situation similar to mine. I now felt as if I were safe—as if something belonging to man was near me—as if the great prerogative of social security was within call; this however I felt only in my spirit, for my body was weak, my knees tottering, and my physical strength almost gone. Indeed were it not for this most gratifying incident I do not think I could have proceeded much farther, from want of strength, but must have fallen down and perished. As it was, I followed the pathway or rut which went over a little ascent—and, behold, on cresting it, I perceived light, in what I supposed must have been a human habitation. The distance appeared to be about a quarter of a mile, but I cared not—I felt that my strength, aided by hope and the prospect of human intercourse, might sustain me until I reached the light in question. I accordingly pressed on, and in proportion as I approached the house, I felt my courage revive and my confidence return so strongly, that I said aloud, "where now is that voice that dared to whisper 'Chadwick' in my ear? and where is the hand that touched my shoulder?" The words were scarcely uttered when, in a close, firm, compact voice, I heard as before at my right ear my own name pronounced a third time—"Chadwick"—and at the same moment the pressure of a hand, as before, was laid gently upon my shoulder. I felt like jelly, and would have gladly sunk into the earth if I could; this was beyond the force of imagination or any coincidence that might arise from natural causes. But, heavens! what a slight cause for terror did it present, when compared with the terrific scene which I was doomed to encounter in the habitation I felt so anxious to enter.

"The house in question was now not more than two hundred yards from me; but, I must admit that short as the distance was, I would have given a million of money, had I been master of so much, to find myself within its walls. As it was, I felt disposed to lie down and die if I could, from exhaustion and terror; but the voice and the pressure on my shoulder drove me onward, and I found myself at length within a few yards of the door.

"Having knocked, I exclaimed, 'well, thank God, I am safe at last.' I heard a noise within—the door was quickly opened—and a handsome-looking woman of the humbler kind stood before me. 'Will you allow me to rest myself here for the night,' I said.

"Come in, Sir,' she replied.

"I accepted her offer—oh! with what ecstasy I went in, but before I did so, 'Chadwick' was once more pronounced in my ear, and the pressure distinctly felt upon my shoulder. The woman perceived me start as

my name was uttered, but she immediately placed a chair for me before a good fire of mountain turf, and again looking in my face, she asked, 'was there any one along with you, Sir?'

"No,' I said, 'none; at least none that I am aware of.'

"Because,' she proceeded, 'I thought I heard another voice as you were coming in.'

"I strove to conceal my terrors, but still I felt a dreadful curiosity to hear more upon the subject; and I asked her, with parched tongue and gasping mouth, if she saw any one along with me.

"She said that, by the light of the candle, she thought she caught a glimpse of a person that she knew; but—and she got pale as she spoke.

"But what?' I asked with difficulty.

"I would rather not say who it was,' she replied, 'besides, I know it was only fancy—he being so lately before my eyes, too.'

"Who?'

"My unfortunate—no—no,' she proceeded, 'I saw nothing—I only thought I did.'

"Hunger, and the weakness resulting from it now overcame every other thought and feeling, and I asked her if she could give me anything to eat, that I might gain strength.

"Thank God, I can,' she replied, 'and indeed you have hunger, and more than hunger, in your face; you look to be at death's door, itself—but any how it was good fortune, I hope, sent you to me.'

"She then placed before me two or three large pieces of wheaten cake, some butter, and a jug of cold new milk; and, sooth to say, *gourmands* may talk as they will about luxury, but such an epicurean meal as that perhaps was never, or at least seldom made.

"Having amply satisfied my appetite, I felt my spirits revive and my fortitude return with a reaction proportioned to my former terrors; for there proceeds an excitement from a healthy meal, which—especially to the youthful—exhibits itself in an exhilaration of spirits that casts out all fear. I could now understand that "Chadwick" and the pressure on my shoulder, were merely the consequences of a warm fancy, wrought into a morbid feeling by the darkness and solitude around me, and a predisposition to over-excitement, occasioned by long and intense study. I had often, under the nervous exhaustion occasioned by hard reading and severe mental labour, seen my bed surrounded at night by faces of almost every hue of complexion and every expression of deformity and beauty. By reasoning on and analyzing these matters, I consequently regained both my fortitude and composure, and, so far as my mind was concerned, felt perfectly satisfied and well. It was different with my body, however, for without experiencing any disposition to sleep, I felt my limbs stiff and nearly helpless from unaccustomed fatigue,

"Whilst engaged in these reflections, so natural to one in my position, the woman of the house sat also in a ruminating attitude, smoking a pipe which from time to time she took out of her mouth; suspending, as it were, her enjoyment in consequence of some pressure of thought, after which she put it into her mouth again, slowly and abstractedly, and once more resumed her smoking.

"Thank goodness,' she at length ejaculated, 'thank goodness that he confessed it before he died. But sure, God help the wretch, every one knows he did it, and wasn't it by some crack his counsellor found in the law, that he escaped hanging.'

"Of this, as it was by no means designed for me, I did not feel myself justified in taking any notice. I understood nothing of the subject to which she made allusion, and I consequently felt no interest whatsoever in it.

"At length she rose up, and throwing a cloak round her shoulders and putting on a bonnet, she addressed me as follows.

"*"I hope,"* she said, *"that it was Providence sent you to me this night; and I said so when I saw you. I'm going a distance of four miles to bring a young man—a friend of mine—here, that he may keep house to-morrow, till I let the neighbours know what has happened."*

"*"Why,"* said I, *"what has happened?"*

"*"My husband,"* she replied very calmly, *"was seized this evening with a cholic, and he's now lying a corpse in that room there,"* pointing to it as she spoke, *"It's not lucky to have a corpse in the house without a livin' bein' along with it—because every one knows that when such a thing happens, the next of kin will die before twelve months. Now, I'm next of kin to him, and, if you hadn't come to the place, I might a' sot here this fortnight to come, before a livin' bein' would darken the door. Nobody liked to come next or near the house, knowing who lived in it."*

"*"Why?"* I asked, moved now by a peculiar interest, *"who lives in it, or who did live in it?"*

"*"Did you never hear,"* she replied, *"of Darby Dogue?"*

"*"Merciful God!"* I exclaimed, *"is it Dogue that murdered Murray's daughter from Glencuil, and who was saved from the gallows by a point of law?"*

"*"The very same,"* she replied, *"and it's a satisfaction at any rate that he acknowledged the murder to me this very evenin', a few minutes before he departed. As you were coming in,"* she proceeded, in a musing and uncertain tone, *"I thought I saw—but that could not be, surely."*

"*"What did you think you saw,"* I asked.

"*"Why,"* said she, *"throth, I thought I seen him laying his hand upon your shoulder!"*

"Contrary to what might be supposed, the tone of feeling produced by her words was anything but one of terror. So far from that, the idea of any community or intercourse, natural or preternatural, between me and the murderous ruffian her husband, filled me with indignation and defiance. I had heard of him, and of his infamous life and crimes, and as I was conscious of no secret guilt or other heavy offence against either God or man, I felt, in this instance, no fear whatsoever.

"*"Go, my good woman,"* said I, *"bring your friend here, and be not uneasy on my account. I shall remain till your return—provided you are back by daylight, for after that, whether you come or not, I shall take my departure."*

"*"I'll stay away only as short a time as possible,"* she replied, *"but I can't be here in a hurry either, because the nearest livin' house to this is four miles away."*

"She then closed the door after her, and, having first bade me good bye, she proceeded to fetch her friend.

"Gushes of momentary feeling, like mountain torrents, if they rise rapidly, subside as suddenly. The woman had not been long gone when I began wofully to experience this dreadful truth. Her last piece of information had not in any degree contributed to restrain either my indignation or defiance against the murderer,

or to strengthen my recent composure. I felt myself alone in the house with his corpse, at a distance of four miles from any human habitation, about the hour of midnight, surrounded by solitude, and a silence that was deep as death. In proportion as the woman lengthened the distance between herself and the house, so did my fortitude diminish, until I began to feel my former terrors gradually gather round me once more. Silence is in itself a fearful thing—especially in such appalling circumstances as mine. I listened, with a hope to hear some casual noise that might break the death-like monotony of the place and the hour, by something that resembled human agency, but in vain. The silence remained still and unbroken—no motion—no life—no sound of any kind. The fire, though good and warm, was full of a dull and dreamy character, that added to the force of what I then experienced. There was neither cat nor dog in the house—nor anything visible possessed of life. What would I not have given, for instance, to have heard the voice of that little capricious companion of man—the cricket? But no, nothing was there to which the spirit—now oppressed and feverish by the unearthly stillness that was about me—could cling.

"Under these awful circumstances, is it to be wondered at that my terrors heightened apace? *"Chadwick,"* and the pressure on my shoulder, now came back upon my imagination with tenfold power, and every moment I expected to hear the word once more pronounced in my ear, and the distinct pressure again turning me into jelly. The woman's parting words flashed upon me like the sudden glare of a spectre—she saw her husband's ghost, the murderer's ghost, lay his hand upon my shoulder at the very moment the supernatural pressure was made upon it, and my name pronounced! *"Great God! is there, after all, a world of spirits?"* I exclaimed silently to myself, *"or why should the coincidence of her sight and my own sense of feeling take place in such a manner, without any knowledge of each other's impressions on either side!"*

"I became now so fearfully oppressed with terror, that I durst not look round, nor behind me, lest I should find Dogue standing at my side. Nay, so deep was the influence of this grave-like stillness upon me, and the fear it occasioned, that I now felt afraid myself to break it, lest some corresponding sound from the room in which the dead man lay, might absolutely startle me out of existence. The only sounds I did hear were the violent palpitations of my own heart, which might easily have been heard in any part of the kitchen. To me, however, being only the result of my own terrors, they were anything but welcome.

"An hour and a-half might have passed in this indescribable agony of fear, when that occurred which even at this remote distance of time brings the cold and death-like perspiration to my brow. I had hitherto felt the silence lie upon me like a corpse. I found that the *vacuum* of healthy thoughts produced by it in my imagination, had been all filled up by the most frightful apprehensions of something dreadfully supernatural that was about to occur to me. The word *"Chadwick"*—the pressure—and the ghost of the murderer, had got possession of my whole being. I felt that I could not sustain this terrible excitement for anything like a lengthened period. The silence!—Oh, I had not long to complain of that! I was sitting, as before, with my eyes fixed in the fire, trying to disentangle my fancy from the associations of horror with which it

was filled, when—Lord of life and safety!—what was that? hush!—Great God! I am thy creature, made by thy own hands, and consequently I look up to thee as my father and protector! Footsteps in the room where the dead murderer lay stretched! “This is my diseased fancy,” thought I, endeavouring to reason myself, fraudulently, as it were, into a fortitude which I could not feel. I listened again—there was nothing heard, and I began to feel something like relief; when, after a dead silence of about five minutes, I distinctly heard footsteps pacing to and fro the next room. I felt myself drawn round, as it were, by the tremendous force of my terrors—my hair stood erect—my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth—I stretched out my arms—the fingers of both hands spread out involuntarily, with a sense of horror. In this position, with my eyes rivetted upon the door, which was shut, I sat—all my soul, sense, and spirit centred in my eyes and ears. Silence! oh, it was now broken indeed! In this attitude, I say, I sat, when, for the third time, I heard the footsteps as before, pacing backward and forward through the apartment. I was now absorbed in one predominant and gigantic terror—that of hearing the foot approach the door, and of seeing the door opened. God of mercy and safety! and even this—however, to proceed: the footsteps, as I said, paced slowly and distinctly from one side of the adjoining room to the other, when—how shall I write it—I heard them clearly turn in the direction of the door; after which there was a slight pause, as if the being within was listening; at length, there was a fumbling at the door, from which, if it were to secure my salvation, I could not take away my eyes; the fumbling continued for a little; the door gradually opened, not widely, but a little—and a man wrapped in grave-clothes, having a face white with death—shrunk and crisped by the rigidity of the grave—the jaw hanging down—the eye glassy and without speculation, appeared, and seeming to look across at me, as well as the features I have described could be supposed to do, called, in a voice precisely similar to that which I had heard before, “Chadwick!” and at the same time he advanced towards me, and placing his stiff, bony hand upon my right shoulder, he returned again to the room, and shut the door.

“Human fortitude and endurance have their limits, and I ceased to suffer, for I had swooned.

* * * * *

“On recovering, I opened my eyes, and seated opposite me, on a chair, was the murderer, still in the habiliments of death. It is said that the wild energy, or I should rather think, the apathetic indifference which follows a swoon that has been occasioned by terror, is the highest point of human courage in those who imagine they have seen an apparition. This may be so, and I have little doubt, from my own experience on that occasion, that it is so—I felt that I should either die or speak. Without some intelligence or explanation, my situation could not be borne. On looking at the spectre, whose eyes, by the way, were intently fixed upon me, I perceived no change whatever on his features. The set expression of death had not been removed, and every lineament was frightful; but above all things, the eyes were certainly not of this world. That, however, which was most appalling were his hands—and no wonder, indeed, for from the wrists down they were of a blood-red colour—indicative, I suppose, of the murder he had committed. I sat up, and after many efforts, made several attempts to speak,

but could not find voice. At length I was able to articulate in a faint and hollow whisper—‘In God’s name, what do you want, and why do you torment me thus?’

“‘To warm myself,’ he replied; ‘I am cold—cold; I’m not tormenting you,’ he proceeded, ‘and I’m not dead either; but you must assist me.’

“‘In the name of the living God,’ I replied, ‘I command you to speak the truth—are you living or dead?’

“‘I am both,’ said he, ‘I am living and I am dead; but you must ask me no more, for I can’t tell you—I’m not at liberty.’

“‘You died of the cholera?’

“‘I died of poison; my wife gave it to me. Now listen,’ he proceeded—‘She is gone to bring a guilty man—a man she is fond of—here this night. When they come, he will desire her, after some time, to go to that room, pointing to another, to take some rest; about half an hour afterwards, he will pretend to get sleepy, himself—‘I can’t keep my eyes open,’ he will say, ‘and I think I’ll lay down my head awhile, too.’ He will then follow her. Now, what I want you to do after they’ll be there a few minutes is, to give a short cough. You promise me this, or if not, you never leave this house but as a corpse; and mark me, neither eat nor drink from their hands, for they’ll poison you, too, if they can. If you promise this, the dead man will leave you to yourself, and trouble you no more.’

“‘I do not wish to make such a promise,’ I replied, ‘I know not—’

“‘Chadwick!’ he looked at me as the word was uttered—his long, bony, blood-red hands were visible, and the spectral gleam of the dead shone coldly and supernaturally in his eyes—he approached me once more, and placing that frightful hand upon my right shoulder, I felt as if I had been changed to ice—‘do you promise,’ he asked, in a voice whose hollow tones no pen could describe, nor any imagination conceive, without having heard it.

“‘I promise,’ I said faintly, for I was scarcely able to speak, and no wonder, for I again swooned away.

* * * * *

“On recovering, he was gone; the door was shut as it had been, and everything was silent as before. My mind had been now so completely exhausted, and my feelings so utterly worn out by what I had suffered, that I felt a comparative freedom from thought, and lapsed into a dull, lethargic apathy that was absolutely a relief to me. In this state I remained I know not exactly how long, when I heard the door open, and on arousing myself I found that the woman, accompanied by her guilty paramour—if what the spirit of the murderer said was true—had entered.

“‘This is the gentleman,’ said she, looking at me, ‘that was so kind as to keep house for me while I came for you.’

“‘The young fellow—who, though small, had a daring and sinister expression—looked at me for a moment, and I thought they then exchanged glances that seemed more significant than I could have wished.

“‘It was very kind of him,’ said the young man, ‘but after the trudge we’ve had, hadn’t you better get us something to eat, and to drink too, if you have it.’

“She lost no time in procuring refreshments, having previously produced, from under her cloak, a bottle of spirits.

“‘You will eat something with us,’ said the stranger, ‘it is customary on such occasions as this.’

"I declined it, however, on the score of having already satisfied myself, and besides pleaded fatigue, which I said generally took away my appetite, and this was the truth. 'Don't force the gentleman,' said the woman, 'I see he can't eat, but by-and-by he'll take a glass of something that I'll make him comfortable, and then he can have a good long sleep that'll cure him of his fatigue, poor gentleman.'

"Again they exchanged glances, which, indeed, I would not have noticed were it not for the mysterious warning I had already received.

"This I also declined, although she actually made the drink, which was composed of spirits, sugar, and some other materials that gave it a dark discoloured hue, and holding it to my lips, almost forced me to take it, under the guise of kindness and hospitality. Seeing that persuasion was of no avail she placed the glass over upon a shelf of the dresser, for I observed that neither she, herself, nor her friend attempted to taste it.

"After they had partaken of their refreshments, everything fell out according to the extraordinary intimation that had been made to me. In about half an hour the woman's head began to nod, now to this side and now to that, as if she had been completely overcome with fatigue.

"'Molly,' said the stranger, 'hadn't you better go to the bed in that other room and take a sleep:—no wonder,' he said, addressing himself to me, 'that she should feel both tired and sleepy.'

"In this I agreed with him, let his motive be what it might in making the observation; and, urged by his entreaties she accordingly went, as she said, 'just to throw herself on the bed for a start.'

"I can scarcely give expression to what I felt on seeing everything beginning to happen just as it had been foretold it would; but I need hardly say how intensely my interest in this matter deepened when I saw that in about another half-hour the stranger's head began also to nod, and ere many minutes he said, 'I can't keep my eyes open, and as there's a kind of shake down in another corner of the room, I think I'll lay down my head a while, too.' Having uttered these words he followed her into the room, and I once more had the kitchen to myself.

"I now hesitated how to act. Nothing could be less assumed or more natural than the manner in which sleep had overcome each of them; and indeed it was but reasonable that they should feel as they did, and as I myself would have felt under similar circumstances.

"'I know not what may happen,' said I to myself, 'nor do I think I ought to be accessory to the will or wish of a murderer's apparition,' I consequently had come to the resolution of not keeping a promise which, at best, was extorted by my terrors, when just at my ear, as before, sounded, 'Chadwick,' and again there was a cold pressure upon my shoulder, whilst almost at the same moment I heard the fearful footsteps in the room as before. I now felt myself urged by some peculiar power, to which, for the time, I was subjected, and without further hesitation I gave a cough,—a low, small, dishonest, and evasive cough, rather to fulfill the letter than the spirit of my promise, but judge of my astonishment when it sounded so loudly that it might be heard far beyond the house. The door of the room in which the corpse lay then opened, and as there stood a candle upon the dresser, its light became dim as he rushed past it through the kitchen, and opening the door of the opposite room he en-

tered. In a moment or two I heard a scream from the woman which almost instantly ceased, and immediately after I could distinguish a heavy blow, as if given with some hard, round instrument, then a deep groan from the man, then another blow, and after that another and another, the groans diminishing in strength as the blows were repeated, until they ceased; after which the blows ceased also. I then heard a heaving struggle as of a person lifting a dead heavy weight, after which the door of the room again opened, and the first object I saw was the murderer, bearing the lifeless body of his wife's paramour hanging like a sack across his shoulder, the limbs and the head dangling, and the joints exhibiting all that frightful flexibility that results from sudden and unexpected death. He passed at once out of the kitchen door, bearing with him his inanimate burthen, as if, one would think, for the purpose of concealing it.

"I could neither bear this scene, nor the locality in which it took place, any longer. My powers of endurance were taxed until they almost ceased to preserve my consciousness. I arose, and as the door was open, I went out, and to my infinite satisfaction and delight perceived that the night had either cleared up and got lighter, or else the grey dawn of morning was beginning to break. Be this as it may, however, I was able clearly to see in the distance the mountain which overhung my father's house. To this I directed my steps with a speed and an energy more than human. Sweep after sweep of the mountain I passed as if lungs had not been necessary, for I felt neither exhausted nor fatigued. I was now animated only by one sole anxiety, and that was a hope to escape from the deadly eye, the blood-red hands, and ghastly face of the murderer's apparition. All at once, however, I felt a new horror supervene; an impression came upon me which I could not shake off, which was, that he pursued me. I was gaining the ascent of the hill that I have mentioned as being near my father's, when I thought I heard the noise of footsteps behind me, and on looking back, there he was within a few perches, gaining upon me rapidly. I felt my heart sink within me, and literally gave myself up for lost; but as I had only about eight or ten yards between me and the summit of the hill—I struggled on. The pursuit was now close—so close that I thought I heard his wild, unnatural pantings immediately behind me, when all at once, meeting me on the top of the hill, I beheld my three brothers, with eight or ten servants and neighbours who had been out during the greater part of the night traversing the mountains in search of me.

"Their providential appearance then and there was, I am certain, my salvation; as I felt by the dead sinking of my heart that I could not have survived a moment had my pursuer overtaken me. They all seemed startled at the wildness of my appearance, and indeed it was no wonder they should, as I question whether any one of themselves, had he passed the night as I did, would have looked less discomposed.

"The first thing I did on seeing them, and before any explanation took place, was to direct their attention to the red-handed murderer, or rather to his spirit; but it was in vain that I pointed him out to them and described him. They looked in all directions, especially towards that to which he was now retreating—but after rubbing their eyes, and using all the usual aids to sight, they assured me that they could not see him at all. This, of course, I believed, for I knew it could not be otherwise, but in the meantime it was a full assurance

to me that the being I had seen, and conversed with, and been pursued by, was, in reality, the disembodied spirit of the red-handed murderer, Darby Dogue.

"Their appearance there at such an hour was both simply and naturally accounted for. It seems that Jemmy Buckley, a servant of my father's, had been in the town of —, where I left the coach in order to proceed home by the mountain road. Unfortunately he did not happen to see me, having been in another part of the town at the time I set out. Having been told however, some time afterwards, that I had arrived and taken the "old road," as it was called, he immediately started after me, but in consequence of the additional near-cut which I had taken by the old broken pathway across the moors, he of course missed me altogether. On arriving at home and not finding me before him, they guessed at once the path I had taken, and as they knew that unless I had gone astray I must have reached home long before; they got together a few of the neighbours and proceeded in a body to search for me. I, however, having completely lost myself, had gone in a different direction so far out of their way, that to find me in the course of that night was hopeless and impossible.

"This was on Tuesday; that is to say, we arrived home on Tuesday morning, a little after dawn. I felt very weak and feeble, and my mother on seeing me kissed me and wept, I suppose with joy at my unexpected return. My father, too, shed tears, and pressed his open hand affectionately on my head, exclaiming, 'poor Chadwick, you have read too much!' In consequence of my exhaustion they gave me a little wine and got me to bed.

"For the next forty-eight hours I don't remember much, having slept the greater portion of the time.

* * * why it is called Black Park House, and the legend about it." * * *

Having now given, from the manuscript placed in my hands by Dr. —, of Finglass, the above production of this extraordinary man, I think I cannot do better than annex the following letter to it, as a document sufficiently explanatory of its extraordinary contents:

MY DEAR DR. WEBSTER,

Finglass, October 12th, 1847.

You may remember the evening, not long ago, when I had the pleasure of meeting you at our friend, W——'s. On that occasion, I promised to place in your hands a curious MS., written by poor M——, with whose family you told me you were very well acquainted. You expressed much anxiety to see it, and I accordingly redeem my promise, by sending it to you. I need scarcely point out to you the necessity of changing the names, should the strange production be such as you can make any use of in a literary way. I am sorry to say that his case presents not the slightest hope of convalescence or recovery—on the contrary, the fine intellect with which he was gifted, has completely sunk to incurable fatuity. About two years ago, I asked one of his brothers who came to see him, if Chadwick had ever shown him this manuscript. He told me in reply, that his unhappy brother had read it for him; but said that the whole extraordinary account of what had occurred to him on the night of his return, was a complete hallucination—frightful, it is true, and full of the terrific—but still nothing but the creations of his own labouring and horror-stricken fancy. "Poor Dogue," he added, "who enacts such an awful part in the narrative, never was known to commit a murder in his life, nor any other crime offensive to society. He was a herd and caretaker, up in the — mountains, and has always borne the character of an honest, industrious, and inoffensive man. My poor brother certainly took refuge there on the night in question, and we were informed by Dogue and his wife that, as he lay upon their best and only bed, his groans and muttered shrieks, and tossings about, were dreadful. He escaped at day-break, and certainly met us, as he describes in the narrative; but we were able to perceive by the wildness of his manner—his trepidation, and the hollow gleaming of his eyes, that

his intellect had become unsettled. As for Nugent and Rafter, their appearance, we think, was the first hallucination he had had. They went to Upper Canada, as I stated in my letter; but I suppose I need hardly add that neither of them was ever seen since in Ireland, unless in poor Chadwick's imagination." Such is his brother's account of this singular narrative, which probably is one of the most extraordinary that can be found in the annals of insanity.

Believe me to be, my dear Sir, with sincere respect,

Very faithfully yours,

W. M.

To Isaac Webster, Esq., LL.D.

The Garret.

*Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
De la misère a subi les leçons, &c.*

AIR—"WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE." *Irish Melody.*

I.

I AM come to revisit my youth's first asylum,
Where I learnt to bear patiently trouble and care:
I'd some very good friends, I had songs to beguile 'em,
I was twenty, my mistress was fond and was fair.
Not regarding the world, nor its wrongs nor its rights,
With no future before me, young, buoyant, and bold,
With footstep elastic I mounted six flights—
One is well in a garret at twenty years old!

II.

'Tis a garret indeed, and I wish you to know it;
And there stood my bed, rough with hill and with hole;
And there was my table; and see the young poet
Scored his lines on the wall, and his pen was a coal!
Reappear, ye gay pleasures, that earliest dawn'd,
Though time long has borne ye off distant and cold;
Ah how oft to procure you, my watch has been pawn'd!
One is well in a garret at twenty years old.

III.

Above all, my fair Lizzy, should here reappear
As she was in those days, fresh, and mirthful, and young!
It was here, that across the small window the dear
Her shawl for a curtain so oftentimes hung,
And her gown on our bed for a coverlet threw—
Oh, Love, have respect for its every fold!
Who paid for her wardrobe I then little knew—
One is well in a garret at twenty years old.

IV.

One day we were feasting, our laughter was loud,
And the chorus was raised, and the song was begun,
When we learnt by the shouts of the deafening crowd
That Napoleon the fight of Marengo had won!
Loud thunder'd the cannon! our song was renew'd,
And we praised the lov'd chief and his exploits so bold,
And we said that our France could be never subdued—
One is well in a garret at twenty years old.

V.

Let us pass from this roof where my faltering reason
The thoughts of those times so beloved cannot bear:
I freely would give all my life's coming season
For two months of such days and delights as then were!
For dreaming of glory, of love, and of pleasure,
And for selling our life for some joys quickly told,
And for fixing our hopes on some exquisite treasure,
One is well in a garret at twenty years old.

BERANGER.

The Last Baron of Cluan.

[Concluded.]

BUT on the morrow after the arrival of the French, the first to greet and welcome his former and never-forgotten companions in the French military school, was the young Baron of Cluan. Nothing could describe the cordiality with which he shook them by the hand

as they approached him one by one, or the fervent outpourings of his full heart as he bade them welcome to his native land; all the kindness that he received from them, their parents, and families, in a foreign land came rushing on his memory, and the heaving breast and manly tear betrayed his inward emotion. But there was little time for indulging in such emotions as these, news and alarms of invasion on the southern and south-eastern coasts were daily circulated, by the partizans of William in order to distract the Royalists and create a division of King James's forces, who had concentrated his chief strength near Dundalk, to arrest his rival's march southwards on the city of Dublin. News, at this time, was spread of a large force being landed on the south coast of Wexford; immediately some regiments were marched southwards in order to strengthen the garrisons of Wexford and Duncannon and check the progress of the invaders in that quarter. Of this opportunity did the French officers gladly avail themselves, and among them the Count De Lauzun, of visiting the home and partaking of the hospitality of the young Baron of Cluan; it is needless to mention how exultingly his heart bounded at the thought of receiving such distinguished guests; and, above all, at the opportunity he now had of requiting, even in a small degree, their former civilities to him.

It was a lovely morning as the troops destined for the expedition took their way along the road which led towards Ross—a town about twenty miles distant from the city of Kilkenny. Fervent prayers were offered up for the success of the gallant strangers as they marched from the city. In the van rode Lauzun with his principal officers, accompanied by the Baron of Cluan; the dust had been allayed by a heavy shower during the night, they had therefore a full view of the enchanting scenery which presented itself on all sides, but chiefly between the two ancient borough-towns of Thomastown and Inistioge; this called forth, at intervals, the loud admiration of the foreigners. On both sides were gently undulating hills, their sides covered with green corn fields or rich pastures, or with ancient woods of oak and ash, and beneath them winded, in graceful curves, the clear waters of the Nore, whose banks here and there extended into broad alluvial meadows, where stood in grim repose some grey, embattled Norman keep, the owner of which for centuries ruled over the adjoining lands, and the no less warlike-looking, mouldering, and tenantless abbey, the erection of some penitent invader, who changed the plumed helmet and polished armour for the monk's cowl and sober habit. A little further these clear waters are compressed within steep and rocky yet richly-wooded banks, often, in former times, giving shelter and refuge to many a daring outlaw (and in latter times affording a retreat to that renowned and most enterprising of Irish freebooters, the never-to-be-forgotten James Freany). On the previous night, messengers, who were familiar with all the intricacies of the country, had been despatched to ascertain the truth of the report that an enemy had landed on the southern coast of Wexford. They came back bringing word, authenticated by letters both from the governor of Duncannon fort and the officer who commanded the garrison of Wexford, that the alarm was unfounded. Some Irish officers, who were desirous of joining their countrymen, had landed with a supply of ammunition at the fort of Duncannon. That was the sole cause of the rumour. This welcome and timely intelligence had arrived just as the troops

had advanced within four miles of Ross. It was immediately resolved not to proceed any further, and the men were ordered to erect their tents, prepare food, and bivouac there for the night. Sentinels and outposts being placed, watch-fires being prepared, and the word given, De Lauzun and his fellow-officers adjourned to partake of the hospitalities of the young Baron of Cluan. High on a conical hill, almost immediately overhanging the Nore, stood the baronial residence of their host. It consisted of a square and strongly-built keep or castle, which seemed to stand alone, its out-offices being at a little distance, and concealed from view by a close clump of trees. They advanced to the castle through a long, winding avenue, thickly overshadowed by aged and wide-spreading trees, whose thick foliage and intermingling branches threw a sombre shade over the brilliant uniforms of the party as they rode along. When they had approached nearer and emerged into more open ground, a scene of the most picturesque beauty was presented to their view—here the Nore expanded into a broad and tranquil sheet of clear water, unruffled by wind or wave. The tide was fully in, though near the termination of its flow, it rises to the height of several feet, and all the woods and banks around were mirrored in its clear surface. On the left arose, like an inverted crescent, high towering over its adjoining woods, the steep and wooded declivity of Carrick-O'Neil, and on their right might be seen green and pastoral hills covered with flocks of bleating lambs and sheep, or fields of waving corn. The party were hospitably received by the youthful lady of the castle—she had been educated in a French convent, and therefore found herself at ease with her courtly guests. The luxuries of the table consisted chiefly of fish, fowl, and venison, whilst the palate of the French nobles was regaled with the choicest wines of Burgundy and Languedoc—the French fleet being at this time master of the sea. During the festivities of the evening, De Lauzun thus addressed his host—

“Well, De Geraldine,” said he (for thus was he called by his French acquaintances), “no wonder that even amid the sunny vines of southern France thy heart was yearning for thy home, for, truly, thou hast a pleasant and fair domain; but waken for us one of those soft strains which were the amusement of thy solitary hours, or rather, perhaps, one of those livelier airs which may, in turn, remind us of home and of the evening dance amidst the vineyards of merry France.”

The Baron accordingly took his harp and roused the memories of France for her gallant sons. After a short repose, the officers were aroused from their slumbers by the loud notes of the trumpet summoning the troops from their rest, being under orders to march by four o'clock the same morning. After their return to Kilkenny, the remainder of the day was spent in preparation for their departure next morning, in order to join the king who was then with the Irish army, encamped near the Boyne. Kilkenny, on the following day, presented a grand and exciting scene—thousands flocked in to witness the departure of the French, who were joined by several Irish regiments, all advancing in the same direction. The day was ushered in by the sound of trumpet and the loud roll of drums summoning the men to their several quarters. As the military procession slowly advanced along, they were heartily cheered by thousands who lined the way, intermingling with their loud huzzas blessings and prayers for their success. An Irish regiment of dra-

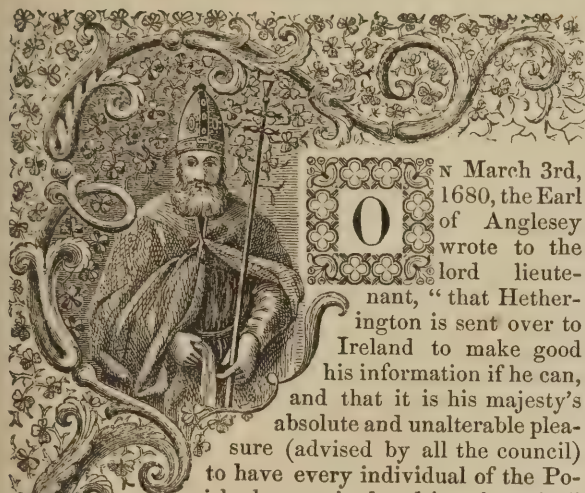
goons led the van—next came the field train, guarded by the Swiss—then the French—Bagnal's foot formed the rear; a body of gentlemen volunteers, mounted on their own horses; followed the regular troops, with the usual train, a motley group of sutlers, camp-followers, and rapparees. The events which followed require no particular detail; suffice it to say, that at the battle which ensued, the Irish army was outnumbered, outflanked, and routed. The dastardly conduct of James and the personal bravery of William not a little contributed to their defeat. The Irish army broke into several sections, and each made the shortest rout beyond the Shannon, with a determination still of maintaining the sinking fortunes of their pusillanimous monarch. They marched, by Kilkenny, to Limerick, and fortunate was it for the stately castle of the then hated Duke of Ormond that they had done so. It was preserved from the vengeance of the infuriated Irish by Count Lauzun, to whose orders that noble pile owes its preservation from the ruin with which it was threatened. Ormond was then in the camp of William, and was deeply grateful to the French commander for the services done him. Within its walls, in a few days after, was William, with his chief officers, entertained in almost regal splendour. Ormond wrote to De Lauzun, thanking him for what he had done, and making an offer of protection to any of his Irish friends whom he might choose to name. This offer was accepted by De Lauzun in behalf of his friend the Baron of Cluan, whose castle and estates were saved from pillage and confiscation through the interference of Ormond. Notwithstanding this protection and pardon, and the tender attachment he bore to his wife and home, he thought it not consistent with bravery or loyalty personally to avail himself of these advantages. He, therefore, resolved to stand or fall in the cause of king and country, in which resolution he was confirmed by the glorious (and notwithstanding the defection of the French allies) successful defence of Limerick. A winter of unparalleled sufferings and hardship was passed over by the Irish army; their hopes, however, were renewed by the arrival of other French auxiliaries under the Marquess de St. Ruth. Early in June both armies again took the field; the loss of Athlone disheartened the Irish: nothing, however, was omitted that could in any way repair the fault. The Baron of Cluan had despatched a favourite attendant, home, to his lady in Cluan, to inform her of his safety and of the hopes he entertained of final success—also with directions to bring with him, on his return, a favourite and powerful charger. This journey, then difficult and dangerous, did the faithful fellow perform with much cleverness and cunning; resting by day in lonely places and with persons whom he knew to be friendly to his party, and travelling, by night, over a country which he had previously trod in order to be acquainted with its by-ways, after some slight adventures he reached Limerick, and proceeded thence to the Irish camp, which was pitched on the height of Kilcommedan. Having given the countersign and passed the sentries, according to directions, he rode through the camp to the quarters assigned to his friend Colonel Grace, of Courtstown, and soon his eye caught the friendly pavilion in which his beloved master lay, being directed thereto by the pennon which waved at its top, displaying the armorial ensign of Grace—a red lion, rampant, on a white field. It is needless to say how joyfully his arrival was hailed by the Baron of Cluan, or how anxiously he enquired after the safety and health of his lady and friends.

There was now, however, in the Irish camp little time for other thoughts than those of preparation for the coming struggle. The scouts brought intelligence of the near approach of the English army, which, on the morrow, appeared fully in view. Distractions and dissensions weakened the spirit of the Irish army, whilst the most perfect unanimity directed the councils of the enemy, who, moreover, numbered fully 18,000 men; the number of the Irish forces actually engaged did not exceed 15,000, there was moreover on their side a considerable disproportion of cannon. After several hours spent in sharp skirmishing, the action, about five o'clock, became general; elated with success and confident of victory, the Irish general, St. Ruth, was heading a charge of cavalry, in full career, down upon the English right, when a canon-ball shot off his head; down he rolled a lifeless trunk, his death spreading dismay, terror, and confusion through the Irish lines—the result of which was a total defeat, and a bloody and unrelenting pursuit on the part of the enemy. In a desperate but vain effort to rally the fugitives, many gallant officers and gentlemen lost their lives; and among these, conspicuous by word and example, was the Baron of Cluan. In the struggle his hand was severed from his wrist; and, thus rendered powerless, a thrust of a sword-blade gave full vent to the fountain of his life's blood—he fell a lifeless corpse. His fall was witnessed by several of his own followers, and, with a cry of wild despair, was the severed hand picked up by one of them. This was he resolved to carry off, if possible, as a memorial of his beloved chief, at the same time remarking to one of his flying companions, in his native language, as he looked on the pale relic, "*feach an mian bing a clair-seach.*"* The Baron's horse finding himself disengaged from his rider, dashed madly through the crowd, being bewildered in every sense, his eyes were dazzled with the fierce flash of the fire-arms, his ears stunned with the roar of the cannon and volleying of musketry, while his dilated nostrils snuffed in the sulphureous smoke and the maddening odour of human blood. Away and away careered he far off from the field of strife, and, as he instinctively took his road to the south, the light and hazy breeze rolled along the dull smoke and distant sounds of the yet unfinished fight, adding speed and strength to the frightened steed. The Shannon presented no obstacle to his fiery course—he stemmed its torrent, and the early dawn of the second morning found him trembling all over and covered with foam and dried and clotted blood, standing beside the castle gate of his native Cluan. The Baron's lady was the first to hear his footsteps, and, with eager haste, did she awake her domestics to ascertain the cause which brought such unexpected sounds to her ear at that unusual and early hour. To their horror they found the noble animal, which they instantly recognized, in the condition above described; the lady on viewing this dismal sight shrieked aloud, and fell into a swoon; she was carried almost lifeless into the castle—a few days of grief and mental agony closed her mortal career. Some few fugitives who escaped the field and pursuit, arrived home in Cluan and confirmed the sad tale thus mutely told; their descendants still occupy the same homes, and to one curious in traditionary lore will they, in their simple dialect, relate what they have heard from their fathers concerning the tragical fate of the LAST BARON OF CLUAN.

* "See the sweet finger of the harp."—*Lit. trans.*

THE
Life and Death of Oliver Plunkett,
 PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

PART V.



On March 3rd, 1680, the Earl of Anglesey wrote to the lord lieutenant, "that Hetherington is sent over to Ireland to make good his information if he can, and that it is his majesty's absolute and unalterable pleasure (advised by all the council) to have every individual of the Popish clergy seized and imprisoned till they petition to be sent over seas, and promise never to return or practise against the state; for there is no other way to cure their madness, and that there are those in England who will apprehend them all." On the 17th, his excellency replied "that above a year ago two proclamations did issue against the Popish clergy, with promise of rewards to those that should apprehend them; and that if any in England will undertake it, they shall have the promised reward, and his thanks besides; and that to tell him of the insolent deportment and signal perfidy of the Popish clergy of Ireland is to preach to him that there is pain in the gout; and he protests that he would rather be rid of them than of that disease." Yet he was so far from believing what was sworn, much less what was said against them that he considered the whole plot as a pure fiction, sustained by the most violent and abandoned perjurers. Indeed the conduct of all those concerned in the detection and punishment of those who were accused of having been concerned in the Popish plot, can scarcely be put in stronger language than that which has been used by Charles James Fox, who was certainly more inclined to be their apologist than their accuser: "Although, therefore, upon a review of this truly shocking transaction we may be fairly justified in adopting the milder alternative, and in imputing to the greater part of those concerned in it rather an extraordinary degree of blind credulity than the deliberate wickedness of planning and assisting in the perpetration of legal murder, yet the proceedings of the Popish plot must always be considered as an indelible disgrace upon the English nation, in which king, parliament, judges, juries, witnesses, prosecutors, have all their respective, though certainly not equal, shares. Witnesses of such a character as not to deserve credit in the most trifling cause upon the most immaterial facts, gave evidence so incredible, or to speak more plainly, so impossible to be true, that it ought not to have been believed if it had come from the mouth of Cato; and upon such evidence, from such witnesses, were innocent men condemned to death and executed.

Prosecutors, whether attorneys or solicitors-general, or managers of impeachment, acted with the fury which in such circumstances might be expected. Juries partook naturally enough of the national ferment; and judges, whose duty it was to guard them against such impressions, were scandalously active in confirming them in their prejudices and inflaming their passions. The king, who is supposed to have disbelieved the whole of the plot, never once exercised his glorious prerogative of mercy. It is said he dared not. His throne, perhaps his life, was at stake; and history does not furnish us with the example of any monarch with whom the lives of innocent or even meritorious subjects ever appeared to be of much weight when put in balance against such considerations.*

Dr. Plunkett's trial will demonstrate that this is a most true and graphic description of the scandalous partizanship and even brutality of the judges; of the overbearing insolence of the prosecutors, who got witnesses put in gaol when their swearing did not come up to the mark; of the miserable prejudices and base subserviency of the jury, and of the wholesale perjuries of the witnesses who appeared against him. We may be permitted to give another brief extract from the same writer to put in a still clearer light the dastardly conduct of the king, who, like a genuine Stuart, abandoned his friends in their necessities: "In the prosecution of the aged and infirm Stafford, the king was so far from interfering in behalf of that nobleman, that many of those most in his confidence, and, as it is affirmed, the Duchess of Portland herself, openly favoured the prosecution. Even after the dissolution of his last parliament, when he had so far subdued his enemies as to be no longer under any apprehension from them, he did not think it worth while to save the life of Plunkett, Popish archbishop of Armagh, *of whose innocence no doubt could be entertained*. But this is not to be wondered at, since in all transactions relative to the Popish plot, minds of a very different cast from Charles's became, as by some fatality, divested of all their wonted sentiments of justice and humanity. Who can read without horror the savage murmur of applause which broke out upon one of the villains at the bar swearing positively to Stafford's having proposed the murder of the king.† Yet it is not possible that any one who heard the witness could have been ignorant that he was a perjurer.

These extracts will be extremely useful to the reader in the perusal of the trial of Dr. Plunkett. They will enable him to appreciate at their proper value, judges, juries, prosecutors and witnesses. I have preferred thus collecting them together at the commencement to introducing them into the trial itself, and thus breaking the continuousness of the narrative.

Dr. Plunkett, as we have seen, was committed to Newgate, in Dublin, on the 6th of December, 1679, for his religion alone, or as Sir Robert Sawyer, the English attorney-general expressed it at his trial, "for being an over-zealous Papist." For six months no other charge was openly preferred against him, but an abominable conspiracy had in the mean time been entered into, by abandoned men, to take away his life. The reality of the Irish as well as of the English plot must be proved by the shedding of blood, and he was the chosen victim.

The original discoverers of the plot, as they called themselves, were Edmund Murphy, parish priest of

* Fox's Historical Works, pp. 33-4.

† Fox's Historical Works, pp. 40-1.

Killeavy and chanter of Armagh, and John Moyer and Hugh Duffy, Franciscan friars. Perhaps the most curious pamphlet in Thorpe's whole collection is one written by Murphy. It is contained, like the others already referred to, in the larger volume of the pamphlets from 1641 to 1690. The title of the pamphlet is "The Present State and Condition of Ireland, but more especially of the Province of Ulster, humbly represented to the Kingdom of England, by Edmund Murphy, Secular Priest, and titular Chanter of Armagh, and one of the first Discoverers of the Irish Plot. London, 1681." It is obscure and mystified, but at the same time it will enable us to delineate with considerable accuracy the early scenes of the tragedy which ended in the death of the Primate. The whole pamphlet contains but thirty-two pages, and from 24 to 29 are wanting.

This pamphlet proves that Murphy was throughout a most consistent character, for from a very early period of his career, he united in his own person, at the same time, the professions of priest, robber, and spy. The last of these occupations was disagreeable to the "great tory, Redmond O'Hanlon,* who made edict through the barony, that whoever went to hear Murphy, should for the first time pay one cow, for the second two, and for the third his life." After this he "hired a curate to officiate in his parish, and seldom or ever resorted there himself." This is his own version of the matter, and there can be no doubt that Hanlon had good cause to hate and fear him; but the real cause of his being obliged to hire a curate was, that he had been suspended first, and afterwards excommunicated by the Primate. Mac Moyer and Duffy were, as I have said, Franciscan friars, and had both officiated—the former as parish priest, and the latter as curate—in the parish of Fohart, not far from Dundalk, in the county of Louth. They were the bosom friends of Murphy, and, like him, spies and robbers. Although Mac Moyer swore at the trial that the Primate appointed him to the parish of Fohart in 1674, and the presumption therefore is, that it was at some other time, this date may possibly be correct. Neither he, however, nor his worthy coadjutor, were permitted to retain the appointments long, for upon their characters becoming known, the Primate suspended and excommunicated them, and they were both afterwards declared apostates by the provincial of the Franciscans. These facts were stated by Dr. Plunkett in his defence, and admitted by the parties themselves, but at what precise time they occurred cannot now be determined. It must, however, have been soon after the date of Mac Moyer's appointment to Fohart, for the Primate stated in his speech at the place of execution (July 1st, 1681), that he had endeavoured to reclaim these three priests for the last seven years. They themselves con-

firmed this in their evidence, by dating the plot so early as 1674. The Primate afterwards prevented these friars from "questing" in his diocese, on which account Mac Moyer and Duffy held him in the most deadly hatred, and the former could afford him no better name than Barjesus and Judas Iscariot.

Murphy waxed powerful amongst the tories, became the leader of a large band, planned the murder of Redmond O'Hanlon, whose place he desired to occupy, as well as to obtain the reward set on his head, and alarmed the quarters of the officers, Baker and Smith, who were stationed near Dundalk, and had denounced him as a robber. "Ensign Smith (says Murphy, in his pamphlet, pp. 22-3), made grievous complaints unto several gentlemen, that his house was in agitation to be burnt, and himself and family destroyed by the tories, . . . and that one Edmund Murphy, a priest, was the ringleader of this design; and having informed the deponent's father with these things, the father of the said informant sent for him, demanding the reasons and giving him sharp rebukes." Murphy, Moyer, and Duffy were, as I have said, spies as well as tories. The officers to whom they betrayed their companions were Captains Coult and Butler. Edmund Murphy had, as his assistants in treachery, his own brothers, one of whom was called Phelémy, and a relative, by name Hugh Murphy. The occupations of these individuals was as base as can be well imagined. Hugh Murphy stole the horses of his own associates, the tories, and priest Murphy's brothers brought them to Sir Hans Hamilton, who pursued all those that enquired after them. Besides stealing their horses, "the said Hugh Murphy did dayly send the state of the tories to the deponent (Edmund Murphy), who communicated it in writing to Captain Butler, by a certain *damsel*, to avoid suspicion." This is Father Murphy's own statement in his pamphlet, p. 24; yet he contradicts himself at p. 14, in the following manner: "That though the rumour had spread through the soldiers' report, all or most people were possessed that the informant received a large sum of money from the said Captain Coult, to bring in the heads of several of the chief tories and rebels, all which was spread abroad by means of *lying fame*." But his associates knew better than to ascribe the report to lying fame; and had it not been for the interference of one Cormack, or M'Cormack, an accomplice of Father Murphy's—whom it is greatly to be feared that unfortunate priest afterwards murdered, or was at least privy to his murder—they would certainly have killed both himself and Duffy as spies. "All the said Tories," he continues, pp. 14-15, "verily believed the report, except the said Cormucke, who well knew the informant's design (of murdering Redmond O'Hanlon); but the rest made solemn vows to kill the informant in the first place they met him. The informant getting intelligence hereof, betook himself to a habitation near Dundalk, where he continued a certain season; but one day going there to visit his parish, accompanied with one Fryar Duffee, as they passed the hill of Carricksticken, they were espied by the foresaid tories, among whom was the said Cormucke, and coming violently altogether upon the informant, he was thereat surprised; but Cormucke immediately interposed between the informant, and them making oath, that whoever should lay hands on the said informant should in like manner perish; and Cormucke, in like manner demanding what might be his crime, they told him he was a rogue, and had contracted with Captain Coult for a sum of

* The name of Redmond O'Hanlon is still remembered in many parts of Ulster. Sir Francis Brewster gives an account of his death in a letter which will be found in Carte, vol. ii., p. 512. He says that Redmond O'Hanlon, or, as the French call him, Count Hanlon, was a scholar and man of parts, and so formidable as to keep two whole counties (Tyrone and Down) almost waste, making the peasants pay continual contributions. These contributions were generally levied in kind, or rather in cows, as we learn from Murphy's pamphlet. So terrible was he, that there was no travelling in the northern parts without convoys, and all the army in Ireland was not able to take him. At length, the Duke of Ormond, when all the rewards offered for his head proved of no avail, employed a Mr. W. Lucas to whom he gave such private instructions as procured him an interview with O'Hanlon. At this interview Lucas treacherously shot him through the heart on the 25th of April, 1681.

money to bring in their heads; but the informant protested the contrary, and that he never mentioned their names to the said Captain (which indeed was true, for his only aim was to seize Hanlon⁴), whereupon they were satisfied, and the deponent admitted to resort to his parish."

He was now once more taken into the confidence of the tories. The government had offered a large reward to any one who should take Redmond O'Hanlon, dead or live. Murphy had already engaged the robber Cormucke to assist him in killing the rebel chief, and he now imparted the design to another tory called Neale, or O'Neill. This person went to Connaught where O'Hanlon then was, and told him of the plot which Murphy and Cormucke had entered into against him. After the return of Neale he went to a public house, to which Murphy had invited him, as well as Cormucke, M'Ardle, and several other tories. A drunken brawl ensued, in which Cormucke was murdered. Murphy says, p. 21, that Neale shot him with one of his own pistols, asking "if he had the same design against him as against Hanlon," and that he (Murphy) "besought the brethren of the murdered man not to let their brother be *unrevenged*." However, this would appear to have been done solely to avert suspicion from himself, for he admits that Neale was not even suspected of the murder, and he quotes, in favour of the lawfulness of the deed, the authority of Ensign Smith's wife, who said "that her husband might have killed Cormucke at his pleasure since he became a tory." Murphy, who it would appear sometimes exercised his clerical functions amongst the tories, in defiance of his degradation, went to a house near where the murder took place "to christen a child (according to his own account, p. 21), and the deponent no sooner lighted off his horse, being come to the said house, but he was apprehended by the soldiers and taken into custody, where he had not been but till the next morning, ere he desired leave from the soldiers to go to Dundalk, and there stay in a certain inn till they came to the said town, which request was granted. The bailiff told him that he was taken for being with the said Cormucke *at the time of his death*; upon which answer the deponent told the said bailiff of the whole design (of killing Hanlon), and that Captain Butler was to have it effected by means of Cormucke, who was treacherously slain, and afterwards he gave bail and departed."

The invention of the Popish plot, about this time, opened up a new vein for the industry and ingenuity of Murphy and his associates. There is an unfortunate loss of four pages of Murphy's pamphlet which relates to this very period. But the opening passage of p. 29 lets us pretty clearly into the whole secret. From this we learn that Murphy had been taken into the counsels of Hetherington, who, according to Carte (ii. 498), was the Earl of Shaftesbury's "chief agent, manager, and instructor of the Irish witnesses brought to give evidence of the plot." Although the Primate was not apprehended on a charge of treason, it is clear that such a charge was in contemplation, for it was Hetherington who got him arrested. Murphy and Mac Moyer were at this time prisoners in Dundalk goal awaiting their trial, both for being the accomplices of tories and robbers, and one for being also a murderer. Hetherington wrote to Murphy that he had apprehended Plunkett, and that a *habeas corpus*

would be moved to enable him to give evidence against the Primate. Murphy did not wait for a *habeas corpus*, but broke the gaol at once and fled to Dublin. His own way of relating the matter, is not a little curious. "Being informed," he says, p. 29, "by the same Mr. Hetherington, in a letter, that he had taken Plunkett, and that a *habeas corpus* would be ready for the deponent, which he no sooner understood but went (without taking notice of any person) with all the expedition he could for Dublin, and at his arrival acquainted several there how he had escaped the hands of violence." On the following day he saw the Duke of Ormond, to whom he accused the Primate of being concerned in the Popish plot, and the two officers who had got himself put in gaol, of being the friends and abettors of the tories. The duke paid no attention to his accusations against the Primate, and evidently told him that he considered them merely as a revengeful proceeding against Dr. Plunkett for having excommunicated him. The following is his own version of the matter: "The informant, immediately after this conference with the Duke of Ormond, repaired to Mr. Hetherington and related to him all the passages that had passed between them, particularly of the excommunication that was denounced against the informant, that malice was the original cause thereof, to which the said Hetherington replied, that it was almost impossible as well as improbable to have any justice done against the said Plunkett, by reason of his strong faction, nor in any other matters relating thereunto. The informant not taking much notice of the reply, informed the said Hetherington, if he would accompany the defendant to the north, he would produce evidence to prove the whole that before he had revealed, and more also," p. 29. Murphy having obtained a letter to Sir Hans Hamilton, set out to the north, "accompanied by Hetherington, under the denomination of a friar which had lately come from Rome, by which means he learned several matters relating to the plot and other affairs." It is strange, however, that these matters never came to light, for he acknowledges in the same page (30), that though he had the Duke of Ormond's warrant, he could get nobody to swear against the Primate or to confirm his plot, and that even "Sir Hans Hamilton would have nothing to do with it." The only result of this expedition was, a cock and bull story which he said he heard from the wives of the witnesses against the two officers, Baker and Smith—"that these witnesses were chained and scourged to sign an instrument for their own transportation."

Up to this period no one had suspected that Murphy or Hetherington had anything to say against the Primate, against whom no charge had been hitherto preferred but that of exercising his ecclesiastical functions; but the object of their expedition to the north having transpired, betrayed their designs against Dr. Plunkett. Hugh M'Kenna followed them to Dublin to denounce them as the authors of the Primate's imprisonment. He was exciting the people to the utmost against them, when Murphy, who had a very inventive genius, endeavoured to parry the blow by swearing that this Hugh M'Kenna had been sent by him to Hetherington with the treasonable papers of the Primate, and a bull which had never been delivered to Hetherington. This latter part was true enough, for they never had any existence. However, such was the audacity of these scoundrels at this time, that Edmund Murphy caused one of his relations, George Murphy, to arrest M'Kenna on this charge. The matter was investi-

* It was certainly false, as proved by p. 24 of his own pamphlet.

gated by the lord lieutenant and council, and Murphy's information pronounced to be totally false. McKenna was set at liberty, and Murphy once more thrust into goal in his stead. Hetherington fled to England; Hugh Murphy, who acted as Edmund Murphy's spy, was put to death by Lieutenant Baker with his own hand; he cut off his head, and obtained the usual reward for the head of a tory. The witnesses who were Murphy's associates, and had sworn at his instance against lieutenants Baker and Smith, and had promised to swear against the Primate, were prosecuted by these two officers for perjury and transported. The charges against the Primate were investigated before the privy council in Dublin, and proved to be utterly absurd; and it was said that a reward of £500 would be given to any one who would apprehend Hetherington. These facts are thus admitted by Murphy himself, with the exception of the investigation before the privy council, which Plunkett stated at his trial in London—"That the informant (Murphy) also hastening to Dublin to bring in more of the matter to my lord lieutenant, was drawing up his examination, when one Hugh Mac Canna made a proclamation throughout the city, that the informant was the cause of Plunkett's imprisonment, the which Hugh was soon after taken by George Murfy, for not delivering the papers of the treason when sent by the deponent, along with the bull, to Mr. Hetherington; by his hand is supposed to have delivered it to Plunkett, Smith, or Baker, but he was soon released, alleging *the deponent accused none but such as were honest men*. The informant being imprisoned, gave occasion to all the Primate's, as well as Smith and Baker's friends, to fill the town with all manner of *scandalous and ignominious characters concerning the deponent*; others came to prison, tempting him to petition to be transported to France. Understanding also that Mr. Hetherington was concerned in Plunkett's imprisonment, very diligent enquiry was made after him, a general report going up and down the city that two rogues, for their own interest, intended to take a pretended method to discover treason to the Duke of Ormond, hoping to have money for their reward; the one being taken, the other had escaped, and that £500 would be given to any that took him, and that the next week there was great hopes he should be proclaimed a rebel; some came to the deponent also, and promised him money and liberty to declare where the said Hetherington was."

Here is his narrative of the death of his spy, Hugh Murphy:

"That the head of the forementioned spy, that the informant employed to look after the tories, was brought to the Duke of Ormond, as a piece of good service done by Lieutenant Baker, notwithstanding his being authorized by Sir Hans Hamilton and Captain Butler, to betray the tories under the pretence of corresponding with them, which he was allowed in. The manner of killing of the said spy was, when he was at his house sick in bed, Lieutenant Baker came and knocked out his brains with the but-end of a pistol or musket, and afterwards cut off his head. That afterwards the said Baker taxed the country for money for his head, as if he had been a proclaimed tory who never was concerned in anything, but as one employed to be serviceable against the tories."

The following is his narrative of the transportation of his own witnesses:

"That notwithstanding the deponent's petitions, the before-mentioned witnesses were transported by means

of Sir John Davis. During the informant's imprisonment, arrived at Dublin, from the North of Ireland, a certain gentleman by name John Curfy, who was a stranger altogether to the informant, and being demanded the occasion of his coming to town, said he came to confirm the testimony of a certain priest; for this he added, he could confirm what the said priest had said, and related much more of the like kind. The said person being brought under the pretence of seeing the deponent, was *clapt up in prison also*, under the notion of several unknown actions for debt, and was threatened to be *hanged by my Lord Chief Justice*; and in that fright gave a bill of his hand for what was alleged to his charge, besides £10 that he paid down, and *made protestations that he would deny that he had anything to say on the deponent's behalf*; which done he was dismissed."*

It is not to be supposed that when Hetherington wrote to Dundalk goal to Murphy, he neglected to make a similar communication to Mac Moyer, who was confined in the same prison. We know not, however, whether he also broke the goal or was removed by a *habeas corpus*, on becoming a witness to prove the plot. However, after the general flight and dispersion which we have described as having taken place in Dublin, Hetherington, who had reached London, and who was aided by the bishop of Meath, prevailed upon Shaftesbury to have an order sent to the lord lieutenant to have all persons who had appeared as witnesses of the plot, whether they were then in gaol or at large, immediately sent over to England. In compliance with this order, Murphy, Mac Moyer, and the other witnesses who were confined in gaols, were set at liberty. They were received in England with all honour, got fine clothes and money, were examined first before the king and council, and then before the parliament. Their wildest fictions were received as Gospel truths, and they were sent back to prove them in Ireland. There, however, their characters were not quite so highly appreciated; and as Murphy and Moyer had neglected to take out their pardons, they were thrust into gaol, and Moyer, in spite of the cautions and interruptions of the crown lawyers and the judges, acknowledged at the Primate's trial that he was convicted of having supplied powder and shot to the robbers. As they were seized at the same time, and Murphy was also charged with this offence, it is almost certain that he too must have been convicted; but as he strove to avoid giving evidence against the Primate at his trial, the latter did not cross-examine him. Fresh orders were, however, transmitted from England to have the Primate tried for high treason, and for being one of the chief promoters of the Popish plot, and free pardon was granted to Murphy, Moyer, and all the other witnesses. What subsequently occurred will be best told in the Primate's own words—"Orders have been transmitted to Ireland," says he, "that I should be tried in Ireland, and that no Roman Catholic should be on the jury, and so it was in both the grand and other jury; yet, then when I came to my trial, after I was arraigned, not one appeared." The truth is, that the Primate's character was so pure, and that of his assailants so infamous, that no twelve men could be found in the whole kingdom who would not acquit him. The very accu-

* Murphy's Pamphlet, p. 32. Murphy's narrative abruptly ends here. It was written in 1680 but not printed until the beginning of 1681. Before the Primate's trial he had already repented of the conspiracy of which he was the prime mover at the time of which we now write, the spring of 1680.

sation of such a man cast the utmost discredit upon the entire plot, and he declared truly at the commencement of his trial—"If I had been in Ireland, I would have put myself on my trial to-morrow, without any witnesses, before any Protestant jury that knew them and me."

The bubble of the Irish plot seemed at this moment to have burst. The phalanx of its supporters was completely broken, but these routed recruits of Irish plotters fled to England, where they were once more taken under the protection of Shaftesbury and the parliament. The lord lieutenant was commanded to send the Primate to London, in order that he might be tried in a land where neither his own purity nor the infamy of his accusers were known.* He set out on this fatal journey about the end of October, 1680.† He was immediately thrust into Newgate, and his confinement was of the most rigorous kind, for in the noble defence which he made at his trial, and which will be found further on, he says: "After my coming here I was kept close prisoner for six months, *not any Christian was permitted to come to me, nor did I know anything how things stood in the world.*" Of the manner in which he spent these six months, Father J. Corker,‡ who attended him at his death, and administered to him the holy sacraments, writes thus: "After his transportation hither, he was, as you know, close confined, and secluded from all conversation, save that of his keepers, until his arraignment; so that here also I am much in the dark, and can only inform you of what I learned as it were by chance, from the mouths of the said keepers, viz., that he spent his time in almost continual prayer; that he fasted usually three or four days a week with nothing but bread; that he appeared to them "always modestly cheerful, without any anguish or concern at his danger, or strait confinement; that by his sweet and pious demeanour he attracted an esteem and reverence from those few that came near him."

But whilst this holy bishop, deprived of all earthly companionship, rejoiced at his situation because it enabled him to unite himself more intimately and uninterruptedly with his God in prayer and meditation,§ ruthless men were labouring strenuously in the service of God's arch-enemy, Satan, who wished to blast his fair fame, and to deprive him of his life by the most abominable perjury. Hetherington, Friar Mac Moyer, and Edmund Murphy, delivered for this especial purpose out of Newgate; Hugh Duffy, the apostate friar, and several other witnesses, were now in London to prove the Irish plot, and the Primate's participation in it. Notwithstanding the contempt with which they were treated in Ireland, "the parliament (says Burnett) believed them, and upon that encouragement it was reckoned that we should have witnesses come over in whole companies."¶ Nor did the promoters of the plot trust to the spontaneous zeal of robbers and murderers; for as Edmund Murphy and Hetherington had already scoured the north for witnesses, so also towards the end of 1680, Geoghan and Owen Murphy (whose characters we have already given under the hand of Ormond, in letters dated December, 1680, and

January, 1681) beat up for hard swearers through the whole south, and especially through the county Tipperary, diversifying their present pursuits, by returning to their old, and, as Ormond calls it, their natural occupation of cow-stealers and robbers, whenever the occasion offered. Dublin, as his grace stated, swarmed with them, some going to London, others returning to seek new recruits, and all forswearing themselves. They occasionally found their way into Newgate, but had only to swear some new lie more monstrous than those they had already testified, and they were sure of a fresh pardon and of more valuable rewards. Their value seemed to increase in exact proportion with their infamy and recklessness.

All seemed now ready for the conviction of the Primate. The king and council had been convinced of his guilt, the parliament was horrified that such a monster was allowed to live, and a bill accusing him of high treason was offered to the grand jury in the winter of 1680-1. The witnesses who had established the plot were produced to sustain the bills; "but," to use the words of Burnett, "as the foreman of the jury, who was a zealous Protestant, told me, they (the grand jury) contradicted one another so evidently that they would not find the bill." The opinion of Burnett, a Protestant bishop, who was no friend to the Catholics—is so brief and important that I shall transcribe it entire:

"Plunkett, the Popish Primate of Armagh, was at this time brought to his trial. Some lewd Irish priests and others of that nation, hearing that England was at that time disposed to hearken to good swearers, thought themselves well qualified for the employment; so they came over to swear that there was a great plot in Ireland to bring over a French army and to massacre all the English. The witnesses were brutal and profligate men; yet the Earl of Shaftesbury cherished them much: they were examined by the parliament at Westminster, and what they said was believed. Upon that encouragement it was reckoned that we should have witnesses come over in whole companies. Lord Essex told me that this Plunkett was a wise and sober man, who was always in a different interest from the two Talbots, the one of these being the titular archbishop of Dublin, and the other raised afterwards to be Duke of Tirconnell. These were meddling and factious men, whereas Plunkett was for their living quietly and in due submission to the government without engaging into intrigues of state. Some of these priests had been censured by him for their lewdness: and they drew others to swear as they had directed them. They had appeared the winter before upon a bill offered to the grand jury; but as the foreman of the jury, who was a zealous Protestant, told me, they contradicted one another so evidently, that they would not find the bill. But now they laid their story better together, and swore against Plunkett that he had got a great bank of money to be prepared, and that he had an army listed, and was in a correspondence with France to bring over a fleet from thence. He had nothing to say in his own defence, but to deny all. So he was condemned and suffered very decently, expressing himself in many particulars as became a bishop. He died denying everything that had been sworn against him." Vol. i. p. 502-3.

Dr. Plunkett was again arraigned on the 3rd of May, 1681, in Easter term, but as he had been kept so close a prisoner up to this time, that he could not see even his own servant, it was impossible for him to have made the least preparation for his defence. As

* See his speech at the opening of his trial.

† Arsdekin, p. 160.

‡ The entire of this beautiful letter of Father J. Corker, which we extract from Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," will be inserted hereafter.

§ See Arsdekin, *ubi sup.*

¶ "Hist. of his own Times," vol. i., p. 250.

the witnesses and records on which he relied were all in Ireland, and some of them at 100 miles distance from Dublin, he desired until Michaelmas to prepare his defence. This the court refused; but after some consultation, allowed him until the first Wednesday in Trinity term, which was about five weeks. This time would be sufficient now, in this age of steam-boats and railways, but it was miserably inadequate in 1681; "when," as the Primate declared at his trial, "the servants whom he sent to Ireland, after being two days at sea, were cast back again and were then obliged to go to Holy-Head, from which place the winds being contrary, their passage to Dublin occupied thirteen or fourteen days." When the messengers did reach Dublin, the officers of the courts refused to give the records of the conviction of the witnesses who were to appear against the Primate, unless they got an order from England; and the Catholics who were to give evidence in his behalf, refused to go to England without a pass, lest they should be hanged for their pains.

Considering all these delays and obstructions, it is truly wonderful, that when he was again arraigned on the 8th of June, 1681, his witnesses should have arrived at Coventry. On the 7th—the day before that fixed for his trial—he moved on affidavit for twelve days more, that his trial might be put off to the end of the term. On the following day he renewed the application himself, but it was refused on both occasions. The conduct of the crown on this occasion, and also in refusing the records, proves that the object of his prosecutors was to deprive him of all means of defence, and to present him, as he himself expressed it, with his hands tied, before his prosecutors. He says, in his speech before he was sentenced, "That the records which were almost at hand, would have proved that some of the witnesses who appeared against him were indicted and found guilty of high crimes, some were imprisoned for robberies, and some of the witnesses were infamous people." He, moreover, told the judges, before his trial, that if they only allowed him a few days to bring his witnesses and records, he would defy earth and hell to convict him, and truly affirmed, both at his trial, and with his latest breath, that no man in Ireland would believe the charge against him, so absurd and impossible was it, even if he were himself to declare that he was guilty of it.

Yet however absurd and impossible the charge, it was evident from the first, that the Primate would be sacrificed to the base passions of the English people. The judges who tried him—Sir Francis Pemberton, lord chief-justice, and judges Dolbein and Jones—actually vied with each other in their partizanship, insolence, and brutality. The very first question he asked about the jury, was rudely repelled by the Lord Chief-Justice; and when he attempted to cross-examine the witnesses who appeared against him, he was interrupted and bullied not only by the attorney and solicitors-general, by two serjeants-at-law, and several other counsel, but by the three judges, who did not permit the witnesses to reply to his questions, but answered themselves in their place. Sometimes, when he pressed a question which might make a witness betray himself or contradict another, he was told by the court not to waste his time, lest he should not be allowed any to make his defence; and when one of the witnesses for the crown began to retract his former evidence against the prisoner, he was interrupted and clapped into gaol. It must be remembered also, that

the barbarous policy of the law, at this period, did not allow him the assistance of any counsel,* although there was arrayed against him, in addition to the three judges, the attorney-general (Sir Robert Sawyer), the solicitor-general, Serjeants Jeffries and Maynard, Sir F. Withins, and Mr. Heath. There is a Mr. Jones also mentioned, but I suspect he is the same as Mr. Justice Jones.

The witnesses who appeared against the Primate were Florence Mac Moyer, Henry O'Neal, Neale O'Neale, Hanlon, Edmund Murphy, John Mac Moyer, Hugh Duffy, John M'Clave, and Owen Murphy. Of these, Florence Mac Moyer, the two O'Neals, and Hanlon, were laymen; John Mac Moyer and Hugh Duffy, Franciscan friars; and Edmund Murphy and John M'Clave, secular priests. The remaining witness, Owen Murphy, was most probably a layman, and one of the numerous gang of spies and robbers connected with the priest of that name. Edmund Murphy was so roughly handled on his first arrival in Ireland, after his discovery of the Popish plot to the king and parliament of England, that he did not choose to repeat his visit, and therefore when the thieves and robbers of Munster were to be tempted by rewards to swear against the Primate, he did not conduct the business himself in person, but sent this Owen Murphy in his stead. It will be remembered that Ormond mentions this fellow and Geoghan as fellow-labourers; and that Owen Murphy, who had been recommended by Hetherington to bring with him none but material witnesses, had brought from Tipperary a number of witnesses, who knew so little about "the plot," or the Primate, that he would have sent them home again from Dublin if they had not been his own tenantry. None of the witnesses whom he brought to London, were called at the Primate's trial, and though he appeared himself, he distinctly declared that he knew nothing but what he heard from Edmund Murphy. The Primate, whilst recounting, in his speech at Tyburn, the witnesses against him, does not mention or allude to Owen Murphy, who, in truth, gave no evidence whatever.

The two O'Neals were the puppets of the priest, M'Clave. They met in Virginia, in Cavan, according to the priest's swearing, in 1677, but according to O'Neal's, in September, 1678. M'Clave desired his lay-coadjutor to go to Dublin, and reveal the plot, which he did to Sir John Davis. The date of this revelation does not appear, but it certainly was not until after October, 1678, for although all the witnesses swore to their knowledge of the existence of the plot for several years before the government offered pardon for past crimes, and large rewards to any murderer, robber, or cow-stealer (which seems to have been a distinct profession), who would prove the plot, yet, by a strange coincidence, amongst so many loyal men, the Primate made each of them acknowledge at the trial that they had never mentioned it to any justice of the peace, to any one in authority, or to any man who could be believed on his oath, until the profession of an informer became more honourable, safe, and lucrative than that of a burglar. What faith Sir John Davis, to whom the revelation was made, reposed in stories from persons of this kind, may be gathered from the fact stated in one of the extracts which we have

* Until a very recent time, no person accused of a capital felony was allowed the assistance of counsel, except a point of law arose during the trial.

given from Murphy's pamphlet—that he caused a great many of the witnesses of the plot to be transported.

Hanlon, a vagabond scoundrel who had begged his way through all Europe, was produced to sustain the evidence of Friar Mac Moyer. This fellow's name is erroneously spelled Hanlet in the state trials, for the Primate calls him Hanlon in his speech at Tyburn, which was written by his own hand, and is therefore certainly correct.

The other layman who appeared against the Primate is Florence Mac Moyer. This witness is called Florence Wyer in the State Trials, and also in a letter from Lord Massarene to Sir George Rawdon.* The Primate, however, calls him Mac Moyer in his written speech, which he read at Tyburn; and, moreover, the Christian name of the only other Moyer or Mac Moyer who appeared as a witness on this trial, was not Florence but John. This is certain, because he explains in his evidence, which may be believed on this point, that though he was called Francis in religion, John was the name he obtained in baptism. Besides there was amongst the witnesses who appeared against Dr. Plunkett, a person called *Florence Moyer* or *Mac Moyer*, whose autograph is on the back of folio 103, of the celebrated Book of Armagh. *A fac simile* of this autograph will be found in Sir William Betham's "Antiquarian Researches," vol. ii. p. 260. It is as follows: "*Liber Florentini Maire*, June 29th, 1662." Sir William gives the date erroneously in the opposite page as 1629. The following notice of the Book of Armagh and of Florence Mac Moyer, will be read with interest. It is taken from the catalogue of the learned Humphrey Llyhd, and was transmitted to Dr. O'Connor by the Right Hon. C. W. Wynne.† "This MS. beyond all doubt, is very ancient, whether it be or be not partly in the handwriting of St. Patrick himself (as is stated at the bottom of p. 24), but appears very likely to me to be of a later age, and perhaps it is the text of the gospels which St. Bernard, in the life of St. Malachy, reckons amongst the monuments of the see of Armagh, and relates to have been the text of St. Patrick himself. By Usher and Ware it is called the *Book of Armagh*, but by the Irish *The Book of the canons of St. Patrick*; thus called (as I think) from the canons of the Evangelists agreeing with one another, begun in 626. This book was formerly held in great estimation by the ancient Irish, so much so, that the family commonly called Mac Maor, in English Mac Mayre, had their names from the custody of this book, for *Maor* in Irish is keeper, and *Maor-na-ceanon* is keeper of the canons. All that family were commonly so called, and they formerly held from the see of Armagh, eight town-lands in the county of—called the lands of Ballymaire, by the tenure of the safe keeping of this book, in whose hands it remained during many ages, until Florence Mac Mayre went to England, in the year 1680, that he should give evidence (which I should doubt the truth of) against Oliver Plunkett, D. D., the Roman Catholic prelate (primate?) of Ireland, who undeservedly, as is believed, was executed. But Mayre being deficient of money at his death, this manuscript was left as a pledge for five pounds; fortunately it afterwards came to the hands of Arthur Brownlow, Esq." It is still the property of his descendant, Lord Lurgan. It was left at the Irish Academy some years ago, but was afterwards re-

turned to Lord Lurgan, the price he demanded for the manuscript (as I have been told) being considered too high.

It would be worse than useless to say anything on the absurdity and contradiction of the evidence given by these wretches. The business of each was to confirm the evidence of one of the priests. The Primate solemnly declared at the place of execution, that he never knew one of them. "As for the four laymen," he says, "who appeared against me, viz. Florence Mac Moyer, the two Neals, and Hanlon, I was never acquainted with them." Henry O'Neal acknowledged that he never saw Plunkett in his life, and Edmund Murphy declared that many of the witnesses against the Primate never knew him.

Of Murphy, John Mac Moyer, and Duffy, three of the four clerical witnesses, I have already had occasion to speak. The Primate says of them at his trial, "There were two friars and a priest whom I had endeavoured to correct this seven years, and they were renegades from our religion, and declared apostates." Besides they were spies, robbers, and one of them, most probably, a murderer. Florence Mac Moyer states in his evidence, that when Friar Mac Moyer returned to Ireland, after having disclosed the plot, he had a very narrow escape of being hanged. The other clerical witness is called Mac Legh in the State Trials, but his true name was M'Clave, as it is found in the Primate's speech at Tyburn. He had been a parish priest in the diocese of Clogher, but being suspended and excommunicated, took refuge amongst the tories in Cavan. This man and the two friars swore, against the Primate, the most monstrous and notorious falsehoods, as will be manifest to any one who will read their evidence. But unfortunate Murphy—the original discoverer of the plot, whom the attorney-general declared to have given the most powerful and satisfactory evidence before the grand jury—was touched with remorse for his detestable crime. He fled before the trial of the Primate came on, and concealed himself at the Spanish ambassador's, where he was captured and dragged to the King's Bench. He then strove to get the trial put off, on the pretence that his witnesses did not come, but in reality to allow those of the Primate to arrive. During his examination he fled out of court, and was with great difficulty brought back again. He declared, amid the interruptions of the judges, that the witnesses against Plunkett never knew him, and that they must be actuated by malice; for which declaration, and as a hint to any witness who should dare to say anything in favour of the accused, he was committed to Newgate.

These infamous and abandoned men were the only persons who could be induced to appear against the Primate, although everyone who was known to have the least ill-will towards him, was practised upon by the highest people in the country. The following letter, written by Lord Massarene to Sir George Rawdon,* only about a month before the trial took place, will show with how great diligence and perseverance the search was made:

"I desired that Neal O'Quin, the old friar, might come, because Mr. Bleeks assured me he knows all the whole plot and designs, and was an opposite to Plunkett, and of the same faction with Wyer (Florence Mac Moyer), and so far as I see Roland Mac Donnell, Brien O'Neill, and others, have had differences with Florence Wyer (Mac Moyer), who has them and others (they say) at malice, who he accuses, and those who are well-known to Sir Hans Hamil-

* This letter will be found a little farther on.

† See Sir W. Betham's "Antiquarian Researches," ii. 254, and following.

* Rawdon Papers, pp. 268-9.

ton, or Sir George Atcheson, to whom you may please to mention them. My opinion is, that if Neal O'Quin cannot come to us, for his age, that Sir Hans Hamilton should examine him, for he certainly knows a great deal, and you see none of the other friars that we have sent to take can be gotten, and those that come at us *either cannot or will not confess the least*; and, for my part, I really believe the Popish plot goes still on with the Romish clergy, *who, you see, are still amongst us, yet, you see, will neither be taken nor appear.*

"Your servant—M."

Dr. Plunkett's witnesses and records had not come, but just as the prosecution concluded, and he was about to commence his defence, a stranger courageously handed him a paper, on which were the names of David Fitzgerald, Eustace Commine, and Paul Gorman (erroneously spelled Gormar, in the State Trials). The Chief Justice demanded who gave him the paper.

The stranger stood up and said it was he, because he was told they were good evidence for Dr. Plunkett.

Lord Chief Justice—"Where are they?"

Stranger—"They are hard by."

The attorney-general cried out immediately for Eustace Commine, because he was one of those who had given evidence against the prisoner. This case was precisely similar to that of Murphy, and as Commine did not wish to keep this worthy's company in Newgate, he prudently fled. David Fitzgerald, it will be remembered, had declared that all he had sworn about the plot was false, and had endeavoured to induce the other witnesses, and especially those who appeared against Plunkett, to adopt a similar course. He also preferred his liberty to Newgate, and made his escape. Gorman, who alone appeared, was one of the witnesses about the plot, and the Primate was told that he would swear that Friar Mac Moyer had "allured and enticed him to swear against him." The poor wretch was so frightened, that he denied it. The next question, which regarded Mac Moyer's threats of wreaking vengeance on the Primate, the judge would not allow him to answer, crying to Plunkett when he proposed it, "Well, what of that?" Gorman, however, volunteered a good character of the Primate, declaring, that as he "had a soul to be saved, he vowed he had never heard of any misdemeanour of him." Justice Dolbein immediately demanded what brought him there, and although he produced the subpoena which the unknown stranger had most probably served on him, it is evident that he very narrowly escaped Newgate.

I shall now give this trial, entire, and I am convinced that no person can read it without admiring the dignity, the candour, and the true nobility displayed by the Primate in his defence which he was obliged to make single-handed, and totally unprepared, against three judges, who would scarcely suffer him to speak, six of the most eminent lawyers in England, and a host of perjured witnesses whom he was obliged to follow into a strange land, where his spotless character could not shield him, as in his own country, against the infamy of his accusers. Treason was only the pretence, the Primate's real crime was, to use the words of the English attorney-general, "That he was an over zealous Papist." He was considered the pillar of the Catholic Church in Ireland, and her enemies vainly imagined that if this pillar was destroyed, the sacred edifice would tumble to the ground. They knew not that the faith is immortal, and cannot be destroyed; that it is spiritual, and cannot be touched by mortal power; and that when the tyrant strikes his victim, he wounds not the faith, but glorifies and strengthens it, by the blood of a martyr. Never was

this more clearly illustrated than in the case of Oliver Plunkett. His persecutors, despite of the pomp and display by which they were surrounded at his trial, sunk into utter insignificance when contrasted with the sublime dignity of one unfriended man. That scene recalls the early ages of the Church, when the Christian martyr stood alone and triumphant, in the midst of his pagan torturers, who could only reply to his arguments by depriving him of his life.

[To be continued.]

Sacred Poetry of St. Liguori

No. I.—ON THE LOVE THAT JESUS ENTERTAINS FOR OUR SOULS.

I.

Oh! happy the heart whose wild throbbings are o'er,
With the sweet shaft of love pierc'd thro' to the core!
Oh! happy the heart that can breathe its last sigh
For Him, for whose sake 'tis such rapture to die.

II.

Such the graces that bloom—such the splendours that shine
On the brow, lips, and eyes of this lover Divine,
That gems, stars, or flowers before but one ray
Of these features would fade into dimness away.

III.

Like a hunter He uses all arts and all wiles
To entangle the hearts of mankind in his toils;
And one touch of his shaft brings his prey to the ground
With love, dying for Him that inflicted the wound.

IV.

Every means he employs—assumes every disguise—
In wait for our hearts every moment he lies,
To unite them with his, by a bond that shall last
When time, earth, and heaven long away shall have past.

V.

At first a poor cold shiv'ring babe by his cries
To gain our hearts' sympathy fondly he tries;
And now a fair youth, 'neath the frail, humble shed
Of an artizan toils day and night for his bread!

VI.

Next he's seen like a criminal bleeding and bound—
His brow with a thick, thorny diadem crown'd;
And at length, amid throes that the racks and the fires
Of his saints ne'er surpass'd, agonizing expires!

VII.

And say where at last this sweet Jesus we find!
Neath th' appearance of bread, on yon altar enshrin'd;
And from thence, breathing love, he full oft goes in trace
Of the souls that aspire to fly to his embrace.

VIII.

He, in short, all a lover's fond stratagems knows,
Nor recks he what he in this toil undergoes;
Let him seize but that heart—win th' affection of this,
All his pains—all his griefs are forgotten in bliss.

IX.

Now he comes to his loved-ones all sweetness and grace
With a soft smile of love beaming over his face;
And now he appears stern, repulsive and chill—
These are arts to inflame them more ardently still.

X.

Long, long have I loved him—he it was that the flame
Of passion first kindled throughout this young frame;
Now this heart is his own, and he watches it over
With all the fond care and jealous eyes of a lover.

XI.

Cease then Oh vain world, thou no longer need'st deem
From me to obtain either love or esteem:
One object engrosses my heart and mind now—
More faithful—more loving—more lovely than thou!

No. II.—TO THE HOLY GHOST.

I.

FALSE hopes and pleasures of the world, begone!
Go and allure some less experienced breast;
Quit, quit my soul that now in God alone
Can hope to find what they have never known
Who trust in you—a life of peace and rest!

II.

Creatures adieu! well pleased I now resign
Whatever of airy good you can afford;
No longer I am yours, or you are mine.
Free—disenthral'd, my God! I'm wholly thine,
Reject me not, I pray thee, dearest Lord!

III.

Let thy pure love, my God! now fill my soul,
And to her every power its force impart;
There reign supreme—those vain desires controul
That in the mire of earth oft made her roll—
Oh! come sweet spirit! Come, possess my heart.

IV.

Oh heav'nly dews! that sweetly trickling down
Quench, as you fall, the flames of lawless love,
This heart each day still more enamour'd grown,
May it all love, but that of God disown—
Pour down, sweet dews! your showers from heaven above!

V.

O flame divine! that strong as thou art fair,
Dost glorify at once and fire the frame—
Come—come my cold and lifeless heart prepare—
And breathe love's purest, holiest ardours there.
O fire divine! my heart and soul inflame!

VI.

O boundless love! how blest the souls that now
In heav'n thy face in all its beauty see!
Oh! that my soul! thus happy too wert thou!
I'm sick of earth and all I see below—
Spirit of Love! now call my soul to thee!

W. A. D.

Review.

"PENAL LAWS ENACTED AGAINST ROMAN CATHOLICS." By R.
R. MADDEN.

COMPLAINT has often been made that Ireland is overlooked, or dispatched by a brief notice, in English histories. You expect to find her occupy a respectable portion of the page, but she appears seldom, and then not in an attitude very flattering to national vanity.

Whether it be deliberate injustice, or a belief that there is no justice to be done, there is no doubt of the fact, that British historians, honest and dishonest, very generally mislead the reader when there is question of Irish affairs.

Of Mr. Madden's inclination to do justice to Ireland none of our readers can have any doubt, because he has already given proofs of historical research highly creditable to his Irish feelings. When it was announced that the author of the "United Irishmen" was preparing a history of the penal laws, we, in common with many others, believed that a great desideratum was about to be supplied; that we were to have a history of the Irish penal laws, as well as of the English; that both were not to be confounded; that the author would bear in mind that these laws were enacted by different parliaments, at different times, and were counteracted or aggravated in their operation by widely different causes; in one word, that a history of the English penal laws was not a history of the penal laws against the Catholics. But in the work before us we have not a history of the Irish penal laws. The difference between them and the English is not sufficiently kept in view; very many readers, of average information, might rise from the perusal of this work with the most erroneous notions of the state of the Irish Catholics during a large portion of that time which it includes.

It is far from our intention to say that Mr. Madden has not done well what he proposed to do. He has given an excellent epitome of the penal laws enacted in England, but he has yet left the field open for a good history of the penal laws in Ireland. The difference between the two classes may be best known from a single example.

The principal part of this work is devoted to the reign of Elizabeth. The penal laws then enacted in England, their operation, the number of their victims, their influence on the people and property of that country are chronicled with rigorous fidelity. You behold the penal system developed there in all its satanic deformity before Elizabeth had been summoned to her dread account. But how different was the case in Ireland during that time. Blood was shed in torrents. John O'Neill, the Earl of Desmond, and Hugh O'Neill appear successively in the field. Almost the whole landed property in the island changes masters, yet the penal laws of England were not enacted or enforced by the Irish Parliament. With the exception of the law of 1559, enforcing the royal supremacy, prohibiting the Mass, transferring the ecclesiastical property, there was no law enacted in Ireland against the Catholic church during the reign of Elizabeth. When Sir John Perrott, in 1585, attempted to assimilate the Irish penal laws to the English, he was defeated by the Irish Parliament and reproved by the queen. Even the laws of 1559 were, in some places, so much a dead letter that the Catholic deputies, in 1613, openly maintained before the king, that they had been clandestinely passed and never carried into operation. This exhibits a state of society widely different from the contemporary state of England, marked by characteristics which make it a subject apart, and abounding in materials of an absorbing and dramatic interest, such as few periods of our history possess. Elizabeth's Irish reign was persecution, famine, and blood—but in quite a different order from her English fashion. Her English penal laws were not enacted in Ireland before the year 1651.

Another salient difference between the English and the Irish penal laws is, the population for which they were made. The great majority of Englishmen gave up their old creed almost without a struggle; when Father Campion, mounted on a sorry steed, with his hands tied behind his back, and a large label, "Campion the Jesuit," flaunting on his breast, is paraded by slow marches from gaol to gaol, in market towns in England, there is hate, or laughter, or indifference—but not sympathy. The people know that he is to be racked and mutilated, and that for him the laws of King Edward, and the rights of Stephen Langton are to be no protection. English law they believe was never made for him. He dies unpitied by the crowd. No popular ballad embalms his memory; he lives only in the hearts of the faithful few who never bent the knee to Baal.

The case was very different in Ireland; even among those whom every tie of blood and language, and historic and political association bound to England. The English of the towns, and of the Pale, were not less firm in their fidelity to the Catholic church than the native Irish. The most intrepid champions of the Catholic faith were Anglo-Irish. They fought in Elizabeth's armies, and defended her crown; but a very cautious writer asserts, in 1609, that not sixty of them altogether had abandoned the Catholic faith. Leland, himself, acknowledges that Anglo-Irish priests were the principal support of Elizabeth's Irish power during a long period of her reign. Hugh O'Neill reproached them with their servility to the English tigress, the enemy of their faith, but in vain; they held Ireland for her against the native Irish; they were the English garrison, to their own ruin and the long suffering of their country. Now the conduct of those rival races, the identity of their religious, the antagonism of their political principles, the operation of penal laws on both, the means employed to reduce and Protestantise them are essential points for the consideration of the historian of the Irish Penal laws, but have, we need not say, little or no place in the history of those of England.

And if we look to the ultimate effects of penal laws in both countries, what a wide field for historic study in Ireland! The scene does not open with the Reformation: it is an old play with a new name: it is the old system of English rule in a new phase—the government of the many for the benefit of the few. It is said of William the Conqueror, that before his death he saw the fee of every acre in the hands of Normans, that all the high dignitaries of the church, secular and regular, were Normans, that all offices of honour and emolument were held by Normans, in a word, that England during his reign, and for a considerable period afterwards, was governed exclusively for the benefit of the sixty thousand Normans that followed William's banner to Hastings. This system of William was introduced into Ireland in 1172, and was perpetuated with all the authority of the English government. All the very great men who wrote on Irish affairs in the reign of Elizabeth, Spenser and Raleigh, and Sir John Davis and Bacon, English writers of every grade, from the political pamphleteer to the compiler of the ponderous folios of the "*Liber Munerum Hiberniæ*," are unanimous on this point, that Ireland was delivered over, during full four hundred years to the mercy of an Anglo-Irish oligarchy, the Burkes, and Butlers, and Fitzgeralds, and the other less "stout hunters before

the Lord," that those oligarchs opposed with all their might every petition of the native Irish for equal laws, that they bearded and defied the crown, and arrested Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III. in the politic career of concession—that they governed Ireland for themselves. We do not intend to examine whether the unanimous judgment of the Elizabethan writers, on our Anglo-Irish oligarchs be just, or must not be in some degree modified. The judgment has been pronounced. The old system it was said should be abolished. Ireland, it was said by Sir John Davis, shall no more be governed for the benefit of an oligarchy. All must repose in tranquil security and plenty, under the shade of the British oak, and the protection of the English crown. There shall be no longer a distinction between different races of Irishmen, nor between Irishmen and Englishmen, since James I. has ascended the throne. These were the solemn auguries of the great lights of English literature; the morning stars that ushered in the auspicious era of the Reformation.

Now we should wish to see the history of those fair promises. A history of the Irish penal laws is imperfect without it. Most of the *principles* of those laws were as old as English power in Ireland. Monopoly in church, and state, and property, for the benefit of the Anglo-Irish oligarchy, was the soul of the English system before the Reformation; monopoly of the same for the Protestant oligarchy has been the system, with slight variation, to the present day. If the poor man, who is willing to work, starve—if the prudent farmer will not expend his money in improving lands of which he has no profitable tenure—if a Catholic Attorney-General pack a jury with all the dexterity of a Saurin or a Norbury—if there is no franchise in Ireland, and no real municipal institutions, and no adequate representation, it is because Ireland is still garrisoned for the benefit of the few—for the new oligarchy created by Irish penal laws. Now it is manifest that such effects have not been produced by the penal laws in England; they created no new aristocracy; their influence was totally different, and it would therefore appear to us that the history of the Irish penal laws must be a work in itself, unless we dismiss altogether from our consideration in a history of laws the grand object for which laws are said to be made—the good of the community.

A man of Mr. Madden's well-known abilities and diligence, could take up the Irish statute-book and mark down the statutes in order—divide the last 300 years into periods which are sufficiently marked, and which are nearly the same as those he has adopted for England. 1. War and persecution, from Henry VIII. to the death of Elizabeth. 2. Star chambers, priest-hunting, legal robbery, and rotten boroughs, to the first years of Charles I. 3. A lull until 1641. 4. The war of the confederates to 1650. 5. English penal laws, and Cromwell's robbery and sword to 1660. 6. Charles II. rewards the murderers of his father with Irish estates, and during ten years persecutes the Catholics; then a lull, and next the execution of Primate Plunkett. 7. James II. to 1690. 8. Violation of the treaty of Limerick; gradual progress of penal laws, until it was at length proposed that priests should be eunuchs. 9. First relaxation of the penal code. 10. Growing power of the Catholics. 11. Ending in the gradual formation of a Whig Catholic party, who enjoy the good things of government and take as little interest in the rights of the Irish farmer, or of the

Irish poor who raised them to power, as the oligarchy whose power was destroyed by O'Connell. These are marked stages in the history of the penal laws, which created an oligarchy to which Ireland was sacrificed, and which still subsist in all their practical vigour against the Irish farmer and the mass of the Irish people. Why need Irish farmers ask tenant-right, or Irish labourers a right to have work, when Mr. Sheil is Master of the Mint, and More O'Ferrall governs Malta? The history of the Irish penal laws would be incomplete if it did not point out the influence of those laws in degrading many of the Catholic gentry, who fold their arms now that they are secure, and regard with the selfish feeling of the old slave, the exertions of their poorer countrymen to secure a small portion of justice.

If Mr. Madden were another man, and had not proved himself a stern historian, who is ever ready to do justice, it might be said that he abstained from giving a particular history of the Irish penal laws, because he was unwilling to revive topics disagreeable to the Irish aristocracy and to the established church. Such a motive could not, we are confident, have influenced him. There are many of our Irish *litterati* who would be influenced by it, who shrink with morbid terror from every topic that leads to the real cause of the misery of Ireland—namely, the establishment and history of the new aristocracy, and the new church. Conciliation, and union of classes and creeds, are most desirable, and worthy of great sacrifices, if there be any probability of securing them. But in the present state of the Irish world, and especially after the history of the two last years of famine, the grounds of hope for conciliation of what is called the aristocracy are so slight, that, for our humble part, we cannot but wonder at the simplicity which expects that any thing short of utter ruin can ever drive the Irish aristocracy to make common cause with the people. The real secret in our opinion of the wonderful popularity of Mr. Mitchell was, that he struck at the root of the Irish evil; he knew his country's history, and that she had been always governed for the good of an oligarchy, that it was so before the Reformation, and has been, and is, and will be, if the people do not endeavour to provide for themselves, without depending on an order which, from hereditary tradition, believes that the people have no business on this earth but to make idle gentlemen of them.

The truth is, it is now generally felt, that Emancipation is as yet a very partial and by no means national good. It has enabled Mr. Sheil to enjoy his salary and make a brilliant defence of English insolence to the Spanish nation, but it has not given food to the starving Irish, nor stopped the absentee drain, nor secured tenant-right for the farmer. The wreath of emancipator from social ills is yet to be won by whatever O'Connell heaven may raise up, either in an Irish or an Imperial Parliament; and when that emancipator comes it will not be from the ranks, or at least not with the sympathy of the aristocracy, nor of their church (which is the same thing as an establishment), because he must establish an adjustment of their rights to which they will not give a willing adhesion.

A good history of the penal laws would tell the Irish who were their real enemies, and help them to concentrate their energies in the right direction. It would teach the Protestant farmer and the Protestant merchant that they are now reaping, in provincial degradation and paralysed trade, the fruits of that penal

system of which their fathers shared the exclusive benefits. How was the first French Revolution brought about? and what were the practical grievances that accelerated it? France, we are told by Whigs of all grades, was governed for the benefit of the aristocracy and the church. The peasant had no rights—the farmer was plundered—the patronage of the towns was in the hands of a bishop or a duke. That French Revolution, we are assured, nevertheless was a glorious event, notwithstanding all the horrors with which it was accompanied; but can any of those philanthropic, cosmopolite Whigs, those Don Quixotes of continental constitutions, have the effrontery to tell us that Ireland has not suffered more real misery in any one year of her chronic famines, than was suffered by all France in any ten years before her Revolution. What beneficial rights have the Irish farmers, or the Irish labourers? what right have they, or any Catholic, to the million sterling which is annually distributed among the clergy of half a million? Is it not a bitter mockery to tell a ruined province: seek no change, you are a member of the greatest empire on the earth; starve in peace—whether you be an Orangeman of Dungannon or a Papist of Skibbereen, are you not a British subject—remember your dignity and starve in peace.

The man must be very short-sighted who does not discern the form the Irish question is now assuming. It is no longer a struggle of Irish Catholics of all orders for political equality and rights, but a struggle of all Irish merchants, and farmers, and labourers against English misgovernment, and its allies, the great mass of the landed aristocracy. Most of those gentlemen are absentees, and never come within the circle of Irish influence, and if we can judge from their antecedents, they never will, as long as English law allows them the accommodation of an agent. A good history of the penal laws, commencing, as we proposed, with English dominion in Ireland, would teach the people to distinguish between the absentee and the resident proprietor, and would demonstrate to all, the precise amount of good they have derived from persecution and dissension. Of one thing we are quite certain, that in a true history of the penal laws, there could not be a single chapter for which we would not find an appropriate heading in the speeches delivered by Henry Grattan in the Irish Parliament. Protestant liberalism, in its highest modern flights, has never yet come up to the salutary maxims preached by his inspired eloquence in College Green.

As for the established church temporalities, it is a great pity that the agitation against them, fifteen years ago, was not continued. Their abolition was certain, and that would have conciliated the great mass of the Anglicans. By this time, the Irish middle classes, of all orders, would have been united against the common enemy, who has always profaned the gospel of love, both in ancient and modern times, by professing a regard for the interest of revealed truth, when it sought only the interest of England. Moreover, a history of the Irish penal laws would prove that what is called the establishment really did not endeavour during three centuries, to propagate the Protestant religion, but simply to enjoy the rich revenues, and be a pliant tool in the hands of English tyrants. Protestantism was more vigorous in France under persecution, than in Ireland under the oppressive protection of an overgrown secular establishment. We, as Catholics, should dread it much more as our antagonist, if it descended

to the field armed with evangelical poverty, or respectable competence, than when it appears in its gilded chariots, and legal and military pomp.

A good history of the penal laws, then, such as Ireland wants, should be a text-book in the hands of all who desire to contribute their humble mite to the redemption of their country. It should be a commentary on the words of Edmund Burke:—"No country in the world has suffered for religion more than Ireland." No country in the world but Ireland has, during 700 years, been the pocket borough of an oligarchy, differing in name and creed—but still an oligarchy. No country in the world has suffered more from aristocracies than Ireland. The veneration for rank and high descent which combines so singularly, in the Irish character, with an imperishable love of liberty, must, in the ordinary course of events, be reduced to reasonable dimensions. It is unreasonable, because it is lavished on undeserving objects. It can be cured by judicious instruction, and a knowledge of the penal laws. It is a strong national characteristic of all the Celtic races, but the French have succeeded in correcting it, though of them, Amedeus Thierry calculates, that nineteen-twentieths are Celts. If the peccadillos of the French aristocracy, during a few reigns, were enough to cure Frenchmen for ever of undue regard for mere rank—of preference for the life or property of the rich man over the life or property of the poor man, surely there is enough in any one century of English government, in this country, to convert the nation to the practical belief that the life of the poor man is as valuable as that of the rich. It is not pleasing to contemplate the effects to which this reformation of national character may lead, but what other hope is there for this wretched country, where the Irish Whig organ and the Orange press unite cordially against seven-eighths of the people?—where a Catholic Attorney-General revives the worst acts of the worst penal times?—and the great Whig premier, at the head of the strongest Whig government, with full power to carry the sweeping measures of reform, social and political, imperatively required by Ireland, nibbles at encumbered estates and tenant-compensation, and transports all who "openly and advisedly" tell him that he is sacrificing the lives of the many, to the luxury of the few, that he is only setting the old words to a new tune:

As long as Ireland shall pretend—
Sugar-loaf-like, turned upside down,
To stand upon her smaller end,
So long shall live old Rock's renown.

The whole history of this last Whig ministry, indeed, entitles our national bard to the laurels of prophecy, for whether the Whigs be Catholic or Protestant, Irish or English, they are admirable conservatives of place:

As bees on flowers alighting cease their hum,
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.

Now a good history of the penal laws, if brought down to the present time, while it would teach us to give due credit to the Whigs for their past services, would prove to them that they must change their system, if they really wish to carry out the dream of their youth—the government of this country for the benefit of the people. The Whiggery we want at present is not places for rich men, who can live very well without them, but food for the poor, work for the able-bodied, justice for the tenant, a total change in the hereditary traditions of the Irish Office, a total sacrifice if necessary of the oligarchy, for the good

of the people. At another time, we may produce several good Irish precedents for the maxim so badly acted on—that "Property has its duties as well as its rights."

But another, and perhaps the greatest advantage of a good separate history of the Irish penal laws would be, to fix the true meaning of those two words "Established Church," "Aristocracy," as designating things in England and in Ireland. The greatest errors in philosophy, and in politics, and in religion, have arisen from the abuse of terms. The same word often signifies very different things at opposite sides of the channel. Now our politicians, and especially many well-meaning Englishmen, are every day falling into gross blunders in political reasoning, from not knowing or remembering that the words "Aristocracy," "Established Church," are not univocal in England and in Ireland; they designate very different things on opposite sides of the channel, if, in estimating the identity or nature of any social or political institution, we must take into account the system of which that institution is a part, and the social and political ends for which it is intended. The words "Aristocracy," "Established Church," are, and ought to be, with all governors words of power in England; they are, with some shortcomings, of course, *national* institutions, and hence when poor Lord Shrewsbury, in one of his canonical epistles to the Irish Church, said, "The Irish Established Church must not be abolished, because the Irish aristocracy are strongly attached to it," it is easy to conceive the flood of evidence which these few words of the noble peer must have poured into the minds of the great mass of Englishmen in favour of this Irish Established Church. But a good history of the Irish penal laws would teach all honest men the fallacy of that sophism; it would point out the difference between the English and Irish institutions which are called by the same name. It would prove that of all the imposing claims which the English aristocracy has to its high place, the Irish aristocracy has not, and hardly ever had one, that whether you regard the Irish aristocracy in relation to the tenantry, or the labourer, or the artist, or the merchant, or the empire, it is to the English aristocracy what the monkey is to the man. It could be easily found that of this Irish aristocracy which is so deeply interested in the Established Church, not the one-third ever set their feet within an Irish church, except perhaps occasionally in gale times. It would be the duty of the historian of the penal laws to trace the history of the Irish aristocracy, and while he exposed without mercy those who abdicated their noblest duties, to do full justice to the few who were indeed the Corinthian pillars of the edifice, and that would be the most pleasing—the most important part of his duty.

This history should not be a mere chronicle of penal laws, and of its victims. The exaggerations of modern polemics have led many honest men to believe that during the penal days, the ascendant class were all tyrants, and the Catholics all crouching, sullen, blood-thirsty slaves, ungrateful for the occasional pity or justice extended to them by their masters. Now that is a false picture, it is opposed by cherished local traditions in every quarter of Ireland, which preserve to this day the memory of the good men who paid more attention to the laws of nature than to penal laws, and protected, in the hour of need, the oppressed Catholic or his priest. It is opposed to authenticated facts committed to print, centuries ago, by men who could

not be suspected of trumping up a case for purposes of conciliation, because those very writers made it a crime in some Protestant bishops and law lords that they were indulgent and just to the people; that they were beloved by the people; and that their justice gave them too great an influence with the people. To find those examples—those lights for the darkly-shaded picture of the penal days, our historian need not cite the Earl-bishop of Derry, and the other heroes of '82. Let him go look to the days of Berkeley of Cloyne, or farther still, to Bedell of Kilmore, and examine how they stood with the people. They were stern, shall we say bigoted, Protestants; but they did not believe that persecution was the best way to Protestantize. They were kind and just to the people, and were beloved by them. It would be the most pleasing duty of the historian to produce these examples. They are more numerous than it is generally imagined, and are often found in quarters where it would be least expected. They prove what a resident proprietary could be in a happy island, and how well the Irish could combine firm adherence to their own faith, with respect for the religious opinions of others.

It is not to be denied that the long struggle for emancipation, and the bitter contests at elections, have contributed, with absenteeism and other causes, to evoke a spirit which threatens a total crash of the social edifice, and which cannot be subdued until all things find their level. The Whig Catholic must cease to believe that all is right because he holds a place; the Protestant must inscribe equality in all things on his banner, before we expect to enjoy peace in this land of strife. Human nature and clan-prejudices considered, this task will be as difficult for the Whig Catholic as for the Protestant, more difficult perhaps, the Whig Catholic star being in the ascendant. In the meantime—may the people be true to themselves. To 7,925,000 of the eight millions of Irishmen, Protestant or Catholic, it matters very little whether Whig or Tory have the distribution of places.

It is easier to suggest a history of the Irish penal laws than to write it. But it is a desideratum, and perhaps some of our hints may not be useless. In the meantime, we commend Mr. Madden's "Penal Laws" to the Catholic, that he may admire those men to whom he owes his faith—and to the Protestant, that he may know who has done the wrong, and is bound to repair it.

Paraguay and the Jesuits.

THE following chapter from the history of the Jesuit Fathers may not be unacceptable, at this present time, when the spirit of persecution is once more blindly raging against the order; and when the popularity and virtues of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., is unable to protect them from the violence of the Roman mob. It is certainly strangely unaccountable, for we ourselves have seen them within the last twelve months in Rome—their church crowded—their preachers admired—their confessionals thronged—the order seemingly more popular than any other religious body, the Capuchins excepted. Yet, within a few months they are compelled to abandon the Eternal city.

But Providence in permitting this has its own wise purposes—time will develop them. Perhaps it is ordained that once more they should carry the torch of

faith among those who are in darkness, and the heathens be reclaimed by that zeal and charity which Christians cast from them. They may be destined to erect another Christian republic, more durable than that which we intend briefly to describe.

In the year of our Lord 1526, the celebrated Venetian mariner, Sebastian Cabot, sailed up the Rio de la Plata until he came to the junction of the rivers Parana and Paraguay. The latter he ascended about forty leagues: finding a people devoted to agriculture, he built a fort and formed a settlement among them. The inhabitants being of a peaceful disposition, he lived unmolested nearly five years; until, provoked very probably by the aggressions of the Europeans, they rose, destroyed the fort, and compelled Cabot to abandon the country.

A few years afterwards, a member of the royal household, Mendosa, sailed with an expedition of eight hundred men, and eleven ships. They arrived prosperously, and spent some days at Rio Janeiro. Mendosa gave up the command to his brother, who founded a town at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, which from the salubrity of the spot he called *Nostra Senhora de Buenos Ayres*. An officer, named Ayolas, proceeded up the Paraguay, as far as the 24th degree of lat., lon. 58°, where he founded the town, now the capital of the country, Assumpcion, in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Leaving in it a garrison of one hundred men, with three hundred natives and two hundred Spaniards, he formed an expedition in search of the precious metals. But neither he nor his companions were ever seen again; they were treacherously destroyed by a daring, courageous tribe, the *Paya-goes*. With many vicissitudes, the Spaniards pursued their darling object of finding gold and silver; suffering much occasionally, and inflicting many evils on the natives of the discovered countries.

Paraguay lies between the 21st and 27th degrees of S. lat., 54th and 58th of W. lon. It is about 460 miles long, containing an area of 74,000 square miles, and, according to the late accounts, has a mixed population of 300,000 souls. The soil is fertile and well wooded, pleasantly diversified with verdant hills and vallies, and watered by many rivers. The climate is temperate, but damp. It produces rice, cotton, maize, tobacco, the sugar cane, and the *yerba maté*, or tea of Paraguay, which grows wild and abundantly in the dense forests of the north and eastern districts. It is as much consumed in a vast portion of South America as the tea of China is in Europe. As regards fertility, Paraguay contrasts favourably with the neighbouring districts of the Argentine republic. Nearly half the land is the property of the state. The immense estates and pastures possessed by the Jesuit fathers and the "reductions" were never alienated. In 1776, Paraguay formed a portion of the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres; in 1813, it was proclaimed a republic, and threw off the Spanish yoke; in 1814, Dr. Francia contrived to get himself appointed sole dictator for three years, and shortly after for life. Since the death of that singular man, we have had little or no intelligence of the state of the nation.

In the year of our Lord 1586, Francis Victoria, a friar of the order of preachers, was bishop of Tucuman. The diocese confided to his paternal care was, at his election, in a state of great spiritual destitution, and stood much in need of zealous labourers in the vineyard of the Lord. The young had grown up without instruction—the old were careless of their

duties—the sick died without the consolation of religion. Not a priest in the district was competent to make himself understood by the natives. Thousands of them, after they had been baptised and instructed in the elements of Christianity, from want of attention fell back into their old habits of barbarity and superstition. Moved at the sight of so much ignorance and crime, and anxious to apply a remedy to so great an evil, the good bishop wrote to the provincials of the Jesuits, both in Brazil and Peru, earnestly soliciting a supply of missionary fathers to assist him in his labours for the welfare of his flock. The Jesuits hastened to comply with his request. So great was the reputation they enjoyed in the new as well as the old world, that the inhabitants of Tucuman heard with delight of their coming, and the day on which the Fathers Francis Angelo and Alfonso Barsena, with a lay brother, entered Santiago, was one of universal rejoicing. The governor, Ramires de Velasco, with the chief nobility, the garrison, and the whole population went out to receive them; flowers were strewn, and triumphal arches erected in the streets through which they were to pass—“*Te Deum*” was chanted—a solemn thanksgiving, offered by the good bishop, and all hearts united in gratitude to the Most High, for what they deemed a spiritual favour from God.

The soil and climate of their new mission were fertile and wholesome; the country was populous, and numerous Indian tribes were scattered within its boundaries. The Spaniards had scarcely commenced to settle in the country when the zealous Franciscan, St. Francis Solanus, with other missionaries came from Peru. They baptised many thousands. But when Solanus was recalled by his superiors, the mission went to ruin. Some time after, a colony of docile, humble Christians was formed, by the labours of Father Lewis de Bolanos, among the people of Guayra; he governed them for many years, but age, infirmities, and the wishes of his superiors, called him from the scene of his labours. The germ of much good was left, though hidden for a while. The new missionaries immediately commenced their duties. Santiago contained nearly five hundred European families, among whom religion and its practices had been grossly neglected; but things quickly assumed a different appearance—the licentious were reclaimed—the weak strengthened—the guilty reprovèd—and the praises of God sung in crowded churches, which for a long period were neglected and empty. Father Barsena began his labours among the Indians of fifty villages, which were situated at a considerable distance from one another. He went about catechising, hearing confessions, baptising, consoling the sick, and so well disposed were the poor people, that in the space of nine months, he counted seven thousand well instructed neophytes, besides a vast number who had before heard the word of God. In addition to the missionaries from Peru, the venerable Anchietà (himself an apostle) sent from Brazil five new labourers—their names were, Juan Salónico, a Spaniard, Leonardo Armenio, an Italian, Thomas Fields, a Scotchman, and two Portuguese, Emmanuel Ortega, and Stefano de Grao. They were zealous and laborious: prepared by the example and guidance of Anchietà for the vineyard of the Lord. Of these five, Armenio and de Grao returned to Brazil; Ortega went to Corduba, and Salónico and Fields, at the request of the good bishop, went to Assumpcion. Both of them were

men of fervour and dauntless courage in the cause of religion. They were received at Assumpcion with all honour and respect, and in a short time produced a very great reformation among its inhabitants of Spanish origin and descent. But they conceived that their mission called them to the poor wandering tribes who never heard of Christ or his religion; and accordingly they turned their thoughts to a distant district named Guayra. Leaving “Assumpcion,” they embarked in canoes, and sailing a considerable distance up the Paraguay, they disembarked on the right bank, and travelled one hundred and fifty leagues on foot before they arrived at the destination they marked out for themselves. At length they found themselves in the country named Guayra. It is a large tract, bounded on the south and west by the Parana and Uruguay, on the east it extends towards Brazil, and in the north it is defended by trackless woods and dense forests. The population was numerous, and, unlike the other Indian tribes, they lived in villages, but frequently abandoned them. They were governed by caciques, who were independent of one another; their authority was hereditary, but for the most part depended on personal merit. They were sunk in the deepest barbarity and superstition. On the birth of a child, the husband observed a rigorous fast of fifteen days, during which he neither hunted or spoke—believing that the life of the child depended on his observance of this custom. When about to give a name to a new-born infant, they usually sacrificed a prisoner of war, or if they had him not, waited till one was captured for that purpose;* after regaling him plentifully for many days, and giving him females as he wished, with great ceremony (says Charlevoix) they cut his throat. When dead every one present touched his body or struck it with a stick, and during this ceremony they gave names to their children. Afterwards, they cut up the body, parts of which were given to be taken home to make broth, and all partook of it, not excepting infants at the breast. When a young female came to maturity they placed her for eight days under the care of an old woman, who made her perform the most menial offices, submit to every drudgery, treated her harshly, tried her temper in every possible way; if she submitted mildly and cheerfully she was deemed fit to have charge of a family. On the death of their husbands, the women were used to fling themselves from precipices, sometimes killing, and frequently maiming themselves for life. Like most savage tribes, they had great faith in jugglers, fortune-tellers, and magicians—who were their priests and physicians. They believed them to have power of life and death, that they could gather information from the singing of birds, &c. But the people of Guayra, although sunk in such degrading customs, were the most docile of the many tribes of the country. Among them, Fathers Ortega and Fields commenced their work of love. They visited the Indian villages, and when these were abandoned, they followed the wandering savages among mountains, forests, and swamps. They were exposed to dangers—sometimes of starvation—of drowning—of being murdered by those they laboured to convert—their hopes were frequently frustrated—and their best efforts rendered unavailing by the avarice and cruelty of the Spaniards.

* Mr. Prescott, in his elegant history of Mexico, notices a similar sacrifice among the ancient Mexicans.

It was extremely difficult to make the poor Indians comprehend the distinction between the doctrines they were taught and the injustice of their Christian oppressors. Those holy men laboured for eight years with heroic constancy. Their reward was the number of converts. The journeys they undertook were difficult and arduous; nothing but love to God, and ardour for the salvation of souls, enabled them to persevere.

On one occasion, Ortega was travelling with some neophytes and catechumens, along a country enclosed between two rivers. Suddenly the waters rose to a great height, inundating the whole plain. For a considerable time he had to wade with the waters up to his waist, but at length, to save his life, he had to get into a tree. His companions did the same; but the tree they ascended not being sufficiently high, their cries pierced his heart; they were in danger of being drowned, and he unable to render them any assistance. The storm continued—the rain fell in torrents—the waters continued to rise—the thunder roared—the lightning played around them—wild beasts of all descriptions were swimming near, drowning, or trying to save themselves by grasping at trees. An immense serpent fastened on a branch of the tree in which was poor Father Ortega; fortunately it broke, and his assailant fell into the waters. For two days they had to remain in their forlorn situation, the tempest continuing with unabated violence, when about midnight one of the Indians swam to tell Ortega that the three Christian companions and catechumens were dying, and required his aid. In spite of every difficulty, he succeeded in reaching and baptising the catechumens, who were almost instantaneously drowned, as also the two neophytes. In his effort to reach them, a sharp branch of a projecting tree pierced his thigh, inflicting a wound which never healed during two-and-twenty years which he subsequently lived. On the same evening the storm abated. This holy priest was imprisoned for five months in Lima, many years after, on a charge made against him that he revealed the confession of a penitent; he was abundantly justified, for his calumniator confessed before witnesses, on his dying bed, that the accusation was false. Ortega died in 1622.

From the first entrance of the Jesuits into Paraguay and the adjoining nations, twenty-four years had elapsed. Little permanent good had been effected. Thousands had been baptised and taught the principles of religion, but, with the fickleness of savages, they easily abandoned the faith, at the instigation of passion or long-confirmed habits. A remedy was sought and found. In the year 1602, when our virgin queen was hanging, bowelling, and quartering Jesuits, missionary priests, &c., the celebrated Acquaviva, general of the society, sent Father Paez, a wise and prudent man, to make a visitation of all the houses of the order in this part of the world. He assembled all the missionaries in Tucuman and Rio de la Plata, which then included the long, rich tract of country, since known as Paraguay. After conversing with each, and getting all the information requisite, he told them that he approved but little of their mode of gaining converts. He condemned their custom of going from country to country—from one extremity of a district to another—he deemed that conversions which were the result of hasty impressions were scarcely of any value. Time and perseverance were, he said, required to perfect them. He pointed

out how unavailing had been the labours of Francis Solanus, then living, whose life was passed in efforts similar to their own. "He had converted many tribes, but they quickly fell away, because they had no fixed dwellings." Paez then counselled them to change their system; and when it was practicable, he desired that they should try to induce the Indians to live together in larger numbers and fixed localities.

To commence the new system, Fathers Joseph Cataldino and Lorencana were sent, in 1604, to Assumpcion, where they were affectionately received by the entire population. Their popularity was, however, very short-lived, owing to the following circumstances.

Some of the tribes, located on the Paraguay, had murdered several Spaniards. An officer, sent with a body of soldiers, in place of going in search of the guilty parties, seized a number of Indians, who were allies, brought them to Assumpcion, and sold them as slaves. Father Lorencana, having failed by private remonstrance to prevent this injustice, publicly denounced the whole transaction from the pulpit. At first applauded, he was subsequently hated and distrusted for his anxiety on behalf of the oppressed Indians; so implicated were almost the entire population in deriving profit from unjust dealings with the natives. It was one of the numberless instances where the Jesuit fathers were persecuted for their care of the defenceless. About this time letters were obtained from the king, prohibiting any efforts to conquer or enslave the tribes of Paraguay. Those who were converted were not to be deprived of their liberty. The missionaries only were allowed to induce them to become vassals of the crown of Spain, since it was found that they alone made willing and obedient subjects of the Indians. In consequence of those letters, the governor conceded authority to the Jesuit fathers, Cataldino and Macerata, to govern the tribes they might hereafter convert. Those excellent and holy men almost immediately departed for Guayra, where the labours of Ortega and Fields had produced good fruits. Having ascended the Paranapane a considerable distance, they discovered two hundred families that had been taught the principles of the Christian religion and been baptised. They persuaded them to fix on a particular locality, and, having built a town, to live there permanently. The town they called Loretto. As they advanced still farther in the country, the fame of their benevolence, zeal, and charity went before them. They experienced the most warm and friendly reception from the Indians. They found it a difficult matter at first to persuade those poor people how much it would contribute to their welfare if they lived together. They succeeded, however, in convincing them that they and their children could be instructed with more facility—that they could more successfully defend themselves from their enemies—that their wants could be more easily supplied. At length the Indians began to arrive in such numbers at Loretto, that it was necessary to found a second town, which was called St. Ignatius.

Thus was commenced that system of conversion and Christian government, which will ever be dear to those who rejoice in the promulgation of Christianity, and the welfare of their fellow beings.

[To be continued.]

RECOLLECTIONS, CONFESSIONS, ADMISSIONS, AND AVOUALS

OF AN

Irish Parliamentary Reporter.

By WM. B. MAC CABE, Esq.,

Author of "A Catholic History of England."

Eadem terra et venena ferat et frumentum, atque alia salutaria, alia contraria.
ÆLIUS LAMPRIDIUS. *Anton. Hellogab.*

CHAP. V.

THE king's visit to Ireland. Triumphal arch in Sackville-street—the king's artificial shamrock, and the famine of 1822. George IV. and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the advocate of the Irish poor. Delusions practised by the king—the Earl of Fingal made a Knight of St. Patrick—reception at court of the Catholic bishops. The underplot of "conciliation"—its hero, Abraham Bradley King—politics of the Orange place-hunters. A. B. King's conduct to his party—his declaration that "conciliation was a humbug!" Sir Edward Stanley and Mr. Purcell O'Gorman embrace in public. A contrast. Sir Edward Stanley's participation in D'Esterre's duel. Mr. O'Gorman as a duellist, proves his loyalty with his pistol. The duel with silver bullets. Mr. O'Gorman's wonderful escapes when under arrest as a leader of the United Irishmen. Character given of him by Viscount Melbourne.

"His Majesty landed in Ireland, and was received by all ranks of people with the highest enthusiasm. On the 17th (August), he made his public entry into the city of Dublin, in an open carriage, drawn by eight horses; his reception was very gratifying." Such is the brief manner in which an English author, Mr. W. Toone, in his *Chronological Historian* (vol. ii. p. 683), dismisses an event which was regarded by Irishmen, at the time, as one of the grandest epochs in the annals of their country! A temporary triumphal arch was erected opposite the Rotunda, and so as to be commanded by the view of the two streets that run at right angles with that building, and facing Sackville-street. Within this barrier, that is, on the side of Sackville-street, stood the civic officers, headed by the Lord Mayor, Sir Abraham Bradley King, whose duty it was to present to the king, the keys of the city, on a silver plate—and two very old, rusty keys they were—tied together with orange and blue ribbons. Here it was that, in presenting the keys, was typified the willing submission, the devoted attachment, and the ardent loyalty of the citizens towards the sovereign; and seldom has any sovereign seen a spectacle such as at that place presented to the eyes of George IV. One portion of this spectacle was too remarkable not to attract the admiration of all who looked upon it, and which even now rises up before the memory with all the vividness and distinctness of a scene which is, at the time it is admired, actually present before the spectator. From the top to the bottom of that most magnificent thoroughfare—Sackville-street—there were arranged in front of every house platforms, which ascended, range over range, from about five feet in height, up to the drawing-room windows, and on these were seated, almost exclusively, none but ladies, and all wearing light blue silk or tabinet dresses—the colour adopted in compliment to the king's visit—and I need scarcely add, that amid the excitement and the joy of such a scene, all seemed young, and all appeared beautiful—whilst over them, windows, and roof-tops, were crowded by persons waving white or blue handkerchiefs; the streets below, around, in the distance, Carlisle Bridge, all that could be seen of the quays, and of Westmoreland-street, were one mass of human beings, whose mighty voices were raised in an awful acclamation, that shook the nerves of the listener, as if the air were stirred with the concussion of a thunder-cloud.

It was whilst this enthusiastic burst of joy mur-

mured in his ears, that the king pointed to an enormous shamrock which he wore, and pressed it to his heart! The shamrock was a mock one, and therefore, a fitting emblem of the false promises by which the unfortunate people were deluded. It was, in sooth, a proper type of the pretended feelings of sympathy by which they were then deceived. Long, long before that shamrock had been thrown by—perhaps trampled upon—it having, like the prayer-book in the hands of the dramatic Richard III., "served its purpose"—hundreds of those whose voices had been rapturously raised at the sight of it, had expired in the wilds of Connaught; had pined and withered away on the western coasts of Ireland—unpitied, unthought of, unheard!

I have no idea of so badly employing my own time, nor of so ungraciously and improperly intruding upon that of the reader, as to enter into a detail of the various exhibitions of his majesty, in the manifold places he visited—much less do I mean to recite the names of the great, of the noble, or of the "*ignobile vulgus*," whom he was pleased to receive at his levees and drawing-rooms. There were, however, one or two of these exhibitions which were rather of an awkward nature, and that manifested neither taste nor tact in their performance, particularly when contrasted with the previous and subsequent conduct of him who was the principal actor in them. These are deserving of a passing notice, and I shall advert to them as briefly as possible.

The first objectionable exhibition that was made of himself by George IV. was in visiting the public theatre, and "commanding" that there should then be performed for *his* amusement, a play and a farce, both certainly the composition of an Irishman—but that Irishman was Richard Brinsley Sheridan!—*his Majesty's old friend and boon companion, Sheridan!!!* The brave-hearted, the noble, the gallant, the witty, and the eloquent Sheridan, who had sacrificed much of fame, and even of character, in the service of his royal master, and who had received in return, ingratitude, penury, remorse, and shame. It was not merely a bold undertaking, but it was the audacious proceeding of an utterly heartless man, to face the people by whom that Sheridan was loved as a countryman, and honoured as a genius, and to know that *he* was sitting amongst them, of whom Moore had written, in reference to his conduct to Sheridan:

"And thou, too, whose life—a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser—had pass'd,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast."

The people were wandering in a mist of delusion at the time. They must either have thought that the king had been malign'd, or that he intended to make an offering of his penitence on the family shrine of his departed friend. Whatever the cause, the fact remains: the ungrateful sovereign was applauded—the compositions of the friend he had forgotten in the days of his need, were admired—the friend—the genius—the Irishman—the author—the advocate in Parliament of the poor of Ireland—was, in an assembly of Irishmen, forgotten.*

* Upon a debate on "The state of Ireland," R. B. Sheridan thus defended the Irish peasantry from the accusations then, as now, preferred against them: "We were told in England, that the unhappy Africans were insensible to the ordinary feelings of humanity, in order to render us indifferent to their sufferings, and to the custom of the slave trade. On similar motives, the character of the Irish peasantry is so foully misrepresented by men in this country, and in Ireland also." It was in the same debate he

The second *mal-apropos*, because deceitful, proceeding on the part of the king, was the bestowal of three yards of ribbon upon the Earl of Fingal, and making him what is called "a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick." This was a compliment which Lord Fingal, who was of the "old creed," neither sought, nor looked for from any new "Defender of the Faith." His Lordship, it may be well supposed, was content to die as he had lived, a sincere-hearted, simple, pious, Irish noble Catholic. The unlooked for compliment had a purpose in it, and the object aimed at was accomplished. The Catholics were deluded; for they regarded the circumstance as a manifestation of the anxiety of his majesty to place all classes of his subjects on an equality. It was, in their estimation, a foretaste of that emancipation which his majesty was eager to bestow upon them; but how egregiously they were deceived, the disclosures that have since been made as to the manner in which the Relief Bill was carried, fully prove, viz., that the bill was attributable solely to the perseverance and determination of ministers, and that it was not merely forced, but wrung from the reluctant hands of George IV.*—from him who had made the Earl of Fingal a Knight of St. Patrick! It was a striking instance of the system of gross delusion which was practised at the time, and to which I have before adverted.

A proceeding similar in spirit and intention to the bestowal of the knighthood on Lord Fingal, was his majesty receiving at court, the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic religion—as bishops. As bishops they presented their address—as bishops they appeared in their episcopal costume before the king—and as bishops they were replied to by him. And yet in the Relief Bill there was a penal clause against those very bishops! In the Act passed "by and with the consent of his majesty," the vain attempt was made by heresy to strip them of those titles, which, as bishops of the church in Ireland, belonged to them—which no usurpation by others, could take from them—and that no man-made law can deteriorate. Their reception however, in 1821, as the Catholic bishops of Ireland was a

stated what was the policy that ought to be pursued in the government of Ireland. The words should be inscribed on the throne of every Lord Lieutenant. "The plan to set out with in Ireland for the relief of her people is the COTTAGE."—See *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. ix. pp. 1196-1197.

* "I moved," said Sir Robert Peel, "the Relief Bill in the House of Commons, on the 5th of March, 1829; but it is the fact that on the preceding day, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, and myself, after a long interview with his Majesty, at Windsor Castle, felt it necessary, on account of his Majesty's scruples with respect to parts of the intended measure of relief, which we deemed indispensable, to tender our resignation of office. Those resignations were actually accepted, and we returned from Windsor, on the evening of the 4th of March, no longer ministers of the crown. In the course of the night, we were reinstated in office, having received from his Majesty the full authority which we required to proceed with the Relief Bill."—Speech of Sir Robert Peel, in the debate on "Want of Confidence in Ministers," January 31st, 1840. "Opinions of Sir Robert Peel," by W. T. Haly, p. 81. The words here quoted, I heard Sir Robert Peel give utterance to in the House of Commons. In the "Biography of Lord Eldon," by Mr. Twiss, there is given an account by Lord Eldon of his interviews with George IV. at the time of passing the Catholic Relief Bill. One extract will suffice. "The king," says Lord Eldon, "expressed his anguish, and pain, and misery, that the measure had ever been thought of, and as often declared, that he had been most cruelly and harshly treated—that he had been treated as a man whose consent had been asked, with a pistol pointed to his breast. What could he do? What had he to fall back upon?" See Campbell's "Ireland, Past and Present," appendix, pp. 610-15.

scene in the great drama of political deceit and cajolery which was acting at the time, for the benefit of the monarch and at the expense of the people. It was highly applauded, and passed off with almost universal eclat.

There was, whilst all this was going on, a curious scene enacted by minor performers. It was one not merely curious on its own account, but also from the consideration who the actors were, and what they had been. The underplot in the drama was "conciliation"—that is, one party ceased for the time to "insult and overbear," and the other to complain of the grievances under which they had long suffered. The great hero in this portion of the plot was Mr. Abraham Bradley King, the king's stationer, and then the Deputy Grand Master in the *Grand Orange Lodge* for all Ireland. He was the Davus in the comedy of "Delusion." Mr. A. B. King was at this time Lord Mayor of Dublin, and had, no doubt, received his cue for "Conciliation," and he most certainly "topped his part." It was well known that the usual display of orangeism would take place on the 12th of July. For the sake of "Conciliation," and for that only, Abraham Bradley King issued two proclamations, as Lord Mayor, against the dressing of the statue of King William, in College Green. The Deputy Grand Master of the orangemen did this! and he was well rewarded for it, as he was, in the first place, made a baronet, and, in the next, he had his patent, as king's stationer, renewed. This gave him a species of monopoly which could not be worth less than four or five thousand pounds—a pretty good reward for a little political hypocrisy.*

Abraham Bradley King was a conspicuous specimen of a class which has long flourished in Ireland, and is not yet eradicated from the soil. He was a place-hunter and a patronage-seeker, and as for a long time place was alone bestowed, and patronage solely conferred upon one small party in the country—and that the high Protestant or Orange party—I believe that he and his clique, in opposing Catholic Emancipation, were mainly moved by the consideration, that if any such measure were carried, it would be exposing them to a competition for place and patronage with their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. As the West Indian planter wishes to have the monopoly of the London market for his sugars, so did they desire to have the monopoly of the government favours to themselves. Sir A. B. King, Bart., for we must give him the title which his play-acting "Conciliation" conferred on him, was a place-hunter and patronage-seeker, and the great gift of a place-hunter and patronage-seeker is to have a constant tendency to shift to every quarter from which ministerial favour is likely to blow. It may be worthy to notice, in a few words, the career of this once illustrious place-hunter.

* Even the proclamation against the dressing of the statue was a pretence; for the statue was, as usual, dressed and decorated by the Orangemen in 1821. That which was, in fact, an incident that was, no doubt, beneath contempt, assumed importance when its object was taken into consideration. "The dressing of the statue" was the work of a bigoted faction, who desired thereby to insult the feelings of the great body of the people. See, as to this incident, "Memoir and Speeches of Daniel O'Connell," by his son, vol. ii. pp. 329, 332; Fagan's "Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell," vol. i. p. 264. The importance at one time attached to the "dressing of the statue" may be surmised from the fact, that an Irish refugee once made a claim for a large reward in Paris, from Bonaparte, because he had blackened the statue of King William, in College Green! This fact was stated to me by the late William Putnam McCabe, whose memoirs will be found in Madden's "Lives of the United Irishmen."

Sir Abraham Bradley King, Bart., was a tideswaiter upon government patronage, and no matter who was prime minister—that is, the disposer of good places—A. B. King was his “very obedient, humble servant.” In his time, he was, by turns, an Orangeman, a Purpleman (a shade even deeper than that of orange), a Conciliator, a Liberal, neither Liberal nor Orange, and then, to use his own expression, “threw off his surtout”—that is, laid by his pretensions to liberality and conciliation (having made as much of them as he possibly could), and last of all, he became an open and avowed “Brunswicker”—but even to the Brunswickers themselves he could not be faithful.

At the time that the intentions of the Duke of Wellington’s ministry were unknown—when it was strongly suspected that it was their wish that there should, through the means of the Brunswick clubs, be as strong a display as possible of “Protestant feeling” in Ireland, against the claims of the Catholics, a curious specimen of the cajolery, not to call it tergiversation, of A. B. King was then given.

A. B. King—assisted by two or more gentlemen, really sincere in their political principles—went round Dublin, for the purpose of procuring signatures to a requisition to the Lord Mayor (Alderman Montgomery,) to hold “a Brunswick meeting.” A most respectable requisition was made up—the willing assent of the Lord Mayor was given—the requisition was ordered for publication, and it was entrusted to A. B. King, for the purpose of being brought to the newspapers. In the intermediate time however—that is, between the completion of the requisition, and the day appointed for its publication—rumours had reached Dublin of the change contemplated by his Majesty’s ministers. Sir A. B. King became apathetic. News then arrived in Dublin, of the measures to be brought forward by the ministry, and Sir A. B. King immediately pocketed the requisition! The friends to the “good old cause” began to wonder why their names, titles, and dignities were not blazing away in print; they called on the Baronet, “he was out”—they called again, “he was not at home;” they then began to recollect how he had acted in 1821, and they fancied that he was playing upon their passions, and coquetting with their prejudices to serve his own private purposes. The “Brunswickers,” upon this, naturally became a little irritated with their “man of business,” for the mode in which he had neglected their concerns. They sent a peremptory message to him for the requisition. Sir A. B. King was taken *suddenly* ill, and was confined to his bed. The Brunswickers were enraged that he should be sick; and to his sick bed they sent a resolution, pledging themselves to expose the entire trickery he was endeavouring to practise upon them. This Resolution had the desired effect upon the *sick politician*; and whether it was owing to a chance report, that “the Duke of Cumberland had prevailed upon the king not to consent to the Relief Bill for the Catholics,” or whether it was a different cause that was able to resuscitate Sir A. B. King, it is impossible now to say, but at the meeting of Brunswickers (the requisition for which he had for some time cushioned) appeared the worthy baronet himself. He was, however, too ill to take a part in the proceedings, and “*an affection of the chest*” prevented him from delivering his sentiments! It was by the ministry of 1821, that the seeds of what was termed “Conciliation” were sown—it was by A. B. King they were carefully

tended until they arrived at maturity—it was by A. B. King they were blasted—and it was by the same A. B. King subsequently declared, at a public meeting, that “*Conciliation was a humbug*.” The phrase, although not a polite one, was a very correct one; but assuredly, it could be as aptly applied to the man who profitted by it, as to the thing itself.*

Two other actors took part in “*the conciliation humbug*,” whose extraordinary appearance at a public meeting, together, was regarded with too much interest and curiosity at the time, to be permitted to pass into oblivion. These were Sir Edward Stanley, Knight, and Sheriff’s Peer, and Nicholas Purcell O’Gorman, barrister-at-law, and secretary to the Catholics of Ireland. One was a well-known Orangeman; the other had been “an United Irishman,” was a red-hot “Romanist,” a Radical, and an ultra-Liberal. These gentlemen, who were in appearance, manner, and mind, the very opposite of each other, did, in the face of a public meeting, preparatory to some “Conciliation dinner,” bestow a fraternal, cordial, long, and loving embrace upon each other! They did this, too, without laughing in each others’ faces. Sir Edward Stanley took from his person a silk scarf which thrice encircled his diminutive body, and endeavoured to fasten it round the full and capacious waist of Mr. O’Gorman—at the same time saying, that “he presented it to his *new* friend, as a symbol (or a sample, I forget which) of the lasting bond of union between all parties.” Mr. O’Gorman most graciously accepted the present, and promised—“to do as much for Sir Edward Stanley, another time.”

A more complete contrast there could not possibly be, between any two men, than between Sir Edward Stanley and Mr. N. Purcell O’Gorman, thus brought together in those marvellous times. Sir Edward Stanley was a small, weakly, timid, crafty-looking, little man—Mr. O’Gorman was large, burly, athletic, manly-looking. Sir Edward, by the side of O’Gorman, seemed to be a pigmy; O’Gorman, by the side of Sir Edward, appeared to be a giant. One had profitted by his politics, the other had lost by them. The one was the representative of a paltry, bigoted, and jobbing corporation—the other, the accredited officer of millions of men. One was no duellist—the other, a celebrated fire-eater; and great as the contrast was between these two gentlemen in all particulars, it was, in that which we have specified, most remarkable.

Sir Edward Stanley had been the second of the unfortunate D’Esterre, at the time of his fatal rencontre with Mr. O’Connell. I shall not here enter into the particulars of that most calamitous event, as every circumstance connected with it will be found fully detailed in Mr. John O’Connell’s book, as well as in Mr. Fagan’s “*Life of Daniel O’Connell*.”† I may, however, here add what was the *statement* made by the Dublin corporators, as to D’Esterre not having been able to shoot O’Connell. They accounted for it in this manner—they declared “that it was owing to the ‘bad handling’ of D’Esterre’s second—that Sir Edward

* We purposely draw a veil over the latter days of Sir A. B. King, and we would not even touch a corner of it, if it were not necessary to say that nothing could be more noble, more generous, nor more humane, because nothing more like a Christian, than the conduct of Mr. O’Connell to his old political opponent, King, when deserted by friends, and assailed by enemies. The letter of Sir A. B. King acknowledging this, is still extant.

† “*Life and Speeches of D. O’Connell*,” by his son, vol. ii. pp. 187, 195. “*Life and Times of D. O’Connell*, by W. Fagan, vol. i. pp. 136, 155.

Stanley being unaccustomed to affairs of the kind, and unused to the management of fire-arms, was naturally agitated by the novelty of his situation, and had rammed down the bullet into D'Esterre's pistol so badly that when D'Esterre was elevating it, to bring it to a level, the bullet rolled out, and actually came within a few inches of Mr. O'Connell's feet." Such was the report amongst Mr. D'Esterre's friends, and it was thus his missing O'Connell was accounted for. At that duel Mr. O'Gorman was present, and he it was who cocked the fatal pistol for his friend, Mr. O'Connell.

Sir Edward Stanley, I have observed, was no duellist; Mr. O'Gorman had been engaged in many duels. They were a portion of the evil customs of the times; and no man who took part in the affairs of life had the courage to resist the practice, and no one who ever complied with it, evinced greater intrepidity and coolness than Mr. O'Gorman.

When Mr. N. P. O'Gorman was a young man, in college, it was more than suspected that he was a leading member in the convocation of United Irishmen; and one or two intemperate and rash young men—"hot loyalists," as they fancied themselves to be—becoming acquainted with the rumour, had the temerity to question Mr. O'Gorman's sincere allegiance to his majesty, George III. For this, they were on the instant "called out," and a couple of awkward wounds, inflicted by Mr. O'Gorman's "constitutional" pistol, convinced them, their friends, adherents, and abettors, that "there was not a more firm and ardent supporter of the throne, than the young United Irishman." Mr. O'Gorman's loyalty, after passing through the fire of a couple of duels, was henceforward pure and unquestioned.

As a contrast to the manner in which Sir Edward Stanley had conducted himself, as second to Mr. D'Esterre, I may here mention the following circumstance, as it will be found characteristic of the coolness and manner of Mr. O'Gorman in "affairs of honour."

Mr. O'Gorman had agreed to act as the second of an attorney, who had been challenged by a person of the same profession. The attorney came to the ground with great spirit. No antagonist was there to encounter him; but there was an individual in waiting, to apprise Mr. O'Gorman and his principal that the gentleman would be positively there in fifteen minutes, as he had merely stopped to melt down silver spoons into bullets! "as the gentleman would fight with nothing else, because he never was sure of hitting his man with any other than a silver bullet." Upon hearing this message delivered, the hitherto courageous attorney turned pale—he trembled—and from that moment his courage, like that of *Bob Acres*, would not abide with him; and the more the danger approached, the less of that indispensable quality did he seem to possess. When the antagonist arrived, every particle of bravery had departed from the attorney. He was put, in an awfully tremulous state, in his place, and when Mr. O'Gorman turned his back, for the purpose of measuring the twelve paces, the attorney thought of the lines of *Hudibras*, as to the practicability of a fugitive from one field of battle having the opportunity of beholding another—and a "fight" upon "another day" he determined upon. He moved quietly and deliberately at first; but when he had got about thirty yards from the starting-post, he hurried away in double-quick time, and finally made a run for it. The antagonist and his second looked on

with surprise, as long as the attorney confined himself to a walk—when he trotted, they were astonished—but when he commenced galloping, they cried out in amazement—"Look! look! Mr. O'Gorman, there is your friend running away."

"Where?" said Mr. O'Gorman, turning round, and not believing any such thing was within the bounds of possibility.

"There, Sir—look at him—he is nearly a quarter of a mile off by this time."

Mr. O'Gorman put his glass to his eye, and exclaimed—"That is he, sure enough; and, upon my word, he is running as fast as a hare."

"Come, Sir," said the antagonist, in a great passion, "this is trifling. Is this a proper way to treat a gentleman?"

"Pray, may I ask why you direct that observation to me?" inquired Mr. O'Gorman.

"Because you have brought out your friend to give me satisfaction for the injury he inflicted on me; and I must have it from him, or from you."

"My friend," replied Mr. O'Gorman, "has run off, and will not give you satisfaction; I conceive it to be my duty to take his place, and you shall have it from me. Hand me a pistol."

Mr. O'Gorman immediately took a pistol from the hand of his antagonist's second, and desired the word to be given. A gentleman who knew Mr. O'Gorman and the opposite party, came forward at the moment, and observed to them both, that "it was absurd in the one to require satisfaction from a gentleman who had never injured him, and it was ridiculous in the other to expose his life for a person who had shown himself to be a coward, a poltroon, and a rascal."

"Let Mr. O'Gorman say so," observed his antagonist, "and I shall be satisfied."

"As long as I stand here, I will say no such thing," replied Mr. O'Gorman; "you have demanded satisfaction from me, and I am ready to give it."

"I find I have been too hasty," said the antagonist, "I withdraw the challenge which I gave you, and request you to quit that place. I shall leave it to your feelings as a gentleman, to say what you please of the individual who brought you out as his friend."

"In that case," replied Mr. O'Gorman, handing back his pistol, "I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that *my friend* is the greatest rascal, poltroon, and coward in existence, and the first time I meet him, I shall horsewhip him."

This was a threat which Mr. O'Gorman would most assuredly have carried into effect if the opportunity for doing so had been afforded to him; but "his friend" left Dublin the next day, and never afterwards returned to it. Many years after this occurrence took place, Mr. O'Gorman, in alluding to it, added, with his usual good-nature—"After all, I am certain the attorney would have fought very well, and extremely like a gentleman, only that he had heard of those rascally silver bullets."

There are few men who mixed in public life in Ireland, whose career was more eventful than that of Mr. O'Gorman. He, in his time, had his escapes from "rope and gun," and was exposed to perilous accidents, both by "flood and field." In the year 1799, he was confined in the goal of Ennis, as a state prisoner, for five months; and during all that time he was not certain of his life for one half hour. At the time of his confinement, it was reported that the French had landed, and an immediate attack on the town was

expected. The governor of the gaol, upon this rumour reaching him, ordered two soldiers into the room where Mr. O'Gorman was confined, with directions to shoot him through the head on hearing the slightest disturbance. At another time, he was led as a prisoner to Connaught, under the escort of a body of dragoons. Mr. O'Gorman was, unfortunately for himself, put upon a very spirited horse, which becoming alarmed at some trivial circumstance, ran away with its rider, and the gallant commander directed his soldiers to take the seeming fugitive "dead or alive." The men literally obeyed the command, and, as they could not overtake by pursuit the horse on which Mr. O'Gorman was riding, there was not a man in the troop who did not discharge his carbine after Mr. O'Gorman. In a short time, Mr. O'Gorman was, by main strength, able to rein in his horse, and he returned to the party in pursuit of him, for the purpose of remonstrating in the mildest terms with the officer on the precipitancy of his conduct. He was subsequently introduced to the English general commanding the army in the Connaught district, as "General O'Gorman, the commander-in-chief of the Clare rebels." That gentleman received him into his house, and treated him with the greatest kindness and attention—an incident worthy of remembrance, as being a contrast to the conduct pursued to every individual, in those evil times, who either were leaders, or supposed to be leaders of the insurgents.

In 1821, the farce of "Conciliation" placed in a prominent position together, two such men as Sir Edward Stanley, the Orange functionary, and Mr. O'Gorman, the secretary to the Irish Catholics. To see two such men embrace each other in public, was, after all, a ludicrous exhibition.*

* In looking to *Thom's Irish Almanac, and Official Directory*, (1847), for the purpose of ascertaining the whereabouts of Sir Edward Stanley and Mr. O'Gorman, I find that the former, who was a great official personage in the days of Orangeism, was then living in a £45 rated house in Great Brunswick-street, and that Mr. O'Gorman was the owner of a £50 rated house in Blessington-street, that he was also a queen's-counsel, and assistant barrister for the county Kilkenny. I remember the late prime minister, Lord Melbourne, once saying of him, publicly, in the House of Lords, that "Mr. O'Gorman was the honestest man he ever met with."

Evenings with the Poets.

GEMS FROM AMERICAN POETS.*

THE English language has acquired a vast dominion by being the vernacular of almost the entire of the great Transatlantic republic. Every year it is carried further over the vast continent of America, by the star-spangled banner of the United States. Considering the late period, in the world's history, in which America commenced her career as a civilised nation, it was fortunate for her that she had not to make her own language, but that she found one already perfected and enriched by the noblest productions of genius. When we say the English language, we speak of it as the language of Ireland as well as that of England; for, deeply as we deplore the loss of the beautiful Irish tongue, to attempt to revive it now, as the com-

mon language of the country, would be at once the most hopeless and useless project that was ever attempted. Let us not be mistaken, we would have every word of its lore, which has come down to us, carefully preserved—we would have it learned by as many of our people as could do so conveniently, because it would remind them that Ireland was once a nation; but to go farther than this we consider an Utopian dream at the best, and, at the worst, a ridiculous absurdity.

We would not compare the English with the polished Latin, or the more copious and beautiful Greek—those two glorious and immortal languages which are all that remain of the heroism of Athens, or the grandeur of Rome. We would not even compare it with the soft Italian, or with the voluptuous Spanish; but it is equal to its rugged relative, the German of fatherland, and infinitely superior to the French, which we firmly believe will be adopted by the magpies and parrots, if they should ever form a national language. Perhaps, therefore, in the lottery of languages, America fared as well as if she had made one for herself; and by adopting the English she has at once acquired, not indeed a national, but certainly a vast and splendid literature. No person can more fully or more heartily concur with Dr. Johnson—himself a giant—than we do, when he says, that if all the books in the world were to be destroyed with one exception, and he were asked which he would retain, his answer would be—Shakspeare. Of course he speaks only of literary books, and not of the inspired volume. What America, therefore, has to do, is to create a national literature, and to pay off some of her debts to the old world. In this, as in every thing else, she has gone pretty much *a-head*, to use what may be called an Americanism. Washington Irving is one of the most pleasing writers in the language, and Cooper is certainly amongst the greatest of our living novelists. That she has not yet produced any one who can be called a great poet is not perhaps wonderful, for centuries have passed in civilised nations without such a phenomenon being witnessed. There are, however, in America several persons who write as good poetry as their European neighbours. At the head of these, confessedly stands Bryant, from whose pen we insert two very beautiful poems. We have also great pleasure in introducing Perceval, Willis, Brainard, and Mrs. Hale to our readers. Of this poetry, and we mean the remark to apply to all that we receive from the other side of the Atlantic, we would observe that it is not so American as we would wish. We do not mean to impeach the patriotism of the writers, for in truth we sometimes think them quite patriotic and boastful enough, but we do accuse them of borrowing their descriptions from books written in the old world, instead of looking abroad upon their own glorious continent. Much of the American poetry might have been written by a person who had never set his foot upon her soil, and this is a great imperfection which we hope that future writers will avoid.

American poetry is characterised by a trait which is also found in our own early poetry, as well as in that of Italy, Germany, France, and Spain. A great deal of it is upon Scriptural subjects. We do not blame this, but he certainly must be a very adventurous bard who does not fear to tread in the steps of Milton, and of Dante, and who writes Hebrew Melodies after Byron, and Loves of the Angels after Moore. Blank verse also appears to be much more favoured than

* London: Robert Tyas. Edinburgh: T. Menzies.

rythms. The first poem we insert is in this kind of verse, and is philosophical and very beautiful:

Thanatopsis.

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth into the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all sorrows—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings; yet, the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shades where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

Here is a very pretty poem of a very different stamp, but it speaks to the heart of every one.

The Light of Home.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair;
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild thy name;
But the heart n'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how sad and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

MRS. HALE.

The next we shall insert is a pretty hymn to the Virgin.

To the Virgin.

O HOLY Virgin, call thy child,
Her Spirit longs to be with thee;
For threatening, lower those skies so mild;
Whose faithless day-star dawned for me.

From tears released to speedy rest,
From youthful dreams which all beguiled,
To quiet slumber on thy breast,
O Holy Virgin, call thy child.

Joy from my darkling soul is fled,
And haggard phantoms haunt me wild;
Despair assails, and Hope is dead:
O Holy Virgin, call thy child.

HILLHOUSE.

Percival is, after Bryant, perhaps the most beautiful writer of poetry in America; the following is from his pen:

The Coral Grobe

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow,
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of storm,
And is safe when the wrathful Spirit of Storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
When the myriad voices of Ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore.
Then, far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

PERCIVAL.

Here is a poem on that stupendous phenomenon, the Falls of Niagara:

The Falls of Niagara.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him,
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
O what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpets, by thy thundering side!
And yet bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

BRAINARD.

"Saturday Afternoon" reminds us all of our dear school-boy days. Here is what N. P. Willis has to say on the subject:

Saturday Afternoon.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet grey;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for four-score years;
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true, it is very true,
I'm old, and "I bide my time,"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on, I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing,
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip upon the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low.
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way,
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young and gay.

N. P. WILLIS.

This is one of Brainard's best description :

The Deep.

There's beauty in the deep :
The wave is bluer than the sky ;
And, though the light shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below,
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep :
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies on spongy banks, away.
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep :
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;
Above, let care and fear contend
With sin and sorrow to the end.
Here far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

BRAINARD.

We have only room for one poem more. It is from the pen of Bryant.

A Noon Scene.

THE quiet August noon is come,
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.
And mark yon soft, white clouds, that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng ;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.
Oh ! how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout !
When in the grass sweet waters talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossoms bell !
But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground,
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away ! I will not be, to-day,
The only slave of toil and care ;
Away from desk and dust away !
*I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come then, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meaning of the heart,
One day amid the woods with thee,
From men and all their cares apart.

And where upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest
Shall glow yet deeper near those eyes.

Come—and when, 'mid the calm profound,
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,
They like the lovely landscape round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear,
Still as its spire ; and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields, appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,
Where the hushed winds their Sabbath keep,
While a near hum, from bees and brooks,
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well might the gazer deem, that when
Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart-sick at the sons of men,
The good forsake the scenes of life.

Like the deep quiet, that awhile
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
Welcomes them to a happier shore.

BRYANT.

A few Words about Quebec.

No succeeding impression can efface that which is made by a first approach to Quebec. The majestic St. Laurence, whose banks look like contiguous countries—the crowds of freighted vessels labouring upwards to enjoy a momentary suspension of their pilgrimages, and to send forth the countless wanderers who have no inheritance but hope ; the towns ranging along on either side in panoramic beauty—distance, while softening their outline, imparting to them a

species of continuity; the churches, with their tin-plated spires and roofs glowing with the reflection of a Canadian sun—and the “great old woods” stretching away into the horizon, where they look the guardians of civilization or the ramparts round the domain where nature holds her primitive dominion. The entrance by water to Constantinople is not more magnificent nor more beautiful. * * * * “And a ha-a-alf” were the first words which we heard on awakening, which we did amid the infernal noises of swabbing and splashing, and heaving and hallooing—the latter from the less respectable ships which for a moment stood in our company. We made a hasty toilette and ran upon deck. Such a scene! The *Unicorn*, such was our steam ship named—and, by the bye, there is no more comfortable vessel nor more attentive master than the happy-faced and accomplished commander—the *Unicorn* was sailing through a small forest of masts; she curvetted, ran, backed, wound gently to the right, and again to the left. She seemed like a general on a tour of inspection through his subordinates. Cheers and salutes, jokes, nods of recognition, as if the wayfarers in the various ships had been old friends; music, mimicry, and all the forms which springing hopes assume after long depression, made the view around us full of excitement and interest. We passed the sailing vessels as if they were at anchor, consequently our contemplation of them individually should be brief. But we recollect one—it bore the personification of our national character. Seated on the fore-castle of an emigrant ship, and looking down upon a gathered crowd of his hapless countrymen, who smiled back upon his effort to enliven them in their wretchedness and dreariness of spirit, was a frieze-coated, knee-breeched, straw-hatted, stout looking son of our poor land, might and main playing on a jew’s harp. Alas, wretched people!—The ignorant misrule of centuries has sent them forth like the Scandinavians of old to fly “before the face of the robber,” with broken spirit and blasted character to earn the bread of sorrow from the interest of strangers. The forest vanishes before the sinewy arm of the “lazy” Alt; towns and cities rise like magic creations before the enduring toil of the “savage” Irishman; domestic security is enshrined in the faith of those whom home malice brands as the unprincipled enviers of property and position; and yet the thriving millions who stand redeemed from the opprobrium of selfish defamers, the demonstration of natural virtue and gross wrong, cannot protect their country from the reiteration of Anglican calumny which explains its own emaciating tyranny by aspersing its victims. There is a growth in nations to which the decline of bad government is commensurate. O’CONNELL saw it in the distance when he emblazoned upon his banner the resistless legend of “Peace and Order.” If no blight is invoked to paralyze or weaken her progress—

if no mistake anticipate or misdirect her growing energy—Ireland will soon “right her wrongs” by a power which never failed in its mission—the virtue which God crowns, operating upon the selfishness of which England is never oblivious.

Were we not pressed for time and space we should call attention to the wretched condition of the emigrants who periodically depart from our shores, and find a confirmation of their former misery in the sickness engendered by the voyage and the poverty which gripes them at its close. As it is, we shall only say that the havoc which death and infirmity often makes on board these receptacles of starvation, contagion, and carelessness, called emigrant ships, is sufficient to bring a curse upon the land that drives its progeny into such dire extremity. We shall yet, we hope, devote a paper to the subject of emigrant ships; and though humanity has done much to expose and ameliorate the condition of the passengers, we feel assured that much remains to be accomplished before half the evils are remedied, and to be written before half of them are known.

We would willingly commemorate the occasion which brought us into contact with some of the cleverest and wittiest, most humorous, intelligent and contemptible people we ever saw; but we have not the space. Of the last-mentioned class was—as of course should be—an officer in the queen’s service; and of the former, a young American, whom in all our wanderings we have never forgotten. He had left his great country filled with the prejudices of sectarian education, and travelled into Syria, Egypt, Greece, Italy, and England. Wondrous were the changes wrought by the relics of bygone days; they had—like the bones of a buried prophet—made him live a new life and a noble one. “The Nile’s dark waters” purified his soul: “St. Sophia” winged it for a flight to the home of a brighter intelligence than his college masters had ever pointed out; and the “lone mother of dead empires” raised her consecrated hand to draw aside the veil which passion hangs before the soul’s native vision. He returned a man—he had left simply an American. He spoke Italian, French, Latin, modern Greek, and knew a host of things beside. A stern republican, too, he was. We sympathised in many things, if not in our notions of government. Our views of England coincided—our admiration of nature, books, the St. Laurence, and our contempt of the “Officer of the Guards” all precisely equipoised one another. The officer wrapt in his cloak and in himself of an evening, or leaning over the rail, or lounging in the cabin during the day, looked horrors if any one came “between the wind and his nobility.” The American, who drank water with his toast for breakfast, and, disdained all “ardent liquors,” wine included, was therefore a most suspicious person to come near the supercilious epaulettes. In fact, we

had been all wofully snubbed, and might have been to the end of the chapter, had not the gallant son of Mars met the name of our young traveller inscribed in a handsome volume of Dickens's "Humphrey's Clock." The book, or the name, or both, became a placative—the military man raised his eyes, and absolutely smiled—smiled not even condescendingly, but kindly—familiarly.

"This your's, sir, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

And the American very quietly, in a most gentlemanlike way, just as if the official had been handing it to him, took his book and turned away. He snubbed the guardsman! Ever since we have liked the young fellow, and no wonder.

The young republican and ourselves stayed at the same hotel—it may be some week or ten days after we had parted with the "officer of the guards." Intending to visit Niagara together, our sight seeing was in common, and our roads of inquiry lay very generally in the same direction. My companions cloth cap, shirt-wristed, economically-cut summer frock, turned down shirt collar, and turned-up wristbands, as if he had only just left his own house, made him always look "quite at home;" another reason made ourselves pass rather unobserved, or, where observed, procured for us a cheerful welcome. Convents, places of public education, hospitals, colleges and churches were freely opened to our inspection, and kind priests and gentle nuns were our constant cicerones. Many discussions which had been during our brief voyage suspended through deficiency for reference, became renewed in the Canadian libraries, and we became every day more interested in the son of the "star-spangled banner." Every hour was filled with incident well worthy of remembrance and duly noted down. Anticipation was constantly freshened by the true enjoyments of soul.

We were alone in the evening—late. Having been to hear Braham—the veteran prince of tenor-singers—sing his glorious "Scots wha ha'e!" we were, in all probability, dreaming of the "days that are over," and, if any minstrelsy could unbury dead memories, Braham's appearance and voice, though changed, would draw back the veil from "the long faded glories" of the past.

A knock was given at our door, and the American's servant presents himself.

"Mr. ——— would speak to you for a moment, on business of importance."

"Very well."

In a few minutes we found ourselves in our new friend's bed-room. A sudden call from home had changed his route and deranged all the plans which we had been for two weeks concocting. We were not a little gratified—our self love to be sure—to contemplate the sensibility with which the announcement

was made, and the regrets which accompanied it. Our young friend sat at his table, his tablets open, and the end of his pencil-case upon his lip.

"I sent for you, Sir, as I said, on a matter of importance to myself. We may not meet again. Your modesty cannot be offended by my request, and my conduct will not be affected by the restraint which might arise if our intercourse were frequent. I sent for you, then, to request that you would discover to me any defects of character which you may have noticed in me during our brief and very happy intimacy. I pledge my honour I shall correct them."

I was astonished, as well I might, less so however than if any man whom I had ever known should make the same request. It was the true outspoken language of a free mind that had determined upon approximating to the "image and likeness of God." I think the incident honorable almost to the nation of the young and handsome stranger, and a striking illustration of the energy which ever attains to greatness because ever worthy of it. We endeavoured to excuse ourselves—but excuse was vain and refusal impossible. The steady, self-prized republican noted down in his book, item by item, the results of lynx-eyed surveillance—no doubt increased by the pride of the censor and the position of patron in morals. Whatever may have been our defects, they were not those of carelessness. We almost wondered at our success in developing our views of weakness in our friend—weaknesses which we declare we had, in many instances, not thought upon before.

"Very well, Sir," said our companion, and he quietly clasped his aforesaid note-book, and placed it in his breast-pocket—"your lessons shall be remembered and my defects corrected, I promise."

In the course of this conversation, we learned that the young fellow had devoted himself to the stormy path of a political career; and never has there been a man who more earnestly entered upon a preparation for his country's well being. He had inherited some twelve thousand dollars a year; his age was somewhere about one-and-twenty, and, from his earliest recollections, he had longed for the hour of maturity, only because he should then be able to serve his native land. He had made a most respectable college curriculum—had spent much time abroad—lived on bread and water, animal food and cigars—was thoroughly imbued with the writings and spirit of the best English and French poets and statesmen; and now, at an age when folly leads its votaries in this pauperised province to curse, by their passions, the people whom they have beggared by their extravagance, *his* study was to make a GREAT PEOPLE more happy. Without adopting the mild theory of the fanatics of modern Ireland, we must say that free institutions are the parents of self-sacrificing patriotism and true manly dignity. We will not name the distinguished object of these remarks,

but will just add that the hour in which, some two years subsequently, we saw him after a return from Russia (having determined upon making himself perfectly acquainted with trade and law before he opened his career) was one never to be forgotten. The casual knowledge of this one character solved every mystery connected with the majesty of the STATES OF AMERICA.

We shall not describe Quebec. Moored at the base of its mighty ramparts we called to mind "the glory and the chivalry" that bled for England's supremacy and for "la belle France." Wonderingly we wound around by the then narrow way which had been left after the falling in of a portion of the hill, and the destruction of much valuable property and more valuable life. The old part of the city had been traversed, and we began to enjoy the new. The "habitans" reminded us of an elder and purer day of French faith, morals, and natural character. The priests flitting by in their cassocks and broad-brimmed hats, ever running on their errands of mercy, told us we had lighted upon a stronghold of the "universal Church." The convents rising round us with their flashing minarets, and the churches, whose bells were just tolling the hour for the sacrifice which is offered "from the rising to the setting of the sun," warmed the heart with a ray of the world to come. We felt no surprise that "Quebec" is a household word to the heart of the Irish peasant.

We sought the earliest opportunity of obtaining an introduction to the archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Signay. His grace has all the simplicity and dignity of the ancient nobility of his fatherland. Every moment he won a sympathy, and bound you to him by a feeling that made you imagine yourself in the presence of a man whom you had fondly known. He unites intense labour with great piety, and extreme modesty with deep erudition, and is the idol of his clergy and of his people. England may govern his people by right—he does so himself in fact.

It is a beautiful sight to see Monseigneur, in the midst of his priests, in his little garden after his frugal meal. His sweet smile and ready observation—their affectionate bearing, brightened by respect, equally distant from fear and familiarity; the godliness which seeks the skies and the sunshine for its habiliments rather than the apprehensions of self love and the moroseness of pride—every quality which you may ambition or admire in a great dignitary, you may find in him. Our remembrance of his grace and his clergy are among the sweetest of our transatlantic reminiscences.

* * * * *

We find that we must pause midway. The "Canadian Question" and Canadian Catholicity are among the most instructive topics which could engage an Irish reader. We are compelled to suspend them.

We cannot better close than by the following statistics. They have been furnished by the most courteous man, and one among the most accomplished clergymen whom we have ever met, M. Cazeau, secretary to the archbishop:—

The diocese of Quebec originally comprised all North America, with the exception of the English colonies forming that portion now called New England, Mexico, and California. This territory was raised to an apostolic-vicariate in 1657, and to a diocese in 1674. The first titular was the Right Rev. Francis Montmorency Laval, of the illustrious house which bears that name.

Not long since, the diocese of Quebec comprised all the British colonies in North America; but now it is reduced to the districts of Quebec, the Three Rivers, of St. Francis, and of Gaspé, in East Canada. In 1844, it was made an archdiocese, whose titular has for suffragans, the bishops of Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Bytown and Hudson's Bay. Since the establishing of the archdiocese, which is still of some extent, the following dioceses and vicariates have been formed of it:

1. Newfoundland—Raised to a vicariate in 1796, and to a titular diocese in 1847.
2. Kingston—Do. in 1826.
3. Charlotte's-town and St. Edward's—In 1829.
4. Montreal, East Canada—In 1836.
5. Toronto, East Canada—In 1841. This see is now vacant by the demise of its pastor, Michael Power, born at Halifax, Nova Scotia. His lordship died last summer of fever, caught while administering the consolations of our holy religion to some of his emigrated countrymen.
6. Halifax, Nova Scotia—In 1843.
7. Arichat, Nova Scotia—In 1845.
8. New Brunswick—In 1842.
9. Hudson's Bay—Raised to a vicariate in 1844, and to a titular diocese in 1847.
10. Origon—Made an apostolic-vicariate in 1843, and in 1846 an archdiocese, whose titular has for suffragans, the diocese Walla-Walla, and of Vanconoeur, created same year.
11. Bytown—erected in 1847. The Rev. Father Guignes, superior of the Oblat. missionaries of Mary, in Canada, shall be its first titular, and will be consecrated next month.

The diocese of Quebec contains 114 parishes, almost each of which possesses an elegant and spacious church. These parishes have been erected by the archbishop, who assigns their limits, and the civil authority confirms, nearly always, that which the ecclesiastical sanctions.

The diocese presents to the zeal of missionaries, a great many newly established localities called missions, in which thirty-two chapels have been built, while waiting to erect others, as the population may require. These churches and chapels are maintained by the piety of the faithful, and provided with everything essential to the divine worship.

His Grace, Joseph Signay, archbishop of Quebec, is assisted in his government of the diocese, by his Lordship, Piere Flacien Turgeon, coadjutor, *cum futura successione*, and by six vicars-general.

The inferior clergy is composed of 202 priests, twenty-four of these are employed in imparting classical and theological instruction; and the others in the direction of the parishes, hospitals religious communities, and the propagation of the faith among infidel savages.

A monastery of the Oblats carry on a most fruitful mission on the borders of the river Saguenay. The sciences, classics, and theology, are taught in the seminaries of the metropolitan, of Nicolet, and of St. Anne.

The Christian Brothers have established two flourishing houses, in Quebec and Three Rivers, and instruct gratuitously.

In virtue of the legislature, instruction is amply given to the people.

The Ursuline ladies have two establishments, in Quebec and Three Rivers, for the education of ladies; and the ladies of the Hospital-General of Quebec have a boarding-school to which numerous young females resort, to receive the advantages of a distinguished education.

Three hospitals are maintained by cloistered religions. The Hotel Dieu, the Hospital-General of Quebec, and of Three Rivers, by the Ursuline ladies.

A female academy is conducted by the ladies of the Congregation, who have a numerous school in the suburbs of St. Roch. This institution has four houses of education in the country in which young females are taught.

There are in the diocese, three uncivilized villages—the first, Ristigouche, is partly inhabited by the Inienas, the remainder being scattered through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; the second, St. Francis, on the river of that name, contains the remains of the nation Abenakis; and Loretto (the third), seven miles from Quebec, is inhabited by the wreck of the great and brave Hurons who were so cruelly maltreated by the Iroquois. Three priests labour among these savages, who shall be, in a little time, savage but in origin and poverty, for their character, language, and customs, yield before those of the people with whom they are in daily intercourse.

The Propagation of the Faith was established in the diocese, in the year 1837, and united to the general work in 1843. Its yearly produce, more than £2000, are employed for the most part, agreeably to the assessments of the central councils of Lyons and Paris, in support of the missions of the diocese, particularly those made annually among the savages. Missions are yearly made among the savages of *Santany*, of Abbetibbe, and of Noose, on Hudson's Bay; the Fêtes de Boule, or Round Heads, to the sources of St. Maurice, nearly 500 miles, then among the Montagnais and the Naskassis, who inhabit the country north of the St. Laurence, and lower down than the Saguenay.

These stations that speak different dialects are the wreck of the great nation Algonquinus, so famous in the origin of the country, and who inhabited a great part of the north-west of North America.

The Irish emigrants who arrive yearly in Quebec, reach West Canada, or the United States, where they find a milder climate, and more in accordance with that of their native land.

In Quebec, the Irish Catholic congregation is numerous and respectable, and occupies four priests. Irish families have established themselves in twelve localities of the diocese, where they form the greater part of the population. Everywhere these brave Irish maintain a sacred remembrance of their unhappy country, and prove themselves attached to the faith of their ancestors.

June 26th, 1848.

We must print the following without present commentary. Thus, the glorious institution of ALL HALLOWS carries our name and our faith to the "ends of the earth"—

*St. Peter's College, Agra,
January 28th, 1848.*

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

I have the happiness to inform you that we have arrived safely at the end of our journey. Though it was very long and sometimes fatiguing, yet we have accomplished it without sickness or accidents of any description, and are now, as you may perceive from the heading of this letter, settled in his lordship's college. Our travelling from Bombay to Agra was very slow, continuing

from the 21st of November to the 7th of January. The roads are in many places bad, and the mode of conveyance very indifferent. On some days we could not travel more than ten miles, owing to bogs or rivers. Sometimes we would be two or three hours in a bog-hole before we could extricate ourselves, and frequently we would be hours crossing a river. But we had nothing to fear by day or night. The natives would not injure us, and the wild beasts would be scared away with a light or a little fire. To make things more secure, however, we kept a gun and pistol near us, and Mr. Rodney always kept a sword belted at his side during the night. We met with many marks of kindness from several English officers, and were sometimes indebted to their kindness for a tent during the night. There are but few Catholics among them. We passed one station where there were about thirty, and as we had all the jurisdiction required, we remained three days with them, hearing confessions, the Catholics being too few to support a priest. They had not seen one for ten or twelve years, and many of them had not gone to confession since they left Ireland, which in some cases had been fifteen years. We met with a most fatherly reception from Doctor Borghi, who is to us a real father. He is everything that we were led to expect, and everything that we can desire. His new cathedral is really a grand building, equal, if not superior to any chapel in Dublin. The convent adjoins it, and contains about twenty-four nuns. They have under their charge about 120 children, all boarders. His new college will be finished against Easter, and will accommodate 300 at least. It is, I think, 400 feet long and 40 broad. The present college only accommodates thirty boarders, so that many of the Catholic children attend Protestant schools. These he wishes to accommodate in the new house, and expects to have Protestant children too. He destroyed their female school within the last two years, by the convent school, and he anticipates the downfall of their academy as soon as his college is finished. Mr. Rooney and myself were conducted to the present house last week by the two bishops, and installed in our respective positions. Our entire time is to be devoted to the instruction of youth, having no missionary duty to perform. Only a sermon every Sunday in our turn is expected from us. There is attached to the house another priest, and two English teachers. We have as yet, but three students intended for the Church, the other children are for the world. The most of our pupils are of Irish parents. Many of them are of dark complexion. Some are Portuguese, some French, and we have even two Armenians. The present college is in a beautiful situation, on the banks of the Jumna, a little distance from the town, and surrounded by two large gardens. The celebrated Targe is on the opposite side of the river. Adjoining our college is one belonging to the Bramins, but they do not in any way molest us. We see them every day, as our house is on higher ground. As we are two miles from the cathedral, the bishop sends for us on Sunday to assist at the cathedral, and to spend the day with him, he has all the neighbouring priests that day to dine with him, and he talks to them all in their several languages with fluency—the French, Italian, and English; he is also acquainted with the Hindoostanee, Persian, and Russian languages. The ceremonies are conducted with great exactness in his cathedral; on every Sunday there is a solemn mass; after the gospel an English sermon, and at the close of mass one in the native language. On week-days there is a sermon every morning in Hindoostanee, for native Christians. The church is provided with a set of joy-bells which toll every hour; also with an organ and two pianos, to assist the choir. The children here have sweeter voices than those at home, and in general have a good taste for music. The priests here all belong to some religious order, and all wear their habits in the discharge of their duties. We follow the Roman Breviary, and are permitted to recite the matins, &c, after two o'clock, as usual. There are but few conversions among the natives lately. It is very hard to make good Christian, of the old people, so his lordship is lending his entire strength

towards the education of the children. Those in high offices are very much prejudiced against us, but the bishop is fully able for them. He has succeeded lately in obtaining salaries for the military chaplains, to the amount of about £120 a-year each, notwithstanding all their opposition. I am sure you will be glad to hear that Mr. Rooney and myself are as happy as possible; we almost imagine we are in Drumcondra yet, we live so retired, occupied in a great measure, only with our studies, and a few classes, and a sermon every fortnight. I trust that all the superiors of the college are in good health, especially the Rev. Mr. Moriarty, whose health I hope is perfectly established. I suppose you have provided successors to fill our vacant places in the college, if so, tell them they have nothing to fear from the long journey, and they will not be sorry for adopting Agra for their future home. Wishing you a happy new year, and desiring to be remembered to the Rev. Mr. Moriarty, and the other superiors of the college,

I remain, Reverend and dear Sir,

Yours very truly and affectionately,

NICHOLAS BARRY.

*St. Peter's College, Agra,
February 1st, 1848.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You may recollect, before we separated at Drumcondra, a mutual promise to be correspondents for the future. To fulfil my part of the engagement, I had, while at Bombay, commenced a letter to you, but had not time to finish it; so I deferred it till my arrival in Agra.

I hope you do not find this year as lonesome as you feared; in any case it will soon be over. You may see from the heading of this letter, our present situation in Agra. We are nothing less than professors, having scarcely any other duty outside the walls of the college. India is a country which I am sure you will like, when you shall have been accustomed somewhat to the ways of the people, and to their extraordinary habits. The present season is delightful, like April in Ireland as to the degree of heat, but like Autumn on account of the ripe fruits, and the green leaves of the trees.

Agra is a venerable old town; it is all built of brick and cut stone; it is crowded with Hindoo temples, and with mosques, and is, perhaps, the centre of idolatry in India. It is more like an European city than Bombay, or any other I have seen while travelling through the country. There is an immense fort, which is strongly garrisoned; but the most beautiful piece of architecture is the Targe, built by the Mussulmen over the tombs of their princes. It is the most splendid building in India, and, perhaps, the richest in the world, as the interior is marble, inlaid with jewels and precious stones. The people here are far more civilized than we imagined: we have nothing at all to apprehend from them. They give us the *salaam*, as they call it, when we are passing them. There is far less notice taken of us here than there would be in Dublin, were we to appear in the same dress. We always wear the soutane and cap, even when out riding (you must know we have a fine young horse for recreative purposes), but as Mr. Rooney does not fancy riding, his lordship is to purchase for him a small car, called here a buggy. As to our duties, they are not too oppressive. There is another priest in the college, and two English teachers. We devote four hours each day to class; the remainder of the time is at our own disposal. We preach every Sunday in turn at the cathedral, and this is our only duty outside the college. We have plenty of time for study, and a little society of our own, without interruption. We do not pay any visits, as it is against the custom of the clergy here, nor are we troubled with many. Mr. Rooney never studied half so hard. He is seldom in bed before eleven, and we rise at half-past five. We have not

followed, as yet, the custom of the clergy here, in wearing long beards, nor do I think we will—shaving is not of great trouble to us, as there is a barber attached to the college. I have had no direct news from the Madras men yet, but I saw a letter which was written by a Madras priest, to one of our nuns, in which he speaks of their arrival, and of the appointments of Messrs. Gough and Riordan. I am in daily expectation of a letter from Mr. Doherty. If Madras be as fine a place as Agra, you will not be sorry for having adopted India as your future country.

We stopped a fortnight at Bombay, with Dr. Miguel, the vicar-general, and were sorry for leaving it so soon. There was a great deal of kindness shown to us by the good people of that place. Tell Mr. Mackesy that his relations are all well, and his two little cousins are about coming to Agra for their education. They were very anxious to keep us in Bombay. An Irish priest there would have *something to do*. We had a solemn mass for Doctor Fortini, last week. He died a short time after our departure. While in Bombay, I saw him often, and spent my last night there in his house. I suppose Dr. Whelan will now return to Bombay. It is a fine mission, very rich, but a great deal to be done. The last few days we remained there, we had not a single moment to spare from hearing confessions. We had a convert while there—a Miss Forbes, who kept a Protestant boarding-school in the city.

The English and Irish live in great splendour in India, and are far more formal than the people at home. They are more exact about their *caste* than even the natives themselves. The man who has a few rupees a-month more than his neighbour, would scarcely invite that neighbour to his table. You seldom see an European on foot; he has either his palanquin, his horse, or his carriage, with a retinue of servants. They do not like even to go to the same side of the chapel with the natives. In our cathedral there is one wing for the natives solely. The Protestants are more prejudiced here than even at home. They can allow nothing to pass. They are continually carping at the bishop's new establishment. But it is not much wonder, for the pupils of the female Protestant school have nearly all left it, to be educated at the convent, and his lordship expects the boys' school to share the same fate, as soon as our college shall have been prepared. As an instance of what these people are capable of doing, I will mention one fact. On the opening of the convent school, some hundreds of copies of Maria Monk were procured, and industriously circulated amongst the people. But it would not do; people are too wise now-a-days to heed such trash: their school has gone down, and ours is flourishing beyond expectation. We read in the newspapers of the great distress at home, and are most anxious about the issue. We expect to hear of rebellion or something dreadful by the next post. We have two London papers here for our own use—*The Tablet* and *The Times*; so that we have all the news about home, and both sides of the question. There is no paper worth reading in the north of India. The *Delhi Gazette* publishes everything against us, and will receive nothing in our favour, and the *Agra* paper is a mere list of publications; there is the *Catholic Herald* in Calcutta, however, and it contains plenty of news. We get it every week. I have not heard a single word from any of my fellow-students, or a word about them, since I saw you; I will therefore, be most anxious to hear from you. Hitherto, while travelling, I have had so much care and anxiety on my shoulders that I have scarcely been able to think of them at all, but now that I am again leading a studious, retired life, I often think of my old friends.

Yours, most sincerely and affectionately,

NICHOLAS BARRY.

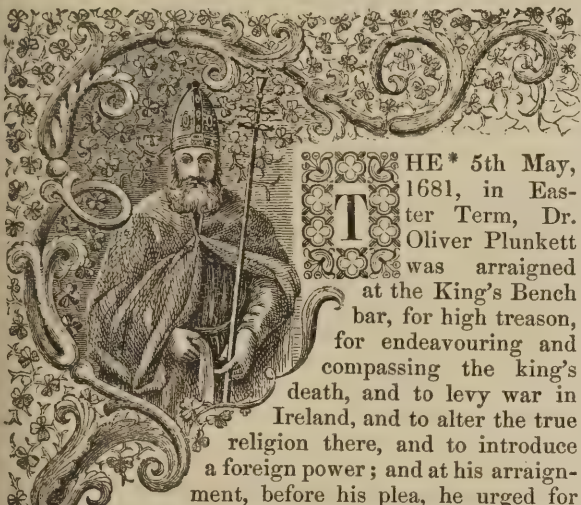
*To the Rev. ————,
College of All Hallows, Drumcondra.*

THE

Life and Death of Oliver Plunkett,

PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

PART VI.



THE 5th May, 1681, in Easter Term, Dr. Oliver Plunkett was arraigned at the King's Bench bar, for high treason, for endeavouring and compassing the king's death, and to levy war in Ireland, and to alter the true religion there, and to introduce a foreign power; and at his arraignment, before his plea, he urged for himself that he was indicted for the same high treason in Ireland and arraigned, and at the day for his trial the witnesses against him did not appear; and therefore he desired to know if he could be tried here for the same fact. The Court told him that by a statute made in this kingdom, he might be tried in the court of King's Bench, or by commission of Oyer and Terminer in any part of England, for facts arising in Ireland; and that his arraignment there (he being never tried upon it) was not sufficient to exempt him from being tried here; because till a trial be passed and there be a conviction or acquittal thereupon, an arraignment, barely, is no plea; for in such cases the party is put twice in danger of his life, which only is the thing the law in such cases looks after to prevent. He then desired time for his witnesses, which they told him he could not do till after plea pleaded; whereupon he pleaded Not Guilty, and put himself upon the country for his trial. And after some consideration had about time to be allowed him to bring his witnesses from Ireland, the Court appointed the day for the trial to be the first Wednesday in next term, which was full five weeks time.

Accordingly, on Wednesday, the 8th of June, in Trinity Term, he was brought to his trial; and proclamation, as in such cases is usual, being made, it proceeded thus:

Clerk of the Crown—Oliver Plunkett, hold up thy hand; those good men which thou shalt hear called, and personally appear, are to pass between, &c.

Plunkett—May it please your lordship, I have been kept close prisoner for a long time, a year and a-half in prison: when I came from Ireland hither I was told by persons of good repute, and a counsellor-at-law, that I could not be tried here; and the reasons they gave me were, that first the statute of Henry VIII., and all other statutes made here, were not received in Ireland, unless there were an express mention of Ireland in them: so that none were received there but such as were before Poyning's Act. So I come with that persuasion that I could not be tried here, until at my arraignment your lordships told me it was not so, and that I must be tried here, though there was no express mention made of Ireland. Now, my lord, upon that, whereas my witnesses were in

Ireland, and I knew nothing of it, and the records upon which I very much rely were in Ireland, your lordship was pleased to give me time from the fourth of the last month to this day; and in the mean time, as your lordship had the affidavit here yesterday, and as Captain Richardson can testify, I have not dispatched only one, but two to Ireland, into the counties of Armagh, Dublin, &c., where there were records very material to my defence; but the clerk of the crown would not give me any copy of any record at all, unless he had some express order from your lordship. So that whether it were that they were mistaken or wilfully refused, I could not get the records which were very material for me. For in some of those records, some of those that accuse me were convicted of high crimes, and others were outlawed and imprisoned, and broke prison; and there were other records, also, of excommunication against some of them, and I could not get the records unless your lordship would instruct me, in some way or other, how I could get over them that are most material for my defence. The servants that I sent hence, and took shipping for Ireland, were two days at sea and cast back again, and from thence were forced to go to Holyhead, and from Holyhead in going to Dublin they were thirteen or fourteen days, the winds were so contrary; and then my servant went about to go into the counties of Armagh and Derry, that were one hundred miles from Dublin and Meath and other places: so that in so short a time, my lord, it was morally impossible for them to have brought the witnesses over; and those that were ready to have come would not stir at all unless they had a pass from hence, because some of them were Roman Catholics, and they had heard that here some were taken prisoners that were Roman Catholics, and that none ought to come without a pass; and they being witnesses against the king they might be clapped up here and brought into very ill condition; so they sent one over that made affidavit.

Lord Chief Justice (Sir Francis Pemberton)—It was the affidavit that was read here yesterday.

Plunkett—So that, my lord, I conceive your lordship will think I did it not out of any intent to put off my trial; for Captain Richardson is here, who knows that I writ by the post and desired them to come over to the Captain, after they were landed; so that I depended upon the wind and the weather for my witnesses, and wanted your lordship's order for the records to be brought over, and that their examination might be brought into court, and their own original examination here might be compared with it. So I humbly beg your lordship's favour, the case is rare, and scarcely happens in five hundred years, that one should be in my circumstances. I am come here, where no jury knows me, nor the quality of my adversaries. If I had been in Ireland, I would have put myself upon my trial to-morrow, without any witnesses, before any Protestant jury that knew them and me. And when the orders went over that I should be tried in Ireland, and that no Roman Catholic should be on the jury, and so it was in both the grand and other jury; yet there when I came to my trial, after I was arraigned, not one appeared. This is manifest upon the record, and can be proved.

Lord Chief Justice—There was no prosecution of you there.

Plunkett—But, my lord, here is no jury that knows me, or the quality of my adversaries; for they are not a jury of the neighbourhood that knows them, and therefore my case is not the same with other cases. Though I cannot harbour, nor will not, nor ought not, the least conceit of hard measure or injustice, yet if I had not full time to bring my records and witnesses all together, I cannot make my defence. Some were there then, some far off, so that it was a miracle that in six or seven counties they could do so much as they did. But they got in seven or eight of them, yet there were five or six wanting. Therefore, I beseech your lordship, that I may have time to bring my records and witnesses, and then I will defy all that is upon the earth, and under the earth to say anything against me.

Lord Chief Justice—Look you, Mr. Plunkett, it is in vain for you to talk and make this discourse here now; you must know that by the laws of this kingdom, when a man is indicted and arraigned of treason and felony, it is not usual to give such time; it is rare that any man hath had such time as you have had—five weeks time to provide your witnesses: if your witnesses are so cautious, and are such persons that they dare not, or will not venture for fear of being apprehended, or will not come into England without such and such cautions, we cannot tell how to help it; we can't furnish you with witnesses, you must look to get your witnesses yourself. If we should stay till your witnesses will come, perhaps they will never come here, and so you will escape out of the hands of justice. Do not be discouraged in this, the jury are strangers to you, peradventure, but they are honest gentlemen, and you shall have no others upon your jury; and you may be confident that if there be not some fact proved against you that may amount to treason, you shall be discharged; there are persons

* From the State Trials, vol. viii.

that understand so much, and we will direct them so much. You shall have as fair a trial as if you were in Ireland; but for us to stay for your witnesses or send you back to Ireland, we cannot do it. Therefore you must submit to your trial. We heard your affidavit yesterday, and we did then tell the gentleman that moved it, as much as we tell you. You are here to be tried, look to the jury, and except against them if you will.

Plunkett—My lord, I desire only to have the favour of some time, some time this term.

Lord Chief Justice—We can't do it.

Clerk of the Crown—Swear Sir John Roberts.

Plunkett—I humbly present this to your lordship, I am then in imminent danger of my life, if I cannot get ten days to have my witnesses over; I desire I may have but to the 21st of this month, and then, if they do not come, you may go on.

Lord Chief Justice—We cannot do it, you have had five weeks time already.

Plunkett—I desire but a few days.

Clerk—Sir John Roberts take the book, look upon the prisoner; you shall well and truly try, &c.

Plunkett—My lord, I desire to know, whether they have been of the juries of Loughorn, or the five Jesuits, or any that were condemned.

Lord Chief Justice—What if they have? That is no exception.

Then the jury was sworn whose names follow: Sir John Roberts, Thomas Harriot, Henry Ashurst, Ralph Hunknall, Richard Goure, Richard Pagett, Thomas Earsby, John Hoynes, Thomas Hodgkins, James Partherict, Samuel Baker, William Hardy.

Clerk of the Crown—Oliver Plunkett, hold up your hand. You of the jury look upon the prisoner, and hearken to his charge.

"He stands indicted by the name of Oliver Plunkett, late of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, doctor in divinity, for that he is a false traitor against the most illustrious and most excellent prince and sovereign lord, Charles II. by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, king, and his natural lord, the fear of God in his heart not having, nor weighing the duty of his allegiance, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, from the cordial love, and true and due natural obedience, which true and faithful subjects of our said sovereign lord the king, do and of right ought to bear, utterly withdrawing and contriving, and with all his might intending the peace and common tranquillity within the kingdom of Ireland, as also of this kingdom of England, to disturb, and war, and rebellion against our said sovereign lord, the king, in the kingdom of Ireland, that being the dominion of our said sovereign lord the king, in parts beyond the seas, to stir up and move, and the government of our said sovereign lord the king, there to subvert; and our said lord the king, from his royal power and government, there to depose and deprive; and our said sovereign lord the king, that now is, to death, and final destruction to bring and put; and the true worship of God within the said kingdom of Ireland, by law established and used, to alter for the superstition of the Romish Church. The first day of December, in the reign of our sovereign lord, Charles the Second, now king of England &c.; the two-and-thirtieth, and divers others days and times, as well before as after, at Dublin, in the kingdom of Ireland, in parts beyond the seas, with divers others false traitors unknown, traitorously did compass, imagine, and intend the killing, death, and final destruction of our said sovereign lord the king and the ancient government of this said kingdom of Ireland aforesaid, to change, alter, and wholly to subvert; and him our said sovereign lord the king, that now is, from the crown and government of his kingdom of Ireland aforesaid, to depose and deprive, and the true Protestant religion to extirpate, and war and rebellion against the said sovereign lord the king there to move and levy. And to fulfil and accomplish his said most wicked treasons, and traitorous compassings, imaginations and purposes aforesaid, he, the said Oliver Plunkett, the said first day of December, in the above said two-and-thirtieth year of the reign of our said sovereign lord the king, in parts beyond the seas, maliciously, devilishly, and traitorously did assemble and gather together himself, with divers other traitors unknown, and then and there devilishly, advisedly, maliciously, subtly, traitorously did consult and agree our said sovereign lord the king, that now is, to death, and final destruction to bring, and from his crown and government aforesaid to depose and deprive, and the religion of the Romish Church into the kingdom of Ireland aforesaid, to introduce and establish. And the sooner to fulfil and perfect his said most wicked treasons and traitorous imaginations and purposes, he, the said Oliver Plunkett with divers other false traitors unknown, then and there advisedly, maliciously, and traitorously did further consult and agree to contribute, pay and expend divers great sums of money to divers subjects of our said sovereign lord the king, and other persons unknown; to procure them, the said persons unknown, our said sovereign lord the king that now is, traitorously to kill, and the

Romish religion into the said kingdom of Ireland, to introduce and establish. And that the said Oliver Plunkett, and other traitors unknown, afterwards, to wit, the said first day of December, in the two and thirtieth year of the reign of our said sovereign lord the king aforesaid, at Dublin aforesaid, in the kingdom of Ireland aforesaid, within the dominion of our said sovereign lord the king, with force and arms, &c., unlawfully, maliciously, devilishly, and traitorously did receive, collect, pay, and expend divers great sums of money to divers persons unknown, the said false traitors in their treasons to help and maintain, against the duty of his allegiance, and against the peace of our said sovereign lord the king, that now is, his crown and dignity, and against the form of the statutes in that case made and provided.

To this indictment he pleaded Not Guilty.

Mr. Heath—May it please your lordship, and you gentlemen of the jury, this is an indictment of high treason against Dr. Oliver Plunkett, the prisoner at the bar; and it sets forth, that in the two-and-thirtieth year of the king, at Dublin, in the kingdom of Ireland, he did compass and imagine the death of the king, and to deprive the king of his kingdom of Ireland, and to raise war to extirpate the Protestant religion in the kingdom of Ireland, and to establish the Romish religion there. And it sets forth further; that for the accomplishment of these treasons, the defendant with several others did meet together at several places at Dublin in the kingdom of Ireland, and elsewhere, and at these several meetings did consult and agree to put the king to death, to raise war, to extirpate the Protestant religion, and set up the Romish religion. And the indictment further sets forth, that to accomplish these treasons, the defendant did raise great sums of money in the kingdom of Ireland, and did get several persons to contribute several sums for these treasons, and that the defendant with others did disburse several sums of money to several persons to persuade them and entice them to be aiding and assisting in these treasons and to recompense them for them. To this indictment the defendant hath pleaded Not Guilty. If we prove these things you are to find him guilty.

Serjeant Maynard—My lord, we will quickly come to the evidence, But, in short, you have heard his charge is as high as can be against the king, and against the nation, and against all that is good. The design and endeavour of this gentleman was the death of the king, and the destruction of the Protestant religion in Ireland, and the raising of war; and to accomplish this we charge him, that there was a confederacy made, assemblies and consultations had to these ends and raising money to accomplish it. Gentlemen, Dr. Plunkett was made as we shall prove to you, as they there call him, Primate of Ireland; and he got that dignity from the Pope upon this very design. He did by virtue of that power, which he thought he had gotten, make out warrants, significations, I know not what they call them, to know how many men in Ireland could bear arms from sixteen to sixty; he raises taxes upon the people and the clergy there. But, my lord, the particulars will best fall from the witnesses that we shall call and prove it by, and we need not make any aggravation; for such a thing as this cannot be more aggravated than it is.

Attorney General (Sir Robert Sawyer)—May it please your lordship, and you gentlemen of the jury, the character this gentleman bears as primate, under a foreign and usurped jurisdiction, will be a great inducement to you to give credit to that evidence we shall produce before you. We shall prove that this very preferment was conferred upon him upon a contract that he would raise 60,000 men in Ireland, for the pope's service, to settle popery there, and to subvert the government. The evidence that we shall give you will prove how it leads to destroy the king; and, I take it according to the resolutions that have been, to raise war in the kingdom, and to introduce a foreign power, will be certainly evidence of an attempt and machination to destroy the king. As soon as he was in possession of his primacy he goes about his work. There are two great means necessary to be provided, men and money: for men, having this great spiritual jurisdiction, whereby, indeed, all that are under it are become slaves, he issues out his warrants to all the clergy of Ireland, to give an account and make return from the several parishes, and all the men in them above fourteen and under sixty. And returns were accordingly made by them, that he might accordingly take a measure what men to pick out for the service. The next thing was money, my lord; and your lordship takes notice that when the mind is enslaved the purse nay all the body bows to it. He issues out his warrants to his clergy to make a collection of money; in all parts great sums were levied, and, when they were levied, we shall give you an account by our proofs that several sums were issued out and sent into France to further the business. There was also provision made of great ammunition and arms; and we shall prove in particular several delivered out by this gentleman's order, to carry on this thing; and to go through stich with this business, he takes a

view of all the several ports and places in Ireland where it would be convenient to land; for they were to have from France an auxiliary force, and upon this view he pitched upon Carlingford as the place. We shall prove the several correspondences between Rome and him, and France and him, and several messengers employed, and monies issued out from time to time for their maintenance. This will be the course of our evidence; and we will begin first with some that do not speak so particularly to this doctor, but prove there was a general design in all parts of the kingdom of Ireland to bring in the king of France, and extirpate the Protestant religion. And then we shall call the particular persons to the particular parts against him. First we shall call Florence Mac Moyer* (who was sworn).

Solicitor General—Are you sworn, sir?

Mac Moyer—Yes, sir.

Solicitor General—Pray give the court and the jury an account of what you know of any plot in Ireland, to introduce the Romish religion, or to bring in the French king.

Mac Moyer—Yes, I know there was a plot both before Plunkett's time and in his time; for it was working in the year 1665 and 1666, but it was brought to full maturity in the year 1667. For then Col. Miles Rely (O'Reilly) and Col. Bourne were sent to Ireland from the king of France, with a commission to muster as many men as they could, promising to send an army of 40,000 men with a commission, upon St. Lewis's day in August next, following†, to land in Carlingford, to destroy all the true subjects, to destroy the religion as it was established there, and to set up the French king's authority and the Roman Catholic religion. And one Edmund Aryle, that was a justice of the peace and clerk of the crown, sent for all the rebels abroad in the north to come up into the county of Longford, and they marched into the head town of the county, and fired the town; the inhabitants fled into the castle: then they came up to the gaol thinking to break it open, and by setting the prisoners free to join then with them; but there Aryle was shot—received a deadly wound, and dropt off his horse—and they fled. So then, when they were without the town, one Charles Mac Canal alighted and took away all the papers out of his pocket; which if they had been found would have discovered all‡. This occasioned Col. Bourne to be suspected; and being so suspected he was taken prisoner and turned to Newgate in Dublin. Then Col. Rely fled away again to France, and the plot lay under a cloud during the life of Primate Rely (Edmund O'Reilly), the prisoner's predecessor. This Primate Rely died beyond sea. Then many of the Popish religion would have had the primacy conferred upon one Duffy,§ but the prisoner at the bar put in for it; which might have been opposed if the prisoner had not engaged and promised that he would so manage affairs that before the present government were aware he would surprise the kingdom, provided the Pope and king of France would send a competent army to join with theirs for the effecting of it. So the first year of his coming over I was in the friary at Armagh; I was an acquaintance of the friars, and they invited me; and one Quine told the prisoner that they thought Duffy would have been primate. Said he, it is better as it is; for Duffy hath not the wit to do those things that I have undertaken to do; meaning that he did undertake to supplant the Protestant religion to bring in Popery and put the kingdom under subjection to the king of France.

Solicitor General—How do you know that?

Mac Moyer—Those were the words, and the meaning I knew before, because I had heard it talked of.

Lord Chief Justice—Who was the first of these primates you speak of?

Mac Moyer—Edmund Rely; he set this business on foot first.

Lord Chief Justice—About what?

Mac Moyer—About calling the rebels together out of the north when they came to Longford.

Lord Chief Justice—What year was that?

* I have already stated that this witness is called Wyer in the State Trials. He was a layman and keeper of the book of Armagh.

† It is the 25th of August.

‡ If they had been found, of course they would have proved everything. It would not, however, have been in this instance a legal fiction to have carried out the axiom, "*de non existentibus et de non apprenitibus idem sit judicium*;" for from the character we have already given of the witnesses, it is manifest that no such documents ever existed.

§ This was Dr. Duffy, a most excellent man, who was appointed Bishop of Clogher some time after Dr. Plunkett had been made primate. He is, of course, an entirely different person from Duffy, the Franciscan friar, who was one of the witnesses against the primate.

Mac Moyer—It was in 1667.

Lord Chief Justice—When died he?

Mac Moyer—He died a little while afterwards.

Lord Chief Justice—Then Duffy would have it conferred upon him?

Mac Moyer—Yes, after Rely's decease he would have it conferred upon him; and there was a contention between him and the prisoner, who did engage he would bring things to that full maturity, that before the present government were aware he would do the work.

Lord Chief Justice—How do you know this?

Mac Moyer—I know this because I had an account of it from certain school-fellows that were with me in Ireland, then studying in Rome; they wrote this to me desiring I would take a good heart with the rest of my countrymen, and assuredly in a short time the kingdom would be relieved, and the Irish restored to their former patrimonies.

Lord Chief Justice—This you speak of their information. What do you know of your own knowledge?

Mac Moyer—All that I know is, he coming into the friary of Armagh.

Lord Chief Justice—About what time?

Mac Moyer—It is either ten or eleven years ago, and there was a fast then, and I was invited by the friars, being their acquaintance; one Quine, one of the friars, told him——

Lord Chief Justice—Told whom?

Mac Moyer—The prisoner, that he did expect Duffy would have been primate; but the prisoner made answer, it is better as it is, for Duffy had not the wit to manage the things that I have undertaken for the general good of our religion.

Lord Chief Justice—Now tell me this: what things were those he had undertaken? Did he explain himself?

Mac Moyer—No farther than those words: but I did conceive this was his meaning; because I knew partly of it myself, knowing of the former plot.

Lord Chief Justice—I ask you only what words came from him; and you say they were that Duffy had not the wit to manage what he had undertaken for the general good of their religion.

Mac Moyer—Yes, and then again, in his assembly kept by him, he charged his inferiors to collect such several sums of money as he thought fit, according to the several parishes and dignitaries, to assist and supply the French forces when they came over.

Lord Chief Justice—How know you that?

Mac Moyer—I have seen the money collected; and I have seen his warrant, "subpena suspensionis," to bring it in, to redeem their religion from the power of the English government. Again there were those rebels that went to Longford——

Lord Chief Justice—What time were those collections?

Mac Moyer—Nine years, eight years, seven years ago, and the last year of all.

Lord Chief Justice—Then it was several times you say?

Mac Moyer—Yes, and he procured the Macdonnells a piece of money out of the exchequer, pretending to do good service to his majesty; but he sent them for France, meaning they should improve themselves, and bring themselves into favour with the king of France, and come over with the French king to surprise Ireland. This one of the rebels told me. So I have seen the prisoner's letter directed to the grand tory Flemming, desiring that they should go to France and he would see them in spite of all their enemies in Ireland safe ashore; and Flemming should return again a colonel to his own glory, and the good of his country.

Attorney General—Do you know his hand?

Mac Moyer—Yes, as well as my own. I have seen Captain O'Neal, son of General O'Neal, coming every year into Ireland and carrying three regiments to the French king into France; and he used to come over to Ireland every year to get a recruit; and he did get my brother to go with him, and so much importuned me that I could hardly withstand him: but I did not yield to his desire. He told me it was to improve me for my good, to improve myself in military discipline; and then I should return to Ireland a captain under the French king to surprise the kingdom and settle the popish religion; and then I should be restored to my estate.

Lord Chief Justice—Who told you this?

Mac Moyer—Captain O'Neal. And, in the meanwhile, says he, I hear Dr. Plunkett is the only man intrusted in Ireland to make these preparations, and get things ready against the French king's coming, who is to land at Carlingford.

Attorney General—How often were you in the Doctor's company?

Mac Moyer—Not very often?

Plunkett—I never saw him with my eyes before in my life.

Mac Moyer—I have seen him in the priory the first year that he came over to Ireland; and you know the meetings held at George Blyke's house in the Fives; and I have seen him in his own house.

Justice Dolbein—How came you to know the prisoner's hand?
Mac Moyer—Because I was well acquainted with his hand, seeing his hand among the priests.

Justice Dolbein—Did you ever see him write?

Mac Moyer—Yes, in the priory and in his own house.

Justice Dolbein—How often?

Mac Moyer—Not often.

Justice Dolbein—How often?

Mac Moyer—Ten or a dozen times. I should know his hand from all the writing in London, if it were among never so many; let me but see it, I will know it.

Lord Chief Justice—Have you ever heard him own himself primate?

Mac Moyer—Yes, my lord, he writes himself, "Oliverus Armacanus Primas et Metropolitanus totius Hiberniæ"—that is his style.

Lord Chief Justice—Who did he say made him primate?

Mac Moyer—The pope, my lord.

Lord Chief Justice—Have you heard him say so?

Mac Moyer—Yes, I heard him discourse of it in the priory.

Attorney General—He was a public officer, and they might well know his hand.

Lord Chief Justice—I believe any body that hath seen us write but a little would soon know our hands.

Mac Moyer—His hand is as well known over Ireland as mine is among my acquaintance.

Lord Chief Justice—Well, go on.

Mac Moyer—During the time of his imprisonment, I have received his commands to many of his inferior dignitaries, commanding them "subpena suspensionis," to bring in the monies assessed for bringing in the French army; and that there was no better time than the time of his imprisonment to bring it in.

Lord Chief Justice—Who were they, you say, that were commanded "subpena suspensionis"?

Mac Moyer—Since his taking, I have seen in the time of his imprisonment his commands to his inferior dignitaries, not to be forgetful of the monies that were assessed towards the supplying of the French army; and that there was no better time to bring in the French than when he was in prison.

Lord Chief Justice—How long ago was that?

Mac Moyer—The 1st of February, 1679. The second and last of it was in July and November last.

Lord Chief Justice—And this was to bring in the money?

Mac Moyer—Yes, to supply the French army. And that there was no better time than during his imprisonment, and they should not be so much suspected.

Lord Chief Justice—And these mandates you have seen under his hand?

Mac Moyer—Yes, I have, my lord.

Attorney General—What do you know of his summoning or issuing out these warrants for lists of men?

Mac Moyer—I have not seen any of the warrants; but the priests have told me they were commanded by his warrants, to let him know how many there were in all their parishes from sixteen to sixty.

Attorney General—You say you never saw the mandates?

Mac Moyer—No, I did not.

Serjeant Jeffries—What do you know about the prisoner's viewing the ports?

Mac Moyer—I have seen him going about from port to port; to Derry, to Carrickfergus, Corily, Down, and Carlingford, and all about.

Serjeant Jeffries—When he went to take a view of those ports, can you tell to what purpose he did it?

Mac Moyer—Yes, I heard it among the church, that he went on purpose to view the sea ports, to know the strength of all the garrisons, to see which was the most convenient way to bring in the French army.

Serjeant Jeffries—Did you ever speak with the prisoner at the bar about his going?

Mac Moyer—No.

Serjeant Jeffries—What place did he pitch on as most convenient?

Mac Moyer—Carlingford.

Attorney General—Were you in the prisoner's company when he viewed the ports?

Mac Moyer—I have seen him go to and fro; I did not go all the circuit round with him.

Plunkett—Did you ever see me at Carlingford?

Mac Moyer—No.

Plunkett—Did you ever see me at any other of the ports?

Mac Moyer—I have seen you at Hamilton's, coming back from Derry. Do you not remember that you lodged at Sir Geo—

Plunkett—I never lodged there in my life.

Sir Francis Withins—Have you anything more to say concerning the plot in general?

Mac Moyer—No, in general, I have not.

Serjeant Jeffries—He hath not only given an account of the general plot, but fixed it upon the prisoner.

Attorney General—Dr. Plunkett, will you ask him any questions?

Plunkett—You say you remember you saw me at my first coming as primate, ten years ago; and that you were at the priory when I was there?

Mac Moyer—Yes.

Plunkett—You were invisible to me.

Lord Chief Justice—If you will ask any questions do; but do not make these kind of observations.

Plunkett—Tell me this, why did you not acquaint some justice of the peace then with what you knew, that which you had heard seven years ago?

Mac Moyer—When I first knew it, I was as willing to have it concealed as they.

Lord Chief Justice—What is your question, Dr. Plunkett? Pray tell it us.

Plunkett—He says, my lord, that ten years ago I had such a design in hand, and he knew the money was collected for these very ends, and he knew of the design from that same Captain O'Neal whom I employed and sent abroad; and that I had a design to bring in the French at Carlingford, and went about to all the ports in Ireland and pitched upon that as the most convenient; and yet it is so inconvenient for the bringing in a foreign force, that any one that knows any thing of the maps of the world will easily conclude it otherwise. But I say, my lord, why did he not tell some justice of the peace that I was upon such a design, but let me live in Ireland ten years after, and never speak of it till now?

Lord Chief Justice—What say you to the question?

Plunkett—When he saw me all the time, and to the time of my taking prisoner and never said one word; for I was a prisoner six months only for my religion,* not one word of treason spoken of against me for so many years; why did not he acquaint some justice of the peace with it before.

Lord Chief Justice—What religion were you of then?

Mac Moyer—I was a Roman Catholic.

Plunkett—And are you not so now?

Mac Moyer—Yes, I am so.

Justice Dolbein—Therefore it will be no wonder that you did not discover it.

Serjeant Jeffries—But I ask you why did not you discover it all this time?

Mac Moyer—Because I was a papist myself: the first that did discover it, he and I did consult about it, I had him charged to do so, and I had set him to work; but he was ill paid for having discovered it: you got him to be trepanned, that he hath gone in danger of his life for it.

Plunkett—Who is the man?

Mac Moyer—Moyer.†

Sir Francis Withins—Call Henry O'Neal (who was sworn) What know you of any design in Ireland to introduce the Popish religion?

O'Neal—In August, 1678, bishop Tyrrel‡ came with forty odd horsemen to Vicar-general Brady's house and alighted at the door; and he gave them there an oath, which they took willingly and freely, from hand to hand, to forward the Popish plot against the Protestant religion, to make an end of them all in an hour, from end to end of Ireland; and said he I will come, within ten days, with an order from the lord Oliver Plunkett; and you need not be afraid for the lord Oliver Plunkett and I have sent some gold and money into France to get men and bring them from France over sea, and do not fear; this will go on in one hour through all Ireland, from end to end. In September, 1678, a little while after the same meeting, I was in a place which they call Virginia, in

* This clearly proves what we have already stated against Ardekin, Haris, De Burgo, &c., that the primate was apprehended for exercising his clerical functions.

† This was Friar Mac Moyer, or Moyer. What Florence Mac Moyer alludes to here is this: when Friar Mac Moyer returned to Ireland in 1680, after having given evidence about the Popish plot, before the king and privy council and the parliament, he was seized, tried, and convicted, at Dundalk, of having supplied the Tories, robbers, and rebels with powder and shot. He would have been hanged but for the interference of the bishop of Meath and the Earl of Shaftesbury.

‡ Bishop Tyrrel had lately succeeded Dr. Duffy in the see of Clogher.

the county of Connaught,* where they took a priest, he is here, and he was with me, and desired me to come up to Dublin and discover this, and then I did discover it to Sir John Davis, which is all that I can say. For this Plunkett, I never saw him in my life.

Mr. Jones—You were a Papist then?

O'Neal—Yes, I was.

Mr. Jones—Are you a Roman Catholic still?

O'Neal—Yes, I am.

Mr. Jones—And were you acquainted with these orders?

O'Neal—Yes.

Lord Chief Justice—How came you to know of this oath?

O'Neal—I was in the house with them; I was one concerned to take my oath with them, and I durst not but take the oath.

Lord Chief Justice—Had you the oath of secrecy given you?

O'Neal—Yes, and so this priest commanded me to go along to Dublin and discover it.

Sergeant Jefferies—What is his name?

O'Neal—John M'Leigh.†

Sir Francis Withins—Do you know any other transactions about the plot?

O'Neal—No, I will not swear, for all the world, more than I know.

Sir Francis Withins—Then call Neile O'Neal (who was sworn). What do you know of any designs carrying on in Ireland against the government and the Protestant religion?

N. O'Neal—I will tell you all I know; I was at Vicar Brady's house, the 21st of August.

Lord Chief Justice—What year?

N. O'Neal—1678. And bishop Tyrrel came with 40 horsemen to the house, and went into the house and discoursed a little while; and they took their oaths every one round, to keep secret the plot to destroy the Protestant religion and the Protestants, that they might have their estates again. And he said they did not need to fear; for said he you have a very good man to assist you, and that is the Lord Oliver Plunkett, and you need not fear but it will go through all Ireland.

Attorney General—Will you ask him any questions?

Plunkett—Why did you not discover it before?

Sergeant Jefferies—Were you a Roman Catholic at that time?

N. O'Neal—Yes, and am so still.

Mr. Paget (jurymen)—I desire he may be asked how he came to be there?

Lord Chief Justice—You say, I think, this was at Vicar-general Brady's, how came you to be there?

N. O'Neal—I was there several times before that; for my nurse or my foster mother (I do not know which, you may understand best) was housekeeper to him.

Lord Chief Justice—Were you required to take the oath?

N. O'Neal—No, my lord, I was acquainted in the house; I had been there two or three weeks before.

Plunkett—Why did you not tell it to some justice of the peace?

Lord Chief Justice—He was a Papist, and so he is now.

N. O'Neal—There were many there that were wiser than I, that did not discover it.

Lord Chief Justice—How old are you?

N. O'Neal—I believe about twenty-two years old.

Lord Chief Justice—And this was but in 1678.

Attorney General—Swear Owen Murfey (which was done). Come, what say you?

O. Murfey—Mr. Edmund Murfey discovered the plot; he went to our lieutenant-Baker and did discover the plot to him, that there was a design to bring in the French.

Lord Chief Justice—Speak out aloud; I cannot hear you.

O. Murfey—All I know is from Mr. Edmund Murfey—

Lord Chief Justice—What do you know of your own knowledge?

O. Murfey—Mr. Lieutenant Baker told me that he did hear of the French.

Lord Chief Justice—Speak what you know yourself.

O. Murfey—If it please your lordship, this is more; I saw that evidence that Edmund Murfey did produce in Ireland, when he was sent to the gaol there; but without trial or anything.

Attorney General—Then swear Hugh Duffy (which was done). Speak loud, and tell my lord what you know of this plot and the prisoner: you know the prisoner, do not you?

Duffy—I know him? yes, I know him well enough.

Lord Chief Justice—What say you more of him?

Duffy—My lord, I say I have seen this Dr. Oliver Plunkett raising several sums of money to carry on this plot; sometimes 10s. per annum, sometimes 20s.

Solicitor General—Of whom?

Duffy—Of all the priests in Ireland; of every priest according to his pension and parish.

Lord Chief Justice—In all Ireland?

Duffy—Yes.

Lord Chief Justice—And towards the proceedings of the plot?

Duffy—It was given to his agent which was at Rome, and for carrying on the business.

Attorney General—How came you to know this?

Duffy—I was servant to Dr. Duffy, who was infinitely beloved by this man. He was father confessor to the queen of Spain. There was nothing that happened between them but I was by all the time.

Lord Chief Justice—Were you chaplain to him?

Duffy—Yes.

Lord Chief Justice—You are a Papist, then?

Duffy—Yes.

Attorney General—This man is a friar, my lord.

Lord Chief Justice—Were you in the company with them?

Duffy—Yes I was.

Lord Chief Justice—What did pass there?

Duffy—About the plot; how they could confirm the plot: and this man Plunkett said he could prevail with the king of France, and the other with the king of Spain.

Attorney General—Pray acquaint my lord particularly when this was, and in what place, and what they said?

Duffy—It was in 1673, 74, and 75, at his own house and at . . . * he kept three or four Jesuits there, and a matter of a hundred priests.

Attorney General—What passed in the company?

Lord Chief Justice—Who else was there?

Duffy—The discourse, my lord, was always about the plot, how they could contrive the matter between them; and so they did conclude afterwards to raise so much money upon several priests, all the priests in Ireland, sometimes 20s. sometimes 40s.

Lord Chief Justice—A-piece, do you mean?

Duffy—Yes.

Attorney General—What discourse had they about the French at any time?

Duffy—Yes, a hundred times; he talked several times that he did not question but he should prevail with the king of France not to invade Spain; and I have seen his letter to Cardinal Bouillon, to expostulate with him about the king of France, why he should wage war with the king of Spain who was a Catholic, but rather should come and redeem Ireland out of its heretical jurisdiction.

Attorney General—Did you see the letter?

Duffy—Yes.

Attorney General—Why do you know his hand?

Duffy—Yes, I know it as well as I know my own; I know it if there were a thousand papers together.

Attorney General—And what was the import of it, pray?

Duffy—That Cardinal Bouillon should prevail with the king of France not to invade Spain; and the contents of the rest of the letter were, that he did admire he should not rather wage war with the king of England, who hath been an apostate, and help their poor country that was daily tormented with heretical jurisdiction.

Attorney General—How came you to be in France? Were you employed?

Duffy—I went to France to live there in a convent.

Plunkett—Did Cardinal Bouillon show you my letter?

Duffy—Yes.

Plunkett—What year?

Duffy—1667.

Attorney General—Pray Sir, you were speaking of raising money—

Duffy—Yes.

Attorney General—Did you see any precept about it?

* There is an omission here, but the whole story is the grossest falsehood. That the poor primate who had never above £60 a-year, who lived in a little cottage in which was a room not seven feet high, which he used for a library, should have an establishment in which he kept "Three or four Jesuits and a hundred priests, for the purpose of hatching a plot," is so outrageously absurd that one can only wonder how any court could continue to listen to a swearer who paid as little regard to probability as to truth itself.

* Virginia is in the county of Cavan, and province of Ulster. It is needless to point attention to the absurdity and impossibility of what this witness means. He gives no evidence against the primate, "whom he never saw in his life." It is wonderful how he escaped when Sir John Davis transported the witnesses of the plot, sent to Dublin by Murphy. Probably he never saw Sir John.

† He is called M'Clave by the primate, in his speech at Tyburn.

Duffy—Yes, I have seen several precepts; I was curate to one Father Murfey; and while that man was with Dr. Oliver Plunkett and other Jesuits, I did officiate in his place, and he sent his letters to me to raise 40s. and 20s. a time, several times.

Lord Chief Justice—You, yourself?

Duffy—Yes.

Attorney General—What for?

Duffy—It was to send to Dr. . . . * who was at Rome.

Attorney General—Did you send any money that you know of?

Duffy—Yes,

Attorney General—Tell what time you gave the money yourself?

Duffy—In 1673, 74, 75.

Attorney General—Where?

Duffy—At his own dwelling-place, at—

Justice Jones—Of what quality was the prisoner amongst you?

Duffy—He was primate of all Ireland.

Justice Jones—Under whom?

Duffy—Under whom? Under the pope.

Justice Jones—How do you know he was so?

Duffy—We had it in his writings.

Lord Chief Justice—Did he style himself so in his letters?

Duffy—Yes, if he wrote but to the least man in the country, he would write "Oliverus Armocanus, primos totius Hiberniæ."

Lord Chief Justice—And so you always understood him?

Duffy—Yes.

Attorney General—Were you present at any of the general consultations or meetings?

Duffy—Yes, I was.

Attorney General—What number might meet at that time?

Duffy—Five hundred men and women.

Attorney General—Where was this?

Duffy—At Cloud's.†

Attorney General—What was the occasion and design of that meeting?

Duffy—Confirmation from the bishop.

Attorney General—And what was done there besides?

Duffy—The second thing was, that the gentlemen of the three counties should conclude together about this matter.

Lord Chief Justice—About what?

Duffy—About joining the French and Spaniards together.

Justice Dolbein—Where was that meeting?

Duffy—In the County of Monaghan.

Justice Dolbein—Was the prisoner there?

Duffy—Yes, he was the chief man.

Lord Chief Justice—When was this?

Duffy—In 1671, to the best of my knowledge.

Justice Dolbein—Were you there yourself?

Duffy—Yes.

Attorney General—What was the transaction of that day, besides the sacrament of confirmation?

Duffy—It was agreed that the gentlemen of Armagh, Monaghan, and Connaught,‡ should join together; and then they went into a private council to get a list of all the officers that were in the last rebellion, and those that lost their estates.

Attorney General—How do you know that? Did you go into the consult?

Duffy—Yes, I was in the same consult myself, and was as willing to proceed in the matter as any one in the world.

Lord Chief Justice—Where was this?

Duffy—Within two miles of Clouds (Clones), at one Father . . . house.

Lord Chief Justice—Was that at the time when there were so many persons met? Pray speak again what was done there besides confirmation?

Duffy—Why they were withdrawn aside into a garden, some stood up, and some sat down; and Oliver Plunkett stood in the middle of them all as a prelate, and every one kneeled down before him and kissed his hand.

Attorney General—What was then said?

Duffy—Then they did consult and gave special order to some

of them to get a list of all the officers in the late rebellion, and that lost their estates, and that they should be more forward than others to proceed in that wicked design.

Lord Chief Justice—What was that design?

Duffy—To destroy all the Protestants together.

Attorney General—Was it to mingle the Irish and Spanish and French army together?

Duffy—Yes, it was.

Attorney General—Did you hear the prisoner speak about it?

Duffy—Yes, and he made a special mention there, concerning our own faith and religion.

Attorney General—Was there any mention of money at that time?

Duffy—It was that every man of them that could dispose of money, should provide some for those gentleman that would soon come into Ireland.

Sergeant Maynard—Who were those gentleman?

Duffy—The French army and the Spanish army together.

Attorney General—Were you at any other meeting?

Duffy—No.

Attorney General—After he was taken, do you know of any order he sent out to gather money?

Duffy—Yes, at the assizes of Dalkeith;* I think it is June two years ago he was apprehended—

Attorney General—Indeed he was first apprehended as a very busy Papist.

Duffy—I have seen two or three several orders to raise money for the same purpose; and that it was the only time to bring the matter to an end, when he lay in gaol himself.

Attorney General—Was that the effect of the letter?

Duffy—Yes, and that the French and Spanish kings should take the advantage that now offered whilst he was in prison.

Justice Jones—You say some money was sent to Dr. Cray?

Duffy—Yes.

Justice Jones—To what end?

Duffy—To comply with this design.

Justice Jones—Where was that Dr. Cray?

Duffy—He was at Rome; he was made a bishop there.

Attorney General—Who employed him there?

Duffy—This man employed him always.

Lord Chief Justice—What was his name?

Duffy—Cray.

Justice Jones—You say some of the priests paid 20s., some 40s.?

Duffy—Yes.

Justice Jones—Did the lay-gentry agree to pay nothing?

Duffy—I don't know for the gentry.

Lord Chief Justice—But I think you paid something yourself?

Duffy—Yes, I paid for two or three years myself.

Lord Chief Justice—And that was for the design?

Duffy—Yes, for the French and Spanish army, and all the purposes together.

Attorney General—What do know you of any precept to be given in of all sorts of persons of such an age?

Duffy—I gave a list of the age of every person from sixteen to sixty.

Attorney General—By whose order?

Duffy—By his order.

Serjeant Jefferies—To whom did you give it?

Duffy—To Dr. Plunkett.

Serjeant Jefferies—That is, to the prisoner?

Duffy—Yes, out of my own precinct.

Attorney General—Had you had any order from him?

Duffy—Yes, it was directed to the parish priest, and I being curate in his place, received the order.

Sir F. Withins—To what purpose was it?

Duffy—To know what men in Ireland were able to bear arms.

Justice Jones—What was the number contained in your list?

Duffy—250.

Justice Jones—What, in one parish?

Duffy—Yes.

Serjeant Jefferies—What was the parish's name?

Duffy—Coghan.†

Attorney General—Do you know anything of his going to view the ports?

* Dundalk is here meant. The primate was not taken at the assizes at all, nor in June, but in December, and as this was notorious the Attorney General gives the witness a hint not to commit himself. He also states the cause of his first apprehension which, as will be observed, is the same as that mentioned by the primate himself.

† The real name of this parish is Fohart, as I have already stated. It is situated near Dundalk, in the county of Louth. He was also Duffy's curate in Killeavy, at another period.

* The person whose name is here omitted, was Dr. Creagh (Cray) who had been the agent of the Irish bishops in Rome. They had not any agent however, in Rome as the primate states on the trial, for seven years previously, because they were not able to support one. Dr. Creagh was bishop of Cork, and afterwards translated to Dublin.

† This ought to be Clones, in the county Monaghan, where the primate confirmed in 1671. There was then no bishop in Clogher, as Dr. Duffy was not appointed until shortly afterwards.

‡ As already stated, this ought to be the county of Cavan in Ulster.

Duffy—I accompanied him to Carlingford.

Attorney General—Did you.

Duffy—Yes, in person I did.

Sergeant Jeffries—What did he say?

Duffy—He went round about the place where some of the custom ships come in; there was a great castle there near the sea, and he went to view the place, but could not get a boat. And there was a great talk of Carlingford to be one of the best havens in Ireland; there was no great garrison at the place, and any ship might come to the gates of the town, and surprise it, being a little town.

Attorney General—What did he conclude upon that?

Duffy—That he might get the French army to land safely there.

Attorney General—What do you know of delivering any ammunition and arms?

Duffy—He did send some of this money to get ammunition and arms into Ireland.

Plunkett—You say you were Murfey's curate: can you show me such institution as you say came to you to raise money?

Duffy—I could have brought them but thought it needless.

Plunkett—Can you name any other person I received money from?

Duffy—I have seen your paper of the county of Monaghan.

Plunkett—Have you seen any of them pay any money?

Duffy—Yes, I have seen twenty of them pay money.

Justice Dolbein—Why, are you acquainted with this man. Are you not Mr. Plunkett?

Plunkett—My lord, I believe I have seen him?

Justice Dolbein—Don't you know he was chaplain to bishop Duffy?

Plunkett—No, I never was in his company.

Sergeant Jeffries—Pray tell him what time of the year it was that you were at Carlingford?

Duffy—It was at the end of 1677 and the beginning of 1678.

Attorney General—Pray, if you can recollect, was you once or twice or twenty times in his company?

Duffy—As I am a Christian, I have been a hundred times in his company? And when you were creating priests, you would always send for me to be present; and I wonder how the man should forget himself.

Plunkett—I do not say I have not seen him, or that I am a stranger to the man; but in the company of bishop Duffy I never saw him, nor I never sent him orders to pay any money; and if he did pay any money he might show the order.

Sergeant Jeffries—If he did pay any money you did ill to take it.

Attorney General—Pray let him have fair play to ask any questions.

Solicitor General—Tell how you came to remember that you saw him at Sir Nicholas Plunket's.

Duffy—Dr. Duffy did send me to Sir Nicholas Plunket's, and I met Dr. Plunkett as I was coming out of the city. I had been half a year at the Spanish ambassador's, and he sent me for Ireland again, and then I lived at the convent in Dublin; and then when I knew that he would come to town I went to Rings-end, where the ships came in, to meet him.

Plunkett—You say you were with me at my house?

Duffy—Yes.

Plunkett—If you were you were invisible: but I ask you, why did you not tell this to some justice of the peace?

Justice Dolbein—Good Mr. Plunkett, he tells you he was as willing to forward it then as you.

Lord Chief Justice—How came you now to change your mind?

Duffy—I went into France in 1677, and I was not there a year altogether; but when I have seen how the poor people were brought into such slavery by the French king, I thought of it and had rather the devil should reign over us than the Frenchman.

Justice Dolbein—He gives you a very good, rational account why.

Duffy—I have been at Sir Nicholas Plunket's, where there fell some variance about something this man had done to Father Duffy. Says bishop Duffy, I might have had you drawn and quartered if I were as ill a man as you; and I might have been primate of Ireland if I would have undertaken those things that you undertook. Upon that, says Sir Nicholas Plunket, What is that? Why, it was said, it was to raise 60,000 men in Ireland at any time whenever the French or the Spanish king should wage war with England, Scotland, and Ireland. And this man did confess before my face, to Father Duffy, that it was not only to exalt himself but all the Romish clergy and all the gentry that had lost their estates.

Plunkett—Mr. Duffy, one word with you: is not this out of malice to me for correcting some of the clergy?

Duffy—You had nothing to do with me, for I was a friar.

Attorney General—Swear Edmund Murfey (which was done). Tell your whole knowledge of Dr. Plunkett and of the Irish plot.

Murfey—May it please you, my lord, I was one of the first discoverers of this plot; but of nine witnesses I have but one in town.

Lord Chief Justice—Well tell your own knowledge.

Murfey—Now I beg your lordship, as to Dr. Plunkett, that you will respite it till next term; I could bring ten witnesses.

Attorney General—Do you speak your own evidence?

Murfey—I refer it to the king and council what evidence I have given.

Lord Chief Justice—Do not trouble yourself, be directed a little. You are here now to speak what you know concerning any treasons or any other matters against the king, done by Dr. Plunkett; speak your own knowledge, for as to the other witnesses we do not call you.

Murfey—If I be called in question for this evidence—

Attorney General—Come, Sir, you have been at the Spanish ambassador's lately, answer my question; have you ever been with Dr. Plunkett in Ireland?

Murfey—Yes, Sir.

Attorney General—Have you ever heard him own himself primate of Ireland?

Murfey—Yes, titular primate.

Attorney General—Under whom did he claim that authority? Under the king or under the Pope?

Murfey—I think he could not be under the king at all.

Attorney General—Under whom then?

Murfey—It must be either the king or the Pope.

Lord Chief Justice—Answer me directly, did he claim to be titular primate under the Pope?

Murfey—I suppose he did.

Lord Chief Justice—Was he reputed generally so to be?

Murfey—Yes, my lord.

Attorney General—Mr. Murfey remember what you swore before the grand jury: pray recollect yourself whether that be true, and tell all.

Lord Chief Justice—You are upon your oath, you must speak the truth and the whole truth; you must not mince or conceal anything.

Sergeant Jeffries—Were you sworn before the grand jury?

Murfey—I was sworn before the king and parliament.

Sergeant Jeffries—Did you give in any evidence to the grand jury?

Murfey—Yes I did.

Sergeant Jeffries—Was that you swore before the grand jury true, upon your oath?

Murfey—I can't say but it was.

Sergeant Jeffries—Repeat it; tell my lord and the jury what it was, and tell the truth.

Murfey—I have forgot it.

Attorney General—Why then I would ask you a little; you remember I was by, and it is no laughing matter.

Murfey—You will find it so.

Attorney General—What do you know of any orders issued by Mr. Plunkett to raise money from the priests?

Murfey—I know there were orders, and I took the orders myself in my hand.

Attorney General—From whom had you those orders?

Murfey—From another and not from him.

Attorney General—Under whose hand were those orders?

Murfey—They were from the primate.

Attorney General—Did you see any order under Plunkett's hand for raising money?

Murfey—No, but under the vicar-general's, by his authority, as I suppose.

Attorney General—Upon your oath did you not swear before the grand jury that you saw the orders under his hand?

Murfey—No, I did not, or I was mistaken, for it was only by his direction.

Attorney General—Pray had you any converse with Oliver Plunkett about the raising of the money?

Murfey—Oliver Plunkett about the raising of the money?

Attorney General—Yes, that is a plain question.

Murfey—It was about other matters I conversed with him?

Attorney General—But did you converse with him about money?

Murfey—No, not about money.

Attorney General—Upon your oath did you converse with him about bringing in the French?

Sergeant Jeffries—Declare the truth, come.

Lord Chief Justice—Come don't trifle; what discourse have you had with the prisoner about raising of money or bringing in the French? Either of them, sir?

Murfey—I know this, if the Duke of York and Duke of Ormond

had proceeded according to their intentions it was a general expectation, at the same time, that all the French and Irish would come and fall upon the English nation, as I understood.

Lord Chief Justice—Pray answer the question directly: you must not come and think to trifle with the court, you must speak the truth, you are sworn to it. You must not come to quibble and run about to this and that, and t'other, but answer directly, have you had any discourse with the prisoner about orders for raising of money in Ireland?

Murphy—Yes, I have seen orders from his vicar-general for the raising of money.

Lord Chief Justice—Hath he owned them to be by his direction?

Murphy—Not before me, but others he has.

Attorney General—Have you seen any money paid to him?

Murphy—To whom?

Attorney General—To Plunkett?

Murphy—To the vicar-general I have.

Lord Chief Justice—But to Plunkett.

Murphy—None to Plunkett.

Lord Chief Justice—Have you had any discourse with him at any time about the raising of money which the vicar-general gave order for?

Murphy—I have had discourse with the vicar-general.

Lord Chief Justice—Sir, don't trifle; have you had any with him?

Murphy—Yes, I have had some discourse with him.

Lord Chief Justice—Tell me what this discourse was?

Murphy—I think it was about this: if the Duke of York and the Duke of Monmouth fell out together, that he had some men to raise about the matter, and if the Duke of Monmouth would raise the Protestant religion—

Attorney General—You see he hath been in Spanish hands.

Lord Chief Justice—Were you a Protestant, sir?

Murphy—No, I am a priest.

Sergeant Jeffries—This to seek yet.

Murphy—I am indifferent whether I be a Protestant or priest.

Attorney General—My lord, he is a priest in orders, and so hath acknowledged himself.

Murphy—Yes, I am a priest, but it makes me forget myself to see so many evidences come in, that never knew Plunkett.

Lord Chief Justice—Sir, you refuse to answer those questions that we put to you here.

Murphy—What I said before the parliament I answer punctually.

Lord Chief Justice—You are asked questions here and produced as a witness; will you answer directly or not?

Murphy—Yes, I will.

Lord Chief Justice—Then let me hear what discourse you had with the primate Plunkett concerning any money raised by him or his vicar-general.

Murphy—May it please your lordship, first of all I did not impeach primate Plunkett, but the officers and justices of the peace.

Justice Jones—Had you any discourse with him, yes or no?

Murphy—That he should find so many Catholics in Ireland if the Duke of York and the Duke of Monmouth fell out.

Justice Jones—Why it plainly appears what you drove at, at first, to put off his trial if you could.

Lord Chief Justice—The Papists in England have been at work with you.

Sergeant Jeffries—I perceived this gentleman was very busy looking upon his hat, I desire he may be searched, if he have no paper about him.

Attorney General—Mr. Solicitor and myself heard the evidence he gave before the grand jury.

[Then he went out of the court, and would scarce be persuaded to come back again.]

Attorney General—We both heard him, and he gave the fullest evidence, much fuller to all instances and particulars of this high treason, much fuller than Duffy, to the grand jury. Afterwards, about three weeks ago, the trial coming on, he ran off, and lay hid; I took a great deal of pains to find him out, and sent messengers about; at last I heard he was got to the Spanish ambassador's, I sent and they spied him in the chapel; but the Spanish ambassador's servants fell upon the messengers and beat them, the ambassador was first sent to about it, and his excellency promised that he should be brought; and when he was found, he told me but the last night, that all he had sworn before the grand jury was true, and he was ready to make it out again.

Lord Chief Justice—And now he says he knows not what he said then; pray take notice of that.

Murphy—I told the grand jury this, that my lord Plunkett had a design to get 60 or 70,000 men in Ireland if the Duke of York and the Duke of Monmouth should fall out.

Attorney General—Did you tell a word of that to the grand jury?

Murphy—Yes, Sir, or I was mistaken.

Attorney General—Not one word of that did he then say.

Lord Chief Justice—Do you own this man, Dr. Plunkett, to be of your religion?

Sergeant Jeffries—Do you know this Seeker?

Plunkett—He says himself he is indifferent to be a Protestant or a Papist.

Sergeant Jeffries—I will only try you by one question more, for you are sought out, and, it may be, you may be found: do you know how many men he was to raise in Ireland? remember what you said to the grand jury.

Murphy—70,000 men.

Lord Chief Justice—What were they to do?

Murphy—For establishing, if occasion should be—

Sergeant Jeffries—Establishing, establishing what?

Murphy—Of the Romish religion.

Sergeant Jeffries—Well, so far we have got 70,000 men to establish the Romish religion: what, was Plunkett to do this?

Murphy—As far as I understood.

Justice Jones—And you understood it by himself?

Murphy—I received letters from the vicar-general to get so much money collected, and as soon as I got the letters to my hands I sent them to a privy counsellor.

Lord Chief Justice—Do you not know that he was engaged to assist the French army?

Murphy—Yes.

Lord Chief Justice—Do you know that he did endeavour to bring them into Ireland?

Murphy—I had a correspondence in France at the same time—

Lord Chief Justice—With whom?

Murphy—With one Mac Carty.

Lord Chief Justice—And do you know that he had correspondence in France?

Murphy—He had correspondence with Dr. Cray and others in France, as I understand by others.

Justice Dolbein—Was the end of that correspondence to bring men from France into Ireland?

Murphy—Yes, so far as I understand.

Justice Dolbein—You understood the letters when you read them, did you not?

Murphy—I know not how these people came to swear this business whether they had not malice against him—

Attorney General—Well, Sir, pray give you your evidence, we will take care of the rest.

Justice Dolbein—I reckon this man hath given the best evidence that can be.

Lord Chief Justice—Yes, it is evidence that the Catholics have been tampering with him.

Sergeant Jeffries—I desire he may be committed, my lord, because he hath fenced from the beginning (which was done accordingly).

Attorney General—Swear John M'Leigh (which was done).

Sir F. Withins—Tell my lord and the jury what you know of any plot in Ireland to bring in the French.

Mac Lehigh—I was a parish priest in Ireland in the county of Monaghan, and Dr. Oliver Plunkett received several sums of money in Ireland, and especially in the diocese where I am. I raised some of it, and paid him 40s. at one time, and 30s. another time, in 1674 I paid him 40s., in 1675 I paid him 50s., and it was about July, and it was for the better advancement of the French coming in.

Mr. Jones—Did he tell you that the money was to be employed that way?

Mac Lehigh—Yes, that the money was to be kept for arms and ammunition, for the Roman Catholics in Ireland.

Lord Chief Justice—Before you paid it, did you receive any order from him?

Mac Lehigh—Yes, I received an order "subpoena suspensionis," and there was a public order throughout Ireland, or we would not pay it; nay several would not pay it and they were to be suspended.

Plunkett—Can you show any of the orders under my hand?

Mac Lehigh—Yes, I can show them but only they are afar off, I did not expect to have them asked for.*

* This Mac Lehigh, or M'Clave, (as he is called by the primate, in his dying speech at Tyburn), is another innocent, who like Duffy did not bring the treasonable orders which he had under the primate's hand, because he did not expect they would be called for. Every one who knows anything of Catholic discipline will at once see that what this fellow alleges about the power of the primate to suspend, at his pleasure, priests not of his own diocese, and even bishops, is outrageously false. We see here one of the numerous

Plunkett—Have you no superiors of your own?

Mac Legh—Yes, but you being lord primate you could suspend bishops and inferior clergy together.

Plunkett—When was this?

Mac Legh—In 1674 and 1675.

Plunkett—What is the reason you kept it so secret all this while?

Mac Legh—In the year 1677,* I did discover it to one Mr. O'Neal whom I sent to Dublin to discover the plot. I was in France myself, my lord.

Plunkett—How many years is it since you returned from France?

Mac Legh—In May, in the year 1678.

Plunkett—Why did you not speak all this while till now?

Mac Legh—I did send one Mr. Henry O'Neal to Dublin, for I durst not go, lest I should have been suspended and excommunicated.

Attorney General—This is the priest that Henry O'Neal speaks of.

Lord Chief Justice—Is not this a very good reason? If he had come to Dublin to discover, you would have suspended him.

Plunkett—But, my lord, then he might have shown my suspension, and brought me into a "præmunire."

Sergeant Jefferies—If you please, doctor, let us who are for the king, have done with him first. I would ask you another question, Sir, were you at one Vicar Brady's house?

Mac Legh—Yes, I was.

Attorney General—Tell what was done there?

Mac Legh—There was bishop Tyrrel came there with 40 horse-men, well mounted and armed; he came into the house about 10 in the morning, and staid till about 11 at night, I was very much among them, and was as willing to be of the plot as themselves.

Attorney General—Tell what was done there.

Mac Legh—There bishop Tyrrell said he had orders from doctor Oliver Plunkett, and others, to partake of the plot to bring in the French and subvert the government in Ireland, and destroy the Protestant religion and the Protestants.

Attorney General—Was there an oath given?

Mac Legh—Yes, they were all put to their oaths, which they did take willingly to keep it private during their lives time, and the reason was, they were to have their estates during their lives time.

Sergeant Jefferies—Now tell us when this was?

Attorney General—My lord, Henry O'Neal and Phelim O'Neal speak to the same purpose.

Sergeant Jefferies—Do you remember whether Henry O'Neal was there? Did he take the oath of secresy?

Mac Legh—Yes.

Attorney General—What do you know of any letters from Plunkett?

Mac Legh—In France I landed at Brest, and going through Brittany I met with bishop Tyrrell and Dr. Cray, who was my lord Oliver Plunkett's agent, and duke John of Great Brittany came into them, for he heard of these two bishops being lately come out of Rome, sent for them, and I being a priest of Tyrrell's diocese, I went along with them, and they were well accepted, and he showed Dr. Oliver Plunkett's conditions with the king of France, which was this: to get Dublin and Londonderry, and all the sea-ports into their own hands, to levy war and destroy the Protestant religion, and that they should have him to protect them during his life-time.

Lord Chief Justice—Did you see those conditions?

Mac Legh—A copy of them I did; the governor of Brittany did show them to the bishop.

Sergeant Jefferies—What language were those conditions in?

Mac Legh—They were in Latin, Sir.

Sergeant Jefferies—Was Edmund Murfey put out of the diocese?

Mac Legh—Not as I know of.

Lord Chief Justice—What do you know of his being primate? Upon what condition was he made primate?

Mac Legh—He was made primate by the election of the king of France. And upon his election he made those conditions with the king of France, to raise men to join with the French to destroy the Protestant religion.

Justice Jones—You know that man, Dr. Plunkett?

Plunkett—Yes, my lord.

instances in which the primate was not allowed to exercise the poor privilege of asking the witness a question. Even when the Lord Chief Justice incautiously asks when a certain imaginary meeting took place at Vicar Brady's, the witness is allowed to evade it lest he should contradict others.

* It will be seen, by referring to Henry O'Neal's evidence, that he swore this communication was made to him in September, 1678. But this is a small matter amid such a heap of perjuries.

Attorney General—Will you ask him any questions?

Plunkett—None but what I asked the others.

Justice Dolbein—Then if that is all, he hath given you a good answer to that already, he was as forward then as the rest.

Attorney General—Then swear John Moyer (which was done).

Justice Jones—What do you know concerning any plot in Ireland, and Dr. Plunkett's being in it?

Moyer—I knew him first, my lord, to be made primate of Ireland, engaging that he should propagate the Romish faith in Ireland, and to restore it to the Catholic government; and I know the time by relation that I come to Rome, within two months after his being made primate of Ireland, upon the same conditions that have been related to you; and I was brought into the convent of St. Francis in Rome, by one Father —, and this father was very intimate with Cardinal Spinola; and when he used to go abroad, he used to carry me along with him as a companion, and then I found several of the Romish cardinals say that the kingdom of Ireland should come under the Catholic government, by the way and means of the lord primate Plunkett.

Attorney General—What do you know of yourself?

Moyer—As I was then from Rome, I happened to come into a convent of the order of Franciscans, and there came out of Ireland a young gentleman of the family of the O'Neals, who hath been my lord primate's page.

Plunkett—I never had a page.

Moyer—You termed him so, my lord, in Ireland, and as I came, this young man had a packet of letters with him, as though they were commendations, to enter into the *College De propaganda Fide*, directed to the secretary of the college. And thinking them to be letters of commendation, an old father, called one Thomas Crawley, and I, thought it not prejudicial to open the seal; and the contents were these, I translated them five years ago, and here are the contents following; if you please they may be read, I will do my best to read them in English, the original were in Latin, and some phrases in Italian. And when I was surprised with Mr. Murfey the last year, and taken suddenly, all my papers were taken away before I could return back again, by the soldiers and the Tories. I only kept a copy of this letter I had in English, as near as I could, and if I did not diminish anything by the translation, upon the oath I have taken, I have not put anything in it but what the contents of the letter were.*

Lord Chief Justice—Was that letter under his own hand?

Moyer—My lord cannot deny that.

Plunkett—Do you know my own handwriting?

Moyer—Does your lordship deny that I know your hand?

Plunkett—Pray, Sir, will you answer it?

Moyer—Yes, I do, very well.

Plunkett—When did you leave Ireland?

Moyer—I will tell you that, my lord, it is some fourteen or fifteen years ago.

Sergeant Jefferies—You were giving an account of the letter, read it.

Moyer—There is the contents, "Illustrissime Domine;" it was directed to Seigneur —, who is now secretary of the *College De Propaganda Fide* (so then he read his paper).

Solicitor General—You say you translated that out of a letter under the prisoner's own hand?

Moyer—Yes, I translated it immediately, and to prove it, I have statutes which his lordship made in the general national council, which are under your own hand, my lord.

Solicitor General—When did you make this translation?

Moyer—Five years ago.

Solicitor General—Where did you make it?

Moyer—I made it out of the original in Ireland.

Solicitor General—Where is the original?

Moyer—When I was taken by Mr. Murfey and Mr. Hetherington, the last year, the soldiers and Tories came and took them away, with other papers I had of the same business.

Lord Chief Justice—Was the paper you translated from of his handwriting?

Moyer—No, my lord, the paper I took this out of was a copy of the original.

Lord Chief Justice—Was the original of his handwriting?

Moyer—Yes, it was.

Lord Chief Justice—When did you take it?

* This witness has a new excuse for not producing the treasonable papers of the primate. As we have seen, he was himself a convicted robber, and the latter was as clearly an invention of his own as the interpolation of the statute, by which, as will be seen a little farther on, he makes the allowance of the agent of the bishop, to their agent at Rome, £500 instead of £50. The judges, as usual, act most outrageously here.

Moyer—It was in Latin and Italian, and I translated it afterwards.

Lord Chief Justice—And the English father, you say, made bold to open it?

Moyer—Yes, because he thought it was a letter of recommendation; but the original of the statutes made at Clouds,* I did take the original and give a copy to the page.

Lord Chief Justice—Have you the original here?

Moyer—Yes, my lord, under his own hand.

Plunkett—That is another thing.

Lord Chief Justice—But we would know that other thing.

Serjeant Jeffries—My lord, I desire that he would produce it, it is his own handwriting; see whether his grace can deny it.

Moyer—The signing of it is his own handwriting; I got the writing along with the letter, and thinking to have a copy of the one as well as the other; it was the statutes I got, and I never knew I had them till I was in Madrid in Spain.

(Then the paper was shown the prisoner.)

Plunkett—My lord, it is my hand.

Moyer—Indeed, my lord, it is your own hand.

Serjeant Jeffries—He owns it.

Moyer—And there is an order in those statutes, wherein Ireland was bound to send so much money to Rome upon such a design.

Then the witness read the title in Latin.

Justice Dolbein—Look out that clause for the raising of the money.

Moyer—My lord, it is that I look for, *Cum tot clero in Hibernia necessarium sit.*

Justice Dolbein—That is but *negotia* generally.

Serjeant Maynard—That was to solicit their affairs.

Attorney General—It is £500 in the whole.

Plunkett—Is it £500?

Moyer—It is in figures a 5 and two 00.

Plunkett—My lord, this is counterfeit, it is put in by other ink.

Justice Dolbein—Like enough so.

Lord Chief Justice—Nothing more ordinary, you leave a blank for the sum, and then, maybe, you put it in with other ink.

Justice Dolbein—How much do you say was the money, Dr. Plunkett?

Plunkett—My lord, every agent that is kept at Rome hath a maintenance, as all countries have their agents at Rome.

Justice Dolbein—How much was it?

Plunkett—It was £50 a-year.

Lord Chief Justice—Look you, Mr. Plunkett, consider with yourself, 50 or 500 in this case is not five farthings difference, but the money was to be raised by your order.

Plunkett—Aye, but whether it was not raised to this effect. There is never a nation where the Roman Catholic religion is professed, but hath an agent for their spiritual affairs at Rome, and this was for the spiritual affairs of the clergy of Ireland.

Serjeant Jeffries—And the letter was for spiritual affairs too, was it not?

Plunkett—I desire nothing, that is a truth, every nation hath an agent, and that agent must be maintained; and the reason is this, because we have many colleges beyond sea, and so there is no country of Roman Catholics but hath an agent at Rome.

Lord Chief Justice—You had better reserve yourself till by-and-by, to answer that and the letter together, for this is but a small part of the evidence.

Attorney General—About this letter you were speaking of, pray will you tell what fell out about it?

Moyer—I will tell you how it fell out afterwards. Then I came along into Marseilles, in France, and there were two captains that had as much notice as I had in that letter, for they were discoursing, that they would advance themselves in the French king's service, and hoped that by the king of France's help to have the Roman Catholic faith set up in their own country; why that discourse passed off for I was mightily afraid of any such thing, because I was of another opinion; for perhaps I might think the Roman Catholic faith would flourish as well as ever it did, and hoped so as well as anybody else, but not by the sword. As I came to Madrid, there came one Hugh O'Donnel, son to ——— O'Donnel, with letters of recommendation, and those letters were to entitle the young man, earl of Tyrone; and likewise that his majesty the king of Spain should help him for Ireland, according to the form of the letters he had. And then as I came for Ireland, speedily after these came letters of recommendation to me, that I should present myself to my lord primate, to hear confessions, and be heard preach. I came to his lordship, at his own house, the 9th of December, 1674, and there he kept me several hours, and approved me; and the copy of the approbation I have to show. And after a long dispute, we went aside and went to look Father

Patrick, and then he showed me such and such things. And after a long discourse, I told my lord primate I saw your lordship's letter, which you sent by young O'Neal, in such a place, and he showed me the contents of it, and I said, Ay, my lord, it is a good intention and design, if it can be done without bloodshed; then my lord mused a little, and he said, Well, Father Francis (which is my name in religion, my Christian name was John), pray will you keep it secret? Well, my lord, said I, you need not fear; for, said he, whatever I have done herein was not for my own good, but for the public good of the Catholics. Well, said I, it is well. Then he does commend me into the parish of ——— * where this Mr. Murfey here was to put in a bull, that I had from my lord primate, which bull was brought here last year; and there he proffered me high promotions if I would further such things, and solicit such gentlemen as I knew would be private in such business, such as were old commanders, among my friends and relations. Shortly after this I saw Plunkett, and bishop Tyrrel, and Con O'Neal, practising to bring the soldiers ready for Ireland, as soon as they could get opportunity. This Captain Con O'Neal coming to the place where we kept our priory, and he and his brother were sons to General O'Neal. And there Captain Con comes in the night-time and lodges with us, and discoursed with his brother and I, because I was his companion beyond sea, about these matters, that he expected my lord primate and bishop Tyrrel's coming thither that night to make some proposals about the church and other affairs. After ten o'clock or thereabouts my lord primate and Bishop Tyrrel came, with others in their company, and there they and Father O'Neal did consult amongst themselves, that they should send Captain Con to France, and to Barcelona, with such and such instruments; and sending those instruments away, Captain Con departs the country, and goes for France soon after; and speedily my lord primate undertook that he and Bishop Tyrrel should view Munster and Ulster, and other parts of Ireland, to see how affairs stood. Soon after, my lord primate calls a general provincial council, and sends out his orders to levy such and such taxes and subsidies, and warrants to all the parish priests, that they should give them new lists, to know whether the numbers they had sent to Rome before would comply with that list. And then O'Neal went to view the forts of Charlemont and Dungannon, whilst those lords did collect the money: the orders I have seen with my own proper eyes, and his own man confessed before the council in Ireland, that my lord gave them under his hand.

Serjeant Jeffries—What year was this?

Moyer—It was in 1676, to the best of my remembrance.

Lord Chief Justice—Look you, Sir, was this at a provincial meeting?

Moyer—Yes, my lord, a general national council, to send over instruments, to tell them that they were ready to assist any foreign army that should help on the design.

Lord Chief Justice—And to raise money?

Moyer—Yes, my lord.

Justice Dolbein—Have you paid him any money?

Moyer—I believe 30s.

Justice Dolbein—It was not a secret thing then, but openly done by them.

Moyer—Yes, I saw them when they came with orders; there were four priests, and they had a great cloak-bag, going with orders up and down.

Serjeant Jeffries—Why were you exempted?

Moyer—Because I am a regular priest

Sir Francis Withins—You say you saw the orders for raising money, how do you know for what it was to be employed?

Moyer—It was there specified down,

Plunkett—Can you show any of the orders?

Moyer—I could not take them, they did not concern me.

Sir Francis Withins—How was it specified?

Moyer—To levy so much money per priest. I cannot remember the particular sum, but that every priest should give so much towards our agent in Rome, to solicit their business, and forward it.

Lord Chief Justice—What year was it?

Moyer—1676.

Lord Chief Justice—Was any of the money specified for raising an army, or bringing in the French?

Moyer—It was both for the agent and to summon a national council, to get things ready prepared to entertain and accept the French army, when it should come. I am not so good in expressing myself in English.

Lord Chief Justice—Your sense is good, it is no matter for your expression.

Mr. Jones—What more do you know?

* There is a blank here in the State Trials, but Killeavy, as we have seen, was Murfey's parish.

* Clones, in Monaghan.

Moyer—I know that he had the same council, and that they did agree upon the business, and this I know by one Patrick Bourne and I being willing that this wicked action should be hindered, sent to the next justice to discharge myself of it, which justice was as favourable to the business as my lord himself was.

Lord Chief Justice—Will you ask him any questions, Mr. Plunkett?

Plunkett—I desire to know when he left Ireland?

Moyer—I cannot tell how to remember the years, but I think it was in 1662 or '63, to the best of my remembrance it was sixteen or seventeen years ago.

Plunkett—When did you return?

Moyer—I came back in 1674, and you know it, my lord.

Plunkett—Very well; when did you see the letter with the young man in Capronica?

Moyer—In 1672.

Plunkett—How then did you know my hand, which you had never seen?

Moyer—I have seen it several times, to several instruments to Seignor; and I have seen several other letters of your hand.

Plunkett—How did you know my hand?

Moyer—I cannot positively say I then knew your hand, but according to relation, I heard it from those cardinals I conversed with at Rome.

Lord Chief Justice—But now you are acquainted with his hand, is it the same hand that you have seen up and down in writings with his name to?

Moyer—Yes, my lord, it is the same hand.

Serjeant Jefferies—Look you, Sir, when you came back again and told him you had seen such a letter under his hand with O'Neal, did he own it to you?

Moyer—Yes, he did own it, and that he did not do it for his own benefit, but for the public.

Serjeant Jefferies—Did he desire you to be secret?

Moyer—Yes, he did, and to be discreet, and he would see me highly promoted. And my lord, you sent proposals to me to give me £100 that I should not prosecute you, according as they told me, and they gave me one guinea in hand for it.

Lord Chief Justice—Some of it came to the hands of Murfey, I believe.

Plunkett—My lord, I cannot say anything to this; my hands are tied, because my witnesses are not here. My lord, if I had my witnesses and records I did not care for all those witnesses.

Lord Chief Justice—But you know you had time to bring them.

Plunkett—My lord, I desire to know whether this be his bond (showing the paper to Mr. Moyer)?

Moyer—Yes, I believe it is.

Plunkett—I desire it may be read.

Moyer—Yes, I am very well satisfied it should.

Clerk of Crown reads—"For my reverend Father Anthony, guardian of Armagh, your letter and citation." It is dated in July, 1678.

Plunkett—He can read it himself.

Clerk of Crown—Read it right (the paper being delivered to him).

Moyer—My lord, I pity him with all my heart, that a man of my own function should be brought into question for such things as these are (he reads): "Very reverend Father-guardian (it is dated 1st July, 1678), your paternal letter and citation homeward, I did instantly peruse. As for my lord Oliver Plunkett, I wrote a letter to him, the day before I saw your reverence last, that he might cause my fame, which is as dear to me as my life, to be recalled, or I should cause his name to be fixed at every public place, which, by the Almighty, I will do, nature and all reason compelling me to do it."

Plunkett—My lord, I say this, he says he came to my house when he came over, and I imparted this secret to him, yet you see I had denounced him through my whole diocese, and he here calls me by all those names of Elymas, Simon Magus, and Baryesus, and it is impossible if I had communicated to him such a secret, that I would deal so with him.

Justice Dolbein—He does not say you imparted this secret to him; but he says when he told you of the letter, you answered him, but you seemed surprised, and answered first.

Lord Chief Justice—You resolved to flatter him there, and told him you hoped to see him the best of his order, highly promoted.

Justice Dolbein—How came you to fall out, Moyer?

Moyer—When first they had this meeting at Brontry, seeing a cloud a-coming, and dreading a war, and the consequences of it, I went and applied myself to Sir ——— Hamilton, one of his majesty's privy counsellors in Ireland, and I gave in all my informations the 7th December, 1676.

Justice Dolbein—And thereupon he denounced you excommunicated?

Moyer—Yes, and afterwards, when he saw I was in communi-

cation and familiar with those privy counsellors, then he was certain I had discovered the matter, and then he got a great many devices to get the letters out of my hand.

Plunkett—You shall see under his own hand all the stratagem of this, if I had my witnesses here, you should then see under his own hand upon what account he fell out with me. Pray, my lord, ask him if this other letter be his hand.

Moyer—I believe it is my own hand.

Lord Chief Justice—Read it.

Moyer—(reads) "Very reverend Father-guardian," (then speaking) my lord, you know that I was loth to discover myself, being among people knowing of the plot.

Lord Chief Justice—Well, read it over.

Moyer—(reads) "The 23rd of April, 1678, I was somewhat comforted by your letter. But now I hope your reverence hath considered what wrong I have sustained by my envious adversaries' calumnies, only for standing, as I have a soul to save, for your rights and privileges, as also for endeavouring to save my native country's ruin and destruction.

Justice Dolbein—Read that again (which he did).

Plunkett—Observe that I was his adversary for standing for the rights and privileges of the friars.

Justice Dolbein—As also for endeavouring to hinder his country's ruin and destruction.

Lord Chief Justice—The one and the other were the reason of your falling out.

Moyer—(Reads on).

Moyer—I was, my lord, I confess, a begging friar, and stood up for the privileges of the friars.

Plunkett—Did you write any process to Rome against me?

Moyer—No, I never did.

Plunkett—My lord, does he not say I was in disgrace at Rome?

Moyer—No, nothing of that.

Lord Chief Justice—I don't hear it, but what if he did? What is that to the purpose?

Plunkett—To show his contradictions; now he says I was great in Rome, and but then in his letter he says I was in disgrace at Rome. Now he says all that he had against me was for his friars, and to hinder the destruction of his country, because I hindered the friars to beg there, is the destruction of the country as he was doing there. Upon that he fell out with me, and upon that his own superiors sent this order.

Lord Chief Justice—We can't meddle with your superiors' orders, they are nothing before us.

Serjeant Jefferies—My lord, I think for the present we have done our evidence.

Plunkett—My lord, to show what was part of the falling out, I would ask him if he was indicted for any crime and found guilty by a jury?

Moyer—That was for discovering, for I discovered it before.

Plunkett—My lord, he confessed he was convicted for giving powder and shot to the rebels.

Justice Dolbein—No, he does not say so; produce the record if you have any such thing.

Moyer—To satisfy the court.

Serjeant Jefferies—Look, Dr. Plunkett, if you will ask him any questions that by law he is bound to answer, do it in God's name, we will not interpose; but if you ask him any questions that may tend to accuse himself, we must tell you he is not bound to answer them.

Plunkett—He hath been convicted and found guilty, he will confess it himself.

Lord Chief Justice—He is not bound to answer such a question.

Moyer—It was a tory swore against me, that you did absolve.

Justice Dolbein—Don't tell us a story of your tories.

Lord Chief Justice—Look you, Mr. Plunkett, don't misspend your own time, for the more you trifle in these things, the less time you will have for your defence. I desire you now to consider and well husband your time for your defence; what have you to say for yourself?

Plunkett—My lord, I tell you I have no way to defend myself; in that I was denied time to bring over my records, and my witnesses, which are ten or twelve. And if I had them here, I would stand in defiance of all the world to accuse me; but I have not sufficient time to bring over my records and my witnesses, and I am brought here out of my native country. Were I in Ireland, there both they and I should be known; but when I was to be tried they would not appear, and it is all false, and only malice. These men used to call me Oliverus Cromwellus, out of spite.

Serjeant Moynard—You are very like him, a destroyer of the government.

Serjeant Jefferies—Were you not acquainted with him?

Plunkett—This is all I can say, if I had my witnesses here I should make my defence.

Lord Chief Justice—There are some things, that if you can give an answer to, you will do well to do it, for they stick close to you. They do testify against you here, that you did undertake to raise a body of men in Ireland—70,000 men they speak of, out of your own nation, and all these were to join with the French, for the introducing the religion of the Romish church into Ireland, and settling that again there. And that you, in order to this, did take a survey of all those Roman Catholics that were able to bear arms, from sixteen to sixty; and there is plentiful evidence, that you did go a circuit there to peruse all towns, and see which might be most convenient for taking in and entertaining the French, and landing their forces; and Charlemont you did design that for one strong place to be taken, and Dungannon for another, and that you did design the French army to land at Carlingford, and all that was with you tells the reason you gave, why that should be the place, that they might come up with a burthened ship to the very gates of the town; that you did, in order to the entertaining these foreign forces, raise money; that you did send out your orders *sub-pena suspensionis* to all that were of the Roman clergy, and that this money was received, several of them testified that they paid it to you, and this man hath seen great numbers of persons pay money to you upon these accounts. All these are treason; what say you to them? It does impart you to consider what answer you can give.

Plunkett—My lord, first, as to the first point, I answer that I never received a farthing of money out of my own district, and but for my own livelihood, and that I can prove by those that have received it for me, and I never received over three-score pounds a-year in my life, unless some gentleman would now and then give me 10s. for my relief. For, my lord, this is the way in Ireland, every priest hath so many families allotted to him, and every Roman Catholic family gives 2s. a-year (as they that profess that may know), and the priests give some who are superior over them, in my own district, some 20s., some 30s., and I never got so much in my life as to maintain a servant, and this was attested before the council in Ireland.

Justice Dolbein—Ay, but the witnesses say you sent out of your own district, into another bishop's diocese, to collect money.

Plunkett—My lord, I say I could never get so much as to keep a servant, and till now I never got a farthing out of my own diocese, unless I have been called to an arbitration, or some such thing, it may be for my journey—forty or fifty miles—they would give me something for my maintenance. If you should find anything else I will be content to suffer; and if my evidence were brought from Ireland, there is nothing but what would be made clear, both under their own hands, and by records, and that is all well known, and was attested in his presence, before the council in Ireland; which three-score pounds was a very small thing to maintain me, and I never had above one servant, and the house I lived in was a little thatched house, wherein was only a little room for a library, which was not seven foot high, where once this fellow came to affront me, because I hindered him from begging, and that is for the money. For the men, I defy any one that ever saw me make a list of men in my life, or can produce any list made by my order. I was never in my life at Kingsale, at Cork, at Dungannon, at Limerick, &c., or those parts of Munster which were the chief ports where the French should come in, and not in Carlingford, which is in the narrow seas in Ulster, which any one that knows the world will judge to be a very improper place for the French to land in. It is all one as to say that the French should come in at a poor place, where they could get nothing, it being at the narrow seas, and they never saw me there in their lives.

Lord Chief Justice—Yes, one does say he was with you.

Plunkett—Well, one does say he saw me there, but if I had my witnesses here, I could prove he was a friar, and declared an apostate by his own provincial, as this gentleman is; and because I hindered them to beg in my districts, therefore they have this malice against me, that is all. Well, my lord, that is for that, I was never in my life in Connaught, and they cannot say I took any list in Ulster, nor was twelve miles in Munster in my life. But thus, my lord, sometimes there would be, as our way is, so many families assigned to every priest (and this is the plain truth), this priest complains to me of the inequality, my companion near me hath 150, and I have but three score, which I must rectify; though I never knew but one of these complaints. And if I had my witnesses from Ireland, and the records, I would defy all these witnesses together. For my sending to Rome, I never had an agent in Rome for these seven years past, because I was not able to maintain him, and indeed it was a great shame to us, because there is never a community of friars that hath a college beyond sea, but hath some agent at Rome.

Lord Chief Justice—It is a shame to have one there, not to want one.

Justice Dolbein.—Well, if you have witnesses I cannot tell what to say.

Plunkett—If I had gotten but to the latter end of the term, I had defied them all together; and your lordship should have seen under their own hands what they were.

Lord Chief Justice—You forget this all this while, your own letter wherein this matter is, that you had searched the towns and considered it.

Attorney General—He does deny there was such a letter—he does not own there was such a letter.

Plunkett—I, my lord, I never did write such a letter. And that young man that he speaks of, I could prove, if I had my witnesses, that he never was in my service or company in Ireland, nor writ any letters by him.

Lord Chief Justice—Did you never send any letter by one O'Neal?

Plunkett—No, my lord, he went over a begging.

Moyer—This young man's brother-in-law will testify that he was your lordship's page.

Plunkett—I have three witnesses that he came there begging, naked, and was sick three months, and went over a begging, and was at Rome as a straggler.

Moyer—Colonel Hanlet (who came in).

Sir F. Withins—Did you know Neal O'Neal?

Hanlet—Yes.

Sir F. Withins—Whose servant was he?

Hanlet—My lord, Plunkett sent him to Rome; he was sent there with his letters, and I saw the young man and his letters.

Mr. Jones—Did he come a begging there?

Hanlet—No.

Plunkett—Where did you see him?

Hanlet—At Mantz.

Plunkett—Where is that?

Hanlet—In France.

Plunkett—And you saw him with my letters?

Hanlet—Yes.

Plunkett—And this man says the letters were opened at Caprasina, because he thought they were letters of recommendation.

Hanlet—Why he went that way afterwards; and they were not opened when I saw them.

Serjeant Jefferies—Did you know he was the doctor's servant?

Hanlet—Yes, he was.

Plunkett—Did you see him in my service?

Hanlet—I saw him in Mantz.

Justice Dolbein—How do you know he was the bishop's servant?

Hanlet—Because he showed me his letter.

Lord Chief Justice—Was he owned for his servant, and was he taken for his servant?

Hanlet—Yes.

Plunkett—Did he go on foot or on horseback?

Hanlet—He went on foot.

Plunkett—He was in a poor condition in a place not four miles from Rome; that I can prove.

Lord Chief Justice—Did he beg as he went?

Hanlet—No.

Lord Chief Justice—Mr. Plunkett, if there is any question you will ask of the witnesses, or if there be any evidence you would give yourself, this is the time for the doing of it; if not, we must leave your case to the jury, who have heard the evidence all along.

Plunkett—Only this, my lord: your lordship sees how I am dealt with. First and foremost, I have not time to bring my witnesses or my records, which, if I had, I would not weigh one farthing to leave my cause with any jury in the world. Besides all this, I am brought out of my own native country, where these men lived and I lived, and where my witnesses and records are, which would show what these people are. I sent by the post, and did all that I could; and what can I say when I have not my witnesses against these people, that may swear anything in the world? You cannot but observe the improbability of the thing in itself, and unto what a condition I am brought. My lord, my life is in imminent danger, because I am brought out of my own country, where these people would not be believed against me.

Solicitor General—My lord, I think this matter lies in a narrow compass, the evidence hath been long: I would only repeat the short heads of that which hath been given at large. He is indicted for a conspiracy to kill the king: the overt act is an endeavour to introduce a foreign power into Ireland, to raise an army and levy war there; and the proof of it hath been very full. The proof in general, that there was a "plot" to introduce the French, is plain by all the witnesses; and the proof, in particular upon this person at the bar, hath been as plain as any thing can be. They proved to your lordship in general, that there was an expectation that the French should come in; that there was an invitation of Florence Wyer, the first witness, to

go over into France, and speedily he should have a command upon his return in Ireland; that there were preparations; for this appears by the oath of secrecy given to several men. Forty men that came along with Bishop Tyrrel to keep it private during their lives. And there was a farther proof of that general conspiracy by Duffy; that when there was a general meeting of so many thousand people for confirmation, there was, by the gentlemen of that meeting, a secret consultation how to carry on the design, and how to look out the old officers in the late rebellion, and to see what posture they were in as to the management of this design; and this comes more particularly to the prisoner, who was by at this consultation, so the witnesses do tell you. But that that comes nearer to him, is, that he did issue out orders for the raising of money; and that he did raise money pursuant to those orders, and did receive money for that very purpose: this is proved by three witnesses, Duffy, and Mac Legh, who paid the money, and by Moyer, the last witness, who saw him receive it from several persons. This is positive upon him; nay, they say farther, that there was a list made of the several men in the several parishes that were able to bear arms, upon occasion, from sixteen to sixty; and there was a list of a matter of three score thousand men that were ready, upon any occasion, to rise for this purpose; and this list was delivered over into the hands of the prisoner at the bar. There is one witness, Duffy, that says farther, that he saw a letter under his hand in France, to the Cardinal Bouillon, to invite the French king into Ireland; and he did wonder that he should spend his time and blood in wars against Spain, which was a Roman Catholic, and not come into Ireland to extirpate the heretics. And this letter is confirmed by another letter which was sent by Moyer, a copy of which is produced, which he translated from the original in Latin; and the letter was sent to Rome by Neill O'Neal, whom the prisoner says he had no concern for, but to give him some recommendations.

Plunkett—I gave him no recommendations.

Lord Chief Justice—No; he says he did not give him any, nor sent any letter by him.

Solicitor General—Then he urged that he went along begging by the way; but it is proved he was sent by him, and sent with letters, and that by his brother-in-law, who met him at Mantz. And it is proved by Moyer, who saw the letter opened, taking it to be but a common letter of recommendation; he read the letter, and took a copy of it, and translated that copy, which translation is enough to verify all the matter which the witnesses have sworn; for it is agreeing to what he said of Cardinal Bouillon in his other letter, that it was more proper for the Catholic princes to agree together and extirpate heresy, than to vary amongst themselves; that now was the time, for there were three score thousand men ready to rise upon such an invasion. This is the substance of the letter, and this proves fully the conspiracy this man was engaged in, his receiving of money, his listing men, and his invitation of foreign princes. And this is fully proved.

Serjeant Maynard—And to his viewing the ports, too.

Solicitor General—It was likewise agreed that Carlingford should be the port, and it is like enough to be the port, for it is a very large port, that ships of the greatest burthen may come up to the town, and the town itself but a weak town. This is the substance of the evidence, and this is proof enough, we think, to convict any man of this fact.

Serjeant Jeffries—My lord, I shall trouble you but with one word that hath been omitted. I think it is a cause of great example, and that thing which the prisoner views to make his excuse, hath been answered, by a favour and indulgence from the court, in a very extraordinary manner. For inasmuch as this gentleman would make it a very hard case, that he is brought out of his own country, and hath not his witnesses; it is very well known that by a particular favour of the court, which is not usual in these cases, he had between five and six weeks time for preparation for his trial: so that truly, or to what does appear, I think all the witnesses that have been examined are witnesses to be credited, except you gentlemen, of yourselves, can convict, upon your own knowledge, these persons of any misdemeanor, which I think you cannot much less of perjury. But besides the witnesses we have produced, all which speak to the plot in general, and four of them fix it upon the person at the bar; they speak particularly, and every one agrees in circumstances, and that other, that spoke mincingly, I put it upon him, it is the greatest evidence that can be. For that person thus could come before a grand jury, and there be the main witness, but when he comes here, must be secured and pumped to discover the 70,000 men. And I suppose you did observe how difficult it was to know of him whether this person was primate of Ireland, or whether it were from the authority of the king or the pope; a very probable thing that he should be such a one as the king designed to be primate and superinten-

dent of Ireland. Further, my lord, I desire to take notice of too, that Wyer, the first witness, fixes four particular things upon the prisoner at the bar, which have not yet been taken notice of. First, he fixes a discourse with another person, that was competitor with him for this very office—Bishop Duffy—and he gives the reason why he was admitted into the office rather than the other—because he was a man of greater ability to carry on the design; and though he does not give you an account of the designs, yet the rest of the evidence do, and make it to be the design then carrying on. Another thing is, he tells you of the sending one into France, that was to come back again in order to this design. I think his name was Mac Donnell, and then the great tory, Fleming, and he were to come back again, colonels in the army that was to be raised. The next person that fixes it upon him is Han O'Neal* and he gives the plainest circumstances, that at a time in August, when Bishop Tyrrel came to the house of one Brady with so many men well equipped with such and such arms, and took the oath of secrecy; he himself, but not only he but the other priest, Mac Legh, was present at the same time, and took the said oath, and he does tell you that that very priest was sent to Dublin to discover it that very time, and so he hath fixed the person, and time, and the business they came about. Then Mac Legh comes and tells you the same thing in every circumstance; but, says the prisoner at the bar, and would make it to be a great objection, how chance that they have concealed this all the while, and not discovered it to some justice of the peace? Why, says one, I was under your jurisdiction in that place, that is the very reason he gives wherefore he durst not; and, says another, I was concerned and as earnest as the prisoner or anybody else, but going into France, I observed the slavery that all the subjects were under, under the tyranny of that king, and apprehending that the same king was to come into Ireland by the means of these gentlemen, I was concerned at it, and had rather the devil should reign over us than such a one, and therefore I will discover it. And he said very well, I think that he had rather have the devil to reign, for it seems to be him or one in his shape that reigns after that manner. And there are two persons that swear to the very year that they were obliged to raise the money and swear positively they saw his orders "sub pœna suspensionis." I do not know whether they meant hanged or suspended from their office, but it seems it was so terrible that it made them pay twenty shillings a-piece for three years successively. And there is another gentleman that tells you that out of a small living wherein he was concerned only as a curate to a third person, it had been paid two or three times, and another, though he was exempt himself from the payment, yet so great a confidant was he of the prisoner's at the bar, that he was present when he saw thirty or forty pay this tax, and whereas the prisoner at the bar would make it thought a strange thing that he should raise so much money, who had but a house seven foot high, it seems there is above that thatched house a chapel.

Plunkett—There is no chapel.

Serjeant Jeffries—But now, my lord, that which substantially proves what these witnesses say, is the letter that is sent to Rome, to the secretary of the *College de Propaganda Fide*, which is the last letter that the last gentleman speaks of, wherein he does particularly take notice that he had taken care to raise such monies, and view all the ports and places of strength. And, my lord, that which is a very great circumstance to back the evidence of the first letter to the French cardinal, Bouillon, which was taken notice of by the first witness, and there is such a passage in this too, that the Catholic princes should not spill one another's blood, when they might better employ it here in Ireland for the propagation of the faith; this last letter takes particular notice of this very instance too, that instead of drawing their swords against one another, they had better come to promote the Catholic faith in Ireland. These four witnesses are punctual and precise in every particular circumstance of the case and against them there is nothing but the common objections; If I had such records and witnesses here I could make my defence, that is, if he had those things that he has not, he might appear to be another man than he is; but I am sure as it appears upon the evidence that hath been given by all the witnesses, there is a plain proof and a full proof of every treason laid to his charge.

Plunkett—My lord, I desire these witnesses may be called (giving in a paper).

Cryer—David Fitzgerald, Eustace Commynes, and Paul Gorman.

Lord Chief Justice—Who gave him this paper? He had it not before.

Stranger—I was told that these were good evidences for Dr. Plunkett, and I gave him the names.

* Henry O'Neill was the second witness.

Lord Chief Justice—Where are they?

Stranger—They are hard by.

Attorney General—Where is Eustace Commynes? for he was one that gave in evidence against the prisoner.

Then Paul Gorman appeared.

Lord Chief Justice—What would you ask him?

Plunkett—I desire to know of him whether Mr. Moyer did allure and entice him to swear against me?

Gorman—Indeed, my lord, he never did.

Lord Chief Justice—Will you ask him any more?

Gorman—But this, my lord: Mr. Moyer and I were in discourse, and he said if there was law to be had in Ireland he would show Mr. Plunkett his share in it.

Lord Chief Justice—Well, what of that?

Gorman—I did come out of Ireland to reveal what plots the Irish had against the king; and as for this Mr. Plunkett, as I have a soul to save, I never heard of any misdemeanor of him.

Justice Dolbein—How came you here to-day?

Gorman—I was summoned.

Justice Dolbein—By whom? Was it the Attorney General or Plunkett that summoned you?

Gorman—There is the summons.

Serjeant Jefferies—It is a common subpoena.

Plunkett—I never sent for him.

Gorman—It was not against you; they knew I had nothing against you; I thought you did more good in Ireland than hurt, so I declare it.

Lord Chief Justice—Have you any more witnesses? If Fitzgerald or Commynes will come, we will hear them.

Plunkett—My lord, I have not any more witnesses.

Lord Chief Justice—Look you, gentlemen of the jury, this gentleman here, Mr. Plunkett, is indicted of high treason; and it is for conspiring the king's death, and endeavouring to bring the French army into Ireland for to invade that kingdom, and to plant the Romish religion in that kingdom. You have had evidence against him, that hath been fully examined. And these things do seem to be very plain by the witnesses, that he himself hath taken a commission or a grant, or what you will please to call it, from the pope, to be primate of Ireland; that he hath taken upon him to make laws as the provincial; and that he hath undertaken and endeavoured to settle the popish religion in that kingdom; and in order to that, he hath invited the aid of the French army; and that he hath, for the better landing of them, looked out what places were most convenient for them; that he hath set a tax upon the clergy within his province, for the facilitating of all this and for the making preparations for the entertainment of this army. This the witnesses testify against him, and that there were some towns, as Dungannon and another town, that were to be betrayed to the French. Now you must consider concerning these witnesses; if you believe the evidence that hath been given, and which had been repeated by the king's council, and if you believe that he did design to bring in a French army to establish the Romish religion there again, and that he took upon him to raise money for that purpose, surveyed the ports, and made provisions, as the witnesses speak of, and was in that conspiracy—you must find him guilty. I leave it to you, it is a pretty strong evidence, he does not say anything to it, but that his witnesses are not come over.

Plunkett—I can say nothing to it, but give my own protestation, that there is not one word of this said against me true, but all plain romance. I never had any communication with any French minister, cardinal, nor other.

Then the jury withdrew for a quarter of an hour, and being returned, gave this verdict:

Clerk of Crown—Oliver Plunkett, hold up thy hand. How say you, is he guilty of high treason, whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?

Foreman—Guilty.

Plunkett—*Deo gratias*, God be thanked.

Then the verdict was recorded, and the court arose, and the keeper went away with his prisoner.

On Wednesday, 15th June, 1681, Oliver Plunkett was brought to the bar, to receive his judgment.

Attorney General—My lord, I pray your judgment against the prisoner, Oliver Plunkett.

Clerk of Crown—Oliver Plunkett hold up thy hand: thou hast been indicted of high-treason, thou hast been thereupon arraigned, thou hast thereunto pleaded Not Guilty, and for thy trial hast put thyself upon God and the country, which country hath found thee guilty; what hast thou to say for thyself, why judgment of death should not pass upon thee, and execution be thereupon awarded according to the law.

[To be continued.]

Sacred Poetry of St. Liguori.

No. III.—TO JESUS IN THE SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR.

I.

The hour is come—He may not stay—
The Saviour from the world must part—
That world, to wipe whose stains away
Cost the last life-drop of his heart.

II.

But can He leave the souls he loved
And ransom'd at a price so dear,
Far, far from Him and heav'n remov'd,
To pine all sad and lonely here?

III.

Ne'er, ne'er to see His face again,
Till in a world of love and bliss,
His presence should reward the pain
His absence long hath caused in this.

IV.

Oh, no—his ardent, boundless love
Hath found by ways ineffable,
Tho' thron'd in realms of light above,
To be for ever with us still.

V.

How could a soul that fixed on Him
Her ev'ry wish—her ev'ry thought—
Seek thro' a world so cold and dim,
Nor ever find the spouse she sought?

VI.

For ever near us He remains,
That all who seek Him soon may find;
To dwell ev'n on yon shrine He deigns,
Within that narrow space confin'd.

VII.

There breathing love's intensest fires
By night—by day your Saviour lies—
There with those sacred flames inspires
The soul that to embrace him sighs.

VIII.

And thou, my soul! essay to tell
From that recess what shafts of flame
The heav'nly archer wings so well—
How keen their smart—how sure their aim.

IX.

Yes, ev'n though to this shrine you go,
With hearts that with no ardor burn,
Trust me, you'll find these hearts shall glow
All fire, all love, at your return.

X.

But oh! what joys 'tis yours to prove,
Blest souls! that to his arms repair
With hearts that glow with mutual love,
No tongue but your's can e'er declare.

XI.

And would that in this vale of death,
For ever near Thee I could be,
Since Thou, this lowly guise beneath,
For ever dwellest here with me.

XII.

Oh! grant when closes life's short scene,
In heav'n to see thy count'nance shine,
No veil of earth or sense between—
All bright, all glorious, and all mine!

XIII.

But be for ever near in life,
Nor other boon, O Lord! I crave;
Assist me in my last great strife,
And light my path-way to the grave!

No. IV.—MARY UPON MOUNT CALVARY.

"O, all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be sorrow like to my sorrow."—JER.

I.

O, ye that speed upon your joyous way,
While countless woes to rack my breast combine,
One moment your retreating footsteps stay,
And see was ever sorrow like to mine.

II.

My Son, faint, bloodless, agonizing, lies
Upon that gory gibbet's bed of shame;
Th' eternal love of those for whom he dies,
And not these outrages, He well might claim.

III.

The Son is He, of Him whose fiat made—
Whose power sustains and governs heav'n and earth;
And me to be his Mother he decreed,
Long, long ere to the world his word gave birth.

IV.

Oh! how the night that gave Him to my arms—
The night his tender form I first caress'd—
Oh! how the sight of all his opening charms
My ravish'd soul with fullest rapture blest!

V.

Me as the loved-one of his heart he chose,
And all his joys and all his griefs were mine;
Each hour I saw Him, some new grace disclose,
And love's sweet bonds still closer round me twine.

VI.

And this the Son, whom now I'm doom'd to see
Die in such grief of soul—such harrowing pain,
Upon that restless couch of agony,
That ev'n the rocks with pity burst in twain!

VII.

No friendly face he sees where'er he turns,
Of all that follow'd, prais'd, admir'd before;
All mock the fiery pangs with which he burns—
All throw into his cup one bitter more.

VIII.

Almighty Father! who so lov'st thy Son,
How from thy starry throne can'st thou behold
This bloody, ruthless deed of murder done,
And thou thyself so unconcern'd and cold?

IX.

But, ah! what do I say? th' Eternal Sire
Sees our huge weight of guilt upon Him laid,
Nor on Him will He cease to pour his ire
Till the last gasp be o'er, and all be paid.

X.

My Son! my Son! I see thy fleeting soul
Begins already to the skies aspire;
Would that thy parting hour I could console,
Or at least view thee in these arms expire!

XI.

But, ah! no soothing balm can I impart—
Nor mine to catch thy last expiring breath—
My grief but rends still more thy bleeding heart,
And clouds with deeper gloom the hour of death.

XII.

Love, then, fond souls! love Him with heart and mind,
Whose bosom glows with love's immortal fires;
Well pleased for you his life hath He resigned,
And nothing but your love in turn requires.

RECOLLECTIONS, CONFESSIONS, ADMISSIONS, AND AVOWALS
OF AN

Irish Parliamentary Reporter.

By WM. B. MAC CABE, Esq.,
Author of "A Catholic History of England."

"There's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, act 3, scene 2.

CHAP. VI.

A chapter on the "glorious memory." *The toast* given at the Mansion House during the king's visit.—Alderman Darley.—Mr. Brie of the *Morning Chronicle*.—The king's departure from Ireland.—An enthusiastic poet.—The only change effected by the king in Ireland.—The "glorious memory" and Earl Talbot.—The lord-lieutenancy lost.—"The glorious memory"—the mode of proposing and drinking it at Corporation dinners.—Mr. Sutter and Alderman Archer.

THE fraternal embrace of Mr. Purcell O'Gorman and Sir Edward Stanley in the view of the public, who knew that they were old political opponents and never could be personal friends, was a ridiculous piece of play-acting, got up in honour of the king's visit. Ridiculous however as it was, it could not be regarded as equal to all the noisy declamation and nonsense that were spoken and written about the same period, with respect to poor Alderman Darley, "*vino gravis*," proposing "the glorious memory" on the same night that the king honoured the Mansion House, as the guest of the Dublin corporation.

There were, I know, some honest men in the unreformed corporation of Dublin, and Alderman Darley was one of them. I remember to have seen him on the seat of justice. I remarked how he acted as a magistrate, and it is but justice to his memory to add, that I never saw a more fair, honest, and upright man, nor one less likely to draw a distinction between two individuals, because they belonged to different parties. As a friend he was sincere, and as a companion he had been always spoken of as honest, candid, kindly, and trustworthy. Alderman Darley had all his life-time attached himself to a party—he had profited by it. That party, in his opinion, embraced within its narrow limits all that was good, and great, and loyal. That party was beneficial to him, and, *ergo*, held Alderman Darley by a very simple process of reasoning—"what is good for me, *must* and ought to be good for everybody else." The "glorious memory" was the symbol of the alderman's party, and the honest alderman, "hot with the Tuscan grape," and inflamed with loyalty, was determined to let the king know what a dashing, roaring, rollicking, and "loyal" set of fellows his majesty had the satisfaction of dining with; and despite of Bradley King—who had "his surtout" on at the time—he *did* give the "glorious memory," and hundreds were gloriously drunk with joy and champagne when they heard it given, and they made the Round Room ring again with their enthusiastic cheers. The Catholics at the time designated this incident "an insult to his majesty;" even whilst the worthy alderman imagined he was offering to royalty that which ought to be regarded as the very essence of delicate flattery; as the alderman naturally enough thought, that but for him of "the glorious memory," George IV., instead of dining that day in Dawson-street with the Dublin corporation, would have been a petty elector, chewing saur-kraut in some corner of Germany—perhaps a good husband, instead of a junketting widower—an honest man, and not "the first gentleman in Europe."

A great outcry was raised against Alderman Darley, which was increased by the knowledge of the manner in which Mr. Bric was treated when he interfered, for the purpose of preventing the toast being given. Mr. Bric afterwards became known as a member of the Catholic Association. He was at the time of the king's visit, one of the parliamentary reporters for the *Morning Chronicle*. It was in that capacity he was invited to the dinner, and holding such a situation, he certainly had no right to interfere in the course of events which it was his sole duty to describe as an impartial narrator. If he were wrong in stepping beyond the line of his duty, the ruffianism and brutality of his assailants gained for him the sympathy and support of the Catholics, and Mr. Bric had full and ample revenge of his adversaries, by publishing the correspondence which subsequently took place between them and himself. With the outrage upon Mr. Bric Alderman Darley had nothing to do; he was full of loyalty, and very full of wine, and he proved both by proposing his old favourite, "the glorious memory." When he stated the plain facts of the case, he was forgiven, and the attempt that was made to deprive him of his situation as police magistrate was unsuccessful. Numbers of the Catholics rejoiced that it was so, because they were aware that none could fill it better, nor discharge its duties more honestly.*

What a specimen of the times was this pother, made about drinking a toast at a late hour in the night! For the orangemen *not* to drink "the glorious memory" was "*conciliation!*" For the Catholics *not* to say a word of the evils to which they were subjected, was "*conciliation!*" Not to be teased by the impertinence of wrong-doers, not to be bored by the complaints of the wronged—such were the things wished for by "the good easy king" from his Irish subjects! Alderman Darley exposed the delusion, and if the Catholics were not mad at the time, they would have taken advantage of the lesson which the alderman, unintentionally, gave them. They did not, however, attend to the warning. The king heard no complaints, he therefore had nothing to redress; and he left the Irish shore amid the tears and regrets of his tender-hearted, bamboozled Irish subjects!

Never was there such a hullabaloo as when George IV. took his departure from Ireland. Hills, and rocks, and fields were covered with a multitude, to bestow a parting look and a farewell benediction upon him. It seemed as if Ireland could never bear to be deprived of such a jewel of a king, and when the royal boat pushed from the shore, many hands clung to it, and one enthusiast actually swam after it, swearing he never would let the king go until he had got one shake more of the royal fist. It was bestowed upon him, and the man returned to the shore, and his garments were dripping with wet; he swore an oath that now that the king had shaken him by the hand, he should never let a bit of soap wash it again. I knew the enthusiast well, and he showed me a song which he had composed and printed for the occasion, and the merits of which may be surmised from the

* In "The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," by my friend Dr. Madden, there will be found many statements of the cruelties and iniquities perpetrated by men holding the commission of the peace in 1798. The name of Alderman Darley is frequently introduced; but it is never mentioned except to show either that he faithfully performed his duty, or that he acted with humanity.

first stanza, which, to the best of my recollection, ran as follows:

"Oh! let our shouts reach Britain's shore,
Let Britons know that we adore,
And that we'll die, as oft before,
For George—great George, our King!"

The king departed; his sole balm for the evils of Ireland was the quack medicine of *Doctor Sidmouth*, who wrote that unmeaning piece of nonsense afterwards known as "the parting letter."

I should not, perhaps, omit to state that his majesty, before he left us did effect one most material change in Ireland. The name of the little village of *Dunleary* was changed by him into that of **KINGSTOWN!**

The king departed; but not many weeks had passed away when the representative of royalty in Ireland—the Earl Talbot, to whom the worthless letter of Sidmouth had been addressed—dined with the Dublin corporation, and drank that toast, "the glorious memory," for proposing which Alderman Darley was on the point of being removed from the magisterial bench, and that it was the very excess of "conciliation" on the part of the orangemen, not to mention whilst the king remained in the country. The circumstances naturally excited a great sensation. The Catholics were annoyed that they should be *so soon* undeceived; and they were enraged with the viceroy for thus suddenly betraying the trickery that had been practised upon them, and to which they ought never to have submitted. The scheme was blown upon; the plot discovered. It was not, however, convenient for the government, at the moment, to demonstrate to the Irish what complete dupes they had been; and Earl Talbot was deprived of the lord lieutenantancy, not merely because he drank "the glorious memory," but because he had, by so doing, shown himself to be a clumsy, open-mouthed politician, and therefore an unfit instrument in the hands of the Castlereagh school of statesmen.

All that can be said as good of Earl Talbot, as lord lieutenant, was that he was married to a most amiable, kindly, and benevolent lady, who died in Dublin; and all that can be said of evil regarding him is, that when about to take his departure, he, instead of bestowing them in charity upon the poor, sold a large stock of potatoes at high prices. He was sincere in his bigotry, but his dulness prevented him from being mischievous. He vegetated in the midst of a bad system, and when removed, he was missed neither by friend or foe—if indeed he had made either the one or the other during the period that power was exercised by him in Ireland.

"The glorious memory" sent one lord lieutenant out of Ireland, and brought in another. Apparently a more harmless combination of words there could not be than those composing this celebrated toast—at least as I have always heard them given at many of the corporation official dinners. I have often been present when it was proposed, and received with acclamations, yet could never catch more of it than this:

"The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good king William."

I am aware that there have been additions innumerable put to the toast; and Sir Jonah Barrington, in his *miraculous* and incredible "Memoirs," specifies some of them; but the toast, as I have stated it, was proposed in public companies, and was certainly the form employed when it was drunk by Lord Talbot at

Alderman James's dinner. There was, however, a manner in giving it which plainly proved how much it was loved and cherished by the party of which it was the watch-word. "The glorious memory" was always followed by the tune of "the Boyne Water," and the company were standing when the toast was given. At the corporation dinners, Mr. Sutter—a tall, gaunt, sober, hard-thinking, severe-looking man—generally acted as fugleman. When the first bar of the air reached his ears, his rigid muscles became un-bent, and a smile relaxed those features upon which nothing mirthful apparently could long repose. In accordance with the air he gave three distinct claps with his hands. This was immediately followed by the entire company, who kept perfect time to the air. To any one at a short distance, and out of view of the actors in this ridiculous scene, the noise produced had somewhat the same effect as quick, distinct, and regular platoon firing; and to me, who of course never took part in the exhibition, it always had a most comical appearance—to see, for instance, two, or three, or four hundred men, having reasoning faculties, and being possessed of common sense, starting up, and while a certain tune was playing, belabouring one hand with another, as if their lives, fame, and fortune depended upon the noise they could produce! But comical as the scene I have described was to an impartial observer, its ludicrous effect was marvellously heightened whenever Alderman Archer was present.

Alderman Archer was a fat, round, funny-looking little man—about five feet four inches in height, and nearly the same in breath; with an eye that was always rolling in mirth, and a mouth that was ever expanded with a broad grin. Whenever he heard "the glorious memory" given, he started up in his chair, in order that he might attract the observation of the entire company. Unlike the rest, he seldom let his hands touch each other, except at some very striking passage; but he twisted and twined his pudgy body about as if he were a posture-master, or rather like a cymbal-player in a military band; and thus he kept on grimacing, and dancing, and pirouetting about until the tune had concluded. When the spectator recollected that the individual who was thus making an exhibition of himself, was a high civic dignitary—the treasurer of a great corporation, an acting and an active magistrate, it is probable that, however bitter his feelings might be, he could not refrain from laughter. When party tends to make its votaries ridiculous, the enmities of its opponents may be speedily lost in pity or absorbed in contempt. For my part, I never felt the slightest animosity to the orangemen for giving the toast of the "glorious memory," once I witnessed their conduct and demeanour when seeking, as they fancied, to hail it with all due and fitting honours.

Acta Sanctorum.

THE BOLLANDISTS.—HENSCHENIUS.

NO. VI.

THE crowning glory of the Bollandists would be wanting had they escaped persecution. When God designs the foundation of any great work, the world reels beneath his hand. But the agitation only consolidates the edifice, and whatever be the commotions raised

against it by the petty passions of man, it survives and flourishes.

The Bollandists had to encounter at their first step the most serious embarrassments. Their project was received with indifference by many, while others complained that they were too slow. Even among their own brethren they found contradiction, and saw their cautious superiors prescribing the narrowest limits for the original plan.

Encouragement came, but its enchantment was now dissipated by a thousand petty, local troubles, which appear in many private letters of Father Henschenius. When he saw himself received with all the honours of a triumph at Rome, he remembered with amazement, the Flemish jealousies which impeded, though they could not stop the progress of his work.

When he returned, buoyant with hope, suddenly the establishment of Blaese, the Protestant printer, who was to publish the Acta, was burned to the ground. War, plague, and famine, followed immediately. Once more the whole work was about being abandoned, but the Bollandists bent for a moment to the storm, and soon resumed their labours. It was one of the many trials which was to teach them never to despair.

That trial came immediately from the hand of God. But those which they were to undergo from men were far more persevering and bitter. By a singular coincidence, the most celebrated works, that is, the historical episodes on the Dagoberts, the bishops of Maestricht and Tongres, the patriarchs of the east, the charters, and martyrologies, were those which involved them in the most severe and protracted controversies. Was this intention intended by God to restrain the hagiologists within the strict line of their plan, and deter them from those labours which had exposed them to such trials?

Thus their greatest literary discovery was the signal for their enemies to rise. In 1635, Henschenius found the first notice of that unknown king Dagobert. Bollandus was delighted, but in his simplicity he communicated the fact to some of his friends. Father Labbe spoke of it in Paris; the news came to the ears of D'Hevoural, Lefevre, Chantereau, and the Valois. But from that moment there was a jealous rival in wait for Henschenius.

Nineteen years later, that is in 1654, Henschenius presented his famous "diatribe" to his provincial, and published it in 1656. Two years afterwards, the month of February was published, and the acts of St. Sigebert established the discovery beyond the possibility of doubt. Henschenius had told his provincial, Father Dickens: "I was the first that opened up a passage through an unopened country, which had been rendered impassable by bog and snow. True, I may have contracted some mire on the road, my foot may have occasionally sunk in the quagmire, but then I gained my point; I found that there were three Dagoberts—after the lapse of five years, I was the first to distinguish them." And this was admitted by every one except Adrian Valois—a singular, and not very scrupulous *savant*, if we may judge from the indiscreet "Valisiana" of his son, and from the following incidents:

As a preface to the second volume of his history, which he published in 1658, he made an attack on Henschenius, accusing him of having plagiarized both from the dead and the living; he hints at some mysterious correspondence, and claims for himself the honour of having discovered Dagobert, and conse-

quently, the bishops of Maestricht. "Let our hagiologist," he says, "content himself with the honour and glory which can be acquired by the lives of the saints, provided he publishes them without note or comment, he must be content to divide honours with us." But it would not be easy to divide the three Dagoberts.

Four years later, the two rivals met in the library of Clement. Father Labbe and D'Hevoural had planned this interview. It lasted two hours, and ended, according to Henschenius, in an apology from Valois.

But what was the reparation for the wrong? In 1663 he published an obscure old satire against court-tezans and monks, and introduces at the close, without any preface, date, or address, a letter, in which he claims the priority of discovery more boldly than ever. "Dear reader," he says, at the end, with the greatest composure, "I dare not withhold this information from you any longer; I avail myself of the first opportunity of communicating my notes to you, lest, as it often happened, another should anticipate me, and reduce me to the miserable necessity of reclaiming my stolen property. Take, dear reader, the fruit of my lucubrations, and adieu."

This is one of the most daring instances of literary piracy on record. But why was this very letter republished in 1741, without note or comment, in the collection of Dom Bonquet, among the monuments of the history of France? Why did the "Journal des Savants" of 1697, in contradiction of the same journal in 1670, support the pretension of Valois? How is it that before and after that time, and even to our day, the claims of Henschenius are either denied, or only partially admitted, or the honours given to Mabillon, whose only claim was, that he fixed by an unedited authority, the precise date of the martyr-king's death? For Mabillon this was sufficient glory, but it is to be regretted that so stern and competent a judge should have evinced such complaisance as to divide the honours between Henschenius and Valois. He was under obligations to Valois, but party spirit was the motive of the others—Jansenism was at the bottom of their literary decisions—and justice and truth suffered by its influence.

About the same time, it happened that Papebroch and Henschenius were making a short excursion for some pious purpose, along the banks of the Meuse. As they were passing from Epternach to Luxemburg, their horses took fright, and Henschenius, who was then recovering from an attack of illness, fell, and seriously injured one of his legs. Papebroch, who attended him constantly a whole month at Luxemburg, spent his leisure hours in the museum and literary collection of the learned Father Wiltheim. Here he conceived his first project of a work "De re Diplomatica." A dispute with Pere Mazon excited him to the work, and in a short time he published, in 1665, as a sort of relaxation, his "Propyleum Antiquarium."

The principal part of that work is controversy on historical documents. In the first, part he subjects to critical examination the vellum documents of Horreen, Lobleés, Manbeng, Eyham, and St. Denis, with the caputular archives of Paris, Strasburg, Noyer, and Cambrai. He thus brought down on his head a whole host of monks and canons together. In the second part he breaks a lance with the Carmelites; and in the third, he dissects most unmercifully a martyrology of Brescia.

Here was more than enough to raise three or four

tempests. It gave rise to the celebrated "diplomatic war," which lasted more than a century, but immediately after the first skirmish, Papebroch extricated himself happily from the battle, by capitulating nobly to the famous "Re Diplomatica" of Mabillon. The two leaders having thus made peace, all appeared tranquil, but the paradoxes of Father Hardouin soon fanned the smouldering embers into a flame. The alarm was first sounded from Spain by Don Peroz; some of the most celebrated men of Italy, Holland, France, and Germany, were soon engaged in the contest, and even from 1785 to 1790, Von Meiem and Ochollises, with true Germanic obstinacy, were still in the field where the combatants had engaged more than a century before.

The contest with the Carmelites was more brief, but infinitely more anxious. It endangered the honour of the Bollandists; it put their very existence at stake; it caused great commotion even in the high places, and cost Fathers Papebroch and Jennings a load of trouble, and unceasing anxiety and exertions, during twenty years, besides two journeys to Rome, and the almost total suspension of their labours during seven of the most critical years. It was at this time that the acts even of St. Louis of Gonzaga could not be prepared at their proper day. A note was inserted that the historian of the saint was then at Rome, on urgent business connected with the Bollandist society.

The contest had been opened by the Franciscans of Louvain, in defence of a martyrology, which was, however, abandoned ultimately by the most respectable men of the order. The Carmelites appeared next, and urged their point with more pertinacity. Their grand pretension, namely, that their order could be traced back through a regular and unbroken succession, to the prophet Elias, could not stand the strict test of criticism. Neither Mabillon nor Leibnitz could venture to decide the point; Papebroch decided it peremptorily, and with the greatest apparent ease. He provoked a storm of replies from the Carmelite convents in various quarters; works were written, the very titles of which show the warlike spirit of the writers: there were "Watchtowers," and "Ramparts," and "Arsenals of the Prophet's Order," and "His Heroical Rule;" there were also "The Jesuit Harpocrates giving advice how to hold one's peace," "The apple of discord," the "Nihilum Jesuiticum," "The new Ishmael, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him; or Daniel Papebroch set in the pillory," by John Camus; in fine, there was "Daniel Papebroch bombarding the city of the saints in their own acts." "Whence arises this wrath of the white-mantled brothers of Mount Carmel?" asked Prince Ernest, landgrave of Hesse, who had lately been converted; "send me," he writes to Papebroch, "the passages which have excited those anchorites of the old and new testament. Our modern Franciscans and Carmelites, whether they be successors of the great Baptist or not, have at least the ardent wish to bring down fire from heaven."

And certainly they had nearly succeeded in their attempt. The case was referred to Rome; all the Acta was submitted to the Inquisition, and an accusation, drawn up in due form, was presented to Innocent XI. The position of the combatants was soon changed—the Bollandists being on the defensive, and responsible for the entire work, through all its ponderous dissertations. How is it possible they can escape, and that in fourteen folios, containing many

dissertations on delicate points, Rome could not find anything to condemn.

Jennings was despatched to Rome, where he was detained full ten years, during which he was hardly able, though assisted by the zeal of his brethren and the numerous friends of the Bollandists, to ward off a condemnation. He succeeded at last in avoiding danger from this point, when suddenly the storm broke forth in another quarter.

His adversaries after this defeat secretly employed their most powerful influence with another inquisition, which was more accessible to them than the tribunal at Rome. On the 14th of November, 1697, the censors of the Spanish inquisition pronounced a decree of condemnation, with several very severe comments on the work condemned. All the damning notes of theological censure were lavished with profusion in this decree. It was published throughout Spain, translated into various tongues, and circulated in all quarters of the Church. Placards were posted up on the Jesuit museum at Antwerp, announcing, in monster type, to the astonished brethren the sentence which had fallen on them so unexpectedly. The first copy fell into the hands of Father Papebroch, who read it with a composure which he, in vain, endeavoured to impart to his alarmed fellow-labourers.

Rome was now the only resource, Papebroch was confident that he could justify himself in the face of the world—in the capital of the Church. He insisted earnestly that the whole case should be once more subjected to a rigorous examination, that the propositions should be, without delay, either definitively condemned, or the Spanish censures unconditionally revoked. But the examination of so voluminous a publication would supply work for many years to the Roman tribunals, which are ordinarily so slow; and moreover, there were some really weak points, such as those passages in the "apparatus" on the popes, which treated some of the Conalvus very cavalierly. After three years' negotiation, a judgment-sentence was obtained, implying a tacit disavowal of the condemnation or rather that it should not be admitted as authoritative. On the 28th of May, 1698, the second congregation declared "that both parties could and ought to be ordered not to discuss the question farther."

Both parties having been thus compelled to renounce hostilities, Papebroch fell dangerously ill. Believing that his last hour was come, he dictated, in presence of witnesses, a protestation which betrays in every line, the anguish of his soul, and yet his perfect resignation. "After forty-two years' labour," he says, "assiduously consecrated to the illustration of the lives of the saints, and hoping now to go join them in heaven, I have but one earthly petition to make, namely, that the holy Father, Clement XI., be earnestly intreated to grant me now, at the hour of my death, what I have asked in vain from Pope Innocent XII.—that is, either to receive at once a justification from the charges made against me, or to be admitted to make a retraction. A Catholic I have lived, a Catholic, by God's grace, I die—I have a right also that men should know I died a Catholic, which they cannot, so long as the decree of the Spanish inquisition is considered just and authoritative, and men read therein that I have taught in my works three hundred propositions for which I have been condemned."

Papebroch made an application to an old friend and fellow-labourer in the Vatican library, and the Allate

Francesco Albani, but afterwards cardinal and pope. But neither this friendship in high quarters, nor another visit of Jennings to Rome, nor fifteen years' negotiation and correspondence between Antwerp and Madrid could shake the obstinacy of the Spanish inquisition. Papebroch died in 1714, the very next year the condemnation was retracted. The justification came too late to soothe the sorrows of the venerable man—it was but another ornament added to his funeral honours.

Compared to this long contest, all the others were trifles, and need be only cursorily mentioned. An abbé of St. Affre defended the martyrology of Brescia. Natalis Alexandre denounced Papebroch on the subject of the office of the Blessed Sacrament. Laderchir, the continuator of Baronius, endeavoured to excite against them all the oratorians of Italy. The Minims had also some complaint to make about some points in the life of their founder, St. Francis of Paul. Saxius criticised some errors in the lives of St. Gervais and Protas. Montfaucon assailed Sollier on the subject of St. Athanasius' death. Don Bonillard wrote anonymously bitter articles on Sesuad, directed against Du Sollier also. Again, Father Cuiper, when treating of St. James the greater, unconsciously found himself involved in a serious question which agitated all the Spanish schools. But he was more fortunate there than in his dispute with the Dominicans, who would maintain, at all hazards, that the founder of their order was of the noble family of the Guzmans. In this controversy, many of the most learned French Dominicans entered the lists, and Father Mamati, in his annals of the Dominicans, inserted on the subject fifty folio pages, adorned with all that profusion of apostrophe and choice epithets which characterizes the pleadings of the sixteenth century, or the paladins of the thirteenth.

It was a singular exhibition, that all the religious orders should thus have been successively engaged against the Jesuits. The contests had their advantages and disadvantages, and were productive of good and evil, both of which remain even to our time.

This active emulation between all the great religious societies developed powerfully the energy of the Church and of the learned world. The man acquired a new life when he stood forth, backed by his brethren, as the representative and advocate of the whole society; and these societies, profiting by the assaults made against them, adapted themselves better for good. It is certain that the Bollandists turned to account the opposition that was made against them. The great contest with the Carmelites turned on a most important point, namely, the rival schools of criticism—the old and the new—both in extremes, and between which the Acta of the Bollandists were the safe medium. Papebroch inclined towards the new school, and perhaps, if not opposed by the Spanish inquisition, he might have gone too far. The vigilant control thus kept over every quarter of the world by enlightened judges, who were independent and disinterested, was a safeguard for learning—a high tribunal of the intellectual world. A revival on a grand scale, of those ancient scenes when the tribes of Greece, assembling to witness the games of the circus, marked a new era in their calendar of time, by inscribing an additional name on the marble of Olympus.

But passion is always in extremes, and our combatants were lavishing their blood and strength, not in days of peace, and under the friendly eyes of bro-

thers and fathers, but under the enemy's fire, in the hour of danger, when their country was expiring, where the citadel was hemmed round and dismantled, and their watchword should have been "*Pro aris et focis*." These contests were often useless, and were they not perniciously exhausting that strength which was required elsewhere? And even after peace had been proclaimed, did there not remain a vast feeling of hostility which precipitated more envenomed contests, and by those ever-recurring intestine broils, brought on the sacrifice of some victims? Was not the world soon to behold, not the hagiologist merely, but a great learned society, loaded with the anathemas of the whole world, and exhibited as Ishmael in the desert, as armed against all and attacked by all.

It is told of one venerable old man, the last survivor of a great religious order, that whenever the suppression of the Jesuits was alluded to in his presence, he always maintained a mournful silence.—When once pressed to tell what was, in his opinion, the cause of the suppression, "the jealousy of their brethren," was his only reply.

The controversy against the *Acta Sanctorum* continued down to the suppression of the Society. The last remarkable reference we find to the Bollandist museum is from the pen of a learned traveller, who visited it in 1774. "Religion and learning," he says, "have erected for themselves a temple, which stands to this day in the greatest splendour, in the city of Antwerp. It rose gradually, but in majestic proportions, under the care of men of the first order, and if it have not already attained absolute perfection, it is because centuries are necessary to perfect a work which aspires to immortality. I know not whether there has ever been erected a literary establishment planned with greater wisdom, where the labourers succeed each other without interruption, and enjoy the tranquillity and ease so indispensable to study and the sciences. This establishment was so constructed that it might last for ever, and it would be still existing if anything on this earth was exempt from the stroke of fortune and the destroying hand of revolution."

This traveller was Dom Anselm Buthod, grand prior of Luxeuil, who was destined, some years later, to be driven from his own beautiful solitude, and die an exile among the ruins of that museum which had so lately elicited his warmest admiration. He had written as if under a presentiment of the events that were coming on. Their tale is briefly told.

On the 20th of September, commissioners appeared in the emperor's name, on the same day, at the same hour, at all the houses of the Jesuits, to read the bull of Clement XIV. and the letters-patent of Maria Theresa announcing the dissolution of the society. Churches, colleges, libraries, archives, sacristies, all were locked, sealed, and confiscated. When the philosophers praised the act, did they forget all their eloquent denunciations of the kings who suppressed the Templars?

All the most celebrated of the Bollandists and the chief historian of Belgium was thrown into prison, and confined two years.

A committee was deliberating during five years on the fate of the others; on one day it decided "that the '*Acta Sanctorum*' does not appear adapted for diffusing instruction and aiding the progress of human knowledge." Next day "it admits that the work enjoys a very respectable name in the literary annals of Europe—Boyle and the encyclopædia have praised

it." A third time they change—"and will entrust the work to men on whose principles they can depend." But in the meantime, the museum at Antwerp was changed into a military school.

Kaunity had sense enough not to take upon himself the odium of a total suppression, and Maria Theresa being also well inclined, both accepted the generous offer of an abbot of Condisberg, who volunteered to support the Bollandists. But this indulgence was not given without a condition which destroyed the original plan of the Bollandist work. The acts, it was said, "should be given without any commentary, except on questions or facts of importance;" acts already published were not to appear, unless "in very extraordinary circumstances, and for very special reasons;" nor "more inedited acts, unless they be entirely authentic." A few extracts would be enough to prove that they were not authentic—and with regard to inedited but authentic acts, the *miracles* must be always noted down as not supported by respectable authority.

The museum was transferred to Condisberg in 1778, and yet in spite of all those changes, which should naturally place an insurmountable obstacle to the rapid progress of the work, the Bollandists were loudly assailed for going so slow. An imperial order was issued, that a volume should appear every year, and that the whole work should be concluded in ten years; and should the writers sink under the labour or renounce it, they were to have no successors.

In 1780, Condisberg itself was suppressed, with all the other abbeys, by a new ukase of that Tartar khan, known in European history as the emperor of Germany, Joseph II. The Bollandists were then transported, as if in derision, to an old establishment of the Jesuits, to prepare them perhaps, by the sorrowful associations of their position, for the fate of their departed order.

In 1788, an ecclesiastical commission was appointed to deliberate on the continuation of the *Acta*. On this occasion it was decided that the Bollandist was valuable merely as a sort of historical repertory—overcharged with enormous details that can never be interesting to the learned world. "It is astonishing," they add, "that when the Jesuits were suppressed the government could have been induced to burthen itself with so absurd a collection. *It is more than time to have an end put to it.*"

On this report the Aulic general decreed the suspension of the pensions, and no more acknowledged the society of the Bollandists. The fatal term was fixed for the 1st of November—All Saints' Day—for that was the day on which the philosophers would celebrate their triumph, as the confiscation of the property of the French clergy was enacted on All Souls' Day.

But the justice of God was beginning to be felt, and all Belgium was ready to rise in arms. Joseph II. had merely time to sell the Bollandist museum by auction. Besides 200,000 florins for the Bellarmine and Bollandist collections, and 16,000 florins, the amount of the pensions withdrawn, and the sale of one third part of the printed books, he got 21,000 florins from the abbot of Jongerloo for whatever remained of the museum.

Providence watched over these precious relics; they were offered to Dom Gertest, but he could not receive them without exposing them to the flames which destroyed his own abbey, De Pont Blais. Dom. Chevreux was urging their translation to St. Germain des

pres ; but all the scourges—war, fire, devastation and monopoly, avarice or confiscation, would soon have destroyed them there.

Jongerloo was the post where they were deposited, and when emperors, kings, and philosophers, had carried their persecution there, and expelled the monks, some farmers and illiterate peasants kept, under their humble thatch, those literary treasures which are now preserved under the guardianship of royalty, learning, and religion, not to appear, we hope, until the holy year has been completed—the crown and glory promised, on this earth, to the saints.

The Nuptials.

A TRUE TALE.

CHAPTER I.

EMMA was young and beautiful ; fresh and smiling as the first blush of rosy morning ; her eyes were large and of a deep blue, surmounted by jet black eyebrows, arched in nature's most bewitching form, and fringed with lashes that appeared envious of the gazer's admiration, so long and luxuriant were their veils, shading her sweet and gentle orbs. Her colour, habitually pale, was on this occasion even more than ordinarily pallid, and her whole countenance betokened an extreme melancholy. Sadness appeared to reign undisputedly in her young heart, and her eyes, constantly fixed upon her watch, announced an intense anxiety with regard to the fleeting moments.

"Eleven o'clock, and Alfred comes not," she murmured, with a profound sigh. "Oh ! I shall certainly not willingly allow him to absent himself for the future. And yet how loath he was to leave me, and how affectionately he caressed me, ere he departed, and how often he turned back again to make his adieux. I hope no accident has occurred."

Such were the thoughts of this deserted young creature, who had now been six weeks a wife, and who had unhappily yielded to love's sophistry, and had eloped with the object of her first affections. 'Twas said that Alfred (a young man of wealth and family) was a *roué*, but certain it is that he so far inveigled the affections of this innocent school-girl, that he induced her to turn aside from the lessons of obedience she had been previously taught, and gained her consent to a hurried and a private marriage.

Presently she heard a hasty step ascending the staircase, a flash of joy passed over the brow of Emma, who rushed towards the door.

"What, can it be you, Mr. Barrington?" she exclaimed ; "what is the matter, you are pale? Where is Alfred?—where is my husband? Answer me quickly."

"Emma, if you were told that your husband, in despite of the vows of love that he has sworn to you—in despite of the oaths of fidelity and constancy that he has so oft breathed in your ear, had become a traitor and a perjurer, what would you do? Would you love him still? And if there was a witness of his perfidy—one who would revenge your wrongs, would you deem his services worthy of gratitude?"

"Oh !" said Emma, in a burst of anguish, "such a jest as this is unworthy of you ; 'tis a refinement upon the most aggravated cruelty ; Alfred could not be unfaithful to me ; no, no, 'tis a monstrous fabrication,

an atrocious calumny, and I will not believe it," and a flood of tears fell profusely from this afflicted young creature.

"Emma, I grieve to see you weep ; one so worthless merits not these pure tears."

"Who has told *you* that he is worthless?" sobbed forth Emma.

"You still doubt, Emma," exclaimed the friend of her husband ; "know you for whom he has sacrificed you?—you who thought that his love was all your own. Go and see who watches by his pillow, who staunches his blood and dresses his wound. And how has he received that wound? He looks not for your care to restore him to health, he has only prepared sorrow for you, not even one word for her to whom he has so often said—'Emma, I love you—you are my life—without you existence would be an unendurable burthen—you are the air which I breathe, and without which I should cease to exist.' Do you still weep for the hypocrite from whom the mask is fallen. Emma, you are deserving of a more fervent love than he could offer you. Once, when you were free, I offered you such a love, and you repulsed me with scorn, and forbid me your presence. But I endured all, because I loved you with such intensity."

Barrington might have spoken for hours, without fear of interruption.

The young wife's tears had ceased. One idea alone occupied her mind, and that idea was that a rival was lavishing her caresses upon Alfred. A strange brilliancy shot from her eyes—"Leave me," she cried ; "Mr. Barrington, leave me, I command you. If I am ignorant of being the dupe of a traitor, I will not be the credulous victim of a hypocrite. Leave me, again I say."

The young girl trembled ; one would scarcely have supposed that under so fragile and gentle an exterior, so much energy and womanly pride would develop itself, but contending emotions were too much for her, her eyes became fixed, a fearful pallor overspread her face, and she fell motionless upon a seat.

CHAPTER II.

Concessions had been made and accepted, confidence restored, and peace had again visited the bosom of Emma.

One morning in May—the sweet and balmy month of May—Alfred and Emma, wrapt up to ecstasy by their attachment to each other, walked happily along, Emma leaning upon the arm of her husband, and gazing upon him with fondness.

"I think, Alfred, you are not quite so pale to-day as you have been of late ; are you suffering as much with your shoulder?—but, methinks, 'tis getting stronger."

"Oh yes, Emma, it will soon be quite well, and yet for the last three months, since that cursed duel, I have suffered a great deal. Oh ! my Emma, how lucky it was that God conducted you, my guardian angel, to me at that time, otherwise I should have died without seeing you, and you would have cursed my memory—you would have abhorred my name, and perhaps might have taught the child whom I hope soon to clasp to my heart in transport, to execrate its father ; but heaven, always merciful, willed it otherwise, and inspired you with the desire and the courage to come to me, to minister to all my little wants, to watch with a wife's fidelity at my pillow, to

lavish words of hope and consolation into my heart when all the world had abandoned me. And during that time how much you, my beloved, must have suffered? you did not allow yourself a single moment's repose. At my least sigh or half-uttered moan, you were there watching, like my ministering angel—depriving yourself of every earthly comfort for me."

"Why are you so incessantly recalling the little that I was able to do at that mournful period? you really only make me ashamed that I was not capable of performing more."

"Oh yes, you may say what you like, but I saw you at times, when you were not aware that I was watching you. I saw that you wept when you fancied me sleeping, and that you would instantaneously call forth your sweetest smile to greet me on awaking. Can I ever forget this heroic devotion?"

The gentle girl, blushing, said, "Duty was my only instructor, and although, my beloved Alfred, you have been rather unwise in dispensing your property, yet you will soon be able to pay mortgagees, and then we shall know better how to value wealth. Besides, your uncle has promised that he will appoint you his secretary, which, if you obtain, will leave us nothing to wish for. We shall both practise industry, and if we are not able to amass a fortune for our child, he must work in his turn and assist us, and learn to love and respect us. What do you say, love, is not this a smiling perspective?"

"Yes, Emma, love, we shall all love each other. My uncle will do all he promises, and when once I get my foot on the first step of the ladder, believe me, I shall mount quickly, and to an exalted position too."

"Oh! do not be ambitious, dearest; ambition is a passion that hardens, and finally destroys the finest feelings of the heart."

The next day Alfred received a letter from his uncle, and in two days after he was installed in his productive occupation.

CHAPTER III.

A short time after Alfred's installation into his new employment, he was sent by his uncle on an important mission to Naples. For some time, Emma continued to receive repeated letters containing assurances of the most tender and solicitous affection.

"My beloved Alfred," she would exclaim, "with what intensity he loves me! I was wrong in suspecting him, and he so good and affectionate; and yet I feared he might forget me."

In a little time the letters of Alfred became less frequent, and Emma fancied that when they did arrive, they breathed less of tenderness than they were wont to do, and in her answer she reproached him with this. Alfred replied briefly, that his occupations were such that it was a bore to be obliged to write letters. Emma wrote mildly and soothingly; Alfred replied not. The time was now approaching when she expected to become a mother, she therefore wrote, to remind him of this fact, and besought of him to return to her as soon as possible, but Alfred came not.

After fearful mental as well as bodily suffering, the deserted young wife gave birth to a son. All her sorrows were forgotten when this hapless creature first saw her babe; she pressed it to her heart, and covered it with kisses. For an instant she forgot her abandonment and the perfidy of Alfred. The means he had left her were becoming exhausted; up to this time

she daily looked forward to the return of her husband, and although occasional doubts of his constancy now and then presented themselves, yet she always dismissed them, and felt that she was doing gross injustice to her fond Alfred by entertaining them for a moment.

Emma now wrote to say that her little treasury was quite exhausted, and that she required fresh supplies in order to procure necessary nourishment for her lovely boy.

When Emma received the reply to this letter, an apprehension of dread ran through her veins, for she felt that her happiness in this world depended upon its contents. At last, by a burst of energy, she broke the seal, and read these words:

"Tis in vain any longer to deceive you, Emma; the marriage which was performed between us, was gone through, not by a clergyman, but by a disguised friend of mine. Circumstances render it impossible that I can any longer protect you. I send you what you require—a check, and trust that you will live happily.—Farewell.

ALFRED.

"Gracious God! do I not deserve all this for out-raging, as I did, the ties of duty and obedience? Oh! Alfred, your sentence is just, I feel it; but it overwhelms my weak brain. All is then finished for both mother and child. What a silly dupe I was, to believe in man's fidelity? Oh, Alfred! and with what alluring colours did you not gild our future, and what a happy home you tore me from, to plunge me into this misery. And yet how can he reconcile to himself the vows of love and fidelity he has so oft sworn to me, and calling heaven to witness his truth? But God wills that he should abandon me, as I abandoned the good precepts of my youth for him. And what has he not reduced me to?—to be an object of scorn and contempt, not alone to the whole world, but to myself also. Oh! have I deserved this from you, Alfred?"

After exhausting herself in vehement exclamations, Emma became more calm, shattered as she had been by so violent a shock, tears abundant and bitter relieved her aching brain.

The next day was dark and gloomy, as if mourning for the wreck of the young mother's hopes, and although the weather was cold and piercing, yet a female, lightly clad, was seen to emerge from a house, and step softly to the neighbouring post, where she safely deposited a letter—this female was the heart-broken Emma. Then fearing that her precious babe might arouse, she hastened back, and hurriedly entered. A man was standing in the room, holding the infant in his arms. On hearing the light footstep, he turned round, and Emma exclaimed "Mr. Barrington, you here!"

Barrington started when he saw the pale and careworn countenance of the once blooming and joyous girl, he told her that having lately returned from abroad, he several times desired to see her, but as he had nothing agreeable to communicate, he thought it better to avoid the explanation, until a consideration of the cruelty of suspense induced him to take courage, and assuring her that nothing but the intensity of his friendship could induce him to make so disagreeable a disclosure, concluded by stating that Alfred was about being married to a countess, with five thousand a-year, but that the lady was about five-and-thirty years of age.

Emma had sufficient command over her feelings coolly to demand when he thought the marriage would take place.

"In a month from this," replied Barrington; "In a month," she repeated, musingly, and instantly the features of the young girl became animated, as if a sudden and irrevocable resolution had been formed.

CHAPTER IV.

The cathedral clock of Naples had just chimed and forewarned the expecting multitude that the hour of twelve had arrived. The church was brilliantly lighted, and crowded with the faithful, many of whom were drawn thither by curiosity, whilst others approached the holy shrine from motives pure and praiseworthy. The cause of the unusual excitement was that a marriage was about being solemnized, and a marriage in high life too, which wears a more attractive aspect than the poor and unobserved nuptials of the great masses of the struggling and hard-working population. On a sudden a female entered, of wild and haggard appearance, who although in the first blush of youth, yet bore the traces of premature decay and early sorrows. She rushed through the crowd, and ascending the altar steps, deposited something wrapped in a quantity of clothes, at the feet of the priest. She then placed herself before the kneeling couple, upright and fearless as an unwelcome phantom. Alfred at first did not recognize the author of this unseemly disturbance, for his were the nuptials that were about receiving the benediction of the priest. He recognized her not, so wild had her gentle eyes become, so attenuated her once matchless figure, so deadly pale was that once rosy cheek. This poor and wasted being was after walking fifty miles on foot, living upon her tears, and nourishing her infant with blood rather than milk. This weak and hapless being had arrived at the end of her journey just in time to enact the scene we have just described. Alfred looked and started. Emma fixed her large eyes, which appeared to become larger and wilder, upon the object of her heart's young devotion, then she glanced towards the female figure, thickly veiled, that knelt beside him, and lastly, she looked round and smiled upon the astonished congregation.

When she saw the church, radiant as it was with hundreds of brilliant lights, a terrible convulsion passed across her pale face, a fearful, hysteric laugh burst harshly upon the ear, and her countenance became painful to look upon. She tried to speak, but could not, the intensity of her suffering choked her utterance. For an instant she remained motionless as a statue, then turning towards the altar, she ascended the steps, and kneeling stooped, and taking her infant, which she had deposited there, clasped it to her bosom, and with wild and haggard looks passed out through the affrighted and astonished crowd, who murmured in pitying accents, "Poor thing! she is mad."

At the same instant, the young bridegroom, who had been kneeling before the altar, suddenly arose, and penetrating the crowd, followed in the direction of the young female, for he had recognized her, and could no longer doubt as to her identity. Alfred—the proud, the ambitious Alfred—was subdued, on seeing the deserted wife and helpless infant; and he now only saw her as the Emma of his first, his earliest love: he thought of her alone as the fond and faithful guardian of his sick bed—and now, for the first time, the feelings of a father took possession of his heart. And this was the first meeting with his child, and he was the cause of the misery and destitution of its unhappy mother.

"Emma, my own loved Emma! pardon and speak to me," he cried, rushing wildly after her.

He saw her slight and attenuated form passing rapidly before him, and he redoubled his speed in order to overtake her, at the same time calling loudly upon her. But madness had added speed to her tottering frame, and she flew heedlessly on. Having reached the end of the street, she had gained the bridge—a horrible idea now crossed Alfred's mind, he saw her mount the parapet, and without an instant's prevarication, dash herself and her helpless baby from its summit. A piercing cry escaped him, which was answered by a scream from the water, of "Alfred, Alfred! save my baby." Breathless and without a moment's thought, he precipitated himself after her, and both disappeared without a struggle.

The next day two bodies were discovered by the early fishermen, one was that of a female, attenuated and sparingly clad, having upon her finger a ring, on which was inscribed these words, "*Alfred to Emma*;" the other was the body of a man, dressed with care and elegance, and who was at once recognized as the young and fascinating bridegroom who had the preceding morning entered the church with such a proud and elastic step.

Reader, my tale is not imaginary, but is true as it is sad, and may contain a salutary moral to the young and unsuspecting. The curse of disobedience was upon the hapless Emma, it embittered her young life, and sent her, a maniac, to a foreign land, where an untimely death relieved her from her misery.

Paraguay and the Jesuits.

[Continued.]

THE fame of the missionaries began to spread among the wandering tribes. Wherever they went, they were received with open arms, they were hailed by the poor Indians as saviours, their exhortations were listened to, and proselytes were so numerous, that they conceived it possible to form a Christian republic, guided and governed by the law of God, and far removed from the conventional forms of the old European states. The task, though difficult, and beset with obstacles, was not impossible. They commenced in good earnest, by soliciting the approval and authority of the Spanish king. They stated in a memorial to the king and council, that the reasons why Christianity made so little progress among the savage nations, and why those who had received the faith and been baptized, so frequently and so easily fell back to their old superstitions and erratic habits, were—their cruel treatment by the Spanish settlers, who neglected no occasion of profiting by rapacity; who seized and sold them as slaves, ground them to the earth, by forcing them to labour; and by their licentious conduct and unprincipled demeanour, undid what the missionaries effected by advice, zeal, and charity. To save those who had been baptized, and to convert others, they deemed it necessary to remove the Indians from the example and control of the old colonists. They therefore prayed authority to form into a *Christian state* the nations they might hereafter convert; that they might be allowed to govern it, subject to the Spanish crown. They also prayed for enquiry into the present grievances of those already converted, and redress against their oppressors. At this period

Spain and its extensive dominions were under the sway of the third Philip, a humane but indolent monarch. He approved of the project, and gave it the full sanction of his authority and by rescript commanded that no one should maltreat the Indians, or injure or interfere with those holy men in their labours for humanity and religion. This rescript was frequently confirmed by his successors; but the distance from home, the all-corrupting desire of wealth, the comparatively defenceless nature of the Indians, the jealousy towards the Jesuits, rendered those humane commands of no avail in numberless instances. This authority to govern those whom they converted or succeeded afterwards in converting, was a source of disquietude and trouble to the Jesuits. It subjected them to innumerable quarrels, vexatious calumnies, imputations of avarice and ambition. They encountered hunger and thirst, and frequently death, for the sake of the ignorant and benighted savages. They were required like their divine master. They had but one object—God's glory—and this they pursued, heedless of the applause or the hatred of the world.

To remedy the evils complained of by the Jesuits in their memorial, a royal visitor, Alfaro, was sent from Spain, with full directions to enquire, and on ascertaining the truth of the allegations, to make such changes in the laws as would leave the Indians no reasonable cause of complaint. His dispositions were at first favourable to the oppressed, and he drew up and promulgated some regulations on their behalf, but he met with so much opposition and found it so difficult to induce the parties interested in the continuance of the abuses to submit to his views, that he abandoned or mitigated them. He sailed up the Paraguay, through rich vallies, thick woods, and verdant banks, and as he approached Assumpcion, he was met by a bark covered with green boughs and flowers, bringing the son of the cacique of the Guaycurus, who wished thus to compliment him, and sought permission to pay his respects in person. This was caused by the rumour that the visitor was friendly to the natives, and that the burthens under which they laboured would be lightened. The result, however, was contrary to their just expectations. After a year or two, things returned to their old courses. The Spaniards and their descendants were as cruel and overbearing as ever. They claimed a right to the country and authority over its inhabitants. They endeavoured to conquer them, to reduce them to submission by force or fraud; they hunted them through their forests, they used every means in their power, sometimes by promises of protection from their enemies, sometimes by treaties, which they violated as soon as made; sometimes the missionaries themselves advised submission, to avoid bloodshed.

Before the formation of "reductions" in Paraguay and most of the neighbouring Spanish American possessions, the subjected natives were kept in what were termed "*encomiendas*." They were of two descriptions: when the natives were subdued by force, they remained (like the Russian boors) serfs of the soil, they could not be sold, nor were they, in general, treated badly; they were supplied with food and raiment. If the natives submitted willingly, they were allowed a sort of municipal government, but the chief was always a Spaniard. The males, between eighteen and fifty, were bound to labour for two months in the year. Women and children were exempt from work, except for their own profit. In the third generation, they were entitled to their freedom. But this sys-

tem, which was not meant to be oppressive, was never fairly carried out, and up to the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits, avarice and fraud contrived by one pretext or another to continue the natives in slavery, mitigated or augmented according to the caprice of their masters. Alfaro promised to abolish the system, but he never did so. He endeavoured, on the contrary, to combine the system with that which the Jesuits were beginning to found. He wished that they should take charge of three Indian settlements, of over one thousand inhabitants each, on the banks of the Guarambare; but the fathers declined. They said the Indians never could be persuaded that the yoke of Christ was light, while those who professed to be his followers treated them so hardly and mercilessly. A capitation tax on every free coloured man, of three dollars, was imposed. It was subsequently extended to females, and to enable them to pay it, they were placed under the protection of some rich Spaniard or ecclesiastic, to whom they became serfs. Scarcely anything was gained from this visit, save the confirmation of the royal decree: that the Guaranies and the Guaycurus should not be submitted to the *encomienda* system, but that to the society alone should be confided the task of teaching, civilizing, and making them subject to the crown of Spain.

By the labours of Fathers Cataldino and Maceta, four reductions were built and populated in 1614, but as yet the number of Christians was not very great. Many of the savages came through curiosity, and again went away, when they found the necessity of restraining themselves, and submitting to order. Many came to avoid the cruelty of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, to get food, and could not be prevailed on to remain when their temporary necessity was supplied. It therefore became necessary to use some caution and reserve with those who were to be received. Another reduction was formed at a place called Itapua the following year, by the labours of Father Gonzalez. This same year there came from Europe, by the permission and command of the General Vitelleschi, a reinforcement of thirty-seven missionaries, with the celebrated Father Viana at their head. This holy and zealous missionary was born at Navarre, and devoted himself to the missions. He was universally esteemed and beloved. When about to leave for the new world, the chiefs of his native place invited him to pass through the town, anxious to see him once again, but like St. Francis Xavier, who would not visit his parents, he declined the honours intended for him. He was informed that if he consented, his nephew, who was in prison, would be set at liberty, but he replied that if his nephew was innocent he ought not to suffer—if guilty, he wished not his freedom. By the arrival of those fathers, some of the towns which were in great spiritual destitution, were supplied with pastors, and from them professors were chosen for the colleges of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fe, and St. Michael.

A contagious disease broke out in the old "Reductions," which carried off very many of the converts; but this was a less source of trouble than the infamous conduct of the inhabitants of the Spanish town of Villarica, who neglected no opportunity of seizing and making slaves of the poor Indians, in spite of laws and regulations. To avoid their mal-practices, the fathers broke up the "reductions," and removed with their poor people to the other side of the Paranapane and Pirape, but they soon discovered that in avoiding one evil they fell into a far greater one, when they ap-

proached the Portuguese territory, and came near the district where the town of St. Paul was built. This town and its infamous population effected so much evil, wrought so much destruction, was so fatal an obstacle to the zeal of the Jesuits, that, it is necessary to make special mention of it.

In the year 1554, a small town was built in lat. 23° 30 south, and lon. 46° 30 west. The district around was called Piratininga; the air is good, the soil fertile and rich, it produces wheat and sugar canes, the people were mild and gentle. The town was built on a steep rock, and was almost impregnable from its position. Deeming it advantageously placed, the climate being wholesome, and the population inoffensive and submissive, Father Nobrega left St. Vincents, removed his seminary and college, and having arrived at his destination on the eve of the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, he called his new church after the apostle, and in the course of years the town itself was named St. Paul. The labours of the fathers for some time were eminently successful; many of the Indians were converted. But by degrees a sad change became apparent; licentiousness, and almost a general corruption of morals took place, convicts flying from justice, robbers skulking from detection, desperadoes, murderers, freebooters of all nations, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, and Portuguese flocked into the town, which became the terror of the neighbouring country, not alone of the poor defenceless Indians, but also of the European colonist, and the docile inhabitants of the "reductions." When force failed, the people of St. Paul had recourse to every sort of fraud and deceit. It has been calculated that in their lawless expeditions they despoiled the country of over 2,000,000 of people. One of their most successful methods of entrapping the Indians was, to assume the dress of the Jesuits and imitate their manners. Pretending to be preachers of Christianity, they erected crosses; they made presents and exhorted their hearers to embrace the Christian religion. When they had attracted numbers, they led them to some spot which they said was more convenient for teaching and residing, where the people found themselves surrounded by armed ruffians, who carried them off to hopeless slavery. A considerable time elapsed before the Jesuits could persuade the wandering tribes that they were not the authors and actors in those depredations. They plundered equally—the Spaniards and the Portuguese—and were utterly regardless of all laws, human and divine, except the indulgence of rapacity and violence. They were indefatigable in their expeditions in search of slaves and mines. A herd of Indian slaves repaid amply their fatigues. They detested the Jesuits with a most malignant hatred, as being the chief obstacle in their iniquitous career.

In the year 1623, the "reductions," which had been founded on the banks of the rivers Parana and the Uruguay, were under the control of Father Gonzales, a man of zeal and prudence. He resolved to explore the latter river in the hopes of finding a still more extensive field for his labours. The attempt, however, only partially succeeded. The Uruguay, one of the great arms of the Plata, is over eight hundred miles long. At its source, in lat. 27° 30, it is a mere streamlet. It receives, however, in its course many small rivers, and gradually it enlarges its bed till it becomes in some places seven and at its mouth four miles wide. The navigation is very difficult, nay, almost impossible, on account of the many rocks,

rapids, and falls, except at the time when periodical inundations occur. It abounds in fish, which the natives shoot with arrows. Birds of the richest plumaged well on its banks. Wild beasts, the leopard and the tiger, were also to be found; and the inhabitants, almost as wild, exercising their courage and skill in hunting them. It is full of islands, which then were covered with brushwood and thickets.

Some of the Indians on its banks, having heard of the Jesuits and their "reductions," came to Itapua, which Father Gonzales had formed, and having satisfied themselves of the happy state and comforts which the new Christians enjoyed, made so favourable an impression on their countrymen, that two "reductions" were formed. At this time the province of La Plata was separated from Paraguay, and formed a distinct government. So favourably disposed were the people, who as yet had been visited along the Uruguay, that Father Gonzales resolved to explore its whole course. In 1627, he entered a mountainous district which extends nearly six hundred miles. It is within fifteen leagues of the Brazilian sea, and about eight days' journey from the river Uruguay. It is called the Tapè, is intersected by many rivers, beautifully diversified in its scenery, and rich and fertile in its produce. The bird seen most frequently was the guirape, of white plumage; its note was like the sound of a bell. An animal remarkably singular frequents the eastern part of the country, it is about the size of a sheep, with the ferocity of a tiger. The Indians were generally afraid of it, as from its speed it is very difficult to escape its pursuit; should refuge be taken from it in a tree, Charlevoix says, that it remains gnawing at the trunk till it falls, and the victim is devoured immediately—it is called the "Ao" in the language of the country. The people of Tapè were a colony from Guayra. They spoke the same language and were mild and docile in their manners. Like all mountaineers, they were attached to liberty; they disliked strangers, lest they might seek to enslave them. They readily embraced the Christian religion and a considerable number of "reductions" were formed among them in the course of years.

About forty miles east of the Uruguay, the indefatigable Father Gonzales, with his associate Father Rodriguez, were, in 1628, engaged in teaching and reclaiming a tribe called the Caaroans. They were a branch of the Indians of the Tapè. The fathers were gradually overcoming every difficulty. The people, in great numbers, were coming to the Faith, and abandoning their former mode of living. Great hopes were entertained of the conversion of the entire population. But there were many among them who hated the Jesuits, and their daily increasing authority. The chiefs of many localities, the jugglers seeing their own influence decaying, formed a conspiracy which caused much evil. An Indian named Potivara, who had been living some time in one of the Jesuit reductions, and had deserted on account of the restraints imposed on him, was the chief agent. The "reduction" of All Saints was in course of erection, a new church had been just finished, when the conspiracy broke out. Gonzales was after celebrating the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and was giving some directions regarding the raising of the bell into its place, when he was set upon and murdered. A violent blow on the head felled him to the ground, another shattered his skull to pieces. Father Rodriguez almost immediately shared his fate—he was not separated in death from him

with whom he laboured in life. Their remains were dragged about in triumph, the church was burned and the rising town destroyed. But the triumph of the murderers and their accomplices was of short duration; the Christians of the neighbouring towns and villages assembled in force—they were assisted by a body of Spanish horse—they attacked the infidels—killed numbers—made prisoners of a great many, and broke their power irretrievably. During their short-lived success, the combined natives sought to unbaptize any of the converts that fell into their hands. The chief dressed himself in the priestly vestments, and removed the baptism by scrubbing the head with hot water, and scraping the tongue to remove the salt placed on it. Gonzales is described as a man of great holiness and untiring zeal; he was born at Assumpcion, and had toiled for nearly twenty years in his labours of charity. His body, and that of his companion, were brought to Concepcion. They were consigned to their mother earth with great honours, with the most imposing ceremonies—the solemn ritual, the glorious music of the church were in requisition. The heart of Gonzales and an arrow with which it was pierced were forwarded to that eternal city, where so many relics and memorials of the great and holy exist. *In memoria eterna erit justus.*

This victory gave only a short breathing time to the new Christians. Far greater misfortunes awaited them. In 1629, the desperadoes of St. Paul sent an expedition against the "reductions." Up to this time, about twenty-one had been formed in the provinces of Uruguay and Guayra, and the blessings of order, peace, and religion were changing the whole country. The Panlistas first assailed the "reduction" of Incarnation; very many of the inhabitants escaped into the woods, but a great number of those who were employed in the environs were carried off. The Jesuit Father Montoya* followed those wretches, accompanied by numbers whom he induced to take up arms for the rescue of their brethren. He pursued them to their camp, which he entered with undaunted resolution; he represented to them that unless they gave up their prisoners the whole country would be up in arms, and that not a man would be allowed to escape. His intrepidity and courage so terrified the enemy that he recovered all his flock, and led them back to their homes.

Many of the "reductions" were at this period in a very tottering condition; they required all the care and attention of the fathers to keep their inhabitants fixed in their good resolutions. It was extremely difficult to eradicate their old customs and superstitions, and there was no greater obstacle to their improvement than the incessant turmoil which the Panlistas and the inhabitants of Villa Rica created by their slave hunts. Another very great difficulty was the influence of their jugglers, and many who were well disposed to the Gospel were seduced by their artifices. The overland journey from Brazil to Paraguay was expressly forbidden to all persons, no matter how exalted, lest the Spaniards or Brazilians should commit excesses, and thereby endanger or hinder the good work which was being accomplished by the fathers with so much toil and zeal. In spite of this regulation, Lewis de Cespedes, the newly appointed governor, made an exception in his own favour and came to Loretto. While there he received

* Father Montoya published, A. D. 1639, a history of the spiritual conquest of Paraguay, in Spanish.

the greatest respect and obedience; he expressed himself highly pleased with everything he saw, yet either would not or could not afford them assistance against their inveterate enemies, who, he was aware, were preparing another inroad among those poor people. He had scarcely left, when the wretches assailed the "reduction" of St. Antonio; they murdered those who resisted—they carried off the young—they abused the women. Many fled to the church, but it was no protection. The town was destroyed. Father Mola appealed in vain to the miscreants—he represented the iniquity of their conduct—he threatened the vengeance of God and man; he might as well have preached to the stones. The greater number of the inhabitants were carried off in chains; but in the course of the journey a considerable portion of them made their escape back to the town, where they found their pastor overwhelmed with grief and stupified by misfortune. He led them with him to the "Incarnation;" but he was nearly murdered during the journey—the Indians having begun to suspect that possibly he might have been in league with their enemies. The reductions of St. Michael, Jesus Maria, and St. Paul, were also attacked, plundered, burned—their churches profaned—their inhabitants butchered, or carried off to slavery—prayers, supplications, threats, every effort that courage or compassion, love or zeal for religion could inspire were made by the Jesuits in defence of their children in Christ. But in vain. Of the poor Indians, those who died in their peaceful homes were the happiest; those who survived were hurried off to lives of wretchedness. They perished in hundreds before they arrived at their destination—the markets at Rio Janerio. The young and old met the same destiny—death or slavery. Some died from over-toil, others from hunger, and exhaustion. As long as charity, intrepidity, tenderness, unbounded zeal, dauntless heroism continue dear to humanity, so long should the memories of the Jesuit Fathers Montoya, Mola, Emmanuel, Morato, Maceta, Salazar, be cherished. Their names are little known save to some curious student or zealous admirer of the order to which they belonged; but their reward is far greater than transitory applause or perishable fame.

Guayra was the first province in which the Jesuits had sought to establish a Christian republic. They were eminently successful. They commenced their labours for that object in 1609, and in 1629 they had a well-organized community, amounting (according to Father Charlevoix) to 100,000 people. Their towns were as well built, as clean, and as well kept as any of the Spanish settlements. The inhabitants were as well conducted, nay, were far more so than the Spaniards. They were infinitely better Christians. But there was no longer any security for those poor people; they were unable to protect themselves, and the Spanish governor refused to defend them. It was finally determined to emigrate to some distant locality, where they could live unmolested. All the "reductions" in Guayra had been destroyed save two, St. Ignatius and Loretto. Their united populations amounted to about twelve thousand people. They gathered provisions, they constructed over seven hundred boats for the navigation of the Parana, and the signal for departure being given, they strip the churches and their houses of everything they could carry with them. They embarked and sailed safely for a few days, till they arrived at the falls, which for thirty leagues, render the river no longer navigable.

It was planned at first to carry their canoes until they again arrived at the navigable portion of the stream, but the Paulists having heard of the emigration, after destroying the abandoned town, were in close pursuit of the fugitives, and there was no alternative except to abandon their vessels, which, in a few moments, were shattered to atoms by the violence of the current. They then commenced their journey on foot, each man took his staff and bundle. Women and children, young and old, had to force their way through thickets and forests, unknown and untrodden, save by wild beasts. Their sufferings were so great, that a pestilence broke out, which carried off great numbers. They suffered greatly from hunger. After a most harassing journey, the survivors arrived at a small river, a tributary of the Parana, where, in a rich country, watered by many streams, under the care and guidance of Father Montoya, who never left but shared their toils, they rebuilt the towns of Loretto and St. Ignatius.

[To be continued.]

Local Memoirs of Ireland.

SWORDS.

It has been frequently observed, that no city in Europe, perhaps in the world, can boast of such varied and interesting environs as the metropolis of Ireland. Their beauties, however, are comparatively little explored, and the historical associations of the localities which are occasionally the objects of a holiday visit, are, for the most part, *terra incognita* even to educated Irishmen. Long has it been the cherished hope of many a faithful heart, which beats high with holiest aspirations for the weal and glory of the dear old land, to remove this stigma from our national character; and although at present all around wears an aspect of the gloomiest—no mortal ken perceiving a safe resting-place beyond our wide sea of sorrow—hope, the comforter, tells us, that the time will come, perhaps speedily, when Ireland, regenerated, shall guard with jealous pride, the names and histories of her saints and heroes, and leave no spot unnoticed which has been consecrated by their presence and their labours. We hope, indeed, to see the day when the history of every locality in Ireland, from the earliest to the latest period, will be unfolded, and become one of the safeguards of our nationality, by preserving the memories of heroic and pious deeds, and by inspiring the souls of Irishmen with a holy hatred of oppression and a love of true freedom.

Among the several pleasant localities within easy access of Dublin, few present more objects of historical and antiquarian interest than Swords. Like many towns and villages which were flourishing places in the last generation, the “pot-walloping borough” is rapidly declining. The immediate cause of decay in this instance is the near proximity of the Dublin and Drogheda railway, which has removed the high road of traffic from the old town. Few persons could now recognize in the silent and almost deserted village, the turbulent scene of an Irish election fifty years ago. The “Anchor Inn,” the scene of election contest, when Swords returned two members to the Irish parliament, is as silent as if the sounds of discord and faction never echoed within its walls. The “Harp”

is unstrung, and the “Black Bull” roars no more with noisy merriment. The office of “*portreeve*” of this “walled and good town” of the sixteenth century is now a sinecure, in the gift of the Protestant archbishop of Dublin; and Mr. D’Alton quaintly informs us that the stocks “intended for the refractory portion of the seneschal’s subjects are now the usual roost of the village poultry.” We are not quite certain whether Peter Early continues his usual “welcome.” Rome and Garryowen rose, “culminated” (as our moralizing friend, Dr. Lyons, would say), and fell; so Swords had *its* day of glory, and is now no more than a shadow of its former self. Successive waves of civilization passed over it, each undulation changing the character of the town, but still preserving it. The march of steam seems likely to soon annihilate it. Henceforth we must look for the memorials of its past state in historical books and monuments. ’Tis now time we should betake ourselves to such serious investigation.

Swords is situated about seven miles from Dublin, on one of the old leading roads from the metropolis to the north of Ireland. It is about two miles north of Malahide, from which town it is an easy and a pleasant walk. The aspect of the village is ancient and picturesque. The first object which meets the visitor’s attention is the site of the old abbey, with the bell towers of its church, and a round tower surmounted by a cross. No other vestige of this once extensive monastic establishment now remains. The Protestant parochial church stands upon a portion of its site, and rejoicing, as it does, in most of the architectural absurdities of the nineteenth century, superadds the offence of being built out of the materials of the ancient abbey. Within this church there are some monuments. Those of Dean Scardeville and Dr. Hewetson, dean of Christ Church and vicar of Swords, are conspicuous. They, however, possess little artistic merit, and are not of ancient date. This is probably the site of the church said to have been founded in this locality by St. Columba, in the early part of the sixth century, around which, in process of time, a town sprung up, bearing the name of “the city of St. Columbkille.” We are told the saint gave the church a missal written by himself, which for centuries was preserved with pious veneration.

Aftentimes saw this foundation extend to a considerable monastic establishment; and Swords, with its several chapels, wayside crosses, and holy-wells, presented the aspect of a town of the middle ages. The solemn procession which conveyed the bodies of Brian Boromhe and his son Murrrough to their last resting-place, after the victory of Clontarf, halted here for a night, whilst the monks chanted their orisons for the eternal weal of the mighty spirits who had departed; and then proceeded to Duleek in Meath, whence it was accompanied by the brotherhood of that monastery to Armagh, the final destination of the remains of the illustrious dead. It must have been a grand sight, that funeral procession of a victorious monarch, who, in a short reign, had knit the discordant elements of Irish society into a kingly host for the defence of fatherland. The memory fondly dwells on the career of that great Christian king and warrior, but on no scene of it with greater interest and pride than that with which it closed for ever. The imagination can well picture to the mind the gorgeous though mournful array which accompanied his remains to their narrow home. The uplifting of the corpse of

the venerable veteran; the bearing of it aloft by his loving subjects and faithful companions in arms; the commencement of the picturesque train of kerns and gallowglasses; their arrival at the gates of Swords; the slow and solemn approach of cowed monks and vested priests, with the symbol of man's only hope, and burning lights borne before them; the rich and mellow swell of hundreds of voices in the grand old offices of the Church—all form a subject on which the imagination loves to dwell, and which we hope a national art will one day embody with its utmost skill.

The church of Swords still continues a prebend of St. Patrick's cathedral. Several persons of distinction and even foreigners have enjoyed the honours and emoluments of the "golden prebend." Amongst the latter the names of William of Wykeham, the celebrated bishop of Winchester and builder of the cathedral of that diocese, and Brande, Cardinal of Placentia, are found.

Andrew Sall,* whose "doleful fall" is lamented by Bishop French, obtained this prebend in 1675 as the reward of his apostasy. The rectory of Ardmulcan and the chantership of Cashel were likewise added to the premium, and "he who would have died a beggar," says Dr. O'Connor, "had he remained a Catholic, lived to 1612 in affluence, purchased by the trade of religion." The fall of this celebrated divine at an advanced period of his life, furnishes scope for melancholy and humiliating reflection. He was born and educated in the faith, at an early age was admitted a member of the renowned society of Jesuits, in their most glorious days; professed divinity and moral theology successively at Salamanca, Pampeluna, Placentia, and Tudela: and finally, was deemed worthy of the office of superior of the mission of his order in his native country. In the sixty-second year of his age he retired to his native city of Cashel, "to spend," as he himself writes, the remainder of his days unknown, to prepare better for the long day of eternity." It was in this retreat he unfortunately yielded to temptation, occasioned, it may be, by his becoming acquainted with Dr. Price, the Protestant archbishop of Cashel. The year following he abandoned the Church "wherein for a tyme he shined like a small starr in virtue and learning," and for the remaining eight years of his life prepared for the "long day of eternity" by enjoying the reward of his mournful apostasy.

Leaving the church-yard, and crossing the rivulet which runs through the village, the eye is attracted by an extensive mass of ruins, which once constituted the palace of the archbishop of Dublin. It contained within its bounds a chapel dedicated to St. Columba, and all the appurtenances of domestic buildings of its era. Time and vandalism, however, have played sad work with this once fair and extensive pile. Nothing now remains but the extensive wall, with vestiges of a few of the old watch-towers, a gate, and a window. The area circumscribed by these at present forms an orchard. The parliament of the pale sat frequently within those walls, and a gable yet standing is popularly said to mark the chamber where its sage deliberations were actually held. There formerly existed a chapel dedicated to St. Bridget, in the immediate vicinity of the palace, and a cross called "Pardon Cross," to which the mediæval privilege of sanctuary was allowed. But the advance of "civilization" has removed those memorials of our fathers' ways.

* Historical Works of the Right Rev. Nicholas French, bishop of Ferns. Duffy's Library of Ireland.

Our annalists are disposed to assign a high degree of antiquity to the town of Swords. The "Four Masters" inform us that one of the companions of Heremon founded a fortress here. Be that as it may, it is quite certain that a town existed here in the tenth and eleventh centuries, which was often the prey as well as the home of the Danish invaders. In 1192, the archbishop of Dublin obtained a patent for holding an annual eight-day fair in the town, on the feast of St. Columbkille, and in 1197 king Richard granted it a charter of incorporation. Swords returned its first members to parliament in 1585, from which period till the time of the union it continued to send representatives to the Irish parliament. It then lost its electoral privileges, and received as compensation the sum of £15,000, which was vested in trustees' hands for the education of the children of the poorer inhabitants of the parish.

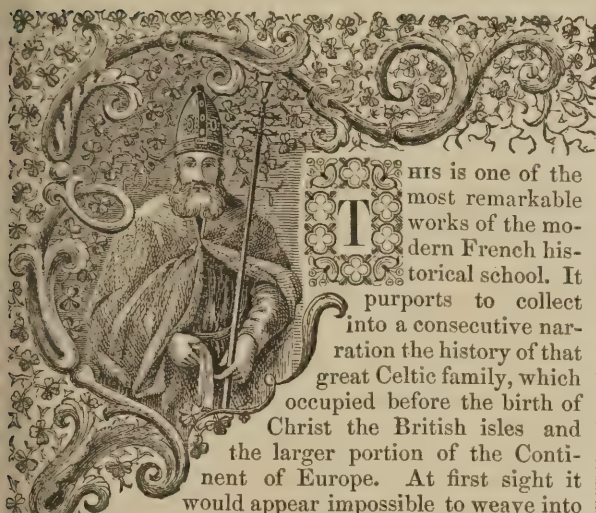
The leading Anglo-Irish Catholics of the pale assembled in Swords on the 9th of December, 1611, to form a league for the preservation of their lives and properties. On the following day, the lords justices issued their warrant, commanding these gentlemen and their adherents to separate, and summoning nine of their leaders to appear before them at the council by "ten o'clock the next morning, to show the cause of their assembling together in that manner." The confederate Catholics immediately replied, "that they were constrained to meet there for the safety of their lives, which they conceived to be in no small danger, having been forced to forsake their dwellings on the last Tuesday at night, by the rising out of horse-troops and foot-companies, who, on the said night killed four Catholics for no other reason but because they bore the name of that religion, and that they had been before put into many fears by certain intelligence given them of unexpected attempts against their lives. Wherefore they desired ardently to be in some certain way assured by their lordships of the safety of their lives, before they run the hazard thereof, which was the only motive that hindered them from manifesting that obedience which they knew to be due to their lordships' commands." This answer not being pleasing to the justices, they sent Sir Charles Coote, with a considerable force, to reduce the Irish army. On his approaching Swords, "he found the access to the village strictly blocked up, yet so managed the attempt as he soon forced them to flight, beating them out of their fortifications, and killed two hundred of their men, without any considerable loss on his side, more than Sir Lorenzo Cary, second son of the Lord Falkland, late lord-deputy." Sir Charles Coote having completely routed the confederates, returned to Dublin. In the subsequent forfeitures, many of the old Anglo-Irish Catholics lost considerable portions of their property. This was the beginning of the movement of the Catholics of the pale in the "rising of 1641," commonly called the great rebellion. From this event to the time of the legislative union, Swords was remarkable for little more than the bribery and riotous scenes practised at the elections by the "pot-wallopers" of the borough, as the respectable persons possessing the elective franchise were called, being only the Protestant inhabitants six months resident previous to the election.

Within a short distance of the town are the ruins of Glassmore Abbey, Turvey, the ancient seat of the Barnewalls, and other objects worthy of attention, which may form the subjects of another day's ramble.

Histoire des Gaulois.

PAR AMEDEV THIERRY.

THIRD EDITION.



THIS is one of the most remarkable works of the modern French historical school. It purports to collect into a consecutive narration the history of that great Celtic family, which occupied before the birth of Christ the British isles and the larger portion of the Continent of Europe. At first sight it would appear impossible to weave into one story the scattered notices of the Celts, found in the classic authors, their contests with Rome and Carthage, their successful invasions of Africa and Greece, and the foundation of a Celtic or Gaulish kingdom in Asia Minor. But with the aid of the old traditions of Gaul, and of those islands, supported by copious extracts from the classics, the author is enabled to overcome the difficulty, and to give a sketch little inferior to what might be expected from a condensation of a series of native annalists. There are, of course, occasional links wanting in the chain; conjecture may occasionally usurp the place of history, the primeval tenants of the Celtic forests may not appear so clearly before us, as their sons pouring over the Alps and desolating the fair fields of Italy, or making the last glorious stand for their independence against the first of Cæsars; but there is yet an ancient history of the Celts, and as no other uncivilized nation of ancient Europe has the slightest claim to.

The interest taken by M. Thierry in his task, is not that which the British antiquarian would feel for the Celtic race, which the sword of the Saxon drove from the plains of Britain to the mountains of Cumberland, Cornwall, and Wales. The French, that great people who have ever been for good or ill, the most powerful agents in European life, are a Celtic people. They may not, it is true, be "idle" and "lazy," and "filthy," and "spiritless," or "cowardly," or have any of those odious qualities which a brutal and ignorant press represents, to a proud and gullible populace, as the inclinable attributes of Celtic nature. Yet they are Celts, and our author, not denying that like other races they have their faults, glories in the fact that the French are Celts. Of the present population of France he computes, that nineteen-twentieths are of that race, a fact that the great *Anglo Saxon* of the English press may have some difficulty in accounting for. For could it be possible that a horde of Celts now reigns over the fair plains of Normandy and Anjou, and Bretagne, once held by the Anglo Norman, who has thus lost a territory larger and richer than England itself! The worst vices of the Celt are the spawn of English tyranny.

The first edition of "The History of the Gauls" appeared in 1828, and the third edition from which we quote was published, revised, and augmented in 1845. During the long interval many criticisms appeared which were sometimes unfavourable, but left the general statements in the work unimpeachable. The reader will find in the preface to the third edition, an enumeration of the principal critics, the points which they urged, and the modification which the author introduced in some of his statements on final revision and discussion of antagonist arguments. It is not our intention to follow him in his arguments, but simply to give a few sketches of the results to which they conducted him.

When Cæsar invaded Gaul, that country was held by three races: the Celts or Gauls, properly so called, the Aquitani, and the Belgæ. The first and last were the same family, differing slightly in language and manners; the Aquitani resembled the Iberian race, the ancient inhabitants of Spain, whose language it is now generally believed was entirely different from the Celts. The remains of it still found in the names of places between the Pyrenees and the Garonne, establish, in the opinion of Humboldt, its identity with the language yet spoken in the Basque provinces of Spain.

The first irruption of the Celts from Gaul was about 1600 years before Christ, vol. I. p. 6. Hordes of adventurers swept in succession over the Pyrenees, pushed their conquests to the pillars of Hercules, conquered half the kingdom, and bequeathed their name to the North Western Peninsula, now known as Gallek or Gallicia. From the admixture of the conquered and conquering races, arose the people who appear so frequently in Classic history as the Celtiberi. The ancient tradition that the Irish race came from Spain, and that they spoke a language which was not a pure, but a mixed language, is, perhaps, confirmed in some degree by this Celtic settlement in Spain, while the date is as far back in the night of time as the most sanguine seanachy can desire.

Under the pressure of invasion from the North, or by intestine convulsions, the Gauls cross the Alps a few centuries later (vol. I. p. 9), and after a bloody contest with the Siculi, who then held northern Italy, drove their antagonists into the Island of Sicily, and portions of the country south of the Tiber, about 1354 years before Christ. The region north of that river, to the foot of the Alps, became the spoil of the conquerors, who founded there three kingdoms or confederations, namely, Is-Ombria, Sil-Ombria, and Oll-Ombria. The manners and customs of those conquerors, their arms, and general features, are exactly such as Cæsar found in the parent country, in the first century of our own.

While the Gauls were thus seeking a settlement in Italy, the Phœnicians, entering by the Rhone, extended their conquests along the banks of that river, and left after them in national tradition the fabulous halo of glory and civilization, that encircles the name of the Tyrian Hercules. Under the sway of these strangers it was said, forests were cleared, marshes drained, towns arose, and the comforts and elegance of civilized life were diffused in the heart of the country. They were constantly at war with the mountaineers and other barbarous neighbours; but during five or six hundred years they maintained their ground, until the colonies shared the fortune of the parent country, a small remnant of them falling under the power of the Rhodians.

While the mother country was thus losing the Phœnicians, a powerful and highly civilized race from Greece, called the Raseni, had crossed the Illyrian Alps, and, forcing their way through Is-Ombria and Oll-Ombria, they effected a permanent settlement in Sil-ombria, the present Tuscany or Etruria. By superiority in arts and arms they gradually subdued the Ombres or Gauls of northern Italy, or drove them to the mountains or marshes; but, unlike other conquerors of the day, they did not extirpate the conquered or expel them from their country if they were willing to share with themselves the benefits of their superior civilization. The Gaulish hut, or wooden ramparts, soon disappeared before the stately cities of the ancient Etruria; but the national characteristics of the Gaulish race were still preserved, long after the principal monuments of Tuscan grandeur had disappeared. "The inhabitant of the Ombrian mountains was long distinguished from the other inhabitants of Italy by the good qualities and defects generally attributed to the Gaulish race; his valour was brilliant and impetuous, but he was accused of wanting perseverance. He was irascible, quarrelsome, and fond of single combats, and this passion had led to the establishment of the trial by combat. Some of their old maxims, which have come down to us, give us an idea of their notions of morality. 'They believe,' says Nicolas of Damascus, a writer who appears to have specially studied their character, 'that it is disgraceful to live in slavery, and that in war there ought to be but two courses for a man, namely, to conquer or die.' Notwithstanding their adoption of Tuscan customs the lower classes of the people preserved something of the old national costume and arms; the double *gais* or lance, after the Gaulish fashion, was always the favorite weapon of the Ombrian peasant." p. 17.

After a period of about 400 years from the invasion of the Raseni, Gaul was attacked on the north and south-east. The Phocians effected a settlement at the mouth of the Rhone, about 600 years before Christ, and transplanted to their new creation, Marseilles, the arts and commerce of Greece. But a more terrible enemy appeared in the north—the formidable Kymri or Cimbri, a Celtic nation (as M. Thierry proves), but long separated from the advanced guard of the same race, which first opened the westward way to the shores of the Atlantic. Issuing from their forests on the shores of the Black Sea, they followed the course of the Danube, and arriving in Germany, separated into different confederations, one occupying the peninsula of Jutland, another (the Boii) the Hercynian forest, and a third the Belgæ, resting on the frontiers of Gaul. The leader of those who entered that land was Hesus or Esus, so famous in Gaulish traditions as a hero and subsequently a god. Superior in civilization to the Celtic brethren of the first race, they gradually possessed themselves of the entire western shores and the south, being divided from the old settlers by the Cevennes of Languedoc and the great plateau of central Gaul. According to the constant tradition of the country the religious system known as Druidism was for the first time established by these invaders. Gradually it developed itself and took root in those parts of the country where the political power of the conquerors never extended, but preserved in every place strong traces of its eastern origin. How many of the original Gauls may have found refuge in England or Ireland from the Cymri, our historian does not say; but the tide of emigration once more set in for Italy.

During the convulsions caused by these conflicts the Alps were crossed by hordes of adventurers, who found in the scattered remnants of the old Ombrian population brothers in language and manners, and auxiliaries in a combined attack on the usurping Etrurians. In a brief time Etrurian civilization disappears from the rural districts of the greater portion of northern Italy. The towns alone remain in many places, either by successful resistance or the toleration of the invaders. How they could survive, or what portion of civilization might remain in Italy it is easy to conceive, had not an arm stronger than the Etrurian—the arm which always conquered the Gauls, but never without resistance—arrested their progress, and drove back from the city of the seven hills the barbarian tide. The contests of those Cisalpine Gauls with the Roman republic, the glory and reverses of the long battle from the siege of Clusium to the final reduction of Cisalpine Gaul as a Roman province, are schoolboy recollections of every reader. Our limited space confines us to the expeditions of the Gauls to the east, and their fortunes in the Carthaginian armies under the walls of the great rival of Rome.

Between the year 400 and 350 before Christ, one of the Cymri confederations which three centuries before had settled north of the Rhine, crossed that river, and after subduing the original Gauls and the Kymri of the first invasion, succeeded in establishing two kingdoms in the south of France. Tolosa was their principal capital, and the point from which they started in their invasion of Greece. They were called in their own language Belg, and by the Greeks and other strangers, Bolg, Volg, or Volk. Departing from Gaul to the banks of the Danube, they marched along the course of that river, where they found along the valleys of the Alps, and to the frontiers of Greece, nations of their own language, some of which had already come in contact with the Greek empire at the period of its highest power. During an expedition of Alexander the Great against the Scythian tribes near the mouth of the Danube, some Gauls, attracted by curiosity or the desire to see so great a hero, visited his camp. They were received kindly by the king, surrounded by his court, with all the pomp and magnificence which could awe the spirit of the proud barbarians. While he sat with them at table, he asked them, through his interpreter, "What is the thing you fear most in this world?" He expected a complimentary allusion to himself, but they answered, "We fear nothing, if the heavens do not fall; but, nevertheless, we value the friendship of such a man as you. Alexander concealed his mortification, and turning to his courtiers, observed that this was a proud race, but concluded a treaty of peace and alliance with them before their departure.

Alexander had no sooner departed than the "proud race" left a terrible proof of their courage and ferocity in the heart of Greece. During the convulsions that followed his death they offered their services to the Greek republics of Peleponesus and Hellas, but were rejected with contempt. The King of Macedon received them with more favour, and sent vast numbers of them to the aid of some of his royal friends in Asia. But the Gauls, received into his own pay, soon began to feel their power, and, aided by their countrymen, to act as masters. Bolg, one of their commanders, summoned Ptolemy to pay an enormous ransom in gold to save his kingdom from plunder, and on refusal, prepared to enforce the demand by the sword. Both

parties prepared for battle. Ptolemy, according to the Greek tactics, placed his cavalry and light infantry on the wings, and in the centre the heavy infantry in phalanx, armed with long spears. The phalanx was the glory of the Macedonian army. To it Philip and Alexander, and the successors of that conqueror, owed their principal victories. But that formidable body could not resist the headlong impetuosity of the Gauls; after a terrible contest it was broken; the elephant which carried the king fell pierced with a thousand pikes; the king himself was taken alive, and torn in pieces, and his head carried on the end of a pike in presence of the wings which still held out. The route soon became general. The greater part of the army was slain or taken, but the fate of the captives was more horrible than those who had fallen in battle. Bolg ordered the handsomest and strongest of them to be offered up in solemn sacrifice; the others were bound to trees and pierced with the pikes of the Gauls or the sword of the Cymri.

The most memorable feat of the Gauls was the sack of Delphos and the pillage of the temple. Having ravaged Macedonia and Thessaly, where the inhabitants raised up their arms to implore the shades of Philip and Alexander in vain to protect them—they penetrated, notwithstanding their defeat at Thermopylæ, into the heart of Greece, through the defile of Ceta. Brenn or Bran, one of their leaders, marched at the head of 60,000, to Elatea, on the banks of the Cephissus, distant only a short journey from Delphos. The thought that strangers and barbarians should profane and pillage the most sacred sanctuary in Greece, frightened and afflicted the Greeks, some of whom endeavoured to direct the invader from his object by superstitious alarms; but he laughed at their attempts, and on the second day appeared in sight of the city. That city stood on the side of one of the peaks of Parnassus, in the middle of a vast natural excavation, surrounded almost completely by precipices, but not protected by any walls or fortifications, as they were not deemed necessary. The kind of amphitheatre in which the city lay had the power, it was said, of re-echoing the slightest sound; this echo being multiplied by the numerous caverns in the sides of Parnassus, thunder, or the noise of a trumpet, or even the human voice, was reverberated, and was prolonged with wonderful power. This phenomenon was attributed by the vulgar to the spells of the tutelary deity of the place, whose temple, magnificently built of Parian marble, rose over the city towards the north. Brenn, halting at the foot of the mountain, pointed out to his soldiers the grand monuments of gold glittering around that edifice. One night was allowed for preparation; no time was to be lost, as Phocis and Bœtia were rising in the rear, threatening to cut off all hope of retreat; and the Gauls themselves were breaking through all discipline. The place was inaccessible except by one steep rock. Brenn drew out his troops in order of battle, told them once more all the treasures they had before their eyes, and those which were in the temple, and then gave the signal for the assault. The onset was impetuous, but the Greeks resisted firmly. From the top of the steep ascent they hurled down showers of stones and arrows on the assailants, but after repeated charges, the Gauls, mounting on the bodies of their companions, closed the pass, burst into the city, and soon the oratories around the temple, and the temple itself, were pillaged and destroyed.

“It was the month of Autumn; and during the

combat one of those sudden storms, so common in the mountains of Greece, suddenly burst over the city, accompanied by violent showers of hail and rain. The priests of Apollo, seizing this incident, appealed to the religious terrors of the Greeks. With haggard eye and dishevelled hair, and like men possessed, they ran through the city and among the soldiers.” “The god is come,” they cry; “we have seen him; he is here; we saw him descend through the dome of the temple, which was cleft under his feet.” Such a sight, the appeal, the lightning and thunder, roused the courage of the Greeks; they rushed once more on the invaders, who, like themselves, had been struck with religious feelings, and imagined they felt the pavement of the temple trembling beneath their feet. Victory declared for the Greeks. The Gauls retreated in confusion to their camp, where, during the night, they suffered great loss from the constant assaults of the enemy. But Brenn might have yet turned the scale had he not received a dangerous wound. The signal for retreat was given, and through a country up in arms the relics of the barbarian host fought their way back to Thermopylæ, thence through Thessaly and Macedon, until they arrived at the northern limits of the latter kingdom. Here they divided the plunder, and separated into two bands. One settled on the northern side of Mount Scarus; of the other, one party returned along the Danube, and brought home to their native town Tolosa, in Gaul, the spoils of Greece, and hung up the ornaments of Delphos in the temple of their own God Belen; the other party marched towards the east, and founded the kingdom of Gallo-Greece, in Asia Minor.

The reader will ask, were those old Irish legends, which represent the Firbolgs or Bulgæ, returning from Greece, derived from the classic authors, or were they really a dim recollection of a fact, preserved by tradition. We smile when we read Keating's account of the adventures of our wandering progenitors; yet it is remarkable, that almost all the countries in Europe, whence the Irish bards said the Irish Celts came, were really at one period or another before the Christian era, the scene of the exploit or services of the Celtic race.

On the return of the Gauls from Delphos, they found Thrace in possession of Comontor, a Gaulish chief. Those who did not take the valley of the Danube, soon found means, under the conduct of two leaders, to pass the Bosphorus and Hellespont, and revel in the luxuries of rich tributes paid by the Greeks of that delicious clime. At first they were introduced as mercenaries into the kingdom of Bithynia, but as in the former case in Greece, they soon became masters. Having invited over large bodies of auxiliaries from their countrymen in Thrace, and more distant regions of Europe, they divided into three bodies, and in order to remove all cause of division among themselves, arranged the portion which each horde was to hold after the intended conquest of Asia Minor. One selected the Hellespont and Troas, another Eolis and Ionia, while the third held the tract west of Mount Taurus, to the waters of Rhodes and Cyprus. This arrangement completed, the conquest was soon effected, that is to say, the Gauls levied tribute of money on all the towns, provisions, in the rural districts, but never interfered with the internal administration of the country, except in case of resistance. There were committed those terrible ravages which have been transmitted by the Greek writers, as the “inflictions of Mars, that terrible God of the Gauls.” Young virgins

committed suicide to escape the horrors of captivity; and though there is no detailed account of the conquest, Thierry collects so many incidental references, that the reader can easily conceive the misery of a highly civilized race, while under the sway of one whose only profession and civilization were war and plunder. So great was the terror of the Gaulish name, that during a long period after the year 278, A.C., no king in Asia would venture into the field without a band of Gaulish auxiliaries. The king of Syria himself, was their tributary for a time, and none in Asia Minor, before Attalus, king of Pergamus, dare to dispute their demands. In Memphis, 4000 of them had nearly succeeded in changing the dynasty of Egyptian kings. But this plenitude of Gaulish power, though supported by constant supplies from Europe, was overturned by arising *en masse* of the oppressed population. Antiochus, king of Syria, encountered the Tectosagi, one of the conquering hordes, and having defeated them in a pitched battle, followed up his success, and drove them beyond the banks of the Halys, where they settled, selecting the ancient city of Ancyra as their capital. Attalus of Pergamus, thirty-five years later, having formed a general league against the two remaining bodies, succeeded in compelling them to take refuge in the same quarter, which thenceforward was known as Galatia, or Gallogreece. There St. Jerome, 500 years later, heard that very language spoken, which he had heard when a boy, used by the inhabitants of the territory of Treves.

The history of the kingdom of Gallogreece, the singular compound of Gaulish customs and Greek civilization, the oak-grove of the Druid and the Phrygian mother of the gods, the wars of the Galatians against the kings of Syria, and in those of Antiochus and Mithridates against Rome, are told in M. Thierry's best style. The power of the Galatians was first broken by the Romans, under the consul Manlius; and so great was the credit which this victory gave the Roman name in the east, that Judah, herself, in the embassy sent to Rome, mentions it as one of the most splendid proofs of Roman valour.

Our limited space excludes all notice of the part taken by the Gauls against Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and also in the Carthaginian wars. It is wonderful how the author has been able to connect the scattered fragments of the history of his race, and relate the grand feats of Gaulish arms in the ancient days, with as much spirit and interest as if he were engaged in the wars of the French republic, or the magic glories of Napoleon.

In perusing those interesting volumes, one cannot help being forcibly struck with the similarity of ancient Irish customs, to those which the Gauls exhibit in every clime whither M. Thierry tracks them. The antiquaries of the last century, under the influence of the eastern mania, found proof positive that the Irish were Persians or East Indians, or Phœnicians, if they saw but the least analogy between an Irish and an Eastern word, or an Irish and Eastern custom. Here, however, in the history of the Gauls, the analogies are frequent and conclusive. The names of the tribes are sometimes the same in both countries; their gods are often the same, as well as their dress and arms, and the good and bad features of their national character. He would be a bold man who would undertake to unravel the mythic history of ancient Ireland, and the succession of her colonies, by the movements of the tribes of Gaul; but he is not a wise man who expects

to find elsewhere a better collateral illustration 'of our national antiquities, than can be found in southern Gaul, or that portion of Spain which 1600 years before Christ was occupied by a Gaulish colony, which mingled with, without being lost in the subjugated Iberians.

The Gauls were stout and tall; white complexion, blue eyes, hair brown or fair, and generally tintured so as to have a bright red colour. It was worn long, sometimes floating down the shoulders, sometimes tied in a crown on the top of the head. The common people wore their beards, the nobles shaved, except the upper lip.

All the tribes wore the *bracæ*, which were worn loose in the south, tight, by the Belgæ of the north; a vest with sleeves, made of striped stuff, descending to the middle of the thighs; and a large cloak or "*sagum*" striped liked the vest, or ornamented with flowers, and superbly bordered with gold and silver, completed the costume. The "*sagum*" fastened under the chin by a metal clasp. The Gauls were fond of showy dress. In the earlier ages they thought it unworthy of their courage to wear defensive armour, but by communication with the Romans and Greek colony of Marseilles, they gradually adopted some foreign tactics, without, however, abandoning their own principal weapons.

These Celts, so brave in the field, evinced also a decided taste for many of the arts of civilized life. They soon rivalled their masters, the Phœnicians and Greeks, in the working of mines, and exported large quantities of pure ore ready for the smithy. The Bituriges had the pre-eminence in iron, the *Ædii* in works of silver and gold. M. Thierry enumerates many useful inventions, of which the credit was universally allowed to the Gauls by the ancients. Perhaps some of our public instructors of the English press might enlighten their ignorance and reform their estimate of mere Celtic character by glancing at these pages.

We cannot close this brief notice without expressing a hope that some person well acquainted with the legendary and authentic history of ancient Ireland would collate Gaulish customs and history, as given by Thierry, with the history and customs of the different tribes that settled in Ireland. The result, we are confident, would be to settle for ever the old theory of direct colonization from the East, and to place the chronology of Irish history on a more firm basis than any author has yet been able to give it.

THE Life and Death of Oliver Plunkett, PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

[Conclusion.]

Plunkett—My lord, may it please your lordship, I have something to say, which, if your lordship will consider seriously, may occasion the court's commiseration and mercy. I have, my lord, for this fact, been arraigned in Ireland and brought to trial there. At the day of my trial all the witnesses voluntarily absented themselves, seeing I had records and witnesses to convince them evidently, and show what men they were, and the prepressed motive that they did bear to me; and so finding that I could clear myself, evidently they absconded themselves: from the day of my trial no Christian appeared; but hither over they came and pronounced that I should be brought hither, where I could not have a jury that knew the qualities of my adversaries, or who knew me, or the circumstances of the places, times, or persons. The juries here, as I say, were altogether strangers to these affairs, and so, my lord, they could not know many things that conduce to a fair trial, and it was morally im-

possible they should know it. I have been accused principally and chiefly for surveying the ports, for fixing upon Carlingford for the landing of the French, for the having of 70,000 men ready to join with the French, for collecting money for the agents in this matter, for assisting of the French and this great utopian array. A jury in Ireland, consisting of men that lived in that country, or any man in the world that hath but seen Ireland in a map, would easily see there was no probability that that should be a place fit for the French to land in. Though he never was in Ireland, yet by the map he would see they must come by the narrow seas all along to Ulster, and the rocks and such places would make it very dangerous; and, by their own confession, it was a poor town, and of no strength—a very small garrison, which had not been so if it had been a place of any consideration. And where I had influence only upon one province, as is well known, though I had the title of Primate of all Ireland, as the Archbishop of Canturbury hath of all England, yet the Archbishop of York did not permit him to meddle with his province; and it is well known by the gentry there, and those that are accustomed to the place, that in all the province of Ulster, take men, women, and children of the Roman Catholics, they would not make up 70,000. This, a jury there, my lord, had known very well, and therefore the laws of England, which are very favourable to the prisoner, have provided that there should be a jury of the place where the fact was committed, as Sir Thomas Gascoigne, as I have heard, had a Yorkshire jury though he was tried at London. And then, after my coming here, I was kept a close prisoner for six months; not any Christian was permitted to come to me, nor did I know any thing how things stood in the world. I was brought here the 3rd of May, to be arraigned, and I did petition your lordship to have some time for my trial, and I would have it put off till Michaelmas, but your lordship did not think fit to grant so long, but only till the eighth of this month, when my witnesses, who were ready at the sea side, would not come over without passes; and I could not get over the records without an order from hence, which records would have shown that some of the witnesses were indicted and found guilty of high crimes—some were imprisoned for robberies, and some of the witnesses were infamous people; so I petitioned, the 8th of this month, that I might have time for but twelve days more; but your lordship thought, when the motion was made, that it was only to put off my trial; and now my witnesses are come to Coventry yesterday morning, and they will be here in a few days; so for want of time to defend myself in, I was exposed to my adversaries, who were some of my own clergy, whom, for their debauched lives, I have corrected, as is well known to them. I will not deny myself, that as long as there was any toleration and connivance I did execute the function of a bishop; and that, by the 2nd of Elizabeth, is only *premunire* and no treason. So that, my lord, I was exposed, defenceless, to my enemies; whereas, now my witnesses are come over, that could make all appear. I did beg for twelve days time, whereby you might have seen, as plain as the sun, what those witnesses are that began the story and say those things against me. And, my lord, for those depositions of the 70,000 men, and the monies that are collected of the clergy in Ireland, they cannot be true, for they are a poor clergy that have no revenue nor land—they live as the Presbyterians do here; there is not a priest in all Ireland that hath, certainly or uncertainly, above three score pounds a year, and that I should collect from them forty shillings a piece for the raising of an army, or for the landing of the French at Carlingford, if it had been brought before a jury in Ireland, it would have been thought a mere romance. If they had accused me of a *premunire* for the exercise of my episcopal function, perhaps they had said something that might be believed; but, my lord, as I am a dying man, and hope for salvation by my Lord and Saviour I am not guilty of one point of treason they have sworn against me, no more than the child that was born but yesterday. I have an attestation under my lord of Essex's hand concerning my good behaviour in Ireland, and not only from him, but from my Lord Berkley, who was also governor there, which the king's attorney saw; but here I was brought—here I was tried, and not having time to bring my witnesses, I could not prove my innocence as otherwise I might. So that if there be any case in the world that deserves compassion, sure my case does: and it is such a rare case as I do not believe you will find two of them in print, that one arraigned in Ireland should be tried here afterwards for the same fact. My lord, if there be anything in the world that deserves pity, this does; For I can say, as I hope for mercy, I was never guilty of any one point they have sworn against me; and if my petition for time had been granted, I could have shown how all was pre-pense malice against me, and have produced all circumstance that could make out the innocence of a person, but not having had time enough, and being tried, I am at your mercy.

Lord Chief Justice—Well, you have nothing further to say in bar of judgment: you have said all you can?

Plunkett—I have nothing further to say but what I have said.

Then proclamation was made for silence, while judgment was passing upon the prisoner.

Lord Chief Justice—Look you: Mr. Plunkett, you have been here indicted of a very great and heinous crime—the greatest and most heinous of all crimes, and that is high treason; and truly yours is treason of the highest nature—it is a treason in truth against God and your king, and the country where you lived. You have done as much as you could to dishonour God in this case; for the bottom of your treason was your setting up your false religion, than which there is not anything more displeasing to God, or more pernicious to mankind in the world. A religion that is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions;* the most dishonourable and derogatory to God and his glory, of all religions or pretended religions, whatsoever; for it undertakes to dispense with God's laws, and to pardon the breach of them. So that certainly a greater crime there cannot be committed against God, than for a man to endeavour the propagation of that religion: but you, to effect this, have designed the death of our lawful prince and king; and then your design of blood in the kingdom where you lived, to set all together by the ears, to destroy poor innocent people, to prostitute their lives and liberties, and all that is dear to them, to the tyranny of Rome and France, and that by introducing a French army. What greater evil can be designed by any man? I mention these things because they have all been proved against you, and that you may take notice and repent of them, and make your peace with God by a particular application for mercy for all these faults; for it seems to me that against God, your prince, and fellow-subjects you have behaved yourself very ill, designing very great evil to all these: and now it hath pleased God to bring you to judgment. I must tell you, peradventure, what you urge for yourself might introduce pity if it were to be believed; that is, that you are innocent, and had witnesses to prove it: but we cannot suppose any man innocent that hath had a legal and fair trial, and a trial with as much candour to you as your case could bear, or as, perhaps, any man in such a case ever had. You had time, upon your request, to send for your witnesses to help you in your defence, and to prove your innocence, if you could have done it; time long enough to your own content; you yourself thought it so at the time it was given. To give a prisoner, under your circumstances, five or six weeks' time to send for witnesses, is not usual: we could have put you upon a present defence, and hurried you out of the world by a sudden trial if we had had any design against you; but we go on in a fair way, and with legal proceedings, and with such a respect to you as in such a case could be used, for we gave you all the fair hearing and liberty that you desired to have. Look you, as to what you urge, that your trial was in this kingdom, whereas your defence was in another; that is a thing that does not become you by any means to object, for you have had a trial here by honest persons, and that according to the laws which obtain in this kingdom, and that, too, in Ireland, which is by a statute not made on purpose to bring you into a snare, but an ancient statute, and not without precedents of its having been put in execution before your time, for your own country will afford you several precedents in this case, as O'Rourke and several others that have been arraigned and condemned for treason done there. So that you have no reason to except against the legality of your trial. You say, now you have witnesses that could prove all this matter;

* Surely nothing could be more beastly than for a judge thus to express himself concerning the religion of the vast majority of Christians—a religion which had been professed by the ancestors of the very man who so foully and falsely assails it. We are accustomed to hear a great deal about the cruelty of the Spanish Inquisition, but I defy the revilers of Catholicity to discover any grand inquisitor who reviled his victim in so brutal a fashion, because he would not exchange for a novel worship, the faith of his Christian ancestors. But even this is almost surpassed by the brazen effrontery of what this impartial judge asserts a little further on—that the prisoner had had a fair trial! He even makes it a matter of great condescension, that after dragging the prisoner out of his own country to be tried in a strange land, he was not “put upon a present defence and hurried out of the world by a sudden trial.” It was, moreover, utterly false that the prisoner thought, even at first, that the time allowed him to prepare his defence was sufficient, for he then asked till Michaelmas, which was refused; and when, through the ingenuity of his enemies, his witnesses and records did not arrive, he would not be allowed twelve days more, but was hurried to judgment before they reached him.

why that lies in the mouth of every man that is condemned to say; but pray consider with yourself what regard ought to be given to this. We cannot help it if your witnesses do not come: you may remember they wanted not time nor opportunity to come over; but you told us they would not come unless they had a pass-port.

Plunkett—My lord, they got a pass to come over afterwards, and so in eight days they came hither.

Lord Chief Justice—You might have provided yourself if they wanted such a thing. In the first place, nobody is bound to give it them, much less could you expect it for them without asking.

Plunkett—I could not get the copies of the records, neither by any means, unless I had an order from the council, and they would not give that order, unless your lordship appointed it.

Lord Chief Justice—We cannot tell that; you should have petitioned in time.

Plunkett—How could any one foresee, unless he was God Almighty, that they would deny it, or that he could not get out a copy of a record, paying for it, without a petition. All the friends I had told me, upon motion there, it might be had; but here I have it under the lieutenant's and council's hands that they would give no copy of records without order from home, which, before I could know it, it was impossible for me to have them ready against my trial.

Lord Chief Justice—Look you, Sir, I do speak this to you, to show you that those objections which you mean to make against your trial, have no weight at all; but in this case it is not the jury that are so material as the witnesses themselves. I appeal to all that heard your trial, if they could so much as doubt but that you were guilty of what you were charged with. For, consider, here were persons of your own religion, the most of them priests, I think almost all of them in orders.

Plunkett—There were two friars, and a priest* whom I have endeavoured to correct seven years, and they were renegades from our religion, and dastard apostates.

Lord Chief Justice—Look you, Sir, they gave an evidence very home to your matter; you had liberty to examine them, and they gave you a rational account of anything you asked. Let me put you in mind of one thing. You made exceptions to one's evidence (and indeed that was very much of your exceptions to all), why he did not reveal this in all that time? Truly he told you he was of your mind till he went into France, and saw what slavery and mischief you endeavoured to introduce upon his and your countrymen, and this his spirit rose against, to see what a condition Ireland was like to be brought into. And pray did he not give you a full answer to your question?

Plunkett—I had sufficient witnesses to prove he was an apostate, and was chastised by me, and therefore had prepensed malice against me.

Lord Chief Justice—Therefore I have spoken this to the satisfaction, I hope, of yourself and all that hear it. I do now wish you to consider you are near your end. It seems you have lived in a false religion hitherto; it is not too late at any time to repent, I wish you may have the grace to do so. In the meantime, there is no time for us here to grant you any kind of mercy, though I'll tell you we are inclined to pity all malefactors: whoever have done evil we are inclined to pity them, and wish heartily that they may repent, as we do, that you may of what you have done. But all we can do now is to say what the law says, and that is to pass judgment upon you.

Plunkett—*May it please your lordship to give me leave to speak one word. If I were a man that had no care of my conscience in this matter, and did not think of God Almighty, or conscience, or heaven, or hell, I might have saved my life, for I was offered it by divers people here, so I would but confess my own guilt, and accuse others. But, my lord, I had rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully accuse anybody. And the time will come when your lordship will see what those witnesses are that have come in against me. I do assure your lordship, if I were a man that had not good principles I might easily have saved my life; but I had rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully to take away one farthing of any man's goods, one day of his liberty, or one minute of his life.*

Lord Chief Justice—I am sorry to see you persist in the principles of that religion.

Plunkett—*They are those principles that even God Almighty cannot dispense withal.**

Lord Chief Justice—Well, however the judgment which we must give you is that which the law says and speaks. And therefore you must go from hence to the place from whence you came, that is, to Newgate, and from thence you shall be drawn through the city of London to Tyburn; *there you shall be hanged by the neck, but cut down before you are dead, your bowels shall be taken out and burnt before your face, your head shall be cut off, and your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as his majesty pleases, and I pray God to have mercy upon your soul.*

Plunkett—My lord, I hope I may have this favour, of leave for a servant and some few friends I have to come to me.

Lord Chief Justice—I think you may have liberty for any servant to come to you. I know nothing to the contrary.

Plunkett—And some few friends that I have in town.

Lord Chief Justice—But I would advise you to have some minister to come to you, some Protestant minister.

Plunkett—My lord, if you please there are some in prison† that never were indicted on account of any crime, and they will do my business very well; for they will do it according to the rites of our own Church, which is the ancient usage; they cannot do better, and I would not alter it now.

Lord Chief Justice—Mr. Richardson, you may let his servant come to him, and any friend, in your presence, to see there be no evil done, nor any contrivances that may hereafter have an influence upon affairs.

Justice Jones—Be you present, or somebody.

Plunkett—My servant, I hope, may come without his being present.

* Nothing surely could be more noble, or more heroic than this language of the illustrious martyr.

† There were several priests confined in prison along with Dr. Plunkett, against whom there was no other charge than that of having received orders in the Church of Rome. But the person under whose spiritual guidance the Primate placed himself was Father James Corker. He was educated in the Benedictine monastery of Lambspring, in the territories of the Duke of Brunswick, in Germany, of which he first became a monk, and afterwards abbot. He returned to England, where he acted as chaplain to a widow lady for twelve years, but on the breaking out of the Popish plot, was accused by Oates, apprehended, and cast into prison as one of its contrivers. He was tried in July, 1679, on a charge similar to that of which Dr. Plunkett was afterwards convicted. Oates and some others appeared against him, but he was acquitted. Still he was detained in prison, and on the 17th of January, 1679—1680, new style—he was tried for having received orders in the Church of Rome, and of this charge he was convicted (Dodd's Church History, vol. iii. p. 488-9; the edition from which I quote was printed at Brussels, in 1742.) On the same authority (p. 283) it is stated that Father Corker was in prison under sentence, when Dr. Plunkett was there. He was afterwards reprieved, but at what period Dodd does not say. It must, however, have been after the Primate's execution, for Father Corker states, in a letter which will be found a little farther on, that although he and Dr. Plunkett could write to each other after the arraignment of the latter, yet their letters were read, transcribed, and examined by the officers, before they were delivered to either of them; but that after his condemnation they had free intercourse by letters, by means of his man, who had leave to wait upon him alone in his chamber. Consequently they must have been both in prison after the Primate's condemnation, or his man, who remained there with him, could not have delivered their letters to them. Besides, Father Corker says that "when Dr. Plunkett was carried out of the press-yard to execution, he turned him about to our chamber windows, and with a pleasant aspect and elevated hand, gave us his benediction." These windows must have been those of the prison. Besides, if Father Corker had been free, he would undoubtedly have gone to the place of execution. The venerable Father adds, immediately after the words already quoted: "How he composed himself after he was taken from hence, you yourself can give a more exact account than I." "From hence" evidently means from the prison, and the whole passage clearly implies that Father Corker, being confined there at the time, could not be present at the execution. We have a reason for being exact on this point which shall be stated presently. When the Primate then speaks of the priests who were in prison at the time of his condemnation, and who "had never been indicted on account of any crime," he alludes, most probably, to Father Corker's "comrades," whose prayers he asks, in a letter which will be found in the text. He may have also included Father Corker himself, who was at this time accused of nothing but of being a priest. Father Corker lived until several years after the Revolution (Dodd, vol. iii., pp. 488-9).

* The two friars were Mac Moyer and Duffy, and the priest was Mac Clave or Mac Legh. Another priest, Edmund Murphy, was called on to give evidence against the Primate, and was put into gaol because he retracted the perjuries which he had previously sworn before the parliament, and the king and council. This recantation was the more annoying because he was the first discoverer of the first plot, and the first framer of the absurd calumnies which brought the Primate to the scaffold.

Lord Chief Justice—Yes, yes, his servant may be with him alone. Well, Sir, we wish better to you than you do to yourself.

Plunkett—God Almighty bless your lordship. And now, my lord, as I am a dead man to this world, and as I hope for mercy in the other world, I was never guilty of any of the treasons laid to my charge, as you will hear in time; and my character you may receive from my lord chancellor of Ireland,* my lord Berkeley, my lord Essex, and my lord Ormond.

[Then keeper took away his prisoner.]

We cannot trust ourselves to make any comments upon a trial, the iniquity of which is only surpassed by the atrocious murder that followed. It is a double murder, to make a conviction procured by hired perjurers the pretext for depriving a man of his life. The nation of whose fanatical bigotry Oliver Plunkett was the victim, became horrified by its own act in the moment of its consummation. His noble conduct at the place of execution extorted the warm admiration of his enemies, and convinced the most credulous partisans of the Popish plot that when the Primate was put to death, the blood which flowed was not that of a false traitor, but of an innocent, loyal, and heroic Christian bishop. On the 1st of July, 1681, the last victim of the Popish plot, and the last martyr who was directly put to death for the Catholic religion in these countries, died at Tyburn; and the immense concourse which assembled to triumph over its victim, wept and blessed him. No historian of any party has had the hardihood to say that he was guilty of the crimes with which he was charged; but on the contrary, they have all united in reprobating the iniquity of his trial and the barbarity of his death. I have already had occasion to quote the testimony of his contemporary, Bishop Burnet, of Charles James Fox, and of several others to this effect. To these I shall now add a few others:

"In the meantime," says the continuator of the chronicle of Sir Richard Baker (p. 710), "came on the trial of Dr. Oliver Plunkett, popish titular archbishop of Armagh, who called himself primate of all Ireland. He was a worthy and good man, who, notwithstanding the high title given him, was in a very mean state of life, as having nothing to subsist on but the contributions of a few poor clergy of his own religion in the province of Ulster, who having but little themselves, could not spare much to him. In these low circumstances he lived, though meanly, quietly and contentedly, meddling with nothing but the concerns of his function, and dissuading all about him from entering into any turbulent or factious intrigues. But while the Popish plot was warm, some lewd Irish priests, and others of that nation, hearing that England was disposed to hearken to good swearers, thought themselves qualified for the employment. So they came over with an account of a plot in Ireland, and were well received by Lord Shaftsbury. They were also examined by the parliament, and what they said was believed. They were very profligate wretches, and some of the priests among them had been censured by Plunkett for their lewdness; so partly out of revenge, and partly to keep themselves in business, they charged a plot upon that innocent, quiet man, so that he was sent for over, and brought to trial. The evidences swore that upon his being made primate of Ireland, he engaged to raise sixty or seventy thousand Irish, to be ready to join with the French to destroy the Protestant religion, and to get Dub-

lin, Londonderry, and all the sea-ports into their hands; and that besides the French army, there was a Spanish army to join with them, and that the Irish clergy were to contribute to this design. Plunkett, in his defence, alleged the improbability of all that was sworn against him; which was apparent enough. He alleged that the Irish clergy were so poor, that he himself, who was the head of the whole province, lived in a little thatched house, with only one servant, having never above sixty pounds a-year income; so that neither he nor they could be thought very likely to carry on a design of this nature. But the fact being positively sworn against him, and the jury unacquainted with the witnesses' characters, and the scene of action, he was brought in guilty, and condemned. It is said that the Earl of Essex was so sensible of the injustice done him that he applied to the king for a pardon, and told him that the matters sworn against Plunkett were so absurd in themselves that it was impossible for them to be true. But the king answered in a passion, 'why did you not declare this, then, at the trial? it would have done him some good then; but I dare pardon nobody,' and concluded with saying, 'his blood be upon your head, and not upon mine.'"^{*}

Eachard after stating that Plunkett had an attestation of his good conduct, under the hands of Essex and Berkeley, who had been lord lieutenants of Ireland, adds that:

"He has been assured by an unquestionable hand that the Earl of Essex himself was so sensible of the poor man's hardship, that he generously applied to the king for a pardon, and told his majesty the witnesses must needs be perjured; for these things sworn against him could not possibly be true."[†]

After this follows the conversation between Essex and the king in the very words which have been already quoted from the continuation of Baker's Chronicle.

The Primate's character is sustained not only by the impossibility of the charge which was preferred against him, and the infamy of the abandoned wretches who sustained it by their perjuries—it is vindicated not only by the concurrent testimony of writers whose prejudices were strongly opposed to him; but it is, moreover, placed beyond the reach of suspicion by the unanimous attestation of all the chief governors who ruled in Ireland almost from the period of his first arrival in the country. He arrived in 1669, when Lord Robarts was lord lieutenant. He was a "puritan, sour and cynical," and made every effort to arrest the Primate, simply for being a Popish dignitary. He knew nothing of Dr. Plunkett, who dare not come out of his hiding-places during the Robarts administration, and, in fact, although some of the witnesses swore that he was appointed Primate to carry out some wonderful "design" in favour of Catholicity and against Protestantism, and heaven knows what besides, yet not one of them charge him with any overt act before 1672 or 1673. Lord Berkeley succeeded to the lord lieutenancy in May, 1670, and he in his turn gave way to Essex, and Essex to Ormond, who held that office during the period of Plunkett's trial and death, and he expressly challenged the judges and the law officers of the crown (a challenge which they did not chose to accept) to enquire of each of these persons as to his character and conduct whilst in Ireland. We have already seen with what contemptuous scorn the Duke of Ormond, who had been repeatedly, and for very long periods lord lieutenant, and who knew Ireland better than perhaps any of his contemporaries, treated the entire story of the plot, and the thieves and robbers whose evidence alone sustained it.‡ The Primate

* The lord chancellor was the Most Rev. Michael Boyle, the Protestant archbishop of Armagh, and primate of Ireland. He was one of the twelve bishops who were consecrated together in St. Patrick's church, Dublin, after the restoration, in 1660. He was first promoted to the sees of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, and at the same time he held as sinecures no less than six parishes in his own diocese. He was translated to Dublin in 1663, and to Armagh in 1678. He was in the same year appointed lord chancellor—an office which he held for twenty-two years. He sat in King James's parliament, in 1689; died in 1702, and was buried at midnight under the altar in St. Patrick's cathedral. He founded the town of Blessington, in Wicklow, from which his son, Morrough Boyle, obtained the title of Viscount Blessington (See Dotson's "*Bishops of Dublin*," for a more detailed account of the lord chancellor.)

* "*Chronicle by Sir Richard Baker, continued to the death of King George I.*" London, 1730.

† Eachard, *Hist. Eng.*, vol. iii. p. 631.

‡ Ormond might perhaps have exerted himself more strenuously to save the Primate, but that he was himself suspected by the Puritans. In a letter to Sir R. Southwell (*Carte*, ii. 490) he says,

also stated that the lord chancellor of Ireland, Michael Boyle, who was also the Protestant primate, was ready to bear testimony to the loyalty and uprightness of his character. But all these appeals were listened to not only with indifference, but with the utmost impatience; nor would the testimony even of an angel from heaven have been sufficient to avert the blow from the doomed victim.

On the 15th of June, sentence of death was pronounced upon the Primate, and on the next day he wrote the following beautiful letter to Father Corker, in which he contrasts in the most touching language the partiality of the judges of the bench before which he had been condemned on earth, with the "supreme Judge of the high bench where no false witnesses can have audience:"

"DEAR SIR,

"I am obliged to you for the favour and charity of the 20th, and for all your former benevolences: and whereas I cannot in this country remunerate you, with God's grace, I hope to be grateful in that kingdom which is properly our country. And truly God gave me, though unworthy of it, that grace to have *fortem animum mortis terrore carentem* (a courage fearless of death). I have many sins to answer for before the supreme judge of the high bench, where no false witnesses can have audience. But as for the bench yesterday, I am not guilty of any crime there objected to me: I would I could be so clear at the bench of the All-powerful. *Ut est sit*, there is one comfort, that he cannot be deceived, because he is omniscious, and knows all secrets, even of hearts; and cannot deceive, because all goodness; so that I may be sure of a fair trial, and will get time sufficient to call witnesses, nay, the Judge will bring them in a moment, if there will be need of any. You and your comrade's prayers will be powerful advocates at that bench. Here none are admitted for

"Your affectionate friend,

"OLIVER PLUNKETT."

In this way the holy martyr spent the time between his condemnation and his execution. He was more cheerful and happy than he had been since he returned to his native land, carrying with him the dignity and the cares of the primacy. He felt that he was about to be relieved from the afflictions of earth, and to be rewarded by the joys of heaven. Like another Paul, he cried out, "who will deliver me from the body of this death;" and like that great apostle, he "desired to be dissolved, and to be with Christ." His body indeed was still upon earth, but his soul was entirely absorbed in the contemplation of God, and those who saw the venerable man, with his long white hair and emaciated form, kneeling before the image of his Saviour, and calling upon Him for strength to follow Him in His sufferings, and to die for His name, seemed to see the light of heaven already shining upon his countenance. Fortunately Father Corker, who administered to him the last consolations of religion, has left us the following most interesting narrative of this portion of the Primate's life:

"I cannot as yet," says he, "pretend to give to you, as you

"I know well that I am born with some disadvantages in relation to the present conjuncture . . . my father and mother lived and died Papists . . . my brothers and sisters, though they were not very many, were very fruitful and very obstinate (they will call it constant) in their way; their fruitfulness hath spread into a large connexion, and their obstinacy hath made it altogether Popish." When he was dying, Peter Walsh (the most unfit person certainly in the whole world) strove to convert him to Catholicity. The duke asked him if he thought the change so necessary for his salvation, why he had not mentioned it to him sooner, and he, no doubt, remembered the mischief which Peter had himself done to that religion, and to those who professed it. The religious doubts which agitated his own mind were transmitted to his descendants, and I have been told that up to the present time his heirs have died, the one a Protestant and the other a Catholic, in regular alternation.

desire, a description of the virtues of the glorious archbishop and martyr, Dr. Oliver Plunkett; I am promised the particulars of his life and actions, both at Rome, where he studied and taught almost twenty years, and in Ireland, where he exercised his episcopal, or rather apostolical functions till he became a champion of faith: but these particulars are not as yet arrived at my hands. After his transportation hither, he was, as you know, close confined, and secluded from all conversation save that of his keepers, until his arraignment: so that here also I am much in the dark, and can only inform you of what I learned, as it were by chance, from the mouths of the said keepers, viz., that he spent his time in almost continual prayer; that he fasted usually three or four days a-week, with nothing but bread; that he appeared to them always modestly cheerful, without any anguish or concern at his danger, or strait confinement; that by his sweet and pious demeanour he attracted an esteem and reverence from those few that came near him. When he was arraigned, it is true, I could write to him, and he to me; but our letters were read, transcribed, and examined by the officers before they were delivered to either of us. For which cause we had little other communication than what was necessary in order to his trial. But the trial being ended, and he condemned, his man had leave to wait on him alone in his chamber, by whose means we had intercourse by letters to each other. And now it was I clearly perceived the spirit of God in him, and those lovely fruits of the Holy Ghost—charity, joy, peace, &c., transparent in his soul. And not only I, but many other Catholics, who came to receive his benediction, and were eye-witnesses (a favour not denied to us) there appeared in his words, in his actions, in his countenance, something so divinely elevated, such a composed mixture of cheerfulness, constancy, love, sweetness, and candour, as manifestly denoted the divine goodness had made him fit for a victim, and destined him for heaven. None saw or came near him but received new comfort, new fervour, new desires to please, serve, and suffer for Christ Jesus, by his very presence—concerning the manner and state of his prayer, he seemed most devoted to Catholic sentences, taken out of scripture, the divine office, and missal, which he made me procure for him three months before he died: upon these sentences he let his soul dilate itself in love, following herein the sweet impulse and dictates of the Holy Ghost, and reading his prayers, writ rather in his heart than in his book, according to that—"*unctio ejus docet vos de omnesibus*," St. John, ii. 27. For this reason, I suppose it was, that when with great humility he sent me his last speech to correct, he also writ me word he would not, at the place of execution, make use of any other set form or method of prayer than the *Pater-Noster*, *Ave-Maria*, *Credo*, *Miserere*, *In Manus tuas Domine*, &c., and for the rest, he would breathe forth his soul in such prayers and ejaculations as God Almighty should then inspire him withal. He continually endeavoured to improve and advance himself in the purity of divine love, and by consequence, also in contrition for his sins past, of his deficiency in both which this humble soul complained to me as the only thing that troubled him. This love had extinguished in him all fear of death; the very night before he died, being now as it were at heart's-ease, he went to bed at eleven o'clock, and slept quietly and soundly till four in the morning, at which time his man, who lay in the room with him, awaked him; so little concern had he upon his spirit, or rather, so much had the loveliness of the end beautified the horror of the passage to it. After he certainly knew God Almighty had chosen him to the crown and dignity of martyrdom, he continually studied how to divest himself of himself, and become more and more an entire, pleasing, and perfect holocaust; to which end, as he gave up his soul, with all its faculties, to the conduct of God, so, for God's sake, he resigned the care and disposal of his body to unworthy me, &c. But I neither can nor dare undertake to describe unto you the signal virtues of this blessed martyr. There appeared in him something beyond expression—something more than human; the most savage and hard-hearted people were mollified and attendered at his sight; many Protestants, in my hearing, wished their souls in the same state with his. All believed him innocent; and he made Catholics, even the most timorous, in love with death. When he was carried out of the press-yard to execution, he turned him about to our chamber windows, and with a pleasant aspect and elevated hands gave us his benediction. How he composed himself after he was taken from hence, you yourself can give a more exact account than I, &c.*

In another of his letters to Father Corker he expresses his joy at the prospect of being put to death for the faith, "since," he says, "Ireland, so fertile of saints, has but few martyrs."†

* See both these letters in Challoner's lives.

† For this brief extract, as well as some other interesting parti-

Nor is this conduct of the Primate testified by Catholics alone, but also by Protestants. It is thus Sir R. Butstrode mentions him :

"Captain Richardson, keeper of Newgate, being asked by the lieutenant of the tower, how his prisoner had behaved himself? he replied, 'very well, for when I came to him this morning, he was newly awake, having slept all night without any disturbance; and when I told him he was to prepare for his execution, he received the message with all quietness of mind, and went to the sledge as unconcerned as if he had been going to a wedding.'"

It was in such a heavenly disposition of mind he went from Newgate to Tyburn, on the 1st day of July, 1681. At the place of execution he read the following speech :

I have, some few days past, abided my trial at the King's-bench, and now very soon I must hold up my hand at the King of king's bench, and appear before a Judge that cannot be deceived by false witnesses or corrupt allegations—for he knoweth the secrets of hearts; neither can he deceive any, or give an unjust sentence, or be misled by respects of persons; he being all goodness, and a most just judge, will infallibly decree an eternal reward for all good works, and condign punishment for the smallest transgressions against his commandments. Which being a most certain and undoubted truth, it would be a wicked act, and contrary to my perpetual welfare, that I should now, by declaring any thing contrary to truth, commit a detestable sin, for which, within a very short time I must receive sentence of everlasting damnation; after which there is no reprieve or hope of pardon. I will, therefore, confess the truth, without any equivocation, and make use of the words according to their accustomed signification; assuring you, moreover, that I am of that certain persuasion, that no power not only upon earth, but also in heaven, can dispense with me, or give me leave to make a false protestation; and I protest, upon the word of a dying man, and as I hope for salvation at the hands of the supreme Judge, that I will declare the naked truth with all candour and sincerity; and that my affairs may be better known to all the world. It is to be observed that I have been accused in Ireland of treason and præmunire; and that there I was arraigned and brought to my trial; but the prosecutors (men of flagitious and infamous lives) perceiving that I had records and witnesses, who would evidently convince them, and clearly show my innocence and their wickedness, they voluntarily absented themselves, and came to this city to procure that I should be brought hither to my trial (where the crimes objected were not committed) where the jury did not know me, or the qualities of my accusers, and were not informed of several other circumstances conducing to a fair trial. Here, after six months' close imprisonment, or thereabouts, I was brought to the bar the 3rd of May, and arraigned for a crime, for which I was before arraigned in Ireland—a strange resolution, a rare fact, of which you will hardly find a precedent these five hundred years past; but whereas my witnesses and records were in Ireland, the lord chief justice gave me five weeks time to get them brought hither; but by reason of the uncertainty of the seas, of wind and weather, and of the difficulty of getting copies of records, and bringing many witnesses from several counties in Ireland, and for many other impediments (of which affidavit was made) I could not at the end of five weeks get the records and witnesses brought hither; I therefore begged for twelve days more, that I might be in a readiness for my trial, which my lord chief justice denied, and so I was brought to my trial, and exposed, as it were, with my hands tied, to those merciless perjurers, who did aim at my life by accusing me of these following points:

First—That I have sent letters by one Neil O'Neal (who was my page) to M. Baldeschi, the pope's secretary, to the bishop of Aix, and to the prince of Colonna, that they might solicit foreign powers to invade Ireland; and also to have sent letters to Cardinal Bouillon, to the same effect. Secondly—To have employed Captain Con O'Neal to the French king for succour. Thirdly—To have levied and exacted monies from the clergy of Ireland, to bring in the French, and to maintain 70,000 men. Fourthly—To have had in readiness 70,000 men, and lists made of them, and to have given directions to one friar Duffy to make a list of 250 men

in the parish of Foghart, in the county of Louth. Fifthly—To have surveyed all the forts and harbours in Ireland; and to have fixed upon Carlingford as a fit harbour for the French's landing. Sixthly—To have had several councils and meetings, where there was money allotted for introducing the French. Finally—That I held a meeting in the county of Monaghan, some ten or twelve years past, where there were 300 gentlemen of three several counties, to wit, Monaghan, Cavan, and Armagh, whom I did exhort to take arms to recover their estates.

To the first I answer, that Neil O'Neal was never my servant or page, and that I never sent letter or letters by him to M. Baldeschi, or the bishop of Aix, or to the prince of Colonna; and I say that the English translation of that pretended letter produced by Friar Mac Moyer is a mere invention of his, and never penned by me, or its original, either in English, Latin, Italian, or any other language. I affirm, moreover, that I never wrote letter or letters to Cardinal Bouillon, or any of the French king's ministers; neither did any who was in that court either speak to me or write to me, directly or indirectly, of any plot or conspiracy against king or country. Farther, I vow that I never sent agent or agents to Rome, or to any other court, about any civil or temporal affairs; and it is well known (for it is a precept publicly printed) that clergymen (living in countries where the government is not of Roman Catholics) are commanded by Rome, not to write to Rome concerning any civil or temporal affairs. And I do aver that I never received letter or letters from the pope, or from any other of his ministers, making the least mention of any such matters; so that the friars Mac Moyer and Duffy swore most falsely as to such letter or letters, agent or agents.

To the second I say, that I never employed Captain Con O'Neal to the French king, or to any of his ministers; and that I never wrote to him or received letters from him; and that I never saw him but once, nor ever spoke to him, to the best of my remembrance, ten words; and as for his being in Charlemont or Dungannon, I never saw him in those towns, or knew of his being in those places; so that as to Con O'Neal, Friar Mac Moyer's descriptions are most false.

To the third I say, that I never levied any money for a plot or conspiracy for bringing in Spaniards or French, neither did I ever receive any upon that account from priests or friars, as priest Mac Clave* and friar Duffy most untruly asserted. I assure you that I never received from any clergyman in Ireland but what was due to me by ancient custom for my maintenance, and what my predecessors these hundred years were wont to receive, nay I received less than many of them. And if all what the Catholic clergy of Ireland get in the year were put in one purse, it would signify little or nothing to introduce the French, or to raise an army of 70,000 men, which I had enlisted and ready, as Friar Mac Moyer most falsely deposed; neither is it less untrue what Friar Duffy attested, viz., that I directed him to make a list of 250 men in the parish of Foghart (Fohart) in the county of Louth.

To the fifth I answer, that I never surveyed all the ports and harbours of Ireland, and that I was never at Cork, Kingsale, Bantry, Youghal, Dungarvon, or Knockfergus;† and these thirty-six years past I was not at Limerick, Dungannon, or Wexford. As for Carlingford, I never was in it but once, and staid not in it above half an hour; neither did I consider the port or haven; neither had I it in my thoughts or imagination to fix upon it or upon any other port or haven for landing of French or Spaniards, and whilst I was at Carlingford (by mere chance passing that way) Friar Duffy was not in my company, as he most falsely swore.

To the sixth I say, that I was never at any meeting or council where there was mention made of allotting or collecting of monies for a plot or conspiracy; and it is well known that the Catholic clergy of Ireland, who have neither lands nor revenues, and hardly are able to keep decent clothes upon their backs, and life and soul together, can raise no considerable sum, nay cannot spare as much as would maintain half a regiment.

To the seventh I answer, that I was never at any meeting of 300 gentlemen in the counties of Monaghan, Armagh, and Cavan, nor of one county, nor of one barony, and that I never exhorted a gentleman or gentlemen, either there or in any other part of Ireland, to take arms for the recovering of their estates; and it is well known that there are not, even in all the province of Ulster, 300 Irish Roman Catholics who had estates or lost estates by the late rebellion, and as it is well known, all my thoughts and endeavours were for the quiet of my country, and especially of that province.

Now, to be brief, as I hope to be saved, I never sent letter or letters, agent or agents, to pope, king, prince or prelate, concerning any plot or conspiracy against my king or country: I never

culars, I am indebted to the kindness of Lady B——, who obtained them from Father Anselm Kenyon, the last surviving monk of the suppressed Benedictine Monastery of Lambspring, to which the remains of Oliver Plunkett were removed, two years after his execution.

* "Memoirs, and reflections upon the reign and government of King Charles I., and King Charles II.," &c., by Sir Richard Bulstrode, London, 1721.

* This name is printed Mac Legh in the State Trials.

† Carrickfergus.

raised sum or sums of money, great or small, to maintain soldier or soldiers, all the days of my life; I never knew or heard (neither did it come to my thoughts or imagination) that the French were to land at Carlingford; and I believe there is none who know Ireland even in a map, but will think it a mere romance; I never knew of any plotters and conspirators in Ireland, but such as were notorious and proclaimed (commonly called Tories) whom I did endeavour to suppress. And as I hope for salvation, I always have been, and am, entirely ignorant of the treasons laid to my charge, and of any other whatsoever.

And though I be not guilty of the crimes of which I am accused, yet I believe none came ever to this place who is in such a condition as I am, for if I should even acknowledge (which in conscience I cannot do, because I should belie myself) the chief crimes laid to my charge, no wise man that knows Ireland would believe me. If I should confess that I was able to raise 70,000 men in the districts of which I had care, to wit, in Ulster, nay, even in all Ireland, and to have levied and exacted monies from the Roman clergy, for their maintenance, and to have proposed Carlingford for the French's landing, all would but laugh at me, it being well known that all the revenues of Ireland, both spiritual and temporal, possessed by his majesty's subjects, are scarce able to raise and maintain an army of 70,000 men. If I will deny all those crimes (as I did and do) yet it may be that some who are not acquainted with the affairs of Ireland will not believe that my denial is grounded upon truth, though I assert it with my last breath. I dare mention further, and affirm, that if these points of 70,000 men, &c., had been sworn before any Protestant jury in Ireland, and had been even acknowledged by me at the bar, they would not believe me, no more than if it had been deposed and confessed by me, that I had flown in the air from Dublin to Holy-Head. You see, therefore, what condition I am in, and you have heard what protestations I have made of innocence, and I hope you will believe the words of a dying man. And that you may be the more inclined to give me credit, I assure you that a great peer* sent me notice, "that he would save my life, if I would accuse others;" but I answered, "that I never knew of any conspirators in Ireland, but such (as I said before) as were publicly known out-laws, and that to save my life, I would not falsely accuse any, nor prejudice my own soul. Quid prodest homini," &c. To take away any man's life or goods wrongfully ill becometh any Christian, especially a man of my calling, being a clergyman of the Catholic Church, and also an unworthy prelate, as long as there was any connivance or toleration; and I by preaching, and teaching, and statutes, have endeavoured to bring the clergy (of which I had a care) to a due comportment, according to their calling; and though thereby I did but my duty, yet some, who would not amend, had a prejudice for me, and especially my accusers, to whom I did endeavour to do good; I mean the clergymen, (as for the four laymen who appeared against me, viz. Florence Mac Moyer, the two O'Neals, and Hanlon, I was never acquainted with them;) but you see how I am requited, and how by false oaths they brought me to this untimely death; which wicked act being a defect of persons, ought not to reflect upon the order of St. Francis, or upon the Roman Catholic clergy; it being well known that there was a Judas among the twelve apostles, and a wicked man called Nicholas among the seven deacons; and even as one of the said deacons, to wit, holy Stephen, did pray for those who stoned him to death, so do I for those who with perjuries spill my innocent blood, saying as St. Stephen did, "O Lord, lay not this sin to them." I do heartily forgive them, and also the judges, who, by denying me sufficient time to bring my records and witnesses from Ireland, did expose my life to evident danger. I do also forgive all those who had a hand in bringing me from Ireland to be tried here, where it was morally impossible for me to have a fair trial. I do finally forgive all who did concur, directly or indirectly, to take away my life; and I ask forgiveness of all those whom I ever offended by thought, word, or deed. I beseech the All-powerful, that his Divine Majesty grant our king, queen, the duke of York, and all the royal family, health, long life, and all prosperity in this world, and in the next, everlasting felicity.

Now that I have showed sufficiently (as I think) how innocent I am of any plot or conspiracy, I would I were able, with the like truth, to clear myself of high crimes committed against the Divine Majesty's commandments (often transgressed by me) for which I am sorry with all my heart, and if I should or could live a thousand years, I have a firm resolution, and a strong purpose, by your grace, O my God, never to offend you; and I beseech your divine Majesty, by the merits of Christ, and by the intercession of his blessed mother, and all the holy angels and saints, to forgive me my sins, and to grant my soul eternal rest.

Having finished the reading of this speech, to which

* This peer was most probably Shaftesbury.

the audience listened with the most profound attention and the most lively emotion, he spoke as follows:

To the final satisfaction of all persons that have the charity to believe the words of a dying man, I again declare before God, as I hope for salvation, what is contained in this paper is the plain and naked truth, without any equivocation, mental reservation, or secret evasion whatever; taking the words in their usual sense and meaning, as Protestants do when they discourse with all candour and sincerity. To all which I have here subscribed my hand,

OLIVER PLUNKETT.*

After he had ended his speech, and recited the psalm *Miserere mei Deus, Parce animæ, In manus tuas Domine*, and other devout aspirations, he gave a signal, previously agreed upon, to a disguised priest who stood by the scaffold, and meekly bowing himself, obtained absolution from him; and his cap being drawn over his eyes, he continued recommending his happy soul into the hands of his Saviour, till the cart was drawn away. He was suffered to hang till he expired, or at all events till he was in a state of insensibility, and then was cut down, quartered, and bowelled: his heart and bowels were thrown into the fire; his body was begged of the king, and was interred (all but the head and arms to the elbows, which were disposed of elsewhere) in the church-yard of St. Giles in the Fields; with a copper-plate on his breast with the following inscription:

"In this tomb resteth the body of the Right Reverend Oliver Plunkett, archbishop of Armagh, and primate of Ireland, who, in hatred of religion, was accused of high treason by false witnesses, and for the same condemned, and executed at Tyburn, his heart and bowels being taken out, and cast into the fire. He suffered martyrdom with constancy, the 1st of July, 1681, in the reign of King Charles the Second."

The inscription was written by Abbot Corker, to whom the Primate had made a present of his body. This legacy is mentioned by Father Corker himself in his letter, and is thus related by Dodd (*Church History*, v. iii. p. 283-4): "'Tis observed in the account I have of him (Plunkett) that, on the morning before he suffered, he made Mr. Corker a present of his body, to dispose of it at his pleasure. Mr. Corker willingly accepted of the gift, and, when times permitted, disposed of it in a proper manner. His body was first deposited in St. Giles's churchyard, under the north wall, near the five jesuits. 'In the said place Plunkett's quarters continued till the crop-eared plot broke out in 1683, and then they were taken up and conveyed beyond the sea, to the monastery of the Benedictines at Lambspring, in Germany.'—*Athen. Oxon.* p. 221.

"Challoner," p. 450, says that the translation of the relics of Dr. Plunkett from St. Giles, to Lambspring, took place four years after his execution; but I prefer Dodd's authority, which places it two years earlier. The account in *Harris' Ware's Writers* also agrees with Dodd. It is as follows: "The (Plunkett's) head was separated from his body, which was divided into four quarters, and they were buried in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields, where they rested about two years, and then were taken up and conveyed beyond seas to a monastery of English Benedictines, at Lambspring, in the dominions of the duke of Brunswick, in Germany, where, with great ceremony, they were re-buried."

When the quarters of the martyr's body were taken up by order of Father Corker, in 1683, they were found to be entire. He had them transferred to Lambspring, as already stated, and in 1693 erected over

* Bulstrode's Memoirs, p. 318.

them a handsome monument, with this Latin inscription :

"Reliquiæ sanctæ memoriæ Oliveri Plunkett, archiepiscopi Armachani, Hiberniæ primatis, qui in odium Catholici fidei laqueo suspensus, extractis visceribus et in ignem projectis, celeberrimo martyri occubuit Londini, primo die Julij (style veteri) anno salutis 1681."*

Since this sad but glorious tragedy was enacted at Tyburn, on the 1st of July, 1681, no Catholic has been put to death for his faith in these kingdoms.† The blood of the martyr, stronger than a wall of adamant, resisted and drove back the fierce and triumphant flood of persecution, and in its recoil it overwhelmed the persecutors themselves. On the very day after the execution of the Primate, Shaftesbury, the great promoter of the proceedings against all those who approved of the Popish plot, was dragged ignominiously to the tower, amid the hootings of the rabble. The Irish witnesses, whom he had patronised, fearing from the sudden change in public opinion that they might be prosecuted for their perjuries, offered as a set off against their delinquencies to appear against their former employer. Their services were accepted, and it was not the want of strong swearing, but the packing of a jury by his friends, the sheriffs, that saved him from quickly following his victims to the place of execution. But though he escaped on this occasion, some documents found amongst his papers were published, which turned the popular feelings so strongly in favour of the court, that he hid himself for fear of a second prosecution, and, after vainly endeavouring to excite a rebellion, fled to Amsterdam, where he died in January, 1683. Oates‡ was deprived of his pension, Rouse, the leader of the mob from Wapping, and College whose zeal had procured for him the appellation of the "Protestant joiner," were both hanged. The dissenters had been the active parti-

* Challoner's Memoirs of Missionary Priests, vol. ii. p. 449-50. Bulstrode's Memoirs, p. 319.

† Challoner's Memoirs, ii. p. 450.—"When we say that Oliver Plunkett was the last martyr who was put to death for the faith in these countries, we do not forget the atrocious persecutions which the Irish priests were obliged to undergo during the reign of William and Mary, of Ann, and even, for a short time after the Scotch rebellion of 1715, in the reign of George the First. We do not forget the violation of the treaty of Limerick; after which no less than twelve thousand men sought refuge in France. But although a reward was set upon the heads of the priests, and they were dragged out of the caves where they had concealed themselves, and sometimes whilst in the very act of celebrating the divine mysteries, yet none of them, as far at least as I know, was put to death *by law*. It was generally content with banishing them from the kingdom, or transporting them for life, although if they returned they were subject to the penalty of high treason. A few words concerning the laws against priests passed in the reign of William III. and Ann, will be found a little farther on. With regard to the time of George the First, the lords justices, on the breaking out of the Scotch rebellion in 1715, issued orders for the apprehension of many of the Catholic nobility. All the chapels throughout the kingdom were obliged to be closed, and the usual reward of fifty pounds was offered for the apprehension and conviction of a dignitary, and twenty pounds for that of any other regular or secular unregistered priest. The priest-catchers at this time were generally Jews who pretended to be converts to the Christian religion, and sometimes even to be priests, in order to gain the confidence of the people. The most notorious amongst these was a Portuguese named Gorgia, who got two Jesuits, a Dominican, a Franciscan, and three secular priests apprehended in Dublin, and banished the kingdom. We may as well observe that all "Popish schoolmasters, ushers, or private tutors, were subject to the same penalties as the proscribed ecclesiastics."

‡ In the reign of James II. Oates was convicted of perjury, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, together with being obliged to stand in the pillory four days in the year, on each of which he was flogged by the common hangman. When William III. ascended the throne, he got back his pension.

zans of the party which had procured the death of innocent men for having been concerned in the Popish plot. Merited retribution quickly overtook them, and the toleration and justice which they would not award to others, was taken from themselves before the end of the year in which the Primate suffered. At the request of the magistrates of Middlesex, the king ordered the laws against "conventicles and unlawful meetings under pretence of religious worship" to be immediately enforced, and the dissenters were quickly subjected to fines, imprisonment, and persecution.

The Irish witnesses soon squandered the money which they had received for proving the plot and swearing away the Primate's life. For a time they managed to support themselves by swearing against Shaftesbury and their old employers. But even this failed them, and they were quickly brought to a state of the most wretched destitution. Florence Mac Moyer was so far reduced that he was obliged to pawn for £5, the celebrated "Book of Armagh," which thus passed out of his family, where it had remained for many centuries. Nor was this the worst evil against which these miserable beings had to contend, for they were now universally abhorred and detested even by their former abettors, and lived in daily terror of being punished, perhaps hanged for their perjuries. They had now no friends, for they had been equally faithless and false to all parties. They were, moreover, tormented by the hell of a guilty conscience, for the crime of murder was upon their souls. "One of those miscreants, Duffy, old, emaciated, abhorred, exiled from his Church, and tortured with remorse, visited a successor of Dr. Plunkett (Dr. McMahon), and as he approached him, exclaimed in an agony of soul, 'Am I never to have peace! Is there no mercy for me!' The prelate heard him in silence, then opened a glass-case, and in a deep and solemn voice said, 'Look here, thou unfortunate wretch!' The head of his murdered Primate was before him, he saw, knew it, and swooned away."* This miserable man was reconciled to the Church, and died penitent.

It is a most singular fact, that the death of Plunkett is the barrier beyond which the tide of persecution against the Catholics could not advance, at that time, and by which it was immediately driven back upon their enemies. But God often takes good out of evil, and makes their own iniquity the instrument by which he strikes down the wicked. Thus the enemies of Catholicity, who got the Primate put to death as a traitor, exalted the ancient faith by the very act by which they hoped to work its fall. The people were so touched by his conduct, so full of innocence, and yet so forgiving to those who falsely swore away his life, so modest yet so fearless, so simple yet so sublime, that many of them, although Protestants, publicly prayed that their souls were in the same state as his, and declared that his death had given more glory to God, to his country, and to the Roman religion than he could have acquired for them during his life, even if it had been protracted for a hundred years.†

Father Corker, to whom the venerable martyr had

* Stuart's Historical Memoirs of the city of Armagh—Milner's Inquiry, pp. 37-38.

† Father Corker's letter, Arsdekin, p. 161. The letter says: "Populus certe undequaque circumfusus summo animorum sensu ipsius innocentiam, Christianam constantiam, et incredibilem mortis contemptum, ita deprædicavit, ut plurimi palam affirmaverint etsi ad centum annos vixisset, nunquam sibi, Deo, Patræ suæ, ac religioni Romanæ tantum gloriæ consequi potuisse."

bequeathed his body, caused a surgeon, named John Ridley, to cut off the arms by the elbow. He got a round tin case made for the head, and an oblong one for the arms, and enclosed them both in a chest. The head and arms were not buried with the rest of the body in St. Giles' churchyard. But when Father Corker had it exhumed, in 1683, they were taken along with it to Lambspring. The quarters of Oliver Plunkett's body repose under a monument in the wall of the crypt of the church. His right hand is preserved in a casket in the sacristy. Whether his left hand was buried with the body, or enshrined, I cannot discover; but I am enabled to give some account of the manner in which his head was preserved.

At the time of the translation of Dr. Plunkett's relics, Cardinal Howard,* better known as Cardinal Norfolk, resided at Rome, and was Cardinal protector of England. Father Corker sent Dr. Plunkett's head from Lambspring to Rome, where it came into the possession of Cardinal Howard, about the end of the year 1683. The way in which it was brought back to Ireland was as follows:

It may be remembered that we have had occasion, in the earlier portion of this biography, to make frequent mention of one of Dr. Plunkett's successors in the primacy, the celebrated Hugh M'Mahon, author of the "*Jus Primatiae Armaranum*." Dominick Maguire was appointed primate by Pope Innocent XI., immediately after the martyrdom of Oliver Plunkett. He was a Dominican, had studied at Andalusia, in Spain, and was residing in London as honorary chaplain to the Spanish ambassador, when he was placed at the head of the Irish Church in 1681. After the treaty of Limerick he was obliged to fly to Paris, where he died in 1708. Dr. Richard O'Heain was immediately nominated by the pope to the primacy, but declined the honor.† Dr. Hugh M'Mahon, who like his predecessors had acquired his education on the continent of Europe, was in the same year promoted to the vacant see. He was a most ardent admirer of his illustrious predecessor, Dr. Plunkett, and remembered to have heard, when a boy, of the celebrated contest for the precedency of his see, in which that prelate was then engaged with Peter Talbot, archbishop of Dublin. The martyrdom of Dr. Plunkett—the crowning glory of his life—could not fail to enhance the admiration of his pious successor, and when Hugh M'Mahon was appointed to the primacy, he returned to Ireland, carrying with him the head of Oliver Plunkett, which he had, many years before, obtained from Cardinal Howard. His predecessor had died in exile, the times were most perilous, and it is probable that he wished to fortify himself and others by this noble relic, in case they too should be obliged to suffer martyrdom. This was by no means improbable, for during the reign of William and Mary, as well as during that of Anne, most severe laws were passed against the Catholic clergy.

* Philip Howard, third son of Henry, Lord Mowbray, was born in Arundel-house, London, in 1629. At the age of fourteen, his grandfather, Thomas, earl of Arundel, took him to Italy, and placed him under the care of the Dominicans, or black friars, at Cremona, of which order he became a member. After the Restoration, he returned to England, and became one of Queen Catharine's chaplains. When the Popish plot persecutions commenced, he was obliged to retire to Bonheim, in Flanders, where he founded a small community of his order. He was raised to the dignity of cardinal in 1675, and in the same year received the hat, in the bishop's palace at Antwerp. He then went to Rome, where he lived beloved and respected to his death, which took place in 1690.

† Hib. Dom., p. 429.

In the year 1695, "All the Popish prelates vicars-general, deans, monks, Jesuits, and all other dignitaries of their religion, who exercised ecclesiastical jurisdiction in Ireland," were ordered to depart from the kingdom before the 1st of May, 1698. In case they should return, they were liable to imprisonment and transportation; and if they escaped and revisited Ireland, their crime was high treason. This law was followed by the still more terrible acts passed both in this reign and in the beginning of that of Queen Anne. Some of the latter which regarded the registration of the clergy, I have already had occasion to notice. The rest of those atrocious laws it is not my province to detail, but if any one delights in studying the wicked ingenuity of parliament, he will find them in the Commons' journals, and an excellent epitome of them in the *Hibernia Dominicana* (p. 152, and following). During the exile of Primate Maguire, Dr. Donnelly, the vicar-general of Armagh—and afterwards bishop of Dromore—remained in Ireland,* and administered the spiritual affairs of the diocese in spite of the sanguinary laws by which all dignitaries were persecuted. On the appointment of Dr. M'Mahon to the primacy, in 1708, he immediately came to Ireland. In the following year (the eighth of Anne) the Earl of Wharton, the viceroy whom the Whigs sent to govern Ireland, made a most wicked speech to parliament, calling for new laws against the Catholics. The commons immediately resolved, "That several Popish bishops (one of whom was Primate M'Mahon) had lately come into the kingdom, and, by ordaining great numbers, had presumed to continue the succession of the Romish priesthood, and that their return was owing to a defect in the laws." A reward of fifty pounds was offered for the conviction of a bishop, vicar-general, or other dignitary, and twenty for every regular or secular priest not lawfully registered. To remove the infamy with which the profession of an informer is regarded, especially in such a cause, the commons resolved, "That the prosecuting and informing against Papists was an honourable service,† and that all magistrates who neglected to execute these laws were betrayers of the liberties of the kingdom."‡ The deadly object of the act for registering the second order of the secular clergy became evident. It was known that in former times, no matter how severe the laws might be, the priests remained to administer to the people all that remained to them—the consolations of religion. The laity, for the most part, repaid the devotion of the clergy by the most undeviating fidelity, and nothing could induce them to betray the hiding-place of a priest. But the registration supplied this knowledge—they knew where every priest dwelt, and then they ordered them to abjure their religion or leave the kingdom; for by the 8th of Anne, cap. iii. sec. 23, all the registered priests were ordered to take the oath of *abjuration* before the 25th of March, 1710, either in one of the four courts in Dublin or at the quarter sessions of the county where they had been registered. If after the day named any of them who had not taken the oath presumed to celebrate mass, or perform any other sacerdotal function, he became subject to transportation for life, from which, if he escaped and returned, his crime was high treason. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the oath of *abjuration* contains a distinct denial of transubstantiation, and a

* He resided at Forkhill, near Dundalk.

† Com. Journ. iii. p. 319.

‡ Ibid. p. 289.

declaration that the invocation of saints and of the mother of God, as well as the sacrifice of the mass, are idolatrous. At such a time, Dr. M'Mahon could not look upon the head of his martyred predecessor without contemplating the possibility of his being obliged to share his sufferings as well as his dignity.

The persecution, however, slackened from the accession of the house of Brunswick, in 1714; the crowds of priest-hunters who infested the country were not bounded on so fiercely as formerly,* and in 1721, at the request of Stephen MacEgan, then provincial of the Dominicans, and afterwards Bishop of Meath, Primate Hugh M'Mahon applied to the general of the order, afterwards Cardinal Phipps, to have a convent of Dominican nuns founded in Drogheda. The general acquiesced in the petition,† and Cathrine Plunkett was ordered to leave Brussels and assume the duties of prioress. The convent was founded in 1722, and here Dr. M'Mahon deposited the head of Oliver Plunkett, enshrined in a silver case. De Burgo saw the head there, and touched its white hair.‡ He was, indeed, consecrated in this monastery, on the 22nd of April, 1759, on his elevation to the see of Ossory, along with Philip O'Reilly, bishop of Raphoe, by Anthony Blake, archbishop of Armagh, the assistant bishops being Anthony O'Garvey, bishop of Dromore, and Edmund O'Doran, bishop of Down.§ Cathrine Plunkett was living when De Burgo wrote his *Hibernica Dominica*,|| but he does not say whether she was of the same family as Primate Plunkett; it is, however, extremely probable that she was, and it is not unlikely that this circumstance may have influenced Dr. M'Mahon to place in the convent over which she presided the head of his martyred predecessor. The head was accompanied by an authentication of its genuineness written on parchment, of which the following is a copy:

Copy of the Declaration written on parchment (called authentic) accompanying the head of Most Rev. Doctor Oliver Plunkett, Primate, &c. &c.

The underwritten, John Ridley, chirurgion, and Elizabeth Sheldon, doe heareby testifie and declare; That in this chist are included two tinne Boxes, whereof the one being Round containeth the Head, And the other being long containeth the two Hands armes from the Fingers' End to the Elbow, of the Blessed Martyr, Oliver Plunkett, Arch-Bishop of Armagh, who was hanged, drawne, and quartered at Tyburne on the first Day of July, An: Dni: 1681, for the holy Catholick Religion; under pretence of a Plott wrongfully imposed upon him and others of the same Religion. The said Head was cutt off from the body at the tyme and Place of execution: And on the same Day the two hands armes aforesaid were disjointed and seperated from the rest of the said body by mee, John Ridley, in the presence of Elizabeth Sheldon, immediately before the Quarters of the said Blessed Body were putt into the Coffin in order to their Interment, which Head, Hands, and Armes were reserved by us, out of the Coffin and Placed in the said two Boxes of Tinne included in this, as is above specyfyed.

* Hib. Dom., pp. 153-159.

† See the General's letter, in the Hib. Dom., 360-1.

‡ Hib. Dom., p. 361.

§ Ibid. note (f.)

|| Ibid. p. 361. When De Burgo published his *Hibernica Dominicana* in 1762, he was bishop of Ossory. A great outcry was raised against it by the bigots, and the Catholic bishops of Munster determined to assemble in his own diocese, in the city of Kilkenny, for the purpose of reviewing and expurgating the work. Dr. Burke vindicated the work, and insisted on his episcopal privileges so strenuously that no meeting took place then. The Munster prelates, however, soon after assembled at Thurles, and expunged from p. 136 to p. 147, which consisted of an extract from Porter, relative to the reign of James II. In the older copies of the work it is sometimes printed loosely on different paper, the original leaves having been torn out. No copy, however, would be purchased without it.

In witness whereof wee have hereunto sett our hands scales this 29th Day of May An: Dni: 1682.

JOHN (seal) RIDLEY, ELIZABETH (seal) SHELDON.

On the back of the parchment is written:

Signed and sealed in the presence of

EDWARD SHELDON,
RAPHE SHELDON.

The head of this illustrious martyr is still preserved in the convent of the Dominican nuns at Drogheda, better known by the name of the "Sienna Convent," a name which it has obtained from its patroness, St. Catherine of Sienna, under whose protection it was placed by its first prioress, Cathrine Plunkett. De Burgo says that it was enclosed when he saw it in a silver case, out of which it could be easily drawn.* At present it is enshrined in a little ebony temple at each of the four angles of which is a Corinthian pillar of silver. The sides are also inlaid with silver plates. There are two doors, one in the front and one in the rear, and inside of each there is a glass plate, through which the head can be seen. On the silver plate in the front door are the Primate's arms, surmounted by a silver mitre. On each angle of the roof is a silver flame, emblematical of martyrdom. The head itself is of a brown colour, and quite perfect, with the exception of the nose, which is slightly injured. It still retains some of the white hair of which De Burgo speaks.†

The skin and flesh of the neck are contracted, leaving the ends of the bones bare, thus attesting that the muscles were still capable of action when the head was separated from the body. On the crown, is the zucchetto or little cap worn to cover the tonsure: but this is evidently a modern ornament, and it could not possibly have been worn by the Primate, for it is purple—a colour which no person but a cardinal has a right to wear. It may, possibly, have belonged to Cardinal Howard.

There are two portraits of the Primate in the Sienna Convent, which were also the gifts of Primate Hugh M'Mahon. Both were taken after Dr. Plunkett became primate, for he is represented in them as wearing the pontificals and the archiepiscopal cross, but in one of them he appears to be much younger than in the other. The earlier of these portraits must have been taken shortly after he became primate, for it represents him as being little more than forty years old, with long curling chestnut hair. In the second he seems a great deal older. There is a third, now in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Clogher, which was taken in Newgate, after his condemnation. An excellent copper-plate impression of this last has been issued by Mr. Duffy: the plate was brought from the Low Countries within the last few years by Mr. Bindon. All these portraits exhibit the same general cast of features—the forehead ample, the eyes large, the nose, mouth, and chin well formed, and indicative of firmness and energy. Any one would know them all to be the portraits of the same man, and yet how much he is changed within the space of a few years! In the first he appears in all the vigour of the prime of life;

* *Theca argentea inclusum ex qua facile extrahi potest*—Hib. Dom., p. 361.

† *Iludque quod crines utique canos nuper palpavi*. De Burgo says that the Sienna convent was in his time most flourishing—that it immediately received novices, illustrious alike by descent and by virtue—*tam parentela quam vita conspicuas*—and that large numbers of girls were educated in it. It is gratifying to be able to say that in all these respects this convent is still equally flourishing.

in the other two, his hair, though still abundant, has become quite white—his ample forehead is slightly furrowed, and his whole countenance, though still retaining its mildness, its energy, and its beauty, wears a look of sorrow. It is, however, a countenance which we are never tired of beholding, and which, if it speaks to us of the miseries and of the uncertainties of earth, also reminds us of the joys and of the glory of heaven.

Paraguay and the Jesuits.

[Continued.]

WORLDLY ambition, the desire of wealth, or distinction, or fame, powerfully as they influence the human mind, would never have sustained the missionaries in their arduous career: they had higher and more exalted motives for their exertions. The command "To go and teach all nations" impelled them onwards. Inspired with the desire of gaining souls to Christ, the Spirit which he sent to his apostles guiding, they raised the sacred symbol of our religion before the nations who were in darkness. They assailed with equal perseverance and success the heresies of Europe and the barbarous idolatry of southern America. China, Japan, India, Tartary, Siam, Persia, Abyssinia, Angola, Mozambique, witnessed their zeal. For them death had no terrors, the grave no sting. Their victory was gained when called from this earthly tabernacle to the eternal mansions. *Visi sunt oculis insipientium mori, illi autem sunt in pace.*

Undismayed by sufferings, not disheartened by the ruin brought on the rising church, in Guayra they recommenced their labours, and were hailed with much satisfaction by the entire of the Tapè people, a branch of the Guaranies, and speaking the same language. They invited the missionaries among them, gave them the kindest reception, and in very many instances formed themselves into communities, the better to ensure the residence of the fathers in their country.

Their chiefs claimed a right to keep as many wives as they could maintain; but, although they were willing enough to submit to have but one wife, yet considerable difficulties arose as to the question whether they were obliged to keep the first, or were at liberty to chose the one they liked most among those with whom they cohabited. This point of theology caused much discussion among the missionaries. It was ultimately referred to Rome, and a memorial sent forward to the effect that this people considered their wives more as servants than equals; that they were accustomed to put them away without any reason but caprice; that it was impossible to find out with whom they first cohabited; that the obligation of confining themselves to her with whom they first had intercourse was a great obstacle to the conversion of many of the chiefs; that they had no marriage ceremonies by which the wife might be distinguished from the concubine; that for many reasons the memorialist, Father de Lugo, and many others, believed that no marriage existed among those Indians. On the other hand, it was urged that marriage, according to the natural law, existed; that the woman first lived with ought to be the wife, except such was an obstacle to the practice of religion. A decision was prayed, in order that some uniform rule might be acted on.* The decision given at Rome was, that both opinions were probable, and that the missionaries were at liberty, in this in-

stance, to act so as to secure the conversion of the Indians. Christianity made much progress among the Italines, a branch of the Tapè tribe, and Father Ranconnier established among them four "Reductions," which were shortly after attacked by the Paulistas, and almost ruined. After various vicissitudes, sometimes successfully defending themselves, the Jesuits collected the remains of the inhabitants, and abandoned the country as they had Guayra. They emigrated to the district where the rivers Parana and Uruguay approach nearest. Their new abode was protected by immense woods and large rivers. The numbers forming this second migration amounted to fifteen thousand.

For a considerable time the "Reductions" which had been formed on the Parana enjoyed tranquillity. They were growing in numbers, order, and comfort—the Indians of them were gradually losing their instability of purpose, and beginning to be conscious of their happiness. Their trials and annoyances commenced from those who ought to have been their protectors—the governor and the bishop of the district. There was nothing the converts so much detested as the personal service which the Spanish settlers sought to exact from them; to avoid it, they would not hesitate to return to the woods and mountains. The governor of the province demanded from them a supply of canoes for his own use; they complied, but on some frivolous ground he threw into prison a cacique and some Indians who came to deliver the boats. This caused a storm of indignation among the towns, which with difficulty was appeased, but not until Father Romero procured the freedom of the captives by representing to the governor the injustice of his conduct, and reminding him that by the king's decree the Indians of the "Reductions" were exempted from his authority. The bishop thought to deprive the "Reductions" of their pastors, the Jesuits, and to appoint others who would be more immediately under his own control, and that consequently the revenues of his diocese would be much improved. Father Romero used all his powers of reasoning—he reminded him that the "Reductions" were placed under the care of the Jesuits; that through their efforts those Christian communities had been formed. But he argued to no purpose: the only answer given to his argument was, that the "Reductions" were parishes, and that every parish priest should be the appointment of the bishop. At length the letters patent of the king, together with specials bulls of the sovereign pontiffs, and the decrees of the royal council were produced, all of which forbade any person or persons, no matter of what rank, to interfere with the Jesuits in their government and management of the converted Indians. The bishop yielded, he went to visit the "Reductions" in his jurisdiction, spoke and wrote of them in terms of the highest praise, and continued for the remainder of his life a firm friend to the order. But far greater dangers awaited the converts than the opposition of the bishop or the commands of the governor—the people of St. Paul were about to send an expedition against them for slaves and plunder. Wearied with forced emigrations, the Jesuits resolved to train the people to the use of arms, that they might be able to defend their homes and families. Hitherto the use of fire-arms had been positively forbidden to be taught the Indians, lest they might become too powerful; now, however, the fathers resolved to ap-

* Charlevoix, tom. ii.

peal to the court of Spain and obtain the required authority, as also redress for the grievances inflicted by the people of St. Paul and the carelessness of the governor. Accordingly they despatched the untiring Father Montoya to Madrid, and an emissary to the holy see. Montoya complained to the royal council of the outrages and miseries inflicted on the converts by the Paulistas; that they were utterly at their mercy, because they were prohibited from using fire-arms; that it was next to an impossibility to preserve the towns now so flourishing unless permission was given; he promised that the purchase of arms or the teaching the use of them should cost the government nothing; that the arms should only be delivered when required for defence. The request was granted; the conduct of the Paulistas condemned in the strongest terms; all the slaves they had taken were ordered to be set free. All those who were converted in the districts of Guayra, the Tapé, the Uruguay, and the Parana were declared vassals of the crown and exempted from all taxes or duties, save a tribute to commence in the year 1649. Most positive orders were sent to the Spanish governors to carry those instructions into execution, and to punish most severely any infringement of them. Tano, who had been sent to Rome, was presented by the general of the order, Vitellische, to Urban VIII., who, horrified at the evils inflicted on the converts, pronounced the strongest condemnation on their persecutors, and excommunicated all who should seek to enslave them on any pretext. Montoya and Tano having both succeeded in their missions, were obliged on their voyage back to touch at Rio Janeiro, where the slave party was so strong that they excited a great commotion and disturbance. The Jesuit church was attacked, their college pillaged, their lives endangered. At another neighbouring town the populace rose, and were guilty of frightful excesses—so generally implicated were all classes in the maintenance of those unjust depredations. Since the first attempt at civilizing and converting the Indians, the history of those countries presented a sad picture. On one side persevering efforts for reclaiming the Indians, on the other, no less constant efforts to enslave them. The Jesuits labouring incessantly to teach the Gospel, and the Spaniards, by their cruelty and licentiousness, frustrating their efforts. But those evils were henceforward at an end. A militia was raised: the Indians were trained to defend themselves, and on four or five occasions they so completely defeated the Paulistas as to deter them from approaching the "Reductions." They were enabled to live in peace and bid defiance to their enemies. Seeing how the Jesuits had laboured to obtain for them the means of self-defence, the suspicions which they entertained occasionally were now put an end to—each day they became more affectionately attached to their benefactors and more submissive to them. It was not alone the poor Indians who hailed the missionaries with delight, but all who were remarkable for probity, for devotion to Christianity, for love of their fellow-beings revered them and their labours. The following letter, written to the King of Spain, in 1637, by the Bishop of Tucuman, may not be uninteresting:

SIRE—Your majesty has often given orders to my predecessors to let you know how far the diocese may require the aid of religious, to preach the Gospel to the natives, that the royal council may supply its wants. As within three years I have had its spiritual government, I have carefully visited almost every part of it, I shall lay before your majesty an account of its present state.

This province, sire, is more than four hundred leagues in extent; contains eight Spanish and a great number of Indian towns, of

which the most considerable contains from twelve to fourteen thousand inhabitants. All the inhabitants have been baptised, but most of them, through natural levity or want of instruction, have renounced or forgot the faith. Of these the Jesuits had converted upwards of fifty thousand, but were obliged to abandon them, on account of the bad behaviour of the Spaniards. . . . There are eight of these towns, but they have no pastor, and it is out of my power to give them any, since even in the Spanish towns there is scarce a priest capable of performing parochial duties. . . . In the Indian towns governed by secular priests there are many things that want to be reformed. These priests know nothing—they are incapable of fulfilling their own obligations, and know not how to instruct others. The regulars are very few. . . . There are, therefore, none but the fathers of the company that can exonerate your majesty's conscience. In all their houses there are labourers ready both night and day. . . . They instruct the children, visit the sick, assist the dying, and are particularly careful of the Indians. . . . I entreated the provincial to hold an assembly of his order at Corduba . . . to spare some preachers to the most unprovided portions of my diocese in order to reform the Spaniards and Portuguese, whose dissolute lives greatly scandalised the Indians. . . . To this he answered that his religious could not comply with my request without exposing themselves to the persecutions they have suffered for some years in Paraguay from the Spaniards, the inhabitants of St. Paul. . . . However, when he saw that I spoke to him in your majesty's name, and that what I required so nearly regarded the service of God, he sent orders, in conformity, to all the fathers of his province, and I am satisfied they will leave all their houses empty rather than not comply with them. . . . I therefore conjure your majesty, by the bowels of Jesus Christ, and by the inestimable value of so many souls whose salvation this divine Saviour has charged me to procure, and for whom he died on the cross, send me forty fathers of the company, with strict orders not to stop to exercise their zeal anywhere but in Tucuman, for I do not believe there is in all the world one more destitute of spiritual assistance. I do assure your majesty that if my whole revenue, which does not exceed four thousand crowns, was not irrevocably appropriated, I would send for those religious at my own expense. . . . God keep and preserve your royal person for the defence of religion.

October 18, 1637.

Such was the testimony borne to those holy servants of God by this excellent bishop. Like his predecessor who first invited them to Paraguay and the adjoining regions, the more he knew the more he prized them. He had the deepest anxiety in the welfare of the order, and truly they richly deserved the approbation of all who loved religion, or sympathised with the sorrows of suffering humanity. They had spread or were spreading themselves over almost every nation of South America, bearing with them the glad tidings of salvation. Genius, learning, and piety were united in the great work, and men who were fitted to adorn, or had adorned the courts and colleges of Europe, were seen to abandon all the comforts and the ease of civilized life, to go among benighted savages, to live in suffering, and to die far from home and friends in strange lands.

Not even the most prejudiced writers deny that among the missionaries who spent their lives in South America very many were men of extensive learning and highly cultivated minds. If any equalled, few surpassed in knowledge Cyprian Baraza. He was born in the year of our Lord 1641. Distinguished and remarked for his abilities, he spent the first years of his ministry in Lima.

This city is most beautifully situated in the midst of a rich valley, distant only six miles from the sea. The country around is thickly studded with villas, or covered with the richest crops of corn, vines, sugar, tobacco. The climate is most agreeable, equally freed from excessive heat or cold; the thermometer in summer never rises beyond 82 degrees Fahrenheit, or falls in winter below sixty. The seasons are divided into dry and moist, and all writers agree

in describing the city and its environs as most enchanting. In this delightful spot Baraza lived for some time; his eloquence and learning gained the applause and admiration of the people: he zealously laboured in the pulpit and the confessional; but his heart was not at ease—he yearned to devote himself, body and soul, to the conversion of the benighted savages. The recent martyrdom of Fathers Nicolas Mascardi and Louis Sanvitores inflamed him still more, and he perseveringly supplicated permission from his superiors to go among the Moxos, a savage race, who for nearly one hundred years had frustrated all attempts made for their conversion. Having ultimately succeeded in his desires, he left Lima in the year 1674, in the prime of life, with a zealous heart, boundless courage, and stores of knowledge which would fit him for any of the colleges of Europe. Having arrived at Santa Cruz de la Sierra, he embarked on the river Guapay with a lay brother named Castillo. After a toilsome navigation of twelve days they arrived at their destination. At first the people scarcely permitted him to live amongst them, but his mildness, and some presents of beads, hooks, needles, &c., made them more tractable. He lived among them for four years learning their language, during which time he suffered so much from sickness that he was forced to return to Santa Cruz for the advantage of his health. As he became convalescent, his thoughts and wishes were turned to the Moxos, and he learned to weave cloth, in order that he might instruct them how to clothe themselves. By the commands of his superiors he was sent to a tribe named the Chiriguanas, where he spent five years; at the end of that time he was allowed to return again to the Moxos.

The country inhabited by the Moxos is very extensive. It is comprised within the 10th and 15th degrees of south latitude. It was not, at the time of which we write, seized on either by the Spanish or Portuguese adventurers. It was a vast plain, extremely humid. The rains were almost incessant. In summer, from the dissolving of snow and ice on the mountains, torrents poured into the country and rivers frequently overflowed their banks. The principal rivers are the Mamore, into which flows the Guapay; the Guapore and the Beni, which, uniting, form the Madura, a large body of water. Those rivers are available for canoes and small vessels. In summer great heat prevails, but occasionally the climate becomes cool and refreshing. In the winter a southerly wind blows along the snow mountains, and the cold becomes so piercing that the inhabitants, who are scarcely clothed, cannot bear its intensity, and much is endured from sickness and hunger. The country produced neither corn or wine; there were no sheep or horned cattle. The heat and the moisture produce enormous multitudes of mosquitos, and ants; vipers and serpents also are very abundant. In this large tract of land the tribes were very numerous; they spoke as many as thirteen different languages. The first that Baraza went among were the Moxos; they lived on fish and some roots and vegetables which the soil produced; the chase, also, contributed to their support. They had no laws or government, each person exacted justice as he best could. The sterility of the country caused them to disperse from time to time in order to find means of subsistence*—there was no greater obstacle to their

conversion. They lived in small cabins, each family by itself. They slept on mats, or in hammocks suspended from stakes, or from the branches of trees, exposed to the air, the mosquitos, and the attacks of wild beasts. At night they kindled large fires, the smoke of which drove away the insects and the light terrified the wild beasts. Their meals were taken at no fixed time; they seldom exceeded in eating, but they had found out how to brew an intoxicating liquor, which they drank to maddening excess. They celebrated the feasts of their gods by the most revolting excesses. At the sound of certain instruments they assembled and danced, and drank day and night, till they were obliged to give over from exhaustion. These revels seldom finished without bloodshed, and the maiming or killing of numbers, together with the most revolting licentiousness. Although exposed to numerous maladies they were entirely ignorant of medical remedies. Their only remedy was to call in their jugglers, whom they believed to possess the power of healing. The treatment consisted of the recital of certain superstitious formulas, a promise to fast for the cure of the sick person, and sucking the part affected; for this liberal payment was exacted. They went almost entirely naked; the women wore a cloth round the waist. They were fond of ornament, and for that object they blackened one side of the face and painted with red the other. They pierced the nose and lips, and suspended from them various baubles. Others adorned themselves with feathers of birds—a much-prized decoration was the teeth of their enemies. Hunting, fishing, or repairing their bows and arrows was the occupation of the men; the women brewed their liquor and took care of the household. When the mother died in childbirth they buried the living child with her; when twins were born one was killed, they imagined that two children could not be reared at the same time. Their marriages were contracted without any ceremony, the consent of their mutual friends and some presents to the nearest relations of the bride sufficed. Polygamy, though allowed, was rarely practised. Adultery was punished by the husband with death. Their burials were conducted in silence. When the body of the deceased was covered with earth, they divided among them any property he possessed, and they thought of him no more.

All the tribes comprehended under the name of Moxos, or inhabiting the same territory, were in the deepest ignorance of religion. Some of them adored the sun, the moon; others, the stars, the rivers; others, an imaginary invisible tiger; others carried idols about them, as some of the negro tribes in Africa do at the present day. They had no future hope or fear, and among so many different tribes the missionaries were unable to discover any sort of sacrifice, one or two excepted.

Such were the people and the country among whom, and where the accomplished but humble and zealous Cyprian Baraza spent the greater portion of his life. It was a life of martyrdom and self-denial. The rains were incessant, the cold piercing, occasionally the heat most oppressive. This uncertain severe climate caused him to suffer much from ague and fever. He found it very difficult to learn the language, having no interpreter. Some times he was in danger of being murdered by the barbarians; at others, he was obliged to follow the tribes in their long migrations lest he should lose all the fruits of his sufferings. Among the few privileges of the Moxos women was, that the

* The tribes numbered nearly thirty. The Sinabus, Nayras, Bolepas, Pichuyos, Pacanabos, &c. &c.; Baures, Hercebonos, &c. &c.—*Lettres Edifiantes*, tom. ii.

husband was obliged to follow the wife wherever she pleased to go.

"Varium et mutabile semper femina."

This privilege was frequently exercised, and was the cause of much trouble to Baraza.

Gradually, by the gentleness of his demeanour, his anxiety for their welfare, the few small presents he distributed among them, their prejudices were overcome, they permitted him to live among them unmolested. At length he induced about 600 of them to submit to live together under his guidance and management.

He instructed them carefully in the principles of Christianity, and with a joyful heart filled with thanksgivings to God, on the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin he administered to them the regenerating waters of baptism, and he placed this rising community under the protection of the Mother of God, naming it the mission of our Lady of Loretto.

For five years he ceased not to cultivate this portion of the vineyard of the Lord. It had increased to the number of 2,500 Christians when some missionaries arrived to his assistance. To those he consigned the care of the Christian community already formed, while he himself went forthwith in search of other tribes to announce to them the kingdom of God. He fixed his abode in a district far distant, the inhabitants of which were ignorant of religion and humanity. They were scattered over a vast tract, each family living apart in their solitary hut, and the deadliest animosity existed between them with another. This was a great obstacle to the designs of Baraza, but his charity overcame every difficulty. He lived now with one family, now with another; his gentleness insensibly stole upon them; they listened and were persuaded. He imitated their manners, he watched and quickly learned the signs by which they expressed the emotions of the heart; he dealt with them—he became "all to all man" with the barbarians—he became a "barbarian" to gain them to Christ. In their maladies he was their physician. Possessed of a considerable share of medical knowledge, he prepared their medicine; when they were sick he washed and bandaged their wounds; and those offices he performed with so much affection and kindness that he won their hearts. They yielded to his wishes, and in the course of twelve months he had assembled about 2,000 souls. He now sedulously instructed the new community in the Christian doctrines; he explained to them its mysteries, its hopes and fears, and he had the holy satisfaction of administering to them the sacraments of regeneration. In embracing Christianity they became different beings—their manners were changed—they submitted willingly to the commands of the Gospel; they became docile, mild, devout. They assisted daily at the holy sacrifice, and the heart of Baraza swelled with emotion—he could not restrain his tears of thanksgiving when the wild voices of the savages intoned the celestial anthem of "Glory to God in the highest;" when he saw the dreams of his youth, the yearnings of his enthusiastic devotion in course of being realised in this wild country, where, by his energy and self-devotion, and the inspiration of the Most High, he was emulating the toils and the successes of the apostles.

"Nor shall the spirit of those deeds expire
As fades the feeble spark of vital fire,
But beam abroad and cheer with lustre mild
Humanity's remotest prospect wild—"

Till this frail orb shall from its sphere be hurl'd,
Till final ruin hush the murmuring world,
And all its sorrows, at the awful blast
Of the archangel's trumpet, be but as sorrows past." *

Fearful lest they should relapse into their old habits, he instituted among them a form of government; the bravest he selected for their chiefs, the wisest and most prudent to decide upon their dissensions, to administer justice. He induced them to learn trades, and some he taught to be carpenters, weavers, labourers. His next chief care, after teaching them Christianity, was how to procure food for the numerous people that he had formed, and which were each day increasing. He feared that the barren nature of the country would cause them to disperse in search of food, and that, absent from his care, they would relapse into barbarous ignorance. This occupied his mind, and gave him much disquiet. At length he determined to make an effort to introduce cattle into the country. They could be found only at an immense distance, through difficult paths. As yet there were no roads in this wild district; but difficulties only excited the zeal of the missionary. He left for Santa Cruz, where he collected two hundred cows. He induced some Indians to accompany and help him in the journey. Their strength and courage soon failed, and he was left alone to manage the herd. Nothing could damp his ardour; he climbed the mountains, crossed rivers, driving before him the cattle, in danger of death from the barbarians, as well as from wild beasts that hung on his steps, occasionally devouring one or two of his charge. After a most toilsome journey of nearly three months, he arrived once more among his dear children in Christ. In a few years the cattle became sufficiently numerous to supply the entire country.

Again he went in search of new converts, discovered new tribes. By the same means he succeeded in softening, teaching, and baptising great numbers; but as the number of Christians multiplied, the difficulty of supplying them with missionaries, on account of the long and painful journey, requisite to be made from the Spanish settlements, disturbed and excited him. He had heard an obscure tradition of a direct path across the mountains, by which the journey from where he resided with his neophytes might be made to Peru in fifteen days, in place of fifty. But he could gain no information regarding it; it was unknown among his people, and he deemed the matter so important that he determined to explore the country in person. Once more he left his dear children; he took with him provisions, a few Indians, and some instruments which might be necessary to open a path through the mountains. For three years he wandered through the country; at times lost in tracks made by wild beasts, at times in thick impenetrable forests; sometimes benumbed with cold on the tops of mountains covered with snow and ice; often exhausted with hunger, and ready to expire with fatigue and exhaustion. But nothing that Baraza undertook did he abandon. The fourth year he recommenced his task, renewing his toils and sufferings, till one day passing through a thick forest, he lost all knowledge of the path, but, having gained the summit of a neighbouring mountain, he was amply repaid—the vast plains of Peru broke upon his delighted eyes. Transported with joy, he

* *The Missionary*, by Rev. W. L. Bowles.

threw himself on the earth, giving thanks, from the abundance of his heart, to the God of mercy, whose servant he was. He was absent from Lima over twenty years—he had grown old in this wild land amid savage tribes, his heart swelled with the thought of revisiting the scenes of his youth, of grasping the hands of such of his former friends and associates as yet survived the lapse of time—of communing once more with kindred hearts; but the man of God, ever tender, ever gentle and considerate for others, stern to himself, sent notice of his discovery to the nearest mission, and returned to the flock that blessed his paternal solicitude.

[To be continued.]

"The Angel Minstrel's Nap."

A LYRIC,

[From "The Pleasures of Piety," a poem, preparing for publication, by the
REV. JOSEPH FITZGERALD.]

I.

FROM the Choirs of Heav'n I've borrowed a tone;
'Twas music's—I mingled with men—
To the temples of earth its young spirit hath flown,
While the organs of melody made it their own,
And to Heav'n, I bear it again.

II.

Those blossoms of song in those bowers above,
Long, long have they bloomed in the light,
In the glory of THEM, the ALMIGHTY above,
Bearing always about them, wherever they hove,
An odour and pulse of delight.

III.

I'm an angel of melody scattering around,
From my lute, every sigh that is given,
From Piety's bosom in making my round,
I wave from the spheres every magical sound,
In the musical garland of Heav'n.

THE BRETHREN
OF THE

Christian Schools.

"All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind, have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth."—*Arist.*
Phon. ap. Eun.

The Third Book of Reading Lessons, by the Christian Brothers.
Third edition.

The Literary Class-book; or, Fourth Series of Select Reading Lessons, in prose and verse, by the Christian Brothers. *Third edition.*

It has pleased God to mark this year by events of wider influence, and deeper portent, than any the present generation had hitherto witnessed. Before gray hairs shadow the brow of our young men it shall be numbered with the *anni mirabili* of history—with the eras of Rome's fall: of society's reconstruction: of the crusades: of the heresies: of the revolutions. Poets shall sing of it, and historians love to describe it; philosophers shall estimate its characters, and priests preach its moral. The voice of its teaching shall murmur down the stream of time while the current of

its influence shall flow: and both will warn and move until eternity supersedes all instruction, and ends an earthly agency. This is not because kings have fled and thrones have flamed, and barricades have bristled with the bayonets of artisans; not because empire has received new modifications, and government taken new names; but because of the inner and central fact of which these are but the wild symbols or the stereotyped accompaniments—the change of popular influence from being remote and contingent, to being direct, immediate, and constant.

Of the certainty of this event, so momentous for evil or good, there can be little or no doubt. It is plain that a new epoch of the old cycle has come about. The elements of society have attained, or are attaining another stage in their ceaseless revolution. Social influences are changing their old rank, and their former manifestations. New dangers have arisen, new hopes are indulged, new passions are aroused, and new changes have become practicable. These, every friend of society must consider; for he, also, has new allies to cherish, new foes to combat, and new tactics to study. God's Church, above all, will apply her ancient remedies to those new necessities, that her certain triumph may be speedy, and her final attainment complete. As in the first century her immediate aim was to subdue the great Roman world to the yoke of Christ: as in the fourth, it was to save the moribund empire, and lay the foundations of her power in the hearts of the people, that no eruption might sweep them low, or root them up: as in the sixth, it was to conquer to salvation and civilization the rough conquerors of Europe; as in the eighth, it was to modify for the glory of God and the peace of man, the Teutonic-Romanic reconstruction of institutions, manners and laws: as in the eleventh, it was to protect Europe from the encroachment of the Mahometan superstition: as in the twelfth, to win over the kingly power, and guide the councils of monarchy: as in the fifteenth, to mould the new element of literature and direct the rising element of mercantile spirit: as in the sixteenth, to combat the encroachment of heresy: as in the eighteenth, it was to battle with infidelity on the one hand, and temporal tyranny on the other—so, now it is to direct all her energy to the *people*, not only with the partiality she has always manifested, but with the great additional view that she may instruct it in the exercise of its new and terrible sovereignty—that this year may not be the opening of an age of anarchy, but the date of a great and happy advancement. Most congenial to the Church's character is this old task of her's, for the people is the dearest object of her care, its salvation the great aim of her existence, and its ward the holiest of her trusts. Whatever influences shall rise, or fall, or originate, or disappear, God's Church and the earth's people will be found, side by side at the final day.

Akin, as in a thousand instances, is the aim of true patriotism and wise home-love. Oh! it is a fearful experiment—which each country must in time try—the endowing of that wild, fickle, passionate, unreasoning democracy with the sceptre of dominion and the reverence of authority. Who knows but it may be the resolution of society into its elements? Short is the step and narrow the bound between the liberty of the transcendentalist and the license of the savage. Who can say that this disenthralled giant will not prove more cruel to itself than rough-handed kings or hard-hearted ministers? Dull are the perceptions

f the mob; brutal its instincts; and stronger is the granny of a majority than any other, more unavoidable and more unrelenting. Nay, what shall assure us that the whole is not merely the reaction of an ever artificial life, and but the prelude to the same race being run, and the same end attained? All lies where no human vision can penetrate. But the aim of duty is plain though the course of events is dark. To approach this wild DEMOS with gentle hand: to win it over to truth and virtue: to imbue it with the principles which are alike the salvation of states and of individuals: to give it striking motives for restraint and noble objects for exertion: to combat, in its regard, the weakness of nature and the wiles of the enemy; and so to train it to a greatness which shall be virtuous, and a rule which shall be happy: such, now as ever, but now more than ever, is the first aim of the patriot, and the highest service to the state.

Viewing popular education in this two-fold light, what more efficient instrument could be selected in our time and country than a great brotherhood of teachers of the people: sprung from the masses, and devoted to them: sharing the old monastic character, and bound by old monastic vows: pursuing its self-imposed task with the determination of duty, and the love of choice: guarded against cupidity by voluntary poverty, and secured from sloth by the necessity of labour: prepared by profound study, and trained by a watchful experience: understanding our national character, and stirred by our national hopes: estimating profane learning as "power" indeed, but not virtue and not happiness: whose notions of a teacher's duty spread beyond the mere schoolmaster's acquirements, to embrace every virtue, and ambition every acquirement: for whom no object can tempt but the people's good, and no guerdon glitter but God's promised blessing.

Such an institution, small in extent, it is true, compared with the work before it, and checked by inevitable human shortcomings, actually exists for Ireland this day, in the "Brethren of the Christian Schools."

Founded in 1802, by Edmund Rice, of Waterford, modified in 1820 by the rule of De la Salle's institute, and confirmed by the bull of the Pope, it now numbers under its gratuitous direction nearly a hundred schools, and eighteen thousand pupils. It has commanded the respect of all creeds and classes, and won the enthusiastic love of that to which its efforts are directed. It has received the approbation of educationists of every shade, from the inspectors of government to the philanthropists of America. It has had the joy of beholding its success in the character of its *élèves*, already the artisans and tradesmen of our chief cities. And it only needs increased numbers and increased practical sympathy, to spread from town to town, and from county to county, until the whole island is linked together with a chain of its holy citadels.

On seeing the new edition of these now celebrated "class-books," these and many other considerations crowd to our minds:

Of the intrinsic merits of these volumes it is now almost superfluous to speak. They rank already with the standards of educational literature. Intended at first only to meet the requirements of the brethren's schools, the circulation they attained was so rapid, wide, and early, that several large editions have been "consumed," and they are now to be found in almost all our Catholic colleges and seminaries. Emboldened by success, these good and able men extended their

plan, and issued, in quick succession, several other works—of which it is sufficient to say that they equal their predecessors. New editions and extended application demanded close revision and some judicious addition. The volumes we have named are the result of both. Thus, by simple zeal directing educated taste a pressing want has been supplied in the literature of the day, and the teaching of Catholicity.

To the "literary class-books" we would in particular refer: judging that nothing having connexion with interests so great as those of popular religious education will be considered unworthy of attention.

Perhaps the first remark one would make about them is that of the contrast they afford to similar publications in all that regards Catholic feeling and Irish spirit. They are the first and almost the only books of their kind compiled for *us*. As to the stupid "Speakers" of our youth, they served scarce any purpose but to disgust the mind and vitiate the taste. Deep in sarcophagi of dust they lie, with the objurations of many a whipped boy upon them. They were very pious, orthodox, and Protestant; but Rugby boys hated them for their dullness, and Catholic teachers feared them for their falsehood. Other and better compilations have succeeded, and still hold the supremacy. Admirable, for the most part, in literary selection, in moral tendency, and in English Protestant spirit, they are as well fitted for the Quaker youth of Pennsylvania as for the Catholic youth of Ireland. Borne in his satchel, studied in his class, and pored over in his recreation-hour, they contain nothing to arouse his love of country, or direct his love of God. No stirring episode of his church's history makes his young blood rush: no broad view of his religion enlightens his judgment, and dazzles his imagination: no touching notice of his sacramental practices fixes his resolution and guides his prayer: no holy figure from among the saints he is to reverence, stands out before his young mind, to beacon his ambition, to kindle his zeal, destined, it may be, to fix itself on his recollection for ever, to steal back upon him in the hour of temptation, like Jerome's Gabriel, to win him in the hour of thought, like a mother's smile, or to cheer him in the hour of death, like an angel from God. There, it would be folly to expect that the future Irish citizen, statesman, or priest should learn anything of his own land's stirring history: of the races who won it: of the crises that marked it: of the agencies that shaped it: of the genius that enlightened it: of the virtue that made it holy; of the crime which polluted it: and of the present condition of the country, its wants or its resources, its aspirations or its defaults—nothing, in fact, to guide him in the momentous choice which a few years will almost inevitably force upon him, whether in action or in thought. The brethren have made their compilations the very reverse of all this. As Enfield, Moore, and Spalding are rightly English and Protestant, the "class-books" are rightly Irish and Catholic. They are shaped for *our* necessities, and directed to *our* advantage. Religious in tone and teaching, they are not, however, by any means "sermon-books," but "represent the opinions of the order on the subject of education, and embody the spirit of their system by representing religion, not in its isolated form, but in its natural connexion with science and literature."* National in tendency and in composition, they are as far from being political as could well be imagined, and tend only to promote that gene-

* Preface, Literary Classbook.

ral knowledge which it is a citizen's first duty to acquire, and cherish that feeling which it is a state's truest security to maintain.

Apart from these merits, the series possesses the other and scarcely less important ones of adaptation to the school purposes for which it is designed. In its scale of lessons, graduating from the syllables of the infant class to the studies of the most advanced students, it is perhaps unrivalled. In the fine scholarly taste and sound critical judgment that guided its compilation, in a literary sense, we do not believe it has a competitor. Its merits in this way are proved by its adoption where its Irish character would be no utility, and even where its religious tendency is only a disadvantage. All the talent, all the experience, and all the zeal of the brotherhood have contributed to give it this rank.

The first two books are entirely elementary; but, to one who knows anything of a school-room, there is a good deal in them to interest. The substitution, for the old alphabetical plan, by which a month's labour did not suffice to imprint on the memory of a little victim the arbitrary names and puzzling properties of twenty-four conundrum symbols—of the new form, approved by experience as well as by reason, by which the alphabet and the first lessons of reading are taught together in a fourth of the time: the introduction of words of the required number of syllables instead of the unmeaning *ba's* and *be's* of other spelling exercises: the insertion of ingenious "elliptical lessons": the change of the silly and futile nursery rhymes and stories for well chosen extracts, which interest as well as amuse—are instances of the skill to which we allude. The "third book" is equally adapted for its purpose. The carefulness of the arrangement, and the appropriateness of the exercises, are at once apparent, and one is at a loss to know where so many extracts were found, combining the highest individual excellence with admirable adaptation to their aim here. The "fourth book" is perhaps the *chef d'œuvre*. It was of it our previous remarks were generally made. In it the taste and skill of the compilers are chiefly shown. As a mere literary production we do not know a pleasanter compilation; while as a school-book, for Irish Catholic seminaries at least, it is unequalled.

Writing of the Christian Brothers, who could forbear to pen the name of GERALD GRIFFIN? True novelist—touching poet—powerful dramatist—gentle teacher—zealous brother—holy and high-hearted man—he has left the sweetest and saddest memory in all Irish literature. We cannot wonder that, with the echo of his words ringing in their ears, and with his grave lying among them, so calm and lonely, these men should have caught some of the light of his talents, and all the glow of his zeal.

It is fitting that the IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE should say, God be with this Irish Catholic Institute. God be with it, and all like it, who wisely labour in this momentous time for the glory of the Highest, and the peace of men. God be with them all, for while statesmen are refining, and politicians are speculating, *these* are working out the great problem of "Irish amelioration." With the mighty instruments of faith and knowledge they are at the *fons et origo malorum*, the moral and intellectual condition of the people, of which institutions are but the results, and laws only the expression. God be with them all, that so religion may not loose its old hold on the affections of this

nation—that the present period may but mark the commencement of a new, happier, and holier destiny—that industry, well-directed, may build again cheer, cottage-homes—that love and joy may descend one more with faith and charity to our poor tradesmen's hearths—that honest toil may meet honest recompence—that lives well spent may close with death whose glory shall make humble homes prouder than palaces! God be with them! that by their agency the scaffold-dream of Moore may, perhaps, meet, even here, some faint fulfilment, and our children enjoy an approximation to that true rational freedom which shall be Christian liberty indeed, not pagan license which shall be the muse of genius, and the guardian of learning, which shall be the child of religion, and the mother of the poor, which shall make lowly hearth happy, and high ones innocent, which shall give genius new vigour, and zeal new objects—that freedom which saints shall bless, and holy prelates pray for which young mothers shall hail, and beautiful maidens sing of, which shall muster round the throne the genius, and the worth, and the valour of the land—clear heads, true hearts, and ready hands, and which approved by God, and loved by men, shall be the promise of national advancement, the gerden of national exertion, the proof of national strength, and the surety of national prosperity.

RECOLLECTIONS, CONFESSIONS, ADMISSIONS, AND AVOWALS

OF AN

Irish Parliamentary Reporter.

By WM. B. MAC CABE, Esq.,

Author of "A Catholic History of England."

"Audacter inceptum iter init—"

ORDERICUS VITALIS, *Hist. Eccles. lib. iv. c. 5.*

CHAP. VII.

The Marquess Wellesley appointed lord lieutenant. Reasons for his being named successor to Earl Talbot. The Marquess disliked by the orange party. "Dressing the Statue" interfered with. Conspiracy to annoy the lord lieutenant in the theatre. The leader of the Conspirators—Badger-Row. Badger-Row reprimanded by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The "bottle-and-rattle" rioters. Conduct of Marquess Wellesley when assailed in the theatre. Public meeting in support of the lord lieutenant. The slanders and libels published by the orange newspapers. Prosecutions against the orangemen defeated. Badger-Row's triumph.—Government neglect of the supporters of Lord Wellesley—Alderman Fleming, Mr. George Farley, Mr. Milliken. Government rewards for the opponents of Lord Wellesley. The popularity of the Marchioness Wellesley. The Marquess Wellesley insulted by the Beef-Steak Club. Description of the Club, and its reception of the Irish pugilist, Donnelly. Speech of Sir Daniel Donnelly, upon his health being proposed by the Duke of Leinster.

The Marquess Wellesley was the successor of Earl Talbot in the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland. The ostensible cause for the removal of Lord Talbot was his drinking "the glorious memory," and the ministry in nominating Lord Wellesley as his successor, secured themselves, at least, from the embarrassment of having the king's representative in Ireland avowing himself the partizan of a faction, and the opponent of the great body of the nation, whose affairs he had been selected to administer. What was then most desired by the government was the prolongation of that state of quiescence, in which the Catholics had for some time remained.

For a moment the Catholics had been roused from their supineness by the vice-regal insult to their feelings, and had an individual of the same school of politics as Lord Talbot been appointed, the Catholics

would have followed the example of the English radicals—public meetings would have been begun, and in a few months all Ireland would have been in a ferment of agitation. The government was sufficiently sagacious to appreciate the temper of the times, and to evade the trouble, which they hoped might be destined to devolve upon their successors. They therefore made the Marquess Wellesley, the professed friend of Catholic emancipation, lord lieutenant of Ireland; but tied him up so effectually that he never could give effect to what might be supposed his sincere wishes. He had not the power to do good, and he was not disposed to do evil. His glorious deeds in India, his talents, his reputation, his years, and even his Irishry, could not secure him from persecution and from calumny. He was not the friend of a faction, and would not make himself the instrument of a coterie, and hence all his steps were dogged by a malignant band of men willing to find fault with whatever he said, and to vent their vituperation on whatever he did.

The Catholics upon hearing of his appointment, relapsed into their accustomed apathy. They confided in the promises which they understood a king had made, and they left to the ministry an open field to labour upon. They determined that, as a party, they would be no impediment to “the good work” of conciliation and emancipation, and the other thousand and one blessings expected to follow from the visit of “his most gracious” majesty. A very trivial incident, however, served to arouse them from their political repose, by exposing the deep and elaborate scheme of delusion practised upon them.

The Marquess Wellesley, who from the moment he had arrived in Ireland, “was not very welcome to the Protestant faction,”* gave, in the year 1822, dire offence to that faction by the resolution he adopted for putting an end to the old practice of “dressing the statue” of King William in College-green. The orangemen who had long been accustomed to decorate it with gaudy orange trappings, had from the year 1798, placed at the horse’s hoofs on the statue, a quantity of green ribbons, as emblematic of the condition of the Irish Catholics, and of the degradation to which, in the estimation of the orangemen, they were properly subjected. The Catholics took offence at an exhibition which was intended to insult them. As Abraham Bradley King had, in the year 1821 and during the king’s visit, issued a proclamation against this exhibition, it was conceived by the Marquess Wellesley to be but a proper exercise of his power to prevent the renewal of that which an avowed orangeman had declared to be improper. His doing so, it was considered, must gratify the Catholics, and ought not to be regarded as an injury by the orangemen.

The proclamation of the lord mayor, Alderman Fleming, prohibiting the dressing of the statue, was issued, and care was taken by the lord lieutenant that it should be obeyed, for infantry and dragoons were, to the utter disgust, horror, and amazement of the orangemen, seen parading up and down Dame-street—the king’s soldiers were there, with swords drawn, and bayonets fixed, and quite prepared, ready, and willing to cut *them* down, and to run *them* through—*them!* the orangemen! It was the government rebelling against them! And this too was done by a lord lieutenant! *He* who had always been their patron was now their adversary—their friend was changed

into their foe—their partizan into their mortal enemy. It was monstrous, and hence they determined, since *they* were treated as if *they* were no better than “the common people”—the mere population of the country—they would manifest *their* opinion of the lord lieutenant at the very first favourable opportunity.

On the 14th of December, 1822, it was announced that his Excellency, the Marquess Wellesley, would visit the Dublin theatre in state, as lord lieutenant. The promised visit occupied a prominent place in all the play-bills of the day, and every effort was made by the lessee of the theatre to attract attention to the fact. He succeeded but too well in this object, as subsequent events proved. A few days previous to the “state visit to the theatre,” there was a meeting of orangemen at a public-house in Werburgh-street. This meeting or league was composed of operatives, such as carpenters, printers, butchers, &c., and at this place it was suggested—after supper, and when each of the company had imbibed “three or four tumblers of punch,” as “his share” of the evening’s amusement, that “a row” should be excited in the theatre—that as Lord Wellesley did not let them dress their statue, they would not let him hear the play—that he therefore should get a good hissing, and Alderman Fleming, the lord mayor, a still better hooting. It was a new idea for orangemen to hiss a lord lieutenant, and the *bon vivants* promised themselves a great deal of fun from it, and “for the fun of the thing,” and nothing else, it was determined to carry the plan into effect. The project, I believe, originated with a juvenile printer, named Graham—“a lad” remarkable amongst his associates for being what they considered a wit, a humourist, and “a good-natured fellow;” but whose looks were wild, his manner eccentric, and his spirit so daring, that any mad or comical prank contemplated by him was certain, at all hazards, of being carried into effect. Amongst his fellow operatives and boon companions he was known by the *soubriquet* of BADGEY-ROW; and Badgey-Row it was who “frighted the isle from its propriety,” and who seemed to put the king’s representative in bodily fear—if it were possible to make a Wellesley fear—and who actually horrified by his conduct the entire House of Commons; for Badgey-Row did in the House of Commons draw a cane-sword upon one of the witnesses against Sheriff Thorpe—inculpatated in the Bottle Riot at the theatre. For this outrage Badgey-Row was reprimanded by the Speaker; but Badgey-Row cared as little for the reprimand as he did for the powder that whitened the wig of the Right Honourable Speaker. If the truth were known, Badgey-Row rather liked the reprimand, as it ensured him that which is fame to a vulgar-minded man—*notoriety*—and that too, in every low pot-house in Dublin, in which he might thereafter appear.

Humble in station, and individually insignificant, Badgey-Row was, however, able to collect a sufficient number of orangemen in the Theatre Royal to render the lord lieutenant extremely uncomfortable, by saluting his ears with every vulgar and opprobrious epithet their foul fancies might suggest, or their ribald tongues give utterance to. With the hissing, hooting, and shouting, the night might have passed off without further observation, but that a bottle was thrown from the upper gallery on the stage—a thing that I had seen done at least ten times before, when the curtain was down, and which, however reprehensible and dangerous it might be, was not therefore to be regarded

* Wade’s British History, p. 704.

as an extraordinary circumstance. It was most probably the mad freak of a drunken man, and would, possibly, not have excited the attention subsequently bestowed upon it, if at the same moment at which the bottle came crashing upon the stage, there had not been flung a piece of a watchman's rattle, which hit a box near to that in which the Marquess Wellesley was sitting. Upon being told of this, for he himself did not perceive it, his excellency came to the front of the box, and gazing steadily at the upper gallery, he exposed himself fully as a mark to its inmates: his attitude and his looks plainly indicating to his assailants that he despised and defied them. The attitude and bearing of the brave old man were alike noble and touching; and extorted from his countrymen that applause which a factious spirit had hitherto refused to bestow upon him. It evoked enthusiasm in his favour, and that enthusiasm fell into exaggeration when it denounced the thoughtless brutality of drunken orangemen as "an attempt at assassination," for such was the term applied to the theatrical row, not merely by Catholics and Protestants, but even by many orangemen at the time.

Dublin was immediately afterwards inundated with public meetings*—there were general meetings and parish meetings; and the provinces followed the example of the metropolis with town and country meetings; and how far the panic of enthusiasm in favour of Lord Wellesley would have extended, it is impossible now to conjecture, if it had not found a check in the pasquinades that issued from the press.

At this period, a new style of writing commenced in Ireland, of which the English reader had seen some specimens during "the queen's trial" in the *John Bull*, *Age*, and *Courier* newspapers. There was, however, a difference between the slanderers at the English and the Irish press. In England there had been shown some (not much) veneration for age; in England there had been a little (although but slight) respect evinced for the female sex, whilst in Ireland there was neither, once the work of slander had been begun, in 1822, by the ultra-orange journalists. The party were at first appalled by finding themselves involved in the charge of an attempt at assassination—then taking courage upon discovering it would be impossible to punish even those who were the real offenders, they became in turn the assailants, and struck terror into their opponents by their audacity. The men who had one week cowered in the crouching attitude of felon fear, were seen the next setting the law authorities at defiance, and even crushing beneath their feet the recognized courtesies of society.† Ferocious attacks were hourly promulgated in newspapers, pamphlets, and ballads, and to gratify party spleen, the religion of the Catholics, the character of all professors of their creed, the politics, the past life, and the morals of the lord lieutenant were cruelly and basely assailed. These publications, although of the character I have described, had their use, at least for the faction which they intended to serve; for they helped to reanimate the spirits of the desponding, to recall to the orange

standard many who were about to desert it, and most assuredly to terrify most of those who were arrayed against it. The censorship of the press was by custom vested in an orange jury, and when their associates were the transgressors no one who was maligned could hope for redress.

The violence of the orangemen was for the moment met by the violence of the government, which under the advice of the then attorney-general (Mr. Plunkett) when defeated by the rejection of the bills of indictment by the grand jury, proceeded by *ex-officio* information against those who were called "conspirators." The officers of the law fought against the officers of the corporation. Those concocted indictments, and these arranged the juries; and as the indictments had been quashed, so had the prosecution to be abandoned, and Badgely-Row with his confederates retired the victors, from the field of legal controversy.

If it had been supposed by the Catholics that the Marquess Wellesley had been sent by the government who appointed him, either to bestow upon them any benefit, or that he had the power to do so, the result of the trial of "the bottle conspirators," and still more, the strange conclusion to the Inquiry in the House of Commons, when, to use Mr. Canning's celebrated phrase, "a triumph to neither party" was given, were alike sufficient to undeceive them. That the marquess was inclined to act up to his professions few could doubt, but that he was powerless there was the practical proof in the manner in which those who supported his government were treated. A few instances will suffice to corroborate this assertion, as well as to demonstrate the spirit in which Ireland was ruled by the predominant party in the English cabinet, wherever that party consented to nominate an individual of liberal tendencies to the Irish lord lieutenantcy or chief secretaryship.

Alderman Fleming, who was lord mayor when the statue was despoiled of its annual trappings, and who by putting in force the lord lieutenant's wishes, exposed himself to the hatred of the orangemen, was, when his year of office expired, permitted to return to private life without the slightest mark of favour. He had not conferred upon him even a poor knighthood, even though a baronetcy was bestowed upon Alderman James, whose sole claim to notoriety was, that he had proposed, as lord mayor, the toast of "the glorious memory," for responding to which the Earl Talbot had been removed from the lord lieutenantcy. Alderman Fleming, who sacrificed much that must have been dear to him, as a member of the corporation, to sustain the government, obtained neither honour, office, place, nor emolument, whilst in the very castle itself, a valuable office was conferred, during the lord lieutenantcy of the Marquess Wellesley, upon one of those who had been branded by the officers of the crown as "conspirators."

The same species of ingratitude was manifested towards Mr. George Farley, a gentleman who, during the trials of "the conspirators" rendered most efficient service to the government. He was permitted to die unnoticed, and had reason to lament before his death that he had allowed himself to be dragged into the arena of politics, wherein he received nought but injury, and had not even the barren meed of praise bestowed upon him by those whom he had served.

These instances of ingratitude were poor and trifling when compared with that which was exhibited towards

* The author must here admit that the only political question in which he ever personally took a part was on this occasion. It was "as a Catholic" giving his signature to a requisition for a meeting of the Catholics, to address the Marquess Wellesley on the outrage offered to him as an advocate for Catholic emancipation.

† "Apud populum nihil moderati, aut medii, consternatio primum, mox audacia: nunc timenti, nunc terrenti similis."—STRADA, *Bell. Belg.* dec. i. lib. 2, vol. i. p. 60.

Mr. Milliken, the university bookseller, who gave information to the government of an extraordinary declaration which fell from Mr. Sheriff Thorpe—an orangeman—on “the bottle-and-rattle night” at the theatre. Mr. Milliken had even apprehended some of the conspirators, and his zeal and activity extorted the praises—it might be even said, the admiration of the government. An office subsequently became vacant, for which the candidates were Mr. Milliken the supporter, and Sir A. B. King the opponent of the Marquess Wellesley. The claims of Mr. Milliken were rejected, and Sir A. B. King was appointed! This might be termed “impartiality”—perhaps it was so. The responsibility of the act was cast upon Lord Wellesley, and it entailed upon him, for the time, the contempt of his opponents, and the disgust of those disposed to be his supporters.

From the period of the riot at the theatre, to the close of his administration, the position of Lord Wellesley was painfully humiliating. It was brightened but by one single gleam of popularity, and that was occasioned by his marriage with a truly beautiful, excellent, charming, and pious lady—a Catholic. The enthusiasm of all parties in favour of this lady was elicited when she appeared with her husband at the theatre. The ferocity of faction was not merely tamed into silence in her presence, but appeared to bend in admiration, and to bow its head in submission in her presence, as it is fabled the fiercest lion will fall down and worship the maiden whose mind has never been tarnished by a thought of sin. The only pleasing incident in the latter days of the administration of the Marquess Wellesley, was his visit to the theatre with the marchioness, for he then seemed to be popular with all parties.*

Abandoned by the government in his conflict with the orange party, a vain attempt was made by the Marquess Wellesley to conciliate them. He had been outraged by the low orangemen, and he was insulted by their aristocracy, who, at the time that he was battling in the law courts with “the bottle-throwers,” had at their aristocratic gathering—“the Beef-Steak Club,” given as a toast, and in derision of the Marquess Wellesley, “the lord lieutenant, and—the exports of Ireland.” Notwithstanding this misconduct, Lord Wellesley was persuaded to accept an invitation to the Beef-Steak Club; but with so little propriety did the nobility and gentry conduct themselves in his presence, that he had to retire in disgust; and he shortly afterwards quitted Ireland.

The Beef-Steak Club was originally a most delightful musical society; but shortly after its institution degenerated into a mere factious *junta*, composed of men who belonged to one party, and carefully excluded all who were Roman Catholics. By the Beef-

Steak Club “ascendancy” was carried to the heights of Parnassus—the music-book was scored with “no popery”—Apollo was converted into an orangeman, and the muses were made to take the oath of supremacy. The strains of Handel were purified by “the Boyne Water;” and Mozart’s compositions were followed by “Croppies lie down.” Such was the state to which Lord Monk—a man possessed of some humour and little reflection—reduced this once harmonious club by giving, in a tipsy freak, one night, the orangemens’ toast of “the pope in the pillory, the pillory in hell, and the devil pelting him with priests.”

This club, although slightly tinged, at one time, with liberalism, was always decidedly Protestant, and the following curious scene, I have more than once heard, occurred at one of the festive meetings of its members. Daniel Donnelly, the celebrated boxer, then lived in Dublin, and having gained a victory over the distinguished English pugilist, Oliver, he took it into his head that he was identified with the honour of his country—that he was the champion of old Ireland, and as every champion was a knight, and as every knight had the privilege of putting “Sir” before his name, Daniel Donnelly convinced himself that he was fully authorized to the designation of “*Sir* Daniel Donnelly.” If Donnelly, as was his wont, had taken a cup too much, it would have been a dangerous experiment for either an acquaintance or a stranger to address him as *Mister* Donnelly. It occurred to the members of the Beef-Steak club, late one evening, that they might have some sport by inviting *Sir* Daniel Donnelly amongst them. He was accordingly sent for, and having been pretty well plied with wine, the Duke of Leinster, who was in the chair, rose and said: “That they that night had the high and unexpected honour of having amongst them, and dignifying them by his presence, a great man, who had determined upon vindicating the ancient reputation of their native land for its magnanimous and unconquerable ferocity. They had amongst them, and they might boast of the event, as the proudest to be recorded in their annals, a hero whose spirit had been aroused by hearing of the vain boasts of their pugilistic English neighbours, and who had in consequence, at his own personal risk, cost, and charges, travelled all the way to the sister country, had there met the bravest of the brave champions of England face to face—had demanded when he entered the lists against his adversary, nothing more than ‘a clear stage, and no favour’—and having obtained these, had, there and then demonstrated by convincing, nay, by *striking* proofs, that Irish potatoes, Irish buttermilk, and Irish bacon are far more nutritious than English corn, English beef, and English beer. This brave man, this great man, this illustrious patriot was in the midst of them. He whose omnipotent fist had made a *mark* upon the body of his opponent which every Irish anatomist must regard as an entire volume of living fame to them and to Erin—sat at their table. Words were not strong enough to depict the strength, and vigour, and valour of him whose health he was about to propose:—*Sir* Daniel Donnelly—the champion of Ireland—the bone-crashing, nose-smashing, black-eye-bestowing, chivalric hero who had plucked from its brambly bush the haughty rose of England, and planted upon the very topmost pinnacle of fame, the drooping shamrock of the green little island!”

Poor Donnelly, whilst such a speech as this was delivered—every sentence being followed by a “Hear, hear,” or “a cheer”—sat amazed and stupefied at the

* I remember sending to a London weekly literary journal, a description, at the time it occurred, of the reception of the Marchioness Wellesley at the Dublin theatre. For this and other contributions I forwarded a letter to the editor, requesting payment. *The editor forgot to answer my letter.* Some years afterwards, however, when my friend Mr. Martin Haverty published his “*Wanderings in Spain*,” and did me the honour of dedicating his work to me, *the same editor*, in reviewing Mr. Haverty’s book, declared that he was utterly ignorant who the person could be to whom the book was dedicated! The “honest editor” not only forgot what he owed, but the very name of his creditor. Some men are blessed with a good memory; but in this case we perceive what an ease to a man’s conscience it must be to have a defective memory—so defective that it may be said of this literary reviewer, that he is possessed of an ethical phenomenon—the *petrification of a bad memory*.

honours that were bestowed upon him. Towards its conclusion, the poor fellow's eyes were filled with tears, and when the company stood up to drink his health, he rose along with them, and cheered also. Lord Monk, who sat beside him, said, "I beg your pardon, Sir Daniel—you will be called on immediately; but you should not rise to drink your own health."

"Ah! hould your prate, man," answered Donnelly; "you know nothin' about it. Tare-and-agers! who has a better right to drink my own health than myself?"

Donnelly was then called on to return thanks, and he made the following oration, which, considering the time, the place, and the circumstances, was as *mal-à-propos* as it possibly could be:

"Raaly, now, gintlemin, I'm so much obliged to you, that, blow me tight! if I know what to say to you. You see I can't make a speech like the likes of you, because I wasn't college-larned; but I can box my corner I'll engage, as well as any one of you, and I know where to find the soft part of a man's noggin. But no matter now for that. May I never go home with my life, but I'm obliged to you, and sure! I oughtn't to wonder that the Duke of Leinster would be good to me, for wasn't he always good, breed, seed, and generation of him. Oh! my lord-duke, its yourself that knows that I was too young, or I'd have been *out* with your uncle, Lord Edward Fitzgerald—the Lord rest his sowl in glory! but if ever yourself should take it into your head to have the spirit to be *out*, just let me know, and maybe we won't give the Ancient Britons and the yeomen as good a thrashing as ever I gave Oliver. Well there's no use in braggin' with the tongue what a man 'ill do when he has a big fist quite handy to him. I'll say no more, gintlemin, than this, and I give it from the bottom of my heart—here's the worst of bad-luck, hard-fortune, and a broken nose to every thievin' orangeman in the country! Amen! *a hierna!*"

"Ma la piu grande, la piu stupenda creazione del genio di O'Connell fu l'Associazione Cattolica."—VENTURA, *Elogio Funebre*, part i. s. 19, p. 25.

CHAPTER VIII.

An extract from my note-book—"The Catholic Association and O'Connell." Debate in the House of Commons in 1823. An annual farce. Situation of the Catholics in 1823. State of the country—the Insurrection Act—the Marquess Wellesley's humanity. Mr. Martin Langan. Tipperary justice—a magistrate and his tenant. Aggregate meeting of Catholics. Catholic Association founded. Mr. O'Connell. Imperfect portraits and description of him. Comerford's picture. O'Connell's attributes as a leader—his command over the people—his appearance—mode of defeating opponents—his intemperance—skilful management—long speeches—power of adapting himself to an auditory—various styles of speaking—his devotion to the Catholic question—characteristic anecdote of O'Connell—a lawyer's revenge. O'Connell's popularity.

[The following chapter, containing a description of the rise of the Catholic Association, and its founder, Mr. O'Connell, was written in the year 1829, and previous to the appearance of Mr. O'Connell as a member of the imperial parliament. It has lain unpublished amongst my papers from that time until the present, although it was then prepared for publication. My first intention was to have altered, and adapted it to the present moment; but, upon consideration, I have come to the conclusion that, if there be any value in such a sketch, it can alone be found in the fact that it was made at the moment when the great original was living, and when the full measure of his fame had

not been completed. In perusing the succeeding lines the reader is requested to carry himself back in imagination to the close of the year 1829, and to remember that "the great men of Ireland" at that time were those who had been conspicuous orators in the Catholic Association.]

THERE was no declaration yet made by a public man that was more useful, or more necessary at the time, than that which was given utterance to by Sir Francis Burdett, in the debate upon the Catholic question, in the House of Commons, on the 17th April, 1823. The Catholic question was then introduced into the house by Mr. Plunkett (the attorney-general for Ireland), and Sir Francis Burdett denounced the discussion by describing it in its true light, "an annual farce," and one in which he declared he would take no part. Sir Francis and his friends accordingly withdrew from the house, and the question was lost—a majority of 202 deciding against it. This was a strong hint to the Catholics to adopt other measures than those which they had hitherto pursued. It was telling them, that if they desired to succeed they must rely upon themselves, and neither confide in the promises of a king, which might be forgotten, nor depend upon parliamentary friends whom a ministerial bribe could purchase. The hint was not lost on the Catholics; they resolved, or rather Mr. O'Connell resolved for them, to fight their own battles, and within six short years from that very time, they attained the object of their wishes.

If ever a party or a people were excusable in taking upon themselves the management of their own affairs, the Catholics were in 1823. The expectations held out to them were unfulfilled, the promises made to them broken—ribaldry had poured its poison upon their religion, and slander had endeavoured to blacken the character of their leaders; while, at the same time, they beheld the country under the operation of martial law. The powers of the law, not of the constitution, were confided to their opponents for their oppression, and "transporting sessions," as the people most appropriately termed the sessions under the Insurrection Act, were holding in many counties in Ireland; blood was shed in the open day, and the departure of the convict was often emblazoned by the midnight conflagration of the property of his prosecutor. Fresh convictions followed the recent outrage, and they were again followed by new murders and the repetition of outrages, and thus the flame of devastation was spreading from one part of the country to the other, and "the aristocracy" (as they called themselves) were as determined to punish as the peasantry were resolved to avenge that punishment; anarchy was beginning to embrace all the bonds of society when the Catholic Association was first formed.

But before I pass by the horrors which the insurrection act was entailing upon Ireland, I should mention this fact, which is highly creditable to the Marquis Wellesley, that whenever an unfair conviction took place, and that it was so proved to him, even though the convict had been in the hulks, the Marquis Wellesley had him restored to the country. I may mention one instance, which will serve as an illustration of the justice of this remark, and will also show the system pursued under the Insurrection Act.

At the time this act was in force in Tipperary there

was a man named Hogan (as well as I recollect) tried at the sessions of Cashel. This man had a strong faction in the country; he was, I believe, a sturdy, stout, and quarrelsome fellow enough, and therefore obnoxious to the magistrates in that neighbourhood. Besides this, Hogan had a nice little piece of land on a long lease, which his magisterial landlord was anxious to have back again from him. In addition to this "crime," Hogan had the misfortune of having a dispute with a sergeant of police, who, in order to be revenged upon him, went one night and concealed in the thatch of Hogan's house four or five bullets. The sergeant came the next night and had Hogan arrested on the charge of having "arms concealed in or about his house." Hogan, of course, denied the accusation, but the sergeant verified the old proverb of "those who hide can find;" he went to the thatch and produced the bullets. This was a clear case; Hogan was marched off prisoner to Cashel, tried the next day, convicted, sentenced to transportation, and in pursuance of his sentence sent off instantly to the hulk at Cork. Fortunately for Hogan, his attorney was Mr. Martin Lanigan, a gentleman of independent fortune, the most sterling patriotism, and of unbending firmness. Mr. Lanigan had in vain represented the facts of the case at Cashel; he had in vain called upon the court for permission to have the facts tried by a jury. It was determined that Hogan should at all events be transported, and he was accordingly sent, at a few minutes' notice, out of the country. Mr. Lanigan immediately drew up a memorial, mentioning that which he had already stated to the magistrates at Cashel. This he had forwarded instantly to the lord lieutenant, and in a week afterwards, as the magisterial landlord and the police sergeant were viewing Hogan's farm, and settling upon the terms that one would give for it and the other was disposed to take, they were horrified to see Hogan put his head out of the window, and say, "God bless your work this fine morning, gentlemen, I was afraid the farm would be a heartbreak to the two of you, and so I came back just to take a look at it myself."

Few of the peasantry had so able and so honest an advocate to plead their case for them as poor Hogan found in Mr. Martin Lanigan, and those who could not procure justice were determined to have vengeance. That in many cases they procured—in others they were disappointed; but at the time that the association was contemplated no country could be in a more deplorable condition than Ireland.

On the 28th of April, 1823, a few days after the rejection of the Catholic petition, a meeting was held at Dempsey's tavern, in Sackville-street, when it was proposed by Mr. O'Connell that a Catholic board should be formed. It was recollected how very little good Catholic boards had ever accomplished, and the idea was not very cordially approved of; all, however, agreed that "something should be done," and an aggregate meeting for the 10th of May was determined upon.

At that aggregate meeting, Mr. O'Connell proposed the formation of an association by the Catholics to forward their interests, as it was notorious at the time that there was in full operation an orange association to oppose them. Mr. O'Connell took advantage of some of their documents which he had got into his possession, and he portrayed the plans of the orange-men in such appalling colours that the Catholics started back with affright and horror from the picture

he presented to them. The minds of the Catholics were roused, and the energies of despair were almost lent to their exertions. They discovered that they had been deceived, and they found that those whom they had tried to conciliate were their bitter opponents, and that their own apathy had been the means of increasing the strength, and adding to the resources of their enemies. In two days after the aggregate meeting there was another held for the purpose of organising the association, and there Mr. O'Connell detailed his plan, which has been attended with such eminent success.

Mr. O'Connell, the proposer of the Catholic Association, and the inventor of the Catholic rent, was at this time in full possession of that popularity which he has ever since retained. The description, both personal and mental, of this great and extraordinary man has been so often given, that any attempt at it now may be considered dull and uninteresting.

I have often observed that those who have endeavoured to paint, like those who have sought to describe O'Connell, have not given general satisfaction, because the original presents, in both respects, so many different faces that it is almost impossible to catch a likeness. To the painter, the profile will be found unlike the front face, and the half-quarter view differing from both. Upon reading a description, or looking at a picture of O'Connell, I have often thought of the pun which a brother artist once made when looking at Mr. Comerford's picture. In this picture of O'Connell, the right arm, in which a scroll is placed with the words "Catholic Rent" inscribed upon it, is miserably shortened, and the painter (Lover) looking at it, exclaimed, "See what a *rent* the envious Casca made."

In almost every description of Mr. O'Connell there is "a rent" which mars its entire effect. Perhaps I am too fastidious upon this subject, and in order that the reader may not find the same fault with me, which I do with others, I shall be more sketchy than distinct in my portrait.

There was a time, when a few envious spirits, unable to gain the elevation in popular esteem, which Mr. O'Connell had attained, endeavoured to bring him down to their own level, by disseminating their slanders against the purity of his motives. Of the purity of those motives, I believe there cannot now be any question, for few Catholics will be bold enough to deny, that without O'Connell they never could have achieved emancipation. In eloquence Mr. O'Connell is inferior to Mr. Sheil, and he is not possessed of the classical knowledge and deep research of Mr. Wyse, but he knew the people better than either of them—he could adapt himself to his auditors, and pour forth in a few minutes a mass of general, and what was still better, of local information, which it was necessary for the people to know, and useful for them to recollect. Mr. Shiel could rouse the passions—so could Mr. O'Connell, but he also possessed the power, which no other man in Ireland did, to influence, to direct, to controul, and, if he pleased, to suppress those very passions. Mr. Wyse might talk to them of "Greek and Roman virtue," but the people could not understand, or they would not attend to him, while their eyes would lighten with fire, and their hearts throb responsive to the accents of O'Connell, when he told them anecdotes of Irish patriotism, or wept with them over the sufferings of those heroes who had endured the horrors of banishment, or suffered the pangs of death "for their religion and old Ireland."

As if nature had created O'Connell for the very part which it has been his lot to fill in life, she has conferred upon him that importance of stature and dignity of person, which, with the lower classes in society, are found in themselves, sufficient to attract attention and admiration. It is an impossibility to describe Mr. O'Connell's features, because they are flexible as the tones of his voice, which is sufficiently musical to give full effect to the most beautiful passages in poetry, and convey by its very sound the very sentiment he is desirous to express, whether it be one of admiration, or contempt of praise, or of censure, of indignation, anger, pity, or sarcasm. At any moment it would be difficult to catch Mr. O'Connell's features at rest, for the very rising of a passion, and the birth of an idea, would be stamped in the involuntary curl of his lip, or be seen passing in a slight shade across his brow: if he were strongly excited, it could be observed by his change of position, or in the sudden exclamation that burst from him. In the many by-battles in which Mr. O'Connell was engaged in the association, this defect of nature, this mastery of passion over mind, whether assumed or natural, was always found most annoying to his opponents. Any innuendo against himself was repelled with the smile of contempt—the open charge was met with the frown of indignation, and the longer O'Connell's assailant occupied the time of the association, the more conscious must he every moment become that he was losing the attention of his hearers, while his self-possession was shaken, and his reasoning disturbed by the seemingly unpremeditated interruptions of Mr. O'Connell, who, when he rose to reply, had an easy task to perform, for his acting of an ill-used and wantonly insulted man had already won for him the hearts and the attention of his auditory.

Mr. O'Connell has frequently been described as an intemperate man, and one whose violence was most likely to injure the cause to which he was sincerely attached. If by intemperance those who made this objection to Mr. O'Connell meant that he either said or did anything that was rash, or which he himself had not previously considered, they were greatly mistaken in his character. That he used violent language is most true, and that some of his speeches might be stamped with the character of intemperance I shall not deny; but then violent language was never used by him without an object, and his "intemperance" was adopted for some special purpose. I have been watching the progress of Mr. O'Connell for some years, and the hand that gives this description of him has been often wearied in writing out his speeches. At first I used to think that many of those speeches were rambling, and contained matter which was not at all germane to the subject, but an acquaintance with the exact circumstances with which Mr. O'Connell was at the moment of delivering a speech surrounded, soon showed me that what was apparently an irrelevant observation, and seemingly unconnected with the debate, was uttered for some certain purpose—it was intended to conciliate, to win over, or to compliment some individual present. The reader might on this account criticise the speech—the hearers never could, for Mr. O'Connell possesses the happy art of never tiring them. There was so much of truth and nature, and so little of art apparent (although every sentence was intended to serve its office), that it was impossible to listen to Mr. O'Connell without being engrossed by him; and if you were a person of the slightest consequence (from a Catholic churchwarden to a peer of

France), and heard him for the first time, and that he was aware of your presence, you were secured to him by some observation that irresistibly attached, and made you his friend and firm supporter for ever. Should this testimony to Mr. O'Connell's powers as an orator be at all considered exaggerated, I trust it will be recollected that it comes from one who had less reason than any other to be an admirer of that eloquence, for it entailed upon him many a laborious hour and many a sleepless night. It was delightful to listen to O'Connell—it was a sad punishment to have to report him. In the association O'Connell was seldom a minute at rest; he was never satisfied with one *charge* on our pencils, but *column* after *column* debouched before our aching sight, and the unfortunate reporter could not quit his field of operations, the writing-desk and the printing office, until he had despatched them all. My testimony in favour of O'Connell as an orator may well be believed when I state that no man has reported a greater number of his speeches than I have. I will not even except my friend Sheridan, of the *Times*, nor Quinlan, of the *Register*.*

No matter what may be the auditory to which Mr. O'Connell addresses himself, he will in a few minutes be found to possess a complete mastery over them—for he is possessed of the almost miraculous gift of completely suiting himself to them. His manner, his tone, his very style he can change with his audience, and be "the grave, the gay, the lively and severe" in the course of one day, aye of one hour, if necessary. When he appeared in the House of Commons to plead his own case he delighted his friends and astonished his enemies, because they found him to be a different man from what they expected. They had just reason to be astonished, for they really did not see the O'Connell they would have seen in the association, much less the O'Connell they would have beheld if addressing thousands of his countrymen from his carriage in the open air. Even if he touched upon the same subject in a popular meeting and in the House of Commons, his manner of handling it would be as different as the portraiture of the same landscape would be on a play-house scene and in a cabinet picture; in one the colours would be strong, glaring, and brought in marked contrast with each other, while in the latter the tints would be softened down, the details accurately preserved, and the entire neat, compact, and most probably faultless in the judgment of the critic and to the eye of the connoisseur. Mr. O'Connell possesses that power which I have not known any other man to have—an identification with his hearers; he is actuated by their feelings, he invests himself with their passions, he clothes himself with their caprices—and, when he has obtained the mastery of all, he then moulds them to his own purpose, and renders the caprice, passion and feelings of others subservient to his own objects. Even Mr. O'Connell's manner of addressing popular assemblies differs most materially; he has one style for the populace, a second for the association, and a third for public dinners. In the last I used to admire him particularly, not because his speeches there were shorter (although that is not a bad reason for a reporter's admiration), but because there

* James Sheridan here referred to was the son of Dr. Sheridan, one of the Catholics prosecuted by attorney-general Saurin. My friend Sheridan died in the year 1837, in the service of the *Times*. The proprietors of that paper acted most nobly and generously towards him in his last sickness, and erected a tomb to his honour at Dawlish, in Devonshire, where he died. Mr. Quinlan is now connected with the *Evening Post*.

his sentences were rounded with the greatest care and flowed in a full, free, and majestic stream, while they were frequently enlivened with bursts of poetic eloquence so pure and brilliant, that, when I now recollect some of them, I am almost disposed to retract the observation that Mr. O'Connell was inferior to Mr. Sheil in eloquence. With the powers Mr. O'Connell possesses that he will have great weight in the House of Commons I cannot have the slightest doubt; but that he will be ever able to have the influence there that he possessed in the association it would be folly to expect, for there he will not address himself to disinterested listeners—he will have opposed to him the weighty arguments of the purse, and the powerful reasoning of personal interest, and these he could not expect to overcome, unless, like the girl in the fairy-tale, his words could be changed into rubies and his sentences transmuted into diamonds.

Great as were Mr. O'Connell's powers as a speaker, they never could have made the association so powerful a body, nor could they have advanced the Catholic question beyond the state in which it was when he commenced his public career, if he had not given up so much of his time and devoted so much of his personal exertions to the one great object of his life—the tainment of Emancipation. He was not only the most forward in the debate, but he was the most active in the committee—he originated the most bold measures, and he carried them into effect by managing the most petty details; he was at one and the same time the commander-in-chief and the drill-sergeant; he not only watched the manœuvres of the enemy, and concerted measures for their defeat, but he had an eye to every company, and saw that they were properly dressed and fit for parade. When it is remembered that all this was done by a gentleman who had the management of his own estate to look to, also engaged in an arduous profession, in which he held a high station and was in possession of the first practice, it may be asked how he was able to accomplish all these things? Simply by attending to his own business, that of his clients and the public, and to nothing else. That which the generality of mankind call pleasure, he did not partake of. He has always kept a hospitable and a luxurious table—his friends were welcome to it, but he did not enjoy its luxuries; business called him away from it, and business also roused him from his bed at the hour of five every morning. If a reporter were, in term time, and during the continuance of the association, to give a full report of what he said in each particular court, and in the association besides, his speeches would fill an entire newspaper! And yet, perhaps, in addition to the battling in the association, before the public, he would have employed a spare hour the same day arguing in the committee. This was the man who roused the Catholics from their apathy in 1823, and such a man only could have accomplished the important change which has taken place in Ireland in the course of a few years.

What would Ireland be without O'Connell? This is a question upon which I am not now disposed to speculate, and yet a slight accident might have rendered the country ignorant that such an individual had ever been in existence. When Mr. O'Connell was a very young man, he was one night supping with a number of friends in College, and as he was returning to his lodgings, better filled with wine than sense, he heard a cry of fire, and immediately ran to see where it was. It was in High-street the conflagration had

taken place; volumes of flames were pouring out from one of the windows, the inhabitants had been alarmed and fled. When Mr. O'Connell was apprised that there were no lives in danger, he asked why some means were not employed for suppressing the progress of the flames. He was told that water could not be procured; there were a number of men engaged in the middle of the street endeavouring to get at the water-pipe, but in vain. Mr. O'Connell immediately ran amongst them, and snatching a pickaxe from one of them he had in an instant a large stone flying about the street. There was immediately a loud cheer for him. This encouraged the young wine-inspired student, and in an instant another stone was sent flying after the first. A third was dislodged; a fourth went whirling along the flags; a fifth was dashed into splinters; a sixth was scattered to pieces. Mr. O'Connell became enthusiastic in his occupation. The sheriff, who was by this time in attendance, thought he had done enough of good, and cried out to him to stop. Mr. O'Connell did not attend to this command, for he imagined the more stones he knocked up the sooner the fire would be out. The sheriff, becoming exasperated, and regardless of Mr. O'Connell's youth, and forgetful of the good he had effected, called out to the soldiery, by whom he was surrounded, to "run him through," an order which one of the obedient soldiers endeavoured to accomplish; for, meeting Mr. O'Connell at full charge, the point of the bayonet hit right against one of the breast buttons of his coat, the point turned, and passed along the ribs, inflicting a severe but not a dangerous wound. But for the mere chance of the bayonet point coming in contact with the button, Mr. O'Connell would have been stabbed through the heart, and thus "in a foolish frolic," as I heard Mr. O'Connell say, when telling this anecdote of himself in a private company, "Ireland was near losing a determined agitator." Upon the sheriff, whose name I now forget, Mr. O'Connell had ample revenge afterwards. In about twenty years from that time, he was engaged as counsel against this sheriff in the Court of Chancery, and was the principal means of depriving this *humane* man of no less a sum than fifteen thousand pounds. I hope all future sheriffs will take warning from this story, and be cautious in attempting to kill young lawyers for trying to pick up paving stones!

It can give but a very insufficient idea of the estimation in which Mr. O'Connell is held in Ireland to say that he is the most popular man in the country. George Ensor is popular in Armagh, John Lawless in Belfast, Tom Wyse in Waterford, and Eneas MacDonnell in Connaught; but let Mr. O'Connell go to any one of these places and the day-star of their popularity immediately sinks into insignificance—it would be completely absorbed and lost in the halo of enthusiasm that would invest O'Connell. Take O'Connell to Armagh, and Ensor would be as much forgotten there as if he passed all his life in the wilds of Connaught. Place O'Connell in Waterford, and the philosophic Wyse will be as little regarded as if he had spent his entire life in "walks at Rome," or composing a "Traveller's Oracle." The truth is, the regard, the esteem, the love of the people for O'Connell, approaches closer to idolatry than to any other feeling or sentiment. Whatever he asserts is with them "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," and whatever he commands is to them a law. Ireland and O'Connell are to them synonymous, and his name is identified with that of their religion. No man, I believe, ever yet

was so firmly enthroned in the affections of an entire people, and no man ever yet had such command over the feelings of a nation.*

When I have looked upon O'Connell in the midst of a popular assembly, turning them in the direction he pleased, moulding them to his wishes, and filling them with his own ardent and enterprising spirit, while, at the same time, the willing smile was playing round his mouth, and his eye seemed to seek for no object but that which his imagination could turn into ridicule or expose to laughter, I have often thought of the following passage, which I have met with in some author; it is, or perhaps I should say *it was*, an accurate picture of Mr. O'Connell: "When I seemed only intent upon pleasure, I looked in my heart the consciousness and vanity of power; in the levity of the lip I disguised the knowledge and working of the brain; and I looked, as if with a gifted eye, upon the mysteries of the hidden depths, while I seemed to float an idler with the herd only upon the surface of the stream."

* Of the four persons here alluded to, two are since dead, Ensor and Lawless. Mr. Wyse is the holder of an office under the Russell ministry, and Mr. MacDonnell, a resident in London.

Sacred Poetry of St. Liguori.

No. V.—THE SOUL THAT SIGHS FOR HEAVEN.

I.

My strong desire, O God! to view thee
Consumes my soul away;
Here on earth 'tis anguish to me
Another hour to stay.
To live so long from thee apart
Fills with such grief my restless heart,
It breaks, or else it dies:
But full of confidence in thee
It sighs and cries incessantly
O Paradise! O Paradise!

II.

What but pain can earth bestow
To ev'n its happiest?
All is misery—all is show—
And lasts but short at best.
Judge, then, ye souls that love your Lord,
With what deep rents my bosom's gored,
While death release denies.
But buoyant still with hope and love
I cry, the while I gaze above,
O Paradise! O Paradise!

III.

Thou can'st ravish soul and sense—
Thee, earth, I then defy;
Go, thy worthless boons dispense
To those that for them sigh.
Ye guilty pleasures—pegeants hollow—
Ne'er more in your train I'll follow,
I hate you and despise;
For yet my God I hope to see,
And hence I long and sigh for thee
O Paradise! O Paradise!

IV.

Clime of bliss, where love's the meed
For love that is return'd;
Where our sweet Saviour's face we read,
Without a veil discern'd!
Oh! when shall I behold the day
That shall dissolve this mortal clay,
And waft me to the skies;
When with a burst of joy I'll cry,
As thro' thy op'ning gates I fly,
O Paradise! O Paradise!

No. VI.—THE DEATH OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

I.

MARY, the glowing flame
That form'd thy only life thro' all the past,
Victorious now at last,
Expels thy spirit from its feeble frame.

II.

O death how calm and blest—
If death it can be call'd—when thy pure soul,
Spurning its weak control,
Wings its glad flight to realms of light and rest.

III.

Sunk in a pleasing sleep—
A heav'nly trance—a life-like deep repose,
From earth and all earth's woes,
Thou seek'st the clime where mourners cease to weep.

IV.

Yes, go! see heaven's high King—
Thy Son now beckons to thee from the skies—
The harps of Paradise
All wait thy joyous welcome-song to sing.

V.

Humbling myself like Thee,
And treading the rough way thy footsteps trod,
O Mother of my God!
Like thine I hope my death one day shall be.

VI.

How blest, my soul, wert thou,
Her bliss could'st thou be worthy yet to share—
To see her and to bear
Undazzled all the radiance of her brow?

VII.

And over all the blest,
Bright, peerless, unapproachable, alone.
To see her and her Son
United soul to soul and breast to breast?

VIII.

Mother of mercy, hear—
When my lips have their last expiring breath
Beside my couch of death,
Do thou with thy sweet smile of love appear.

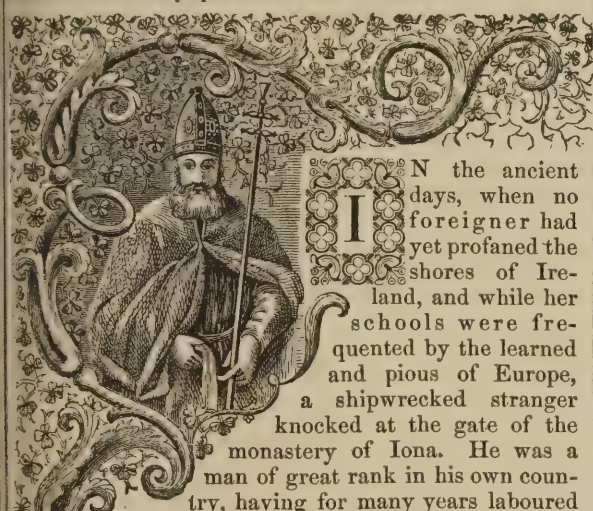
IX.

And let my spirit sever
The links that bind to earth in thy embrace;
Then hasten, face to face
To see thy God and mine, and see for ever!

ST. ADAMNAN'S

Description of the Holy Land.

"Adamnan wrote a book about the 'holy places' most useful to many readers."—*Bede. His. Ecc. lib. v. c. 15.* Whoever desires to see more of that book may see it either in the same or in that which we have lately epitomized from it.—*Ibid. c. 17.*



IN the ancient days, when no foreigner had yet profaned the shores of Ireland, and while her schools were frequented by the learned and pious of Europe, a shipwrecked stranger knocked at the gate of the monastery of Iona. He was a man of great rank in his own country, having for many years laboured as bishop in one of the episcopal sees of France. In accordance with the pious custom of the eighth century in which he lived, he had visited the Holy Land, and from the accounts which he had left of his pilgrimage, he was eminently gifted with all the qualifications required in an intelligent tourist of his age. The stories which he told to the good monks of Iona, where he was cast away on his return, are not, it is true, of that character which would suit the taste of the present time. He had little to say of the political institutions or customs of strange climes, and still less of himself. His business was not to collect materials for a popular volume, nor to put money into his pocket; the Holy Land—the land consecrated by the life and death of our Redeemer—he wished to see, to study all its features, to treasure them up in his memory for the good of his own soul, and the spiritual benefit of those among whom he had exhausted the enthusiasm of his youth and the steady zeal of his riper years.

What a welcome guest was this holy stranger on that wild island of Iona! There the spirit of St. Columba was still fresh among the disciples; a century had not yet passed since they had received his dying admonitions. How they must have hung on the words of the bishop-pilgrim, while he cheered the rocky solitudes of the northern island with descriptions of the Mount of Olives and the brook of Cedron, and the way of sorrows which led to the spot where man's redemption was consummated. Royal tombs, tombs of kings of Ireland, and of Albany, lay around the monastery of Iona, and within sound of the midnight chant, but vain were those frail memorials, powerless to excite an emotion in the heart of the youngest monk, when he thought on that sepulchre where the world's King, the Saint of saints, had been entombed.

Fortunately, the pilgrim's account of his travels is preserved. One of his hearers, influenced no doubt by the pious wish that future generations should profit by his profit, diligently collected the details of the pilgrimage, and with all the scrupulous accuracy of an

Irish topographer, noted down the various sacred localities, and even illustrated his work by ground-plan sketches of the principal churches. The compiler of this work, St. Adamnan, has been revered for more than a thousand years as patron of several dioceses in Ireland; his cross may yet be seen in the churchyard wall on the top of Tarah hill; he was the biographer of his predecessor, St. Columba, and a great legislator in the Irish Church. Venerable Bede and Saxon kings and prelates respected him while living, and venerated him after his death, and grateful should we all feel to that Providence which had placed so competent a superior over the monastery of Iona, when the learned pilgrim was cast away, to light up in the ends of the earth, by his account of the Holy Land, the flame which for centuries after warmed the hearts of thousands of Irishmen, and gave them a signal preeminence in at least one of the old Catholic customs. "Pilgrimage," says Eric of Auxerre, "has become a second nature to the Irish."

The work, compiled by St. Adamnan from the accounts of the French pilgrim, is entitled "*De Locis Sanctis*," or the "Holy Places." It is divided into three books, the first containing nineteen, the second twenty-seven, and the third six chapters, occupying altogether about thirty folio pages. The author, being sent as ambassador by his countrymen to Alfred, king of Northumbria, presented a copy of his work to that monarch, who received the present with gratitude, and circulated it among his subjects. "A most useful book it is," exclaims Venerable Bede, "especially to those who cannot have the happiness of seeing with their own eyes the places where the patriarchs and apostles lived." So highly did that great man prize it, that he devoted to it two chapters of his ecclesiastical history, and even epitomized the whole work. That epitome has been long since published, and was very generally known, but the work itself, less fortunate,⁽¹⁾ lay in manuscript until the year 1734, when James Gretser Theologian, of the Society of Jesus, published it in the fourth volume of his *Defence of Ecclesiastical Rites*,⁽²⁾ from a copy which had been sent by Heribert Rosweyde from Holland to Ratisbon. Singular, indeed, is the fate of many ancient ecclesiastical works written by Irishmen; like their authors, they are often prized and extolled by foreigners, but are neglected or unknown at home.

The pilgrim had lived nine months in the Holy Land. The city of Jerusalem, though lately reduced under the Saracen yoke, still retained almost all its Christian glory. Eighty-four towers guarded its walls; six gates, namely, David's Gate, at the west of Mount Sion; the Fuller's Gate, next in order to the north; St. Stephen's Gate; Benjamin's; the Little Gate, leading down by steps to the valley of Josaphat; and lastly the Gate of the Thecuite received on the 15th

1. "Et felicibus quidem cum Epitome quam cum integro syntagmate actum est, quandoquidem hæc semper nota et inter lucubrationes Bedæ lecta est; hoc autem ad hunc usque diem in tenebris delitescens." *Epis Ded.*

2. "Adamnani Scoto-Hiberni Abbatis celeberrimi, de situ Terræ Sanctæ et quorundam aliorum locorum ut Alexandriæ et Constantinopoleos Libri tres: ante annos nongentos et amplius conscripti et nunc primum in lucem prolati, studio Jacobi Gretseri, societatis Jesu Theologi," &c. &c, 1734. Ratisbon, vol. 4. *Defensio rituum Ecclesiasticorum.*

day of September crowds of pilgrims in the varied costumes of every nation, to celebrate the Exaltation of the Holy Cross; but on the spot where the great Basilica had lately stood the Saracens had thrown up "a square house of prayer,"(3) an unsightly mass,(4) constructed of long planks and immense beams. Thus was the crescent of the Arabian impostor raised over the symbol of redemption, as in later ages, alas! Adamnan's own church of Iona was to become the victim of sacrileges such as the Mahometan sword or axe never committed in the holy city. The shapeless and crossless conventicle of Knox now deforms the scene of Columba's and Adamnan's labours.

Arculf the pilgrim was well acquainted with all the public buildings in the city, but the "holy places" were the objects of his predilection. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, otherwise called the Anastasis, he found was a circular building, divided into three compartments by concentric walls, and supported on twelve gigantic columns. Between the walls there was a large space to accommodate the crowds, and indented in the centre wall were three beautiful altars. The sepulchre itself, or rather the inner round church built over the sepulchre, was covered on the top with polished marble, surmounted by a gold cross. The entrance to this little church looked to the east; the sepulchre lay in the northern side, not level with the pavement, but exactly three palms higher (Arculf had often measured it);(5) it was seven feet long, and around it were suspended, night and day, twelve burning lamps. "To aid this description," observes Adamnan, "I took a ground-plan of the church, a very poor one,(6) indeed, on a tablet of wax: which plan has been published by Gretzer, from a copy found in a Belgian library. To the west of the sepulchre lies the Church of Golgotha, where the rock was preserved in which the cross of our Lord was raised when he was crucified. A large silver cross, surmounted by a brazen wheel studded with lamps, now stood on the rock, and beneath it was hewn out a cave where Mass was offered up for the repose of honourable persons, whose bodies, meantime, remained out in the street."—Chap. ii. lib. 1.

The rock which had been rolled by the angel from the mouth of the sepulchre was now divided into two parts, both formed into altars, one placed before the sepulchre, another in the east end of the same church (c. iii. lib. 1). Could Adamnan omit the monuments specially dedicated to the Mother of God? No, if there be one feature more prominent than another in the devotional forms of the Irish Church it is veneration for the Mother of God. In every age, in every change of fortune—in the time of our elder glory, as well as in the latter days of martyr sorrow, Mary has been the theme of her bards and the comforter of the afflicted hearth. During the terrible struggle in the sixteenth century, Mary, St. Peter, the Passion of our Lord, and the Blessed Sacrament are blended in the popular poetry, which then, by a special providence of God, reflected more deeply than ever the intense religious feeling of the nation. But the devotion was never new; it was coeval with the Irish Church. No

monument that recalls the sweet name of the Virgin Mother is omitted by Adamnan. He describes the great square church "of the Blessed Mary, Mother our Lord," to the east of the sepulchre, and the long silver cross that lay within it. There was kept a linen cloth of red and green, with the image of our Lord and of the apostles worked on it, which was an object of special reverence to the whole people,(7) because it was believed to have been woven by the Blessed Virgin. Adamnan describes it minutely (c. vii. lib. 1), as well as the chalice,(8) the sponge, the lance and the sudarium, which it was believed had been rolled around the head of our Lord after his crucifixion. These relics were preserved in the Basilica of Constantine (c. iv. v. vi., lib. 1). Thus we have all the practices recommended in the monastery of Iona, which modern heresy condemns as idolatrous. On the word of poor debauchees or robbers of the sixteenth century we are asked to believe that the idolatry which Christ came to destroy reigned triumphant, not only in Jerusalem but over the whole earth, 700 years after his death.

In the valley of Josaphat stood one little church which Arculph very frequently visited. It was round and exquisitely beautiful, and divided into two churches, the upper and lower, the former containing four altars, the latter only one, placed in the eastern end. To the right of this altar was a tomb hewn out of the solid rock, in which it was believed the body of the Blessed Virgin rested for a short time after her death,(9) but how or by whom it was thence removed no one could tell. In the lower church was pointed out the very stone on which our Lord was kneeling in the garden of Gethsemani. Adamnan must have been particularly affected by this little church of the Blessed Virgin, the mother of mercy. "Arculph," he says, departing from his usual calm strain, "assured me that he saw with his eyes what I am describing." The church stood there in the awful valley, a type of mercy, shedding its light of hope on the judgment-seat of the human race, and exciting, by that monument from Gethsemani, a remembrance of the agony which pierced the mother's heart with a sword of grief, and commenced the awful purchase of the redemption of man. Near this church lay the graves of Simeon, the just man, who "held the little infant, the Lord Jesus, in both his hands,"(10) while he prophesied the Mother's grief and the world's redemption; and there also lay the tomb of Joseph, the spouse of Mary (lib. i. c. 9).

The place where the traitor Judas hanged himself, the very tree outside the gate of David, were pointed out to the pilgrims (c. 13).

On Mount Sion, a church of simple form perpetuated the memory of the Last Supper. In this church was shown the place of the Last Supper; the place where the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles; the marble column to which our Lord was bound when he was scourged; the place where the Blessed Virgin died, and the rock on which St. Stephen was stoned. Below Mount Sion lay the Haceldama, a dismal sight; rocks protruding at every point through a hard and

3. "Quadrangulam orationis domum."

4. "Vili fabricati sunt opere."

5. "Sic mihi Arculpus, qui sæpè sepulchrum Domini frequentabat, indubitanter emensus pronuntiabat."

6. "Vili figuratione."

7. "Et ob id magnâ reverentiâ in ecclesiâ totus veneratur populus."

8. "Quem videlicet calicem universus civitatis populus, cum ingenti veneratione frequentat."

9. "In quâ aliquando sepulta pausavit."

10. "Infantulum Dominum Jesum in ambabus manibus amplexum."

barren soil, the last earthly home of myriad pilgrims, many of whose skeletons lay on the surface of the earth, covered with skins of wild beasts or mouldering rags.

Arculph visited frequently Mount Olivet, clothed with its deep woods of olive and vine, and girt around its base with rich fields of barley and wheat. At the first glance it appeared as large as Mount Sion, but on closer inspection it was found that in two of "the geometrical dimensions," (11) namely, length and breadth, it is smaller. After winding through paths of intermingled vine and olive, he arrived at the church, a large and beautiful building, divided like that over the sepulchre, into three concentric parts, the interior of which was never roofed, but the altar in the east side of it was merely covered with a thin kind of shed. In the centre were seen the foot-prints of our Lord's last stay on earth. On the western side of the church, and looking towards Jerusalem, were eight windows, opposite which, eight blazing lamps, suspended by ropes, flung "the light of day" itself across the valley even on the darkest nights and cheered the pilgrim's path with joy and sweet humility. On the great festival of the Ascension "the glass valves of the windows" (12) were furnished with an increased number of lamps (c. xvii.) Adamnan has given a plan of this church, such as it was described by Arculph, and certainly there is a neatness and precision about that work which proves that those monks of Iona were not ignorant of "geometrical dimensions."

In the eighteenth and nineteenth chapter of the first book there is a brief description of the great olive wood near Bethania, encircling an extensive monastery, within which a church rose over the tomb from which Lazarus had been called to life. Another church frequented by pilgrims marked the spot where the sermon of the beatitudes, delivered on the mount, promulgated the law of the Gospel, which in after ages was to lead myriads from all quarters of the globe, through dangers of sea and land, of war and robbers, of plague and famine, to worship at those places, consecrated by the presence of the Desired of all nations.

The second book is chiefly devoted to the "holy places" which are distant from the holy city. Bethlehem and Nazareth, Jericho, and the Jordan, and other celebrated places receive each their due share of attention; but in Nazareth, Arculph happened to meet a monk from Europe, who was in a great hurry to return home, and did not allow him to study as minutely as he would wish the scenes which they viewed in company. Though Adamnan does not complain of this hapless meeting, probably he would much prefer that his guest had fallen in with some other companion or been left to himself. But he is careful to inform us, that even in those points which Arculph describes as subsequent to the meeting, there is not the slightest discrepancy between his accounts and those of St. Jerome and other writers, with which he had collated them (lib. iii. c. 26).

Bethlehem was then a long line of houses, stretching along a narrow ridge. A low wall, not defended by towers, surmounted it. In the extreme eastern point of the town a cave, apparently formed by the hand of nature, had the first claim on the pilgrim's piety. It was divided into two compartments, the inner, in which the Blessed Virgin laid our Lord after his

birth, (13) the exterior was that in which he was born. The sides and roof of the cave were now covered with marble, and over the whole towered the great church of the Blessed Virgin. Near the church there was a little spring, which, in the traditions of the age, was believed to be coeval with the birth of our Lord (lib. ii. c. i. 111). Here the pilgrims inquired for the tombs of St. Jerome, and of the shepherds who had heard the angelic hymn on the night of the Nativity, and also for Rachel's—saints of the old and of the new law, awaiting together the resurrection of the dead (c. iv. v. 6).

Hebron, once the stronghold of the Philistines, and afterwards the metropolis of David's kingdom, presented now a spectacle of ghastly ruin. Its walls had disappeared, and over the ruins of stately mansions and royal palaces arose a few scattered huts, impressing by the contrast a deeper feeling of departed glory; but about one furlong to the east of it, slept (as some persons believed) the great parent of the human race; and who could feel for the fall of Hebron when the countless generations of men succeeding each other in all parts of the earth arose to the imagination of the pilgrim at the sight of Adam's grave? It lay with those of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, within a double cave, each covered with a chiselled block of stone, the same in general form, except that Adam's appeared to be of meaner workmanship. The feet of the tombs were turned not to the east, as is usual with all other tombs, observes Adamnan, but to the south. A sketch of these monuments was taken from Arculph's description, but unfortunately it is not preserved. It might have given us some knowledge of the ideas of our ancestors regarding sepulchral monuments.

About a thousand paces from the monuments arose the hill of Mambre, clothed with verdure and flowers. On the summit a church enclosed the remains of Abraham's oak, portions of which were carried by the pilgrims on their return to their homes (c. ix.) Adamnan's remark on this subject reminds us of the trees preserved with religious veneration for many a long and sorrowful century in Ireland, because they were believed to have been planted by or to have sheltered some of the primitive fathers of our church. Such were the yew tree of St. Patrick, which gave its name to the town of Newry, the tree of St. Bridget, at Kildare, or of St. Kevin, at Glendalough.

A group of plane trees waved over the ruins of Jericho. The church of Galgal marked the spot where the Israelites encamped after passing the Jordan. Within it were preserved the twelve monumental stones, each so large that two men of the present day could not stir them.

The baptism of our Lord was commemorated by a large cross standing in the Jordan. A small square church on the bank was believed to cover the spot where his clothes were laid during the baptism, but the great church of St. John the Baptist crowned a neighbouring eminence.

The pilgrim explored the fountains of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and the sea of Galilee; took a distant view of Capharnaum from a mountain, and visited the spot where our Lord multiplied the bread and fishes. Over the well of Sichem a cruciform church, "stretching its arms to the four cardinal points," (14) was

11. "Geometrice dimensionibus."

12. Per vitrum—vitreas fenestrarum valvas.

13. Ubi natum puerum reclinavit mater.

14. Quæ quadrifida in quatuor mundi cardines formata extenditur.

erected, of which, unfortunately, the ground-plan, taken by Adamnan, is not preserved; the little fountain from which the Baptist used to drink was "covered with a stone roof," (15) no novelty to Adamnan, as there are few saints on the Irish calendar who have not several similar monuments to their memory in every part of Ireland.

Nazareth, though full of large stone houses, and provided with two great churches, was not defended by walls. The house in which our Lord lived stood in the centre, enclosed in a church, which was supported on vaults; a "most limpid spring," which was held in great veneration, flowed under the church. The other church marked the place where it was believed the angel announced to the Blessed Virgin the mystery of the Incarnation.

Arculph was allowed but one night by his companion to study the great monuments that crowned the summit of Mount Thabor, commemorating the glories of the transfiguration. Having ascended the verdant and flowery sides (16) of the mount, and passed through a deep wood that encircled its top, he found himself on a spacious and level plain, in the centre of which a great church towered over a circular enclosure of stone. Within the enclosure an extensive monastery met his view, with its innumerable little cells scattered around, and three small churches erected, in allusion to the words of St. Peter, "Let us make here three tabernacles."

From this brief notice, the reader may form an imperfect notion of Adamnan's description of the Holy Land; and when we peruse it and the epitome made by venerable Bede, and reflect that it was deposited in the great monastery of Iona, and copied and circulated through the monasteries of Saxon and Scot and Pict, to whom that monastery was equally dear, it is not difficult to conceive the influence which that little book must have produced upon the simple and earnest hearts of our pious fathers. Who could repine at the poverty and seclusion of the monastic life, when he had before him in the holy well, and the crosses that studded every part of the island, and the very barrenness of the soil, something to remind him of those scenes which the pious Adamnan had described—scenes consecrated by the sufferings of our Lord from his crib in Bethlehem to his agony on Calvary? It were well, if we too, when we examine the relics of ancient piety scattered over our country, would touch them with a reverent hand, and correct the pride of knowledge and the vain curiosity of mere antiquarianism by that religious feeling which induced Adamnan to snatch from his multiplied cares, in church and state, time to compose his *Guide to the Holy Land*. "Reader," he exclaims at the close, "may I beg your prayers for the holy Arculph, who has most kindly dictated this description of the holy places; pray also for me; in my own poor style I have taken down his words, overwhelmed, though I am, with the laborious and almost insupportable cares of the church, which are occupying almost every hour of the day." (17)

The close of the second book brings Arculph to Alexandria. Having visited Damascus, then the great seat of Saracen dominion, and examined the remains

of Tyre, with whose history Adamnan was perfectly acquainted, he took shipping at Joppa and sailed for Alexandria. Adamnan's remarks on that celebrated emporium are worthy the serious consideration of those flippant moderns who see in the monk of the ancient times nothing but an impersonation of profound ignorance and loathsome idleness. Not content with the narrative of Arculph, he supplies from several historical sources a description of the city, and the nature of the great country of which it was the capital. Tracing its history from its foundation by Alexander, and surveying its admirable geographical position, seated in strength, "with the sea for its wealth" and "the water for its walls," he descends to a minute description of its port. The city was nearly surrounded by water, the mouths of the Nile on one side and Lake Mareotis on the other. Its port was difficult of access from the sea side, because it resembled the human body, the head or basin being large and sheltered from every breeze; the neck, or passage through which the vessels entered, narrow and winding; but this passage once cleared, the sea opened "long and wide," studded with merchant vessels from all quarters of the globe. On the right of the entrance to the port, the great pharos flung its warning light along the waters; it was attended the whole night long by coast guards, who fed its flame by piles of wood and other combustible materials. (18) Within the port, the enormous moles heaved their giant forms over the water, protecting the city from the encroachments of the sea. The extent of the city from east to west was so great that Arculph, who entered at the third hour of the day, did not arrive at the opposite suburbs until evening; and along that vast range, towers and bastions innumerable protected the massive walls. "But can we be surprised," exclaims Adamnan, "at the wealth and grandeur of this city, when we reflect that it is the mart of the world, sending out its corn and the most necessary articles of merchandize to every nation in Europe. The fertilizing inundations of the Nile, the canals which intersected the whole country, the great embankments directing and controlling the flow of that inland sea, the corn sown *without a plough* and reaped in a profusion unknown to other regions, the high road of waters along the river up to the city of Elephantia, furrowed by a thousand keels; all these are described by Adamnan as the great titles, impressed by the hand of God on that ancient land, to her pre-eminence among the nations of the earth. The cataracts, which he designates as "river hills of water," (19) arrested the navigation of the Nile; not, he says, because there was not a sufficient depth of stream, but because the fall was too precipitous. Such are some of the particulars which this poor monk of Iona thought worthy of preserving from the lips of the pilgrim regarding the city of the Ptolemies. Yet, if we are to believe the flippant pamphleteers of modern days, the monk was a man who never looked ten yards beyond his cell, unless it were to find some spot where he might bask his animal length in swinish indolence under the sun.

Having sailed from Alexandria, and spent a few days in Crete, our pilgrim arrived at Constantinople, the metropolis of the Roman empire. Surrounded on all sides, except one by the sea, embracing a circuit of twelve miles, communicating with the heart of

15. Fonticulum lapideo protectum tecto.

16. Herbosus valdè et floridus.

17. Inter laboriosos et propè insustentabiles totâ die undique conglobatas ecclesiasticæ solitudinis occupationes, quamvis vili sermone declaravi.

18. Facibus, cæterisque lignorum struibis.

19. Fluminales aquarum colles.

Europe, by the Danube to the north, and with the shores of the Mediterranean by the south, it strikes Adamnan as a place destined by heaven for the seat of empire. Its site and embattled walls remind him of the ancient glory of Tyre, and of the then existing strength of Alexandria, while the gorgeous stone palaces surpass everything of the kind in the world except the edifices of old Rome.(20) But the principal object that arrests his attention here is the great church of St. Sophia. He had given but a passing notice of the Church of St. Mark, in Alexandria, where the saint's body rested before the high altar in a beautiful tomb. To compensate, perhaps, for that omission, he invites the special attention of his readers to this church in Constantinople. "I cannot pass over in silence that famous round church of stone: It is of enormous size." The triple walls, and the exquisite dome supported on arches and towering high in the air,(21) exhaust all the eulogistic terms in his architectural vocabulary. In the north side of the church a large and beautiful armarium preserved the true cross, enclosed in a reliquary of wood, over which another case of the same material was generally kept. But on the three last days of the year (22) the reliquary, with its sacred treasure was brought out and raised on the golden altar to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful. On the first day, or Holy Thursday, the emperor, advancing to the altar, bowed his head and kissed the sacred relic, the officers of the army and all the great functionaries of the court following in the order of their rank and repeating the same act of veneration. On Good Friday the empress, with the ladies of her court, and on Holy Saturday the bishop and all the clergy "with fear and trembling," and with every mark of respect, also kissed the cross, which was then carried back in procession to the armarium. How different the fate of this church of Constantinople which once witnessed this religion of the great ones of the earth from that poor and despised church which claims Adamnan as her son! A few months ago, in cleaning the dome of St. Sophia, the artists discovered, beneath several coats of painting, a beautiful image of the Blessed Virgin, sweet but sad, as if in accordance with the profanation of the holy place, and the exile of faith from one of her once most favoured abodes. Heresy, it is true, has also been installed in the old churches of Ireland, and makes blasphemy against the mother of God an indispensable qualification for worldly promotion; but her love is enshrined in the hearts of millions who have not renounced the faith of Adamnan and the world for the German inventions of the sixteenth century.

From our brief and imperfect notice of St. Adamnan's "holy places" the reader can easily determine where those good monks of Iona would go now and say their prayers were they to return to earth. Yet learned men, men of high station, have ventured to maintain, in the face of facts, that the religion of the ancient Irish was quite different from the religion of

Rome. There is a story told by an ancient author which would settle this matter, and it may be the more acceptable as it regards the national saint of England. It happened that on a great muster of the imperial forces—a sort of levy *en masse*—troops of stalwart men were pouring into the gates of Diospolis. One of the recruits, mounted on a beautiful charger, whose glossy skin and proud gait showed that he had no reason to complain of his keeping, drove straight ahead, paying little attention to the groups in the streets, though they were to be his companions in the field. The cavalier dismounts at the door of a house where the pillar was preserved, to which it was believed the martyr St. George had been bound. An image of the saint was painted on the pillar; and, addressing this image as if St. George himself were present,(23) the soldier prayed: "O, martyr George, I commend myself and this steed to thy protection, that, by the virtue of your prayers, we may return safe from the dangers of flood and field, of plague and famine; and, should we return safe, I vow that I will present this horse to you." Months rolled by—thousands who had departed to the field in the full vigour of youth fell beneath the swords of the enemy, the ravages of famine, or fatigue; but the suppliant to St. George was more fortunate—he appears one fine morning opposite St. George's pillar, but ah! his good steed; there he was, the companion of his dangers—how could he part with him, would not St. George take money? "Holy martyr," he prays, "I give thanks to the eternal God, who has preserved me through the great efficacy of your prayers."(24) Twenty pieces of gold are paid down at the shrine, and the soldier, with a light heart, bounds on his steed. But the steed will not stir—no power on earth can move him from the spot. Again the soldier returns, lays down twenty other pieces of gold, but the steed is still obstinate. With a misgiving heart the same sum is again paid out—sixty gold pieces in all! Surely the steed has been amply ransomed and will not part now with his generous master; no, the shrine of St. George is more attractive than the pastures of the master. The steed would stay. "Ah," exclaims the returned soldier, "I see now what is the matter, I promised the steed himself; him and the sixty pieces of gold together I now give to St. George—he must have them both." This narrative is the fourth chapter third book of St. Adamnan's "holy places;" but it does not appear to have scandalized him or any of his monks from England, Ireland, or Scotland.(25)

23. Ad quam, quasi ad presentem Georgium loqui capit dicens, "me tibi Georgi martyr et meum commendo equum ut orationum virtute tuarum," &c.

24. "Sancte martyr: Deo eterno grates refero, quime per tuæ celsitudinem firmitudinis et orationis sospitem reduxit."

25. Adamnan's work supplies no direct evidence of the state of ecclesiastical art in Ireland; but we may infer from his minute details on foreign painting, sculpture, and architecture, that he had respectable domestic specimens of all in his own church; otherwise he could hardly have been able to conceive, much less describe them. If he wrote a history of Ireland (as some believe) its loss is much to be deplored.

20. In quibus plurimæ miræ magnitudinis, lapideæ instar Romæ habitaculorum fabricatæ consurgunt.

21. Ab imo fundamentorum in tribus consurgens parietibus triplex; supra illos altius sublimata, rotundissima et nimis pulchra, simplici consummatur culminatâ camerâ. Hæc arcubus suffulta grandibus, &c. &c.

22. "Post completum annum." This appears to subvert the assertion of Dr. O'Connor, Prolegomena, par. i that the ancient Irish commenced their year on the 1st of January.

RECOLLECTIONS, CONFESSIONS, ADMISSIONS, AND AVOWALS

OF AN

Irish Parliamentary Reporter.

By WM. B. MAC CABE, Esq.,

Author of "A Catholic History of England."

CHAP. IX.

"A master genius feels something in himself which inferior mortals cannot feel, and which tells him that whatever hurt he does, he can repair the moment he is possessed of power."—WALPOLE'S *Letters to the Countess of Ossory*, vol. ii. p. 98.

SECOND extract from my note-book. Richard Lalor Sheil. Administration of justice in Ireland in 1823. The jury system. Exclusion of Catholics—the ancient practice in Tipperary. Mr. Craven of Clonmel. Judge Fletcher's opinion of orange jurors. Feelings of the Catholics—their opinion of orangemen, as expressed by Mr. Sheil. Difference between Sheil and O'Connell. The former a moderate politician. Mr. Sheil in private life—violent in his public speeches. Description of him as an orator—an extempore speaker—liked by the reporters—a firm supporter of O'Connell in the Association—universally esteemed and admired by the Catholics—proposes simultaneous meetings—effect of that proposition.

[The reader will bear in mind that what he is about to peruse in the following chapter was written in the year 1829. It describes, in one respect, a state of things in which no improvement has been made; and, in another, it portrays the character of one of the great orators of Ireland, a line of which, the author, as a Catholic, is not disposed to change.]

ONE of the first and most important steps of the new association of the Catholics was to prepare an address to the people, in the form of a petition to the House of Commons, on the administration of justice in Ireland. The Catholics had long complained of the partial mode in which the laws were administered in this country. In all political trials it was a common, and is to this day the invariable practice, to exclude Catholics from the jury box. I can but recollect one instance that this rule has been departed from, and that was in the Commission Court in Green-street, in the year 1822, when the clerk of the crown was, as usual, bidding the Catholics "stand by," but was ordered by Mr. Plunkett, the attorney-general to desist, and by Catholics "ribbonmen" (who are, in truth, "Catholic fanatics") were convicted. This insult to the Catholics had been long a subject of complaint, and many amongst them said that even in their private property they were injured, when an orange sheriff, as in the city of Dublin, had the power of selecting a jury. I know not whether this complaint was well founded or not, but I must, in justice to the orange sheriffs, say, that I never knew a Catholic who could with any truth put forward such an allegation.

The only place that I can recollect being utterly disgusted at the bigoted opposition to Catholics as jurors was at the assizes for Tipperary, held at Clonmel. In every case of murder, when a Catholic usually stands at the bar as the accused, it has been the constant practice to object on the part of the crown to any juror of that persuasion. I remember upon one occasion—it was the trial of Patrick Grace for the murder of Mr. Richard Chadwick—a most respectable Catholic gentleman, Mr. Benjamin Craven, of Clonmel, being ordered to "stand by" upon the part of the crown. The oath had been half gone through at this time, when the crown solicitor endeavoured to have him put aside. There was an argument before Judge Moore upon the point, who ruled that according to the practice of the court Mr. Craven should be a juror, he having been partly sworn. Mr. Craven accordingly acted as juror, and brought in, along with the others, a verdict of "guilty" against

Grace. The case was one of cruel and cold-blooded assassination, and, yet, it was in such a case that Catholics were sought to be put out of the jury-box! I could not give, I should think, a stronger instance of the extent to which this atrocious system is carried.

In 1823 the Catholics complained of this vile system, and they still complain of it, and their dislike to it was not a little increased by the triumph which had been gained over them in the acquittal of the theatrical rioters by those whom they termed an orange grand jury, and a no less orange petit jury. The Catholics did not in 1823 forget the memorable language which had been uttered by Judge Fletcher in the year 1814: "Murders have been repeatedly perpetrated, and though legal prosecutions have ensued, yet such has been the baneful consequences of those factious (the orange) associations that, under their influence, petit juries have declined to do their duty. It was sufficient to say that such a man displayed such a colour to produce an utter disbelief of his testimony, and when another has stood with his hand at the bar, the display of his party colour has mitigated the murder into manslaughter."

I have already mentioned that dreadful excitement prevailed in the country immediately previous to the formation of the association, and when the petition upon the administration of justice was brought forward the association had not been a sufficient length of time in existence to have had any pacificatory effect upon the people. The feelings of bitterness between the opposing parties was at its height, and the passions which raged in the hearts of the deluded ribbonmen were beginning at this moment to fester the minds even of enlightened Catholics. Prejudice blinded their vision, and they looked upon their opponents as either cold-hearted perjurers, who would swear away their lives, or as reckless assassins, anxious to imbrue their weapons in their blood. Such were the feelings of many Catholics at the time, and I cannot give a stronger evidence than is to be found in one passage of the petition on the administration of justice, which thus spoke of the conduct of the orangemen:

"The sacred writings are tortured into a profane instrumentality—the Bible is resorted to for the suggestions of massacre, and the injunctions of murder are drawn out of the very word of God."

Such was the horrible description given of the initiatory ceremonies in the swearing in of orangemen, who (in imitation of the tomfoolery of the masons) had adopted some passages of the Bible at their inauguration of a new member.

The passage I have quoted attracted a good deal of attention at the moment, and was, no doubt, the means of widening even to a still greater extent the breach between Catholics and orangemen. Mr. Sheil was the author of this petition.

The name of Richard Sheil is nearly as intimately interwoven with the formation, progress, and success of the Catholic Association as that of Daniel O'Connell himself. Between the two men there at first could appear but little sympathy. O'Connell was always an enthusiast, and it was his only amusement and his greatest relaxation to think, speak, and act for Ireland. On the contrary, it was evidently a great pain and trouble to Mr. Sheil to take the prominent part he did in politics, and when he came before the public he always did so thoroughly well prepared.

Never yet did a human being more magnificently

perform the part of a leading demagogue than Richard Sheil. Even the bitterest of his opponents could not refuse him the meed of their applause. The orange-man who went into the association and listened to Richard Sheil delivering one of his splendid orations, must been actuated, I should imagine, by somewhat the same feelings as a lover of the drama should experience on beholding the character of *Zanga*, of *Iago*, or *Sir Giles Overreach*, supported by Kemble, by Young, or by Kean. His admiration of the man must have absorbed all his disgust for the sentiments he was delivering.

No man has, I believe naturally less of the feelings of a partizan—no man cares less for politics than Mr. Sheil, and yet the circumstances of his country and the condition of parties made him the most inflammatory of speakers, and even once subjected him to a prosecution for sedition. In private life there cannot be a more playful, lively, light and pleasant companion than Mr. Sheil; he possesses an inexhaustible fund of wit, spirit, and humour; his great enjoyment is to bring forth the bright and agreeable parts of each man's character he mixes with; and, anxious for amusement, he does not sneer at drollery because he knows it is not wit. There is a tinge of the epicurean about Mr. Sheil, which to the *bon vivant* renders every remark that comes from him delightful and piquant. Even in his pleasures and the greatest moments of sociability, you can at once see that Mr. Sheil is a complete man of the world; he pretends not to sudden friendship; he assumes no exaggerated kindness of manner; he meets you on your own terms. You can be as happy, as jocose, and as lively as you wish with him, but even in the very height of his humour you must feel that beyond the line of intimacy or familiarity he has marked down for you it would not be safe to trespass. He is in real life a delightful stage-coach companion, who, however pleasant upon the road, it would not be good taste to address in the drawing-room without a formal introduction. At no time, however, can the pride of the author or the self sufficiency of the orator be discerned in him. He is too conscious of his own great powers to have any vanity about him, and in speaking to him he never makes you feel that he had hundreds applauding his productions on the stage and in the closet, or thousands regarding with wonder and admiration what he had delivered in the arena of politics.

Mr. Sheil is as quiet and temperate in private life in his political opinions as he was desperate and violent when he addressed a public assembly. He was as playful and lively in his manners in the one as he was fierce and furious in the other—and to speak to him ten minutes before he commenced a speech, and look and listen to him five minutes afterwards, it was almost impossible to think that it was the same individual. The mild, the easy mannered, dark eyed little gentleman had cast off all appearance of self, the muscles of his countenance had become convulsed, the forehead was corrugated with wrinkles, the full dark eye flashed with electric sparks of genius, the mouth was cast into a sardonic grin, as if the orator was gloating over the agonies of the victim which his sarcasm had impaled; the hair was flung in wild masses round his temples, and the arms and body denoted by their violent movements how the spirit that stirred them was agitated by passion. It was impossible to think of Mr. Sheil a few minutes before, and look upon him thus, without being reminded of the following passage

of an author that seems to be a great favourite with him:

“—— Subito non vultus, non color unus
Non comæ mansere comæ; sed pectus anhelum
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videre
Nec mortale sonans——”

In a country of orators Mr. Sheil is remarkable for an exuberance of diction and a floridness of phraseology. While listening to him, one would be astonished to perceive how the most common idea and threadbare sentiment assumes a new appearance from the magnificent clothing of words with which he invests it. In his speeches he cannot deliver himself as any other man would—every sentence is dressed in a holiday suit, and every portion of his subject introduces some new word which could never be expected to be met with in the common affairs of life. And yet in this exuberance there is not the slightest affectation—it is Mr. Sheil's manner as a public speaker, although no man is more unpretending as a talker. Mr. Sheil is particularly attractive as an orator from the splendid, gorgeous, and in most instances faultless imagery to be found in every speech of his. His imagination is like his diction, inexhaustible. Upon every subject, no matter how common, he, with the profusion of a spendthrift, throws away pearls of poetry which are above price, and which a man of more prudence and less fancy would reserve for great occasions. His luxuriance of imagery, his peculiarity of phraseology, and his powers of ridicule render him as formidable an advocate at the bar as they made him a dreaded opponent in politics. I have often seen Mr. Sheil engaged as an advocate to speak to evidence, and not more than once out of every five times have I seen the opportunity given him, the defendant preferring to rest upon the case against him, the speech of his own counsel, and exposed to all the expenses of the suit, rather than endure the castigation which Mr. Sheil would invariably inflict upon him—a castigation which would not pass away with the occasion, but which the unfortunate defendant would hear of for years afterwards; the beauty of the imagery and the particularity of the language in which the ridicule was conveyed rendering it an object of interest and curiosity to every one but the unfortunate sufferer. I could not better illustrate Mr. Sheil's powers as an orator than by this instance of their apprehended effect. I mention it with another view, that of disproving the erroneous idea which I have known to prevail very generally, that all Mr. Sheil's speeches are prepared before they are delivered. A more unfounded error than this there cannot exist, for the barrister who speaks to evidence cannot prepare himself, because it is impossible he can know what it is he will have to comment upon. In the Association too, I have seen Mr. Sheil speak in reply very frequently, and some of his best speeches were those which were thus delivered. That Mr. Sheil prepares himself, by reflecting and considering upon any subject, before he gives his opinion upon it, there can be no doubt, and what man was ever a great orator that did not do so? But the accusation that was generally preferred against him, that he writes down his speeches before he delivers them is quite untrue, and I have reason to know it.

There was no member of the Association a greater favourite with the reporters than Mr. Sheil, for this reason, that he never troubled them to take a note of his speeches. While he was speaking we could sit and listen, and be delighted with him, and “many is the

time and oft" that I have caught myself (most unreporter-like) carried away by the enthusiasm he excited, and joining in the general cheer that followed one of the many splendid passages in his speeches. I have afterwards seen Mr. Sheil write out these speeches, generally but one-fourth of the length they ought to have extended to in print, and have never yet seen any one of them equal to what he had delivered. That which he had spoken seemed the inspiration of a deity, the other was but the fine production of an accomplished, but still mortal man.

The manner of Mr. Sheil might have produced some of that difference which is so observable between the speech reported and that spoken, and yet his gesticulation is by no means perfect. He is generally too violent in his action, often attitudinizes too much, and having a fine and powerful eye he frequently makes too much use of it. But it is in the management of his voice that Mr. Sheil displays his greatest power; at first, it has a squeaking, harsh, and unpleasant effect upon the ear, but, as he proceeds, the auditor is soon accustomed to it, and, as the orator becomes impassioned, his tones vary with every emotion he is desirous of expressing. I remember once having heard him describe the calamities that were likely to ensue from an insurrection in Ireland, and his manner and his voice thrilled his hearers with horror. The tones came from him in low, distinct, and whispering sounds that penetrated to the very extremity of the dense multitude by which he was surrounded; not a breath nor a murmur could be heard during his delivery, and when he had concluded, the terrors of the scene were too strong upon their minds to permit them to express their admiration of him who had thus excited their feelings. But, when they did recover from the enchantment, which his eloquence had cast around them, their admiration and delight burst forth with uncontrollable force and energy.

And yet to look at Mr. Sheil when the assemblage had dispersed you could not but be conscious that he had, all the time, been acting, and that his feelings, however strong, had evaporated with the occasion that had excited them. Mr. Sheil during the entire progress of agitation seemed to regard his country as his client, and was as anxious and as passionate every time he spoke in the Association or at a public meeting as if he had received a *refresher* for the occasion—but with the occasion his anxiety and his passion passed away and were no more thought of than John Doe or Richard Roe out of court. In the Association Mr. Sheil mixed himself up with no party, and was never found caballing in the committee. As far as his transcendent abilities and splendid genius could be useful to the cause of the Catholics they were devoted to their service, but in the proceedings of the Association he could be scarcely said to take any part except that of supporting Mr. O'Connell, when there was an attack made upon him. Differences had, previous to the formation of the Association, existed between Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil, but a generous reconciliation had taken place—all was forgiven, all forgotten, and their former quarrel had but this effect upon Mr. Sheil, to render him upon all occasions the sincere, warm, able, and disinterested advocate of Mr. O'Connell. He seemed to feel that without O'Connell the cause of the Catholics must fail, and, feeling thus, he determined that while he had the command of the English language it should be levelled against Mr. O'Connell's opponents. As to Mr. Sheil himself he

had no opponent, and I believe not one personal enemy. He aimed at no superiority, he took upon himself no command, and the station he assumed in Catholic politics no one attempted to dispute with him, for the personal vanity of each must have whispered that it would be far wiser not to seek to occupy that station—if the race of eloquence were to be run he should yield the palm to Mr. Sheil, or he himself would come in

— "ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat."

Mr. Sheil conceded the first place in Catholic politics to Mr. O'Connell—he was content to fill the second, and however desirous some might feel to displace the one none were ambitious to contend with the other. The Radical, the moderate, and the aristocrat in Catholic politics was each the admirer and supporter of Mr. Sheil, because he was not mingled up with their measures, and was superior to their intrigues.

I believe that during the entire course of the Association, and amidst the many measures that were discussed in it, Mr. Sheil originated but one, and that was the resolution for having a meeting of all the Catholics in Ireland upon one and the same day. This was a very bold, a very dangerous, but in its results proved a very successful experiment, and one which produced an impression upon the government, that was felt in its very heart's core, and electrified it to its very extremities. I remember a few days after the first simultaneous meeting had taken place, a gentleman high in the police in Dublin, and who had that day a communication with no less a personage than the under secretary of state, Mr. Gregory, speaking to me; the expression that burst from him was an involuntary one, for he seemed to be confounded with some new light that had broken in upon his understanding. "Good God," said he, "is not this a dreadful state to which the country is reduced? We are completely in the power of the Association; O'Connell and Sheil have but to write a circular to all the parish priests in Ireland, the people would obey their voice, the population would rise at a certain hour or a certain day in every part of the country, soldiery and police might be overwhelmed in a few minutes, and in the course of forty-eight hours Ireland would not belong to the English government. It is a frightful state of things, and *something must be done*." There can be no doubt, that no measure of the Catholics tended more to a settlement of their question, than the simultaneous meetings, and however one party might abhor Mr. Sheil for the proposition, the other should feel towards him nothing but the most sincere gratitude.

Foreign Missionary Correspondence.

THE following letter has been communicated to us by the Reverend Directors of the College for the Foreign Missions, Drumcondra.

"*Nomelah, Agra, July 3rd, 1848.*"

"DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,

"I received at the close of the month of May your kind letter from All Hallows. It afforded me much pleasure to hear that all the superiors and students of the college were well, and that the institution continued in a prosperous state. I need not say how interested we and the other foreign missionaries should

be for its welfare, since on its success will depend the question whether we are to have assistants or not from Ireland.

"When I last wrote to All Hallows, I was safely settled in St. Peter's College, Agra, as retired from the world and as happy as when I was at Drumcondra. Every exercise had its particular time. We rose at five; had mass at about a quarter past five; study and recreation alternately, till the evening came, when the students retired for the night about nine o'clock. Early in April last I was removed from the college to a station four miles from Agra, and I am still employed here. His lordship, Dr. Borghi, was obliged to take this step, partly through necessity, and partly from a wish to comply with the entreaty of this congregation, who, I may say, are entirely Irish. I am again about to leave them, and to return to my college, which I left with regret. As a short account of my first missionary duties may be of interest to you, I shall feel happy in giving you an idea of them.

"The congregation is composed chiefly of Irish soldiers and their families; there are some civilians, and about ten Catholic families of native Christians attend also, the entire amounting to 500 or thereabouts. The soldiers have the same warm feelings, the same respect and veneration for their clergy as at home, the same generosity in contributing to works of charity. We are building a new chapel at this station. It is now roofed and floored, and I am at present collecting for the plastering. These good fellows hand me in at the close of the month sometimes 100 rupees, never less; and during the last month the respectable sum of 300 rupees, or thirty pounds sterling was given for that purpose. I have known several to give more than half their monthly pay. The soldiers are, indeed, the hope of Catholicity in India. As I am speaking of my chapel I must not forget the choir. Many of its members belong to her Majesty's band, and understand music well. These teach the others, so that we have several masses for three voices. On Sundays we have high mass (without deacon or subdeacon), and on Sunday evenings vespers and benediction. We celebrated the devotions of the month of May, as in Ireland, and in addition to the English hymns in honour of the Holy Virgin, we had the "*Omni die*," and others which came from All Hallows. If during the last week of Lent you were thinking of the old singing-class, I was not without having my thoughts also upon them; for my choir practised the "*Popule meus*," and sang it on Good Friday at the adoration of the cross, as it is sung at Drumcondra. They have plenty of time to practice, and it is seldom we had such leisure.

"I need not tell you that I have plenty of business to occupy my time. I say mass every morning at six; a considerable number of persons assist at it. After mass I have to visit two hospitals. They contain at present about fifty persons, and as this year is considered very healthy, not more than one death occurs in the week. Thank God we have no cholera in Agra this year, and the fever here is not dangerous. Some cases of apoplexy occurred lately, and carried off its victims after a few hours. After I return from the hospitals (which are very convenient to the chapel), I have always some persons to instruct. There are very many coming to this chapel who do not know the first principles of faith. They are persons born, perhaps, in the country districts of England, but of Irish parents. Their parents were Catholics, they say, and that is all they know. Sometimes the poor Protestant

comes with the rest on such occasions. I have had the happiness of instructing and receiving into the church six such persons, since I came to this station; this very morning I baptised one. It is the poor soldiers here, who have nothing to lose, who embrace the truth when they see it. The civil officers would not think of changing; and if individuals among them would, they should prepare to lose their situations and all the society they might formerly have enjoyed.

"* * * * I could mention several instances which prove that Protestantism is not *so civilized* here as at home; but as long as *their* dominion in the north of India is stayed by an army, the two-thirds of which are Irish Catholic soldiers, a Catholic priest need not care much for their misguided zeal or their bigotry. But I have strayed away from my subject.

"I was speaking of my own duties. From ten o'clock, A.M. to six in the evening we cannot, without the greatest danger, appear under the sun at this time of year; so we close all our doors and windows to exclude the heat and light; servants are employed throwing water on large mats placed in the doorways, and by these artificial means we are kept moderately cool. This summer is longer than usual, and hence more is endured from the heat. During the warm part of the day our time is spent in writing or study, and very often it is impossible to do either. Every evening it is edifying to see the soldiers coming to say their night prayers in the chapel. They assemble in the yard, and will talk outside the chapel doors, as the people do in the country parishes in Ireland, until the bell rings for prayer. After prayer a short instruction is given on every evening, unless on Fridays and Saturdays, which are reserved for confessions. About a fortnight since I had thirty-two prepared for confirmation. They were persons mostly from the west of Ireland, whose education had been neglected. They often puzzled me, as they spoke nothing but Irish, so I had to get a catechist who understood the language. On the day of the confirmation I enrolled fifty-one members in the arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for the Conversion of Sinners. This number consisted principally of the recruits, who came this year to the country. They have still about them all the simplicity of the country people at home. They sometimes express their surprise at seeing a priest of their own so far away from their home. One poor fellow said to me—"I thought we were going where we would never see a priest again; but we are here just as at home with our priests." I see Father Rooney nearly every Sunday; sometimes he comes to me, spends the day here, and preaches for me at night, and I have often the happiness of seeing him at the college, which is but four miles from me. Thank God, I have not had one hour's illness since I came to Agra.

"The expense attending such a long journey will, I fear, prevent his lordship, Dr. Borghi, from sending you any student from his college. There is one of the logicians very anxious to go; however, the bishop has no spare money; the extensive orphanage swallows up all.

"I hope that in September you will be able to procure some students for this mission. I am frequently asked by some of the Irish when they are to expect more priests from Ireland. There is a great want of priests here, and some stations are without any clergyman. Nearly all are supported by government, since in most cases they are chaplains. Their salary is about 10*l.* a-

month, so the fear of an incompetent support need not discourage any one. * * * Father Rooney and I read with much delight the account of the safe arrival of our class-fellows in their several missions. * * * I frequently receive letters from my former companions at All Hallows, Messrs. O'Doherty and Riordan of Madras, and Prendergast, of Calcutta. Desiring to be remembered to all the superiors of the college, and hoping that you will not fail to remember Mr. Rooney and me in your pious prayers, and to solicit for us the prayers of the community,

"I remain,

"Yours most affectionately in Christ,

"NICHOLAS BARRY.

"Rev. B. Woodlock, D. D.,
"All Hallows' College, Dublin."

Reminiscences of the Irish Mission.

THE FAVOURITE CHILD.

On one of those glorious days in autumn, when summer seems to pay a brief visit to the waning year, I was summoned to attend a sick call far away in the mountains. The road to the place was so bad and circuitous, that I thought it safer and more expeditious to walk than to attempt to ride to it. It was evening when I turned my steps homewards, and the few light clouds which floated in the blue sky, pursued the sun as he disappeared in glory, like—to compare small things with great—a troop of mendicants following the superb equipage of their king, and the bountiful riches which he flung back to them gilded a quarter of the heavens. At first the whole western sky was of so deep a scarlet, that it seemed on fire. After a little, as if the creative power were at work disentangling the universe from this mass of flame, blue lakes, with emerald isles and beautiful yellow strands, and lovely white mountains began to appear. These by degrees grew less and less, until there was nothing left but a few long lines of red and green, and finally even these disappeared. Thy career, thought I, is like that of a gifted spirit upon earth, its glories are never fully appreciated until it has been snatched from us, and then after dazzling the world for a brief space with its too lately discovered splendour, even this gradually fades away, and its last traces are lost in the light of some newer though less brilliant luminary. For a moment I looked almost spitefully upon the moon, which was covered with a thin cloud as with a veil, but when she flung it aside and showed her fair face in the clear blue sky, and called around her the bright stars which had been chased away by the jealous rival, from whom meddling philosophers say that she steals her charms, I was strongly tempted to revile him, and thus exemplify in my own person my late meditations. Nothing, indeed, could be more beautiful than the scene which I now looked upon. I was standing on the top of a ridge of mountains that swept along a beautiful glen, through which a river of bright water now murmured quickly, and anon roared and foamed over rock and precipice. The shores were thickly studded with large trees, whose green foliage was gilded with the rich tinge of autumn, and the white walls and blue smoke of a populous village gave life and animation to the scene. Far away beyond the headlands slept the mighty ocean, mimicking the heavens in its calm and unruffled bosom. A small fleet of fishing boats, amount-

ing to twenty or thirty, appeared like spectres in their shrouds, moving silently and mysteriously over the water. My road did not lead me to the village, but over lofty headlands, from four to six hundred feet high, sometimes descending to the sea by a precipitous inclination, and at others rising perpendicularly from the water. The coast was frequently indented with small creeks, into which the moonlight only penetrated for a short distance at the top, so that the bottom appeared black and frightful as the habitation of demons, who hid their malice here from that sweet spirit of love and holiness which seemed silently to pervade all nature. In every other place it was almost bright as day; and never had the rough headlands on which I stood, nor the blue mountains that stretched far away before me, looked so fantastically beautiful as they did now, when bathed in the yellow moonlight, which appeared to me to be the true charity of external nature for it concealed all that was harsh and barren, lighted up all that was beautiful, and mellowed the whole landscape into a glorious scene of perfect harmony and indescribable loveliness.

I sat down upon a stone and began to think of the ingratitude of man, when he rebels against that Almighty God who has given him such a beautiful world, even for his earthly habitation. I reflected on the innumerable physical as well as moral sufferings which sin caused in the universe, how it perverted into instruments of vice even the most bountiful gifts of heaven, and ruined alike the happiness of individuals, of families, and of nations. So absorbed was I in my meditations, that I did not perceive a venerable man who approached me, until he laid his hand upon my shoulder. He appeared to be about sixty years of age, and in the enjoyment of robust health, although it was plain that he was labouring under some heavy affliction.

"You do not know me, father Ned," said the stranger, "although I have often seen you and heard you both celebrating mass and preaching. Perhaps you may have heard father John mention the name of James O'Halloran of Myrtle Grove." I replied that I had heard him frequently praise that good man for his charity and benevolence, and that I was exceedingly happy to know him, as I doubted not but that he was the person to whom I was speaking. He said that my conjecture was quite correct, and that he feared he was about to give me a great deal of trouble, but that he would explain the matter as we walked to father John's house. I felt already chilled by the night air, and was therefore glad to resume my walk. For a little time he remained silent, as if struggling with some deep emotion, and then having mastered it he said:

"The only priest in the parish in which I live has been, as perhaps you are aware, confined to his bed for the last three weeks, since which time we have had no pastor to attend to us, but one who comes from a considerable distance to say mass on Sundays. My second daughter, Mary Ann, has got a very severe attack of fever, and although this is Friday evening, I was afraid she might become delirious before Sunday, I therefore thought it necessary to get a priest to administer to her the consolations of religion. She was very desirous to see father John, who is an old friend of ours, and as his residence is not much farther off than that of the priest who officiates in our chapel on Sundays, I thought I would gratify her. But when I came to his house this evening, I was informed that

he had gone to spend a few days in his native place, and that you were discharging the whole duty of the parish. I was told that if I took this path I would most probably meet you returning from a sick call, and so it has fortunately happened. I feel that it is very hard to ask you to undertake a journey of near twenty miles at so late an hour; but I know well that an Irish priest never repines at the labour which is undertaken to console a dying sinner and save an immortal soul."

We soon started on our journey, and proceeded so rapidly, that before we had advanced many miles, our horses were reeking. My companion was too much occupied with his own meditations to be inclined for conversation, and after several ineffectual efforts to interest him, I abandoned the attempt altogether. Indeed I was not sorry to be left to my own meditations, for I felt it a kind of profanation to break the spell of the deep silence in which all nature was hushed. A light frost which had set in rendered the night still more brilliant, every cloud had disappeared, and the full moon shone in the centre of the blue dome of heaven. The stars beamed brightly as "the eyes of heaven," and seemed like sentinels to guard the earth whilst its inhabitants slept. Sometimes we travelled through tall trees which cast their shadows across the road, on which, however, lay many bright patches of moonlight, which crept stealthily through the branches. At length, we were obliged to allow our horses breathing time, and then my companion broke silence, but he seemed to be expressing his thoughts aloud rather than addressing me. "She has ever been," said he, "our favourite child, the flower of our little flock, the very pulse of our hearts, and the light of our eyes; and if it was the will of God, I would rather He would take any of the others and spare her."

"You must submit," said I, "to God's holy will, which none can oppose. He knows what is best for you and for her, and perhaps He may take her now when she is young, in order to save her innocent heart from sin, and your grey hairs from sorrow."

At first he seemed offended by these observations, but after a brief pause he replied in his usual manner, "You do not know Mary Ann or you would not fear that she could ever stray from the path of duty and virtue."

Although I did not at all acquiesce in this observation, I felt too deeply for the affliction of a father's heart, when the life of a child in the early bloom of youth and beauty was at stake, to make any reply which might wound it, and as I could not agree with what he said, we rode on once more in silence. It was about three o'clock in the morning when we reached our destination, and I was shown into the drawing-room for a short time, in order that the patient might be prepared for my visit. Mr. O'Halloran went up to the sick girl's room to announce my arrival to his wife and daughter, who were watching there; and as all the rest of the family had gone to bed long ago, I was left for some time quite alone. I had thus leisure to look through the room, which was very handsomely furnished, and I soon perceived that everything of superior elegance and value bore the name of the sick girl. I first perceived it on a rose-wood writing-desk, inlaid with mother of pearl, then on several beautiful work tables of the same material. I looked at the pictures on the walls, and found that those in the richest frames were maps or large trees,

with a bird upon the branches, and a little girl looking up at it, which had been worked upon canvass "by Mary Ann O'Halloran." On a round rose-wood table there were several splendidly bound books, on opening which I invariably discovered that they were presents from Mr. or Mrs. O'Halloran, to their beloved child, Mary Ann, on her birth day. I now perceived the full force of Mr. O'Halloran's observation, and that the stricken one was indeed "the favourite child."

I received no summons to the sick chamber for half an hour, and when at length Mr. O'Halloran came for me, his eyes were red as if he had been weeping.

"Poor Mary Ann," said he, "has been very ill all night; and she is terribly afraid of seeing a stranger. Indeed, she was at first quite unwilling to speak to you, but, thank God, she has at length consented. I hope you will be kind and gentle with her, for she has been reared as tenderly as a delicate flower."

I took the old man's hand, for I pitied him, and said, "do you not know that I am His minister, who has said, 'come to me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will refresh you;' and who has told us above all others, to learn of him 'that he is meek and humble of heart.' I would, indeed, be totally unworthy to be His minister 'who seeketh the lost sheep in the wilderness, and carries it back on his shoulders,' if I could exhibit anything but the greatest tenderness to a sick girl."

He made no answer; but pressing my hand led me to the sick chamber.

During the long course of my ministry I have not met with five cases in which I experienced the least difficulty in making a young person resigned to die. Hoary old sinners I have seen whose life had been protracted long beyond the ordinary term of human existence, whose every friend had been long since laid in the tomb, who were oppressed with multiplied infirmities, and who could not bear to be told of the approach of death. But the young, with bright hopes of long years of happiness before them, and surrounded by loving relations and friends, and all the sweet sympathies which can render life worth possessing, I have ever found willing to abandon the vanities of earth, and to turn their whole hearts to God and heaven. The present case, however, was one of the few exceptions. Mary Ann O'Halloran could not contemplate the approach of death but with the wildest horror. Her parents had prepared her to expect a friendly visit from Father John; and they hoped that he would be able to reconcile her to the will of God, and to induce her to prepare herself for death. But when she understood that it was not Father John, but his curate who had arrived, she instantly became alarmed, declared that they wanted to get rid of her, and peremptorily refused to see me at all. This unkind language made both her father and mother burst into tears, which, being an affectionate girl, with all her waywardness, she no sooner saw than she begged them to kiss and forgive her, and that she would see me and do all they desired.

I found her in this state of mind, and had at first considerable difficulty in inducing her to consent to receive the last sacraments. There is, however, a sublimity and an unction in the ceremonial of the Catholic Church which none can resist who come properly within its influence. Mary Anne O'Halloran's heart was melted by the genial and holy influence of religion, and before I pronounced over her the sacred words of

absolution, sweet tears of sorrow and of love flowed from her eyes. She received the holy Eucharist and Extreme Unction with the most lively devotion; whilst her father and mother knelt by her bed-side, and thanked God by their prayers and grateful tears for the change which He had mercifully worked in her disposition. She was now so far from being afraid to see me, that she earnestly besought me not to go away for some time; and although I was anxious to return, as there was no other priest in the parish, I yielded so far to her earnest entreaties as to consent to remain and say mass for her in the morning.

I prayed and conversed with her a-while before my departure. The doctors had been with her, and had given her strong hopes of recovery which they did not themselves entertain. They thought, however, that she had a better chance, as in consequence of my visit she allowed her beautiful and luxurious hair to be shaved off, and her head to be blistered. This was, indeed, a great sacrifice for a lovely girl of eighteen, and I was grateful to her for it. But, at the same time, I thought it my duty to remove gently the false and cruel delusion that she was out of all danger. I had once seen a young mother dying of consumption—from whom, out of mistaken kindness, her relations and medical attendants concealed the knowledge of her situation, until a few hours before her death. I shall never forget her terrible exclamation when informed that she was dying: "Oh! God, why was I not told this sooner.—Bring hither my infant orphans." The children had been just sent away to a relation's house, to remain there until after the funeral. A messenger was despatched for them in haste, but death was swifter than the messenger, and almost the last words the poor mother uttered were, "Have I no friend left on earth who will bring my children to me, that they may kiss their poor mother before she is laid in the cold grave?" This terrible scene convinced me that it was not only irreligious, but cruel and unkind, to deprive the sick person of that knowledge which is necessary, in order to make him arrange his temporal and his eternal concerns, and which by preparing him for death deprives it of much of its bitterness.

When Mary Ann O'Halloran became aware of her true situation, she was still prepared to submit to the will of God, but she by no means enjoyed the same sweet peace and perfect resignation which rendered her happy even in her sufferings, before false and delusive hopes were raised within her. She did not refuse to die, but she clung to the most slender hopes of life. I was, however, satisfied with the Christian disposition of her mind. Just after I had given her my blessing and was about to leave her, she said,

"Have you ever seen any one recover who had been so ill as I am?" "I have, indeed, my dear child," I replied, "seen many recover who were much worse than you are."

"Thank God," she exclaimed, "and may Jesus and Mary, whose names are now music to my ears, honey to my lips, and joy to my heart, bless and protect you for telling me my true situation, and teaching me to be resigned to the will of our Father who is in Heaven. But, remember your promise," she added, "of coming again to see me, if I should be still alive."

"I will, undoubtedly," said I, "return on Tuesday next; or, if you should desire to see me sooner, I shall come at any hour of the day or night at which I may be sent for."

Before I left the house, I was taken into a private

room by Mr. and Mrs. O'Halloran, in order that I might give them my opinion regarding the probability of their daughter's recovery. Although the doctors had not spoken so candidly to them as they had done to me, they told them that some very bad symptoms had shown themselves, and that the girl was very far from being out of danger. They hoped that I would speak more hopefully, but in this they were disappointed. I told them, candidly, that it would be most presumptuous of me to set my opinion above that of professional men, and that of whatever value my own little experience was, it led me to the very same conclusion at which they had arrived. I had strong hopes that their daughter would recover; but at the same time I would be only deceiving them if I did not add, that I considered her life in imminent danger.

"Oh! Lord," cried the father, frantically, "take all my other children, take all I have from me, but spare me my favourite daughter. Do not permit me to see the child of my heart laid in the cold grave."

I was greatly shocked by this outburst of feeling, which I told him, plainly, I considered neither religious nor Christian; and I appealed to Mrs. O'Halloran, who had burst into tears, to tell her husband that it was God who had given them this child, and that they should be ready to give her back to Him whenever He demanded her; that He knew, and always did that which was most conducive to the true happiness of those who loved Him.

"You may think me," she answered, "very wicked, but although I have two sons and two other daughters, I would rather lose them all than her. But James, dear," she continued, tenderly embracing her husband, "you know we must be resigned to the will of God; and although I would willingly give my own life for her's, still if the Almighty desires to take her to himself we must not refuse. His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." After a little more conversation, I succeeded in calming the old man's excited sorrow, and then I took my departure. The numerous inquiries which I was obliged to answer as I rode along, convinced me that the sick girl was a general favourite, and that the father's excessive attachment to her was well known, for when I told those who asked for her, that she was still very ill, they almost uniformly observed, that "her death would break the old man's heart."

Mary Ann O'Halloran became delirious only a few hours after my departure; and to increase the affliction of the family, her youngest sister, Ellen, who had watched over her with the most constant and unremitting attention, was cast down by the fever against which she had struggled for the last few days. But the father's prayer seemed, at least, to have been partially heard, for the younger girl was taken and the favourite spared. The fever took a favourable turn at the very moment when death seemed certain, even to her medical attendants. She recovered so rapidly that, after the lapse of a few weeks, she was able to drive to the chapel where I officiated. She determined to give me a surprise, and she succeeded, for I was quite astonished when a young lady of great beauty and elegance addressed me with the familiarity of an old friend. I had some vague recollection of having seen her; but I thought it must have been a long time ago, and in some foreign country. She perceived my confusion, and enjoyed it greatly. At length, after searching every musty old corner of my memory, and not finding her in any of them, I observed, in a fit of des-

peration, "I remember perfectly that I met you somewhere, but, really, your name has quite escaped my memory."

"And where," said she, "may I ask, did we meet last?"

"Why, I—I know it was on the continent; but—" a fit of suppressed laughter, which brought the tears to her eyes, prevented me from finishing the sentence. Taking, therefore, new ground on which I considered myself safe, I observed, "it was so long since we met, and that she was such a mere child then, that I could not tell where it was." This seemed to complete her merriment, for she fairly burst into a fit of the most provoking laughter. When she recovered, she beckoned to some one who had been evidently concealed from me during the interview. She ran gaily to this person, who was no other than old Mr. O'Halloran, to whom she gave her hand, and requested that he would introduce her to Father Ned, who had very naturally forgotten her, as he had not seen her since they met many years ago on the continent of Europe. The old man was greatly amused by this sally of his daughter; who had become, since her recovery, a greater favourite than ever. They accompanied me home; and Father John was exceedingly glad to see Mary Ann after her recovery.

It was past two o'clock in the afternoon, a not unusual hour for an Irish priest to breakfast on Sundays and holidays, after he has laboured hard from six o'clock in the morning—we did not, of course, wait on each other at such an hour; but, on the present occasion, Father John had arrived only a few minutes before me, and we breakfasted together. Our fare, at this meal, was generally the same as that of the people amongst whom we ministered, consisting of *stirabout*, bread, and milk, or something equally simple; but on Sundays we managed to have coffee, for which we had both acquired a relish whilst on the continent. We were enjoying this delightful beverage when, a gentleman, whose profuse beard and sallow complexion proclaimed him to be a foreigner, bowed himself into the room. In a kind of polyglot language, which was neither French nor English but a mixture of both, he made a thousand apologies for having intruded during breakfast, but he had a considerable journey to make, he said, before night, and as the days were short he was afraid to delay. Father John assured him that no excuses were required, and that if he had any business with him, he would be most happy that he would transact it at once. The Frenchman started to his feet with the greatest agility, drew a paper from his pocket, and putting his hand to his heart, reached it to Father John. The gentleman was a dentist, and the paper consisted of testimonials from various persons, one of whom was the bishop of the diocese. Having politely read them all over, Father John observed, as he resumed his breakfast,

"These are very complimentary indeed; but I fear there is not the slightest chance of your getting any employment in this part of the country."

The Frenchman rushing forward, put his finger on the bishop's testimonial.

"I have read that already," said Father John, "and I am sure nothing could give me greater pleasure than to serve any one who brings his lordship's recommendation, but I really cannot force people to employ a dentist contrary to their own inclinations."

The *dentiste* was not, however, to be got rid of in such a summary way; so, every time Father John

opened his mouth to eat, he looked steadily into it, until, being satisfied with the inspection, he exclaimed, "you teeth in very bad state, you want me yourself."

Miss Mary Ann tittered, and it was with great difficulty that I avoided joining her, for Father John never had a tooth ache in his life, and he would just as soon have thought of putting his head into the fire as of letting a dentist's hand into his mouth. He was, indeed indebted to his well-known horror of all such "unclerical fopperies," as he called them, for the present visit; for some of his younger brethren, learning that the dentist would be passing this way, advised him to call on Father John, who would be very likely to give him a job. The worthy priest suspected that a trick was being practised on him, but being blessed with an excellent temper, he replied—

"M. Le Dentiste, I am growing old, and, I think, the teeth which I have will serve my turn without any mending."

"I tell you, you wrong, M. L'Abbe, you teeth mosh dirt; you teeth rot if you do not get them cleaned. Look at them in one *miroir*, and you see them yourself."

The Frenchman delivered this with great volubility, and vehement gesticulations; and then walking close up to Father John, for the purpose of seeing better into his mouth, he added, "will you let me put my finger into you mouth to feel you teeth, and I prove to you they rotten."

"By all means," said Father John, who was not well pleased at being thus made a butt for us all to laugh at. The dentist was, however, thoroughly in earnest; and when the mouth opened again, in went his finger, and the teeth closed tightly upon it.

"*Sacré*," roared the Frenchman, "*mon Dieu*, let go my finger, you bite my finger."

Father John could make no answer, but he kept his hold, although the unfortunate dentist bellowed hideously. The old housekeeper and the little boy who took care of our horses, rushed in, and although they did not find any one murdered, as they expected, they were almost as much astonished by the spectacle before them. Father John was sitting, quite calmly, holding the fore-finger of the Frenchman's hand between his teeth. The latter was yelling with all his might, whilst Mr. O'Halloran, his daughter, and myself were in such an uncontrollable fit of laughter that we were totally incapable of interfering, even if we had been so inclined, which, undoubtedly, we were not. At length, Father John let go his hold, and the dentist immediately rushed out of the house. The little boy brought out his hat and cane to him, where he stood outside, caressing his injured member; which, however, to tell the truth, received no serious hurt, and about which he had made far more noise than the occasion required. Considering himself safe, after he had received his property, he ventured to come back to the door and shake his stick at Father John.

"*Vous êtes un coquin*, you one scoundrel," he vociferated.

"I hope," said Father John, "I have convinced you that my teeth are not rotten."

"*Sacré*," cried the Frenchman, rubbing his finger, "you are *anthropophage* (cannibal)—I tell you bishop—I know you bishop—I have you suspended."

"When you go to the bishop," said Father John, "will you be kind enough to deliver him this message: That if his lordship were to come to my house whilst I am at my breakfast, if he should employ himself in

looking into my mouth and commenting on my teeth during the entire time, and if he should, at length, imprudently put his finger into my mouth, I would bite it off even if it were the one that the ring is on.—Boy, shut that door.”

Mr. O'Halloran and his daughter remained with us about an hour after the departure of the discomfited dentist; and I observed, with great pain, that the excellent natural dispositions of the girl were likely to be spoiled by the excessive fondness of her parents. I took the liberty, indeed, of hinting this to her father, and recommending him to send her to a convent school for some time. He said that her mother could not bear to part with Mary Ann; and when I attempted to urge the matter farther, he gave me pretty plainly to understand that my advice was not relished; and that the poor girl herself was the only one of the family who had any great regard for me. I, of course, therefore desisted; and what astonished me very much, and made me almost accuse myself of uncharitableness was, that when I mentioned the matter to Father John, after they had left us, he did not seem to fear any of the dangers which I apprehended. He could not, however, deny but that it was wrong to teach a young girl that whatever she desired she must obtain; to accustom her to eschew all contradiction, and to have her every wish gratified. But he trusted that the gentle nature and kind and affectionate heart of Mary Ann O'Halloran would save her from every danger.

For three years after this time I very seldom saw Mr. O'Halloran or his family. This was occasioned not merely by the distance at which they lived, but also because Mr. and Mrs. O'Halloran were afraid that I would endeavour to dissuade them from spoiling their favourite daughter. The elder sister and her brothers had been taught, by their parents, that she was a kind of divinity whom they must serve and almost worship—and they did not resent this partiality in the least, for they were all proud of her beauty and accomplishments. She insensibly came to look upon herself as she was looked upon by the rest of the family; she became peevish, selfish, and huffish at home, although she continued gay, cheerful, and goodnatured when she went abroad; and the whole family, but especially her sister, became her slaves, and served her with the most devoted and self-denying affection.

Thus much I had heard from Father John, for I had not seen any of the family for more than a year. He did not tell me what I soon after learned, that other and more discreditable things were whispered about Mary Ann O'Halloran. I paid little heed to those idle rumours, for I was determined to have nothing to say to the affairs of a family in which my advice appeared to be at once useless and disagreeable. This resolution, however, was soon broken; for Mr. O'Halloran came to Father John's house one night after I had gone to bed, and desired to see me instantly. I never saw any one so changed within so short a time. It was but little more than a year since I had last seen him, and he seemed to have grown twenty years older. He was tottering, emaciated, heart-broken. I saw at a glance that something dreadful must have happened. He caught me by both the hands, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. I was so deeply affected that I could not speak; and the old man wept on for some time in silence.”

“Oh! Father Ned,” he at length said, “if I had hearkened to your kind advice, you would not have witnessed these bitter tears. I know it is a just judg-

ment, because I sinfully refused to give her to Him. Oh! how happy would I be if she had died then when she was so innocent, and before she had ever caused us a single pang. How sadly sweet it would be to think of her, and to pray to be united with her in heaven.”

He continued in this strain for some time, and I did not interrupt him. At length he became more calm; and I then learned from him the following particulars:

There lived within a few miles of Mr. O'Halloran's residence, a Protestant gentleman of great respectability, whose name was Brown; he was kind and considerate towards his tenantry, and all his children were good and amiable, with the exception of one young man, who was an immoral spendthrift. The two families were on very intimate terms, with the exception of William Brown, who was too great a puppy, and too much addicted to fashionable dissipation to enjoy the innocent domestic amusements which, alone, he could find in his own or Mr. O'Halloran's family. He was of course by profession a Protestant, by practise, of no religion whatever. He was one of those semi-demi-philosophers, who, like putrid carcasses, pollute the air of society at all times—who mistake infamy for glory, and irreligion for strong-mindedness. Master William was famous; for he had been frequently in the newspapers—the paragraphs regarding him were all of this character, “We understand from undoubted authority, that Mr. W—B—, of D—, beat two bailiffs, who went to arrest him for debt, in the town of L—, but that the limbs of the law being subsequently reinforced, he was at length overpowered by numbers, and put into C— gaol, where he is at present.” Or, “We understand that the far-famed pugilist, Mr. W—B—, is the person who beat the bailiff that came to arrest his friend Harry Strange, and that a warrant has been issued for his apprehension in consequence of this offence.” Not to speak of the fame which he had acquired by cock-fighting, he on two or three occasions appeared in such paragraphs as the following, which he declared to be the brightest feathers in his cap, and the crowning glory of his successful career. “Affair of honour.—We have just learned that the famous lady-killer, W—B—, having met the beautiful Miss H— at the ball on last Thursday, danced three sets with her, and that when Mr. L—, to whom she is engaged, came to ask her to become his partner, Mr. B— intimated to him his fixed determination to wring off his nose for daring to speak to a lady who was under his protection. The result was a challenge, but just as the parties had reached the ground they were arrested, and bound over to keep the peace.” He had moreover actually fought one duel, which made him be regarded as a hero by the more frivolous of the fair sex.

This young man had, at one period, paid an occasional visit to Mr. O'Halloran's family, but his character had latterly become so infamous that he was peremptorily forbidden to enter that house. Indeed his own father had refused to see him, and he was barely tolerated at home by the partiality of a fond mother. Mr. O'Halloran was told by a confidential servant, about two months before his visit to me, that he had seen Master William near the house on several occasions, at a late hour, speaking to one of the maid-servants. The delinquent was ordered to ac-

count for her conduct, but Miss Mary Ann interposed, declaring that she had sent the girl on a message on these occasions, and that she was engaged upon her business. Mr. O'Halloran suspected that this was only a pretext to save the girl, but he was afraid to grieve his "favourite child," so he told the girl that he would forgive her for that time, but that if he ever found out anything of the kind again she should at once leave his house: she was caught once more, but reprieved by his favourite daughter's tears. There appeared to him, however, to be something mysterious in the matter, so he determined to judge for himself, and he therefore charged the servant who had given him the information, to watch the place narrowly and to inform him secretly if he ever again saw Master William about the house. For more than six weeks Mr. O'Halloran heard nothing of the matter, and indeed had ceased to think of it. But at length the attention of the servant was attracted, as it had been on the former occasions when he had discovered Brown, by hearing a window lifted stealthily. He slept on the top of the house, and the window itself was completely concealed from him by trees which hung over it, but he saw the maid pass out, and return under the trees with the same man. He immediately awoke his master, who having dressed himself hastily, enquired through which window the girl had passed out; the servant hesitated, but Mr. O'Halloran commanded him to tell him at once.

"That is the reason, Sir," said the man, "why I did not mention before how the girl got out of the house, and also why I did not strive to follow her and see what she was about. There is the window," he continued, taking his master into his own garret and pointing out the place.

"Gracious heavens," cried Mr. O'Halloran, "that is the window of my favourite daughter's dressing-room."

There were two entrances into this room, one from Miss Mary Ann's bedchamber, and the other from the drawing-room. It had been a kind of *boudoir* until Miss Mary Ann began to recover from fever; being weak she found it inconvenient to go up stairs to her own bed-chamber, and she therefore exchanged with one of her brothers who slept on the ground floor. From some whim she preferred remaining below stairs, even after she had recovered her strength, and her mother's *boudoir*, with its books and elegant trifles—with its bay-window which looked out through an arch of evergreens upon a sweet lawn and a beautiful lake, was converted into her dressing-room. A door was broken into it from her bedchamber, and she kept the key of that which communicated with the drawing-room, so that no one could get into it without her permission. Mr. O'Halloran was doubly enraged at the maid servant for having gone out through this window, and thus run the risk of compromising the character of his darling daughter. He was convinced, moreover, that she must have procured master-keys for the drawing-room and dressing-room, for the latter was kept almost constantly locked by Miss Mary Ann, and Mrs. O'Halloran, herself, locked the former every night and put the key under her pillow, because part of her plate and a great many valuable articles were kept in it. All this flashed upon Mr. O'Halloran's mind in an instant, and so enraged him that he ran for his pistols, intending to shoot Brown as soon as he saw him. The servant however soon persuaded him to put the pistols in his pocket, and arming themselves with bludgeons, they

crept stealthily down stairs, determined to give the intruder such a basting as should prevent him from ever daring to return. On trying the drawing-room door, however, it was found to be locked, and Mr. O'Halloran was obliged to go up stairs once more for the key, which he did as noiselessly as possible, leaving the servant to watch until his return; he was so agitated, that he made a slight noise in putting the key into the lock, a suppressed scream was uttered, evidently as a warning to some one, and as Mr. O'Halloran and his servant burst into the drawing room, a faint light, such as would issue from a partially-averted dark lantern, shone through the door of Miss Mary Ann's bed-room, which was in the very act of being closed at that moment. It was locked and bolted before they could reach it, and their united efforts were unable to burst it open. However unwilling Mr. O'Halloran was to alarm his "favourite daughter," who for some months past was in very delicate health, he was quite too much excited at present to be deterred from rushing to her door and demanding of her to open it instantly. But she did not answer for nearly a minute, although he called to her so frantically and beat the door so fiercely with the club in his hand that he almost broke it in, and alarmed the entire house. He still, however, had no suspicion of her, and when she opened the door, he told her not to be alarmed as he rushed past her. The door which led into the dressing-room being locked, obstructed his progress.

"Where is the key of this door?" he shouted in a peremptory manner.

"Oh! Pa," said she, "will you not tell me, your own Mary Ann, what has happened, for I'm sure you have frightened me to death; is it robbers, or fire, or what has happened?"

The old man was groping about the door for the key, but not finding it he rushed to the bed, and shaking her, for the first time in his life, cried out—

"Get me the key of this door, instantly."

Mary Ann began to sob bitterly, but her father was not to be deterred from his purpose, and, when lights were brought and the key could not be found, he, for the first time, suspected that his favourite child was concerned in the intrigue. As this knowledge flashed upon his mind, he staggered like a drunken man, and would have fallen if he had not leaned against the wall for support. His wife, whose tears flowed copiously, besought him to return to bed, and that he could calmly investigate the whole matter in the morning. He heeded her not, perhaps did not even hear her, but as soon as he recovered a little from the violence of the shock which he had received, he walked over to the bed where his daughter was sobbing, and said to her—

"You have this key; give it to me or I will wrest it from you."

"Oh! Pa," she cried, as bitter tears of real sorrow flowed down her cheeks, "how can you be so cruel to your own darling child? you will be sorry yet for this unkindness."

He made no answer, but seized her by the arms to see if she had the key in her hands; to his unspeakable astonishment, she was dressed precisely as she had been on the previous day, and he at once knew that she had not been in bed until after he had demanded admittance at her bedchamber. This was proof positive of her complicity in the intrigue, and she, finding that she could no longer conceal the mat-

ter, took the key out of her breast and gave it to her father.

The scene which we have just described, occupied no more than four or five minutes, but it afforded young Brown abundant time to make his escape. The maid servant, who had heard every word that passed, surrendered at discretion, for she was found in the dressing room, with the bay-window still open. She declared that whatever blame there might be in this matter it was entirely hers, and she hoped and prayed that none would be attached to her dear young lady, who had merely allowed her to pass through her room to see a young man, who was about to make her his wife, and that Miss Mary Ann sat up to let her through her room again, and to see that no harm befel her.

"What is the young man's name?" enquired Mr. O'Halloran, sarcastically.

"I wont tell," she replied, "you might prosecute him for breaking into your house at night."

"Oh! I know it myself—his name is Brown."

"Whoever says so," she answered boldly, "tells a falsehood."

Mr. O'Halloran called the man forward who had given him the information.

"Donnelly," said he, "did you not tell me you saw William Brown in company with this girl, at night, outside the window of this room?"

"Yes."

"You are sure it was he?"

"Perfectly."

"Now, hussy," said Mr. O'Halloran, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"That what he says is false."

"I will swear it is true," said the man.

"Donnelly," said the girl, "I know you hate me since I refused to marry you, but I assure you that you are quite wrong, if you suppose that my dear young mistress advised me against you. I don't care what you say about myself, but I beseech you not to revenge it on the sweet innocent for whom my heart is bleeding. And oh! Sir," she continued, turning to Mr. O'Halloran, "it will break her heart to be treated cruelly by you, whom she loved above all the world; do not believe this man, who is mad with jealousy. Does he not say that it was at night he saw the man, and from the top of the house, and how on earth could he be sure of who he was?"

"Donnelly," said Mr. O'Halloran, "did you propose to marry this girl?"

"Yes," said the man, "and I would marry her to-morrow."

"And yet you say she is a liar!"

"I know," said Donnelly, "that she loves Miss Mary Ann, and that if she has entrusted Susan with any secret, she would die rather than betray it. I admire her the more for this," the man added, "and God knows, if I did not think it was for the young lady's good, I would not have breathed this matter to you."

"But you have no doubt but that it was Brown you saw with her?"

"None whatever."

"Do you believe that this girl would do anything disgraceful, or be an accomplice in it?"

"As God is my judge," said the man, "I believe she would do neither the one nor the other."

"Now," said Mr. O'Halloran, "I desire you all to retire to your beds, and I will, myself, enquire into this matter in the morning."

So saying he returned into the disgraced favourite's bedchamber, where her mother and sisters were endeavouring to console her. The two brothers had gone out in search of the fugitive intruder, and had not yet come back: they came in after a little, and then he told the whole family to go to bed. Mrs. O'Halloran insisted that he too should retire to rest, which he promised to do, after he had spoken a few words alone to his daughter. When they were all gone, he knelt down by her bedside, and, covering his face with his hands and giving way to his feelings, wept passionately. This affected the girl more than all that had previously occurred—for with all her faults, she loved her father sincerely; she rose up in the bed, and clasping her arms round the old man's neck, and kissing his cheek, said to him—

"Speak one kind word to me, father, dear; say that you will forgive your poor unfortunate daughter, and, as God is my judge, I will conceal nothing from you."

"Oh! Mary Ann," said he, kissing her hand and washing it with his tears, "God alone knows how passionately, and I fear how sinfully, I loved you, and do love you still; and now, if you have one particle of gratitude or of affection in your heart, you will tell me the whole truth about this mysterious affair, and conceal nothing from me."

"I will do it," said she, "if it should cost me my life; first, to comply with your commands, and secondly, to exculpate that most true-hearted and faithful girl, Susan Gorman. Read this paper," she continued, drawing one from her breast, "and it will explain a great deal of the matter."

She buried her head under the bed-clothes whilst her father read it—it was a certificate of the marriage of William Brown and Mary Ann O'Halloran! the ceremony had been performed by the old parish priest, whom we have already mentioned as being in very delicate health. The paper fell from the old man's hand, and he remained rigid and motionless as if he had been changed into a stone. He felt a pang as if a sword had passed through his heart—his temples throbbed violently—a thousand bells rang in his ears, and if the blood had not burst from his nose, he would undoubtedly have got a fit of apoplexy. His daughter would have cried out for help, but he put his hand upon her lips; she, however, started out of bed, being still dressed in her ordinary wearing apparel, and sponged the old man's head and face with cold water, which very soon caused the blood to flow less copiously; and, after about a quarter of an hour, it ceased entirely. Not a word had been spoken until this time, but now when the girl had leisure to look around her, and saw the floor stained and a basin almost filled with her father's blood, she clasped her hands, and falling on her knees, exclaimed—

"Oh God! I have murdered my father. Oh! that I had died of the fever, and not lived to become the wretched outcast that I am. But father," she said, turning to the old man, "hear me only for a few minutes, and then I care not how soon I may die. I take the Almighty to witness, and I pray that he may strike me dead if it be not true, that I have never lived with this man as his wife, and that in that respect I am still pure in body and mind, as when I was born. We separated the very moment the ceremony was performed, as Susan and Mary, the porter's daughter, can prove; and since that time (it is now three months ago) I have never seen him but five times. These interviews were always solicited by Mr. Brown—in order

that he might submit to me some plan by which you might be induced to give your consent to our marriage—and obtained by a threat, that if I did not consent he would at once divulge the whole matter; they never lasted above ten minutes—the same two maids were present—he never did more than put his head in through the window, and I always remained at a considerable distance from him in the room.”

The old man, who had listened to her with the most breathless attention, interrupted her here by observing—

“There was but one maid with you to night, and Donnelly never mentioned having seen any girl but Susan.”

“There were two maids with me,” she replied, “on this occasion as well as on every other. The second was Mary, the porter’s daughter, from the lodge. It was by her contrivance, assisted by her father, that the marriage and subsequent interviews were arranged. She always carried the letters which solicited these meetings, and if the reason alleged seemed to me sufficient to justify it (which was very seldom the case), Mary, leaving Brown at a distance, came to the window of my dressing-room, in which Susan and I remained reading or sewing. She was instantly admitted, and, after listening for a few moments to ascertain that no one had seen her or heard the window opening, Susan went out for Brown. The porter always accompanied his daughter on those occasions, and kept guard during the few minutes Brown was permitted to remain at the window. Mary never went back, but remained with Susan during the night.”

“But I cannot tell what tempted you, whose hand was sought by so many, to throw yourself away to a man who had nothing to recommend him but his infamy; or how the parish priest dared to perform the ceremony without the knowledge of any member of your family.”

“The first point I cannot explain—but the second I can and will. Whenever my marriage occurs to my mind, I at first start as if I were beset by some horrid delusion, but when I find that it is a sad reality, it seems to me that I must have been under the influence of witchcraft. But of this I am now certain, that I have been basely betrayed and practised upon by the porter and his daughter, who, as Mary herself has since acknowledged, were bribed by Brown to entrap me. They were continually praising him, whenever they got an opportunity, as the most gallant, brave, generous, noble young man, and withal as being passionately fond of me. They told me stories of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in the county, who they said were dying of their love for him. All this made no impression upon me, until you ordered him not to come to your house, and commanded your family to hold no intercourse with him. The porter’s daughter brought me letters after that time, breathing the most ardent affection, and representing that you treated him so harshly solely because you perceived his passion, and feared that in time it might be returned. Wearied by his importunities I consented to walk with the two girls to a part of the demesne where he could meet me without being observed. I told the girls that my only reason for granting him this interview was, to tell him to desist from his hopeless pursuit; and such was my real determination. I did tell him that my father would never consent to our union; and that, therefore, I never could become his wife. This excuse proved my ruin, for he

represented to me that I was such a favourite that you could refuse me nothing; that it was a tyrannical thing for parents to controul the affections of their children, as if they had no heart to give away; and that although you might not consent to the match beforehand, yet if the ceremony were once performed you would be quite satisfied. I cannot tell what demon took possession of me, but, I think, I was mainly influenced by a determination to show my power over my parents, and to contradict their most reasonable wishes. At all events, I consented to become his wife on the next Tuesday. There was an express stipulation that this ceremony was to be regarded, for the present, merely as a betrothal, which, however, would render it impossible for either of us to retract, or to marry any other. Indeed, it was solely on this pretext that Brown urged me to become his wife so suddenly. He even pledged his word never to ask to see or speak to me except when it was absolutely necessary, until we should be able to make our marriage public.

“When Brown and Mary, and her father, the porter who had accompanied them to the place of meeting and had kept watch during the interview, left Susan and me alone, she instantly reproached me with my fickleness, and declared that she would not only not assist in the execution of the foolish and sinful design to which I had consented, but that if she could prevent it in no other way, she would reveal it to my father. I was, myself, tortured by misgivings and anxieties; I felt my heart oppressed with such a load of sorrow that I was unable to take my food, or even to leave my apartments, and you were all alarmed for my health. Mary, the porter’s daughter, brought me a long letter every day, during this interval, from young Brown, breathing the deepest and purest affection, and swearing in the most solemn manner that he would only look upon our marriage as a betrothal, and that he would leave it entirely to my own discretion to determine when he might claim me as his bride. Mary, herself, took care to follow up the impression made by these letters, by representing to me how romantic the whole affair would be—how like what was recommended to young ladies in the dear novels which I had sometimes given her to read—and how base and dishonourable it would be, to break at once my own plighted word, and the poor young man’s heart. I changed my own resolutions twenty times every day, and oftener every night—for, I may say, I never slept; but at length I came to the determination of breaking off my engagement. Still, with strange inconsistency, I was preparing for the interview and the marriage, of which I said to myself a hundred times that I had abandoned all idea. Thus, I had spent several hours in forging a letter to the parish-priest, in my mother’s name (for I can imitate her hand perfectly), and at that very time I persuaded myself that I had not the slightest intention of ever giving it to him. In the same way, as the time appointed for the interview drew near, I persuaded Susan to come with me to walk a short distance with Mary, and that we would return, and send her to young Brown, to tell him that I would never see him again, yet I took care to bring the forged letter with me (lest it might fall into any person’s hands whilst I was out), the purport of which was, that my mother entreated of the parish priest to marry me as privately as possible to William Brown, as it was *absolutely necessary* that the ceremony should be performed without any delay; but that Mr. O’Hal-

loran must not know any thing of it at present. It was the very thing we had concocted at our former interview. Yet I deceived myself as much as I deceived Susan, even whilst, in spite of her remonstrances, I approached nearer and nearer the place appointed for the meeting. At length, she stopped, and declared that if I did not return she would go back without me. I yielded to her entreaties in spite of Mary's remonstrances, and had just turned my steps homewards, when young Brown, who had been watching us, sprang forward, and cast himself on his knees before me.

"The villain," cried the old man.

Without minding the interruption, she continued—"I therefore told him, myself, that I had changed my mind, and that this was the last time he should ever see me. Had I been permitted, I would, undoubtedly have returned; but their plans were too skilfully laid to be so easily defeated. The porter came running forward in great alarm, crying out, 'fly, for God's sake—here is Mr. O'Halloran.' I was hurried away between the two men, I knew not whither, and the two maids followed me. We soon came to a coach, which they persuaded me to enter with the two girls, saying, that if I did not do so, I must infallibly be discovered; and that they would simply drive us for a short distance, and then allow us to go home. I had been so flattered and obeyed during my whole life, that I could not imagine it possible that I should be taken away contrary to my own inclinations; but when I found that we were kept a long time in the carriage and that we were travelling as fast as four horses could gallop, I became greatly alarmed, and asked Susan if it was not time to stop.

"To stop!" cried the affectionate girl, bursting into tears, 'don't you know you are going to be married.'

"I ordered the girls to pull down the blinds, and to command the driver to stop the carriage instantly. They were fastened so as to defy our utmost efforts. I screamed, got into fits, and betrayed such genuine sorrow, that Mary thoroughly repented of her share in the transaction, and joined Susan in her tears, and endeavours to extricate me. But all was in vain, for the carriage rolled on at a tremendous pace; and our cries were unheard or unheeded. At last, after about an hour's hard travelling, it stopped in a lonely place, and Brown, descending from the top, let down one of the blinds.

"Sir," said I, "this is most infamous conduct; and I insist that you will let me out instantly."

"Pray, Madam," he replied, 'do you think William Brown could allow himself to be jilted by a little girl. As you declared that you would not allow yourself to be married except by a Roman Catholic priest, I have gone to the parish priest, promised to do all he required, and got myself received into your Church. This I did, I tell you, to prevent the good man from having any scruples about marrying me; for although I should profess the faith a year to be a legal Catholic, I am an actual one now, and he has promised to perform the ceremony on the strength of my conversion and your mother's letter, which he knows you are to bring with you. I have further promised you, that the moment the ceremony is over, I will allow you to return home again. I shall faithfully keep my promise, and, by G—, you shall keep yours; or, if you do not, declare now that you will marry me, I will this moment turn these girls out of the carriage, get in

myself, and take you away without any ceremony at all being performed. And, I may as well warn you, not to manifest any reluctance in the priest's house, for there is no one there but a decrepid old man, and a doting housekeeper; and, by —, if we are not married, I shall take you away with me alone in spite of the devil. Give me that pretty note from your mother to the priest, because you might be tempted to tear it in a fit of passion (which would only injure yourself), and I will keep it safely and save you all scruples, by delivering it to him without your knowledge. Come, Madam, choose quickly, for you will be missed at home if you do not return soon.'

"I never hated anything in my life so much as I hated that man then, for I thought him an incarnate demon; but I feared him as much as I hated him, for I saw that he was determined to carry his threats into execution. Even Susan urged me to marry him. I had, in fact, no other alternative to escape being carried off and dishonoured. The good old priest recognized my mother's handwriting, and performed the ceremony without any suspicion of the imposition that was practised upon him. Brown simply shook hands with me, and saying, 'you are mine now,' ordered the coachman to drive back, at his utmost speed, the young lady and her maids to the place where he had taken them up. He did not accompany us himself, which was a great relief to me, as I was afraid he might take me to some strange place.

[To be concluded in our next.]

The Irish Catholics

AFTER THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY JAMES WHITE, VICAR APOSTOLIC OF WATERFORD AND LISMORE.

THE document which we present to our readers, describes an interesting episode in the history of the Catholics of Ireland. Elizabeth, in the commencement of her reign had *abolished* the mass and enforced by fines attendance at Protestant worship. But the Irish of all races refused to obey. Many of the native Irish took the field against her majesty; the Anglo-Irish of the towns and of the pale fought in her armies but would not worship at her altars; the churches in all the towns, and wherever the royal power extended, were by degrees handed over to the refuse of the English established church, who left many of them closed for want of worshippers, and converted others to mercantile or domestic uses. During the sixty years of Elizabeth's reign, those loyal Anglo-Irish Catholics heard mass as best they could, in garrets and other secret places, but would never listen to the invitations of the native Irish to strike for their liberty, and turn the old churches to their proper use. When too late—when the O'Neil and O'Donnell had sheathed the sword, the palesmen rose in the towns, and had mass said in the churches, but their insolence was speedily crushed, and "by a just judgment of God," exclaims the mere Irish O'Sullivan; for had they assisted the northern earls, the world would never have seen such an institution as that semi-military sinecure, Elizabeth's Irish established church.

Of James White, the author of the following narrative, little is known except what he tells us himself. Though he was Vicar-Apostolic of the important diocese of Waterford and Lismore, his name escaped the research of the learned author of the "*Hibernia Dominicana*," and of other diligent compilers of Irish

Catholic history. His father's castle, it appears, was to the west of Clonmel; hence he was probably a relative of the Jesuit Stephen White (author of the "Apologia" against Giralduus Cambrensis), and of several other eminent ecclesiastics of the same name. No family gave so many able champions of Catholicity in those days as the Whites; and Peter White, last master of the endowed school, near St. Canice's Cathedral in the city of Kilkenny, had the happiness of sending out from that nursery, the Rothes, and Wadings, and Stanhursts, and other eminent Catholic scholars.

The manuscript from which we translate has been carefully copied, and the translation is literal.

"TO HIS HOLINESS POPE CLEMENT VIII.

"JAMES WHITE, AN IRISH PRIEST.

"MOST HOLY FATHER,

"Truly pestilent and infectious is that fever which now during many years has laid waste the northern kingdoms; 'flesh and blood' has given it birth, and accursed heresy has nursed and sustained it in its fury and ravages in those regions. Knowing that the mere thought of this subject is deeply interesting to your piety and paternal care, I have thought it my duty to communicate to your holiness officially the mercies which the Lord has lately vouchsafed to us in Ireland. The principal object of my very rapid journey thither is to lay before your holiness the most certain information on the state of the Irish Catholics. For who rejoices more or grieves more at the well-being or sufferings of the flock than its own true shepherd? Is not he who rejoices at the finding of the drachm and the sheep the same who mourned over the stray one that had departed from the flock?

"For the spiritual consolation of your holiness, I present to you this compendious and truthful narrative of the affairs of the Catholics from the death of Queen Elizabeth, late Queen of England. You, as the shepherd of the fold, will easily recognize the voice of your flock; cordially do the Irish Catholics acknowledge you as their father and shepherd; acknowledge your sons, acknowledge your sheep, O kind father, our shepherd. As the young fly to the parent hen when the vulture appears, so they place themselves now under the shadow of thy wings; they cast themselves at thy feet for protection, as the sheep rush to the shepherd from the rapacious wolf. Newfangled and strange terms in matters of faith they openly renounce, and, with the blessing of God, they are resolved to receive nothing which is not approved by the Holy Scriptures, the bishop of Rome, and the tradition of the church.

"In truth, nothing has happened in the north of Europe so disagreeable to the heretics or so acceptable to the Catholics as the conduct of the Catholics of Ireland: they have raised their heads, and have solemnly made a public profession in the saving and immaculate faith of the holy Roman Church, as your holiness will learn with certainty from this little narrative. Should your holiness convey to me any intimation of your pleasure and approbation of their conduct, we shall gain additional spirit and strength to do the same or greater things. I shall, with God's blessing, ever labour to teach the unjust thy ways, and the tracks of thy footsteps, that the impious may be converted to God. And now (to return to what I have strayed from—the glory of God) that strength may descend on me, I humbly bow to kiss your feet

and beg your benediction, that by its might the word of Christ may spread without opposition, that, armed with the efficacy of Christ's power, I may expose myself to the vulture's swoop and the rush of the wolf, for the salvation of the flock entrusted to me by your holiness; that henceforward, as hitherto, I may fight courageously at their head, hungering and thirsting for the eternal salvation of that people as much as for my own salvation. May the Almighty and most bountiful God preserve your holiness in health for us and for the church, until Christ has once more been fully restored in the North.

"Your holiness's most obedient son and humble servant,

"JAMES WHITE, *Vicar Apostolic.*

"*Rome, July 25th, A.D. 1604.*"

CHAPTER I.

A BRIEF SUMMARY AND TRUE NARRATIVE OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE CATHOLICS, LAY AND CLERICAL, IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH, LATE QUEEN OF ENGLAND. BY JAMES WHITE, AN IRISHMAN, DOCTOR OF THEOLOGY, AND VICAR-APOSTOLIC OF WATERFORD AND LISMORE, IN SAID KINGDOM.

THE great and intolerable sufferings of the kingdom of Ireland from the moment in which daring and bloodthirsty heresy lifted her brazen front in the North are so notorious both in the city and the world that it is needless to dwell on them. But as their profession of the Catholic faith was the sole cause of the sufferings of that people, I have thought it due to them to give a brief narration of their noble conduct after the death of Queen Elizabeth. Her death, though it took place in England on the 24th of March of the preceding year (1603), was not known in Ireland until the 9th day of April immediately following. The first announcement of this intelligence came like a thunderbolt on all men, and for a time left them mute and dumb with apprehension. But as silence could be of very little use in so critical a state of affairs, by degrees their feelings began to find vent and expression. The death of the queen compelled them to confess their own mortality and to think of their fate, and consequently to make diligent provision of all things necessary to obtain salvation in the other life, lest, if cut short by death, they should unhappily rush from the miseries of this world into the irreparable woes of a world that can never end.

Accordingly the Catholics, both lay and ecclesiastical, inspired by a common feeling of piety, came to the resolution that they should no longer dissemble the faith of their fathers and of their ancestors, nor shut it up in their hearts, but profess it openly and boldly in the face of man and make it known to the world. The resolve was quickly carried into effect; they came in a body to the house where I lived, and addressed me to the following effect:

"The unjust and flagitious title by which the churches of God and of our fathers have been so long held by Calvinist, Lutheran, and atheistical ministers, has been to us the subject of frequent and most painful reflections. Now as these churches and all places of prayer (oratories) are the property of Catholics by hereditary right, we hereby request that you will reconcile them all by the solemn rites of the Catholic Church, and deliver them over to us, that in them we may profess the faith of God and of our fathers, and

discharge the other duties of piety and charity, whereby we may now at length move the mercy of God in our behalf, for long has his hand been heavy upon us. This duty of charity, a duty so agreeable to God, you cannot refuse to perform, for you need not be informed that it is your duty, and that you are in this place the vicar of the pope and of the apostolical see. We pray you, therefore, to accede without delay to this our most reasonable request: otherwise, we protest before God and his angels that we will send ambassadors to Rome to accuse you of being the sole cause why the exercise of the Catholic faith is not revived and established in this kingdom."

This remonstrance was supported both by the laity and clergy.

After the presentation of this address I held a council with my brother priests, and acceded most willingly to the pious prayer of the petitioners, cautioning them at the same time against tumult and disorder, strictly prohibiting any person to carry arms, or injure, or insult, or assail in any manner any of those who professed a different faith.

On the evening of the 11th of April (the feast of St. Leo, pope and confessor), I took peaceful possession of the church of St. Patrick, our apostle, and purified it by public and solemn rite. On the next day, to the inexpressible joy of the people, I celebrated high mass there, and endeavoured to do other things, which, by the grace of Christ, might imprint more deeply in their souls the principles of the Catholic faith: a public protestation was made in the pulpit that neither I nor any of my brother priests had any other object in our proceeding, save the glory of the eternal God and the everlasting salvation of the faithful.

After the close of divine service, this poor people, hungering and thirsting after justice, declared that what they had gotten was nothing, unless I purified in the same way the cathedral church of the Holy Trinity. I consented, and at two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the cathedral was purified in presence, among others, of the noble Sir Nicholas Walsh, chief justice of the king's bench (*banchi Regii judicis primarii*) and privy councillor to the late queen.

Having performed the rite of lustration, we all entered the church of the Holy Trinity, and then discovered, alas, that the temple of God and of our fathers had been kept by the heretics not like a church, but like a pigstye, a receptacle of filth and impurities. But by the pious labours of the Catholics during the entire of that day the church was cleansed, and during the following night, new altars were erected in all the side chapels. So zealously did they ply their work of reparation that next morning every part of the temple was in the most beautiful order. The bells were rung; the mayor and magistrates, all the respectable families, men and women, and the whole population of the city, immediately answered the summons and walked in procession. So great was their joy that floods of tears streamed down their cheeks. Everything that could lend magnificence and external pomp to the most solemn ceremony of religion was lavished in profusion on this joyous occasion.

High mass was sung at the usual hour, accompanied by a sermon, and many other acts of religion calculated to excite the people to piety and penance, for it was the Wednesday in Passion Week. As the heretical ministers, and schismatics, and Atheists, and temporizers (*politici*) were present, we protested that in this public declaration of our faith, our principal object was

to intimate to him, who was about to be proclaimed our king, that all of us never were, and never wished to be anything but sincere and assured children of the holy Roman Catholic Church. The lay Catholics resolved that there should be no secret as to their resolve in this respect. A document, declaring their sentiments, was drawn out and posted on the doors of the church; another sealed copy was transmitted to the lord deputy. That document contained nothing that could give just grounds of offence to the opposite party, as I will prove to demonstration in a larger treatise, which I am now composing on the subject.

On that same day, after dinner, James, son of the martyr Queen Mary, was proclaimed in the market place with the greatest solemnity. His accession was hailed with rapturous joy by all orders—a long life and happy reign was the general acclamation. Cannons were fired, bonfires lighted, money liberally distributed among the people, and the prisons in the palatinate liberties of the most illustrious the Earl of Ormond were thrown open, as a sign of exultation and joy. The mayor, magistrates and nobles, and the whole body of the citizens proceeded to the cathedral of the Blessed Trinity, and having taken their places according to their rank, the hymn of St. Ambrose, *Te Deum Laudamus*, was intoned and chanted by a choir as a thanksgiving. Complin followed, and the ceremony was closed by the Litany of Loretto of the Blessed Virgin Mary. These religious services performed, the people retired from the church to celebrate the festivities of so great a day. And no wonder, for of all festivals, this was the most anxiously desired: it was one of the greatest, and of the first class, on which all without exception, from the highest to the lowest, discharged a double office by professing the Catholic faith and receiving the most Holy Eucharist, that is, God and man, in the morning, in his holy temple, and by pledging in the evening their allegiance to their lawful king, his serene majesty King James.

O, truly memorable festival!—festival whose memory, I hope, will never be forgotten, but transmitted from age to age by an annual commemoration; festival on which the Author of all good, God himself, was seen by mortal eyes in the morning, and in the evening, that king for whom we had so long sighed was proclaimed; he, who as we hope will, with the blessing of Christ, grant to us what we have so long wanted, the reparation of our distracted and convulsed kingdom, and the full and complete re-establishment of the Catholic faith.

On the following day the intelligence of these extraordinary events had spread through the whole province; the people flocked in from all quarters to see this great sight; so great was the multitude that the city could scarcely contain them. But their exultation! O, none but he who gave it can conceive. Messengers and deputations speedily arrived from various cities and towns, begging me to go and reconcile their desecrated churches, for there were very few in the kingdom at that time invested with faculties to purify a church. I consented with all my heart by purifying personally with my own hands as many churches as I could visit, and by granting faculties to several of my clerical brethren to perform the same duty, wherever it was necessary, in several parts of the kingdom.

I myself reconciled the following churches: The beautiful church of St. Patrick, and the cathedral of the Holy Trinity, in the city of Waterford; the

churches of Clonmel, in the diocese of Lismore; St. Mary's Church, in the city of Kilkenny, and by the ministry of another, St. Patrick's, in the same place; the monastery of St. Dominic, in the diocese of Ossory; St. Mary's Church, Ross, in the diocese of Ferns. All the churches of Wexford, in the diocese of Ferns, were reconciled by the Rev. John Coppinger; the Church of Thomastown, in the diocese of Ossory, and the churches of Carrick-on-Suir by the Rev. Thomas Woodlock; St. Mary's, of Dunkit, in the diocese of Ossory, by the Rev. William Nangle and Peter Strange. The Rev. Thomas Rachtur (*sic*) reconciled the metropolitan church of St. Patrick, in Cashel, and the grand church of the Holy Trinity, at Fethard, in the same diocese. The Rev. Robt. Miagh reconciled the cathedrals of Cork and Cloyne; and the Rev. Richard Arthur the cathedral and all the churches of the city of Limerick. Throughout the entire kingdom many parochial churches and Franciscan convents were also reconciled at the same time, but for brevity sake I omit to mention them here.

All these churches both in the country and cities, and most remarkable towns, were reconciled with the approbation, and at the request, of all the inhabitants of the respective localities. The service of the church was solemnly and publicly performed in them every day, to the inexpressible consolation and joy of the people. The spiritual fruit of these exercises was abundant, many men and women of dissolute morals were brought back to a better life; some schismatics and Catholics of scandalous morals were restored to the Church and to a life of penance; tepid and careless Catholics were inflamed with fire from above, and a love of virtue; dissolute priests separated from their sinful accomplices and renounced their disorders; even the heretical ministers began to observe more propriety of conduct; robbery and theft were stopped, and nothing was heard on the lips of all but thanksgiving both in word and work, charity unfeigned, and a showing of good works.

But in the midst of those proceedings, so conducive to the glory of the eternal God, the consolation of the Catholics and the conversion of the heretics, some false brethren, and especially Sir Richard Ailleward, baronet, who was only a Catholic in name (*equivocé*), invented certain stories which no sincere Catholic had ever dreamed of, and communicated them by letter to some members of the privy council. When his excellency, our lord deputy, lord Charles Mountjoy, now earl of Devon, heard this report, he instantly despatched couriers to all the above-mentioned places, cities and towns, with letters, all breathing the same spirit of stern remonstrance and terrible threat, ordering all the churches to be closed, the rites of religion to be suspended, priests to be not only prohibited from performing their religious functions, but arrested and detained in custody on a charge of high treason.

On receipt of those letters, the magistrates and governors (*præfecti*) of the different localities answered that the Catholic clergy had done nothing contrary to their duty; that, on the contrary, both in their sermons and religious instructions their constant theme was to retain the old faith of their fathers to God, and sincere, unalterable allegiance to their natural sovereign, his majesty King James; that not one act had been committed by any of them which could justify a suspicion of their allegiance, that it was their duty not to do otherwise, and that should any person be guilty he should be speedily punished. But as to sup-

pression of Catholic worship, the arrest and imprisonment of the priests, they, the magistrates, could not attempt it consistently with their own conscience and faith, because they professed the same faith as the priests; and they urged their petition with greater confidence, because they had undoubted evidence that the priests were most loyal to the king and offered up daily prayer and supplications to heaven for his majesty.

But, notwithstanding these legitimate and well-grounded representations and petitions, the lord deputy having called a council in Dublin, placed himself at the head of a great army and resolved to raze the city of Waterford to the ground, and to put all its inhabitants to the sword.

At the head of this immense army, which was composed of troops draughted from the different garrisons, he set out on his march from Dublin to Waterford during the Easter days, and arrived in sight of that city about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of May, which fell that year on Low Sunday. When the citizens beheld his army, they humbly recommended their case to the great and merciful God, the comforter and help of the afflicted. Accordingly at eight o'clock that evening, solemn supplications were offered up, the blessed sacrament was carried in procession through the streets, the market-place, and all the public parts of the city; the poor people inflamed with devotion declared, with stern intrepidity, that now they were satisfied, as they had seen once at least before their death, their heavenly king, Christ our Lord, borne in procession. The sacrament, which the whole people thus acknowledged as the author of their faith and their life, was followed with singular devotion and veneration, nor in that immense throng could anything be seen in the eyes, the countenance, or the heart, but a spirit of recollection, ardent sighs, and profuse and copious tears.

But when the round (*circulus*) had been completed, and we entered the cathedral of the Blessed Trinity from which we had set out, and had replaced the blessed sacrament on the high altar, there was a general cry from the people, all protested that they were resolved to live and die in the faith of the holy eucharist. Hearing this solemn declaration, I promised them, on the part of God and of the apostolic see, that if they persevered in that faith and died in it, they certainly would (if there was no other obstacle) obtain eternal salvation. The confidence which this promise inspired them with, could hardly be credited except by those who witnessed it.

A solemn high mass was then celebrated, the enemies of our faith and creed in the mean time crossing over the Suir from the manor, commonly called Grenagh, to the castle on the opposite bank, called Grace Dieu. Immediately after the offertory a sermon was delivered, in which the Catholics were exhorted not to lose courage; and that if they wished to have the protection of the Pastor of princes in heaven, they were bound now if ever to acknowledge their true pastor on earth, whom the wicked arts of heresy had during so many years endeavoured to render odious or suspected to the inhabitants of Ireland.

CHAPTER II.

A PROFESSION OF FAITH—THE PRIMACY OF SAINT PETER--THE BLOCKADE OF THE CITY--TWO PRIESTS, BEARING THE CRUCIFIX, GO OUT TO THE CAMP OF THE HERETICS—VICTORY AND TRIUMPH OF THE CRUCIFIED.

IN compliance with my exhortation, all the magistrates without exception, all men of family, and all who had come to man's estate, made a solemn and public profession that the holy Roman pontiff, the successor of St. Peter, prince of the apostles, was the one, only, true, visible, and undisputable head of the whole church of Christ on earth; they added moreover, that to no other mortal man, either lay or even clerical, however he might be called apostolical, could this dignity and authority of headship belong, unless he succeeded directly to St. Peter, prince and president of the apostolic senate, and derived from him all jurisdiction and spiritual authority. Not content with this confession of the primacy of the Roman pontiff, they protested that they resolved to live and die in the saving faith of the holy Roman Church. To the head of that church, the true vicar of Christ our Lord on earth, they promised full obedience and entire submission in all spiritual things; but to his majesty, King James, they promised due and perfect submission in temporal things, and in all other points in which Catholic subjects are bound to obey their temporal and natural sovereign. This solemn oath they confirmed by kissing the crucifix which I presented to each of them before the high altar, and during the celebration of mass. The women and boys earnestly begged to be allowed to take the oath, but I was obliged to refuse their request, so great was the multitude of grown men who pressed forward to take it.

Having made this solemn and striking declaration of their Christian and Catholic faith, the faithful people of Waterford, strong in their own honesty, resolved to admit the lord deputy into the city, but they deputed three ambassadors, Paul Sherlock, Paul Strange, and Nicholas Wyse, to request the lord deputy not to bring in more troops than the citizens could feed and lodge with convenience. Their petition was instantly rejected, the lord deputy declaring that he would make no conditions, but at once take possession of the city.

On the following morning, the second of May, the camp was pitched near the city; the soldiers received a promise that they should be allowed to plunder all the inhabitants and put them to the sword without distinction of age or sex. Accordingly the citizens, who had great apprehensions of the treachery and evil dispositions of the heretical soldiers, kept watch all the night, lest some part of the city might be carried by a surprise. In the evening they had sent out their ambassadors a second time, begging the lord deputy to have their case submitted to a legal investigation, and, in the mean time, not to suppose that they were other than loyal subjects of his majesty the king of England.

While these negotiations were passing between the camp and the city, a wish was expressed both by the soldiers and citizens, and (as I hear) by members of the privy council also, that I should go out in person from the city to the camp, and plead the common cause before the lord deputy. Having received his assurance of protection from personal injury, and being encouraged by the unanimous approbation both

of clergy and people, I went forth to the camp, accompanied by my kinsman, Father Thomas Lombard, of the order of St. Bernard, and nephew of our Most Rev. Primate, the archbishop of Armagh.

Though I had intended originally to suppress the following particulars—the truth requiring that my own name should be frequently introduced (from which some critics may take occasion to censure and revile me)—yet it appears more useful to proceed, in order to complete the history and not to have my narrative mutilated, especially as what I have to say concerns the glory of God and the good of his church, I cannot, I ought not be silent.

Having received the lord deputy's word for my own and my companion's security, through Richard Power, baron of Curraghmore, sheriff of the county and city of Waterford, George Sherlock, and Nicholas Modan, I proceeded from the mansion house (*domus civica*) to the cathedral of the Holy Trinity, and taking down the crucifix from the high altar, carried it in my hands through the city, and thence proceeded to the camp, accompanied by Father Lombard and the above-mentioned distinguished individuals. My companion wore the religious dress of his order, his tonsure was also such as they wear; I was dressed in a long soutan, my square cap on my head, and a stole hanging over my shoulders.

As soon as we arrived in the camp, the heretical and ill-mannered soldiers burst into fits of immoderate laughter when they beheld our unusual and unpretending dress, and our shaven crowns, as if no man could be a Christian who had not his hair frizzled and oiled like a woman's.

Some of the highest rank in the army, especially Richard Wingfield, an English heretic, flew into a rage and were scandalized, they said, because I had dared to carry an idol (so they called the crucifix) into a Christian camp, as if they were not Christians (and truly they were so in name only.) So ungovernable was the said Wingfield's choler, that he certainly would have driven his sword up to the hilt in my body, had he not been prevented by some kindhearted and noble men, who seized his hand and restrained his rage. But when he could not despatch me as he intended, he poured out a volley of abuse, calumny, and curses, denouncing me as a turbulent and seditious disturber of the public peace, a seducer of loyal subjects, and a capital enemy of the Gospel. There was no remedy at the moment but to listen in peace and subdue by patience a man who had lost all controul of his temper.

But when this storm had blown over, I and my companion were placed in the middle of the whole heretical army, where we were exposed to all sorts of ribaldry and insult. The lord deputy and his privy council, in the mean time, had decided that I was guilty of high treason; that a proclamation to that effect should be published in my own hearing and before the whole army, and that after being thus placed under ban, I should be reconducted safe and sound to the city; this proclamation was actually drawn up in that council held in the camp, and was signed by the lord deputy and all the members of the privy council then present.

The deliberations of the lord deputy and of his council being over, the groom of his excellency's bed-chamber summoned us to an audience. We went forward with joy, for the Lord who giveth help to the weak had imparted to us confidence and strength.

Colonels, lieutenants, and a large throng of minor officers, and common soldiers followed us to the lord deputy's tent.

Having presented ourselves before his excellency, and paid to him all the customary honours in due form, he instantly asked me, "what are you?" I answered that I was a Christian, a firm Catholic, a servant and most loyal subject of his majesty King James. He interrogated me closely, not only on the meaning but even the etymology of that answer; but after having explained myself to the best of my power, I perceived that his passion was rising, and he called me "traitor." This calumnious epithet was so offensive to me, that I could not refrain from addressing him in the following words.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE CROSS

Of the Legion of Honour.

THE Count de Cerney, accompanied by his wife, left France for England in the year 1793. Although they were both very young yet they had more prudence than many of the nobility who, like themselves, had quitted their native country at that epoch. At the first appearance of the troubled state of affairs in '89 they had invested the greater portion of their fortune in England, that they might be enabled to live in comfort equal to what they enjoyed in Paris. The Count lived in London, and formed an intimacy with Sir John Melville, a young gentleman a few years older than himself, and who was a lieutenant in the British service. The acquaintance of the Englishman with the Frenchman was not slow in ripening into friendship, and in the year 1814, when the Count quitted London, in order to return to France and demand from Louis the Eighteenth the reward due to his exile and his fidelity, the greatest trial he felt was in parting with his true and faithful friend.

The Count returned to France with a daughter fourteen years of age; he presented himself at court, and his fortune, already considerable, was increased by the appointment he received from the king.

It was at this period that Sir John Melville, a major in the British service, sent his son Edward to France, and wrote a letter by him to his friend the Count de Cerney, telling him that his son was going to France to look out for a wife.

Edward Melville had counted twenty summers and was a most interesting youth. The rose and the lily appeared to struggle for supremacy in his fair and fresh countenance, which had all the grace and delicacy of female beauty joined to a noble and manly bearing. His father, who was rich and respected, considered that he would be an excellent match for the count's daughter. The count and countess were most agreeably disposed in this particular. It was a most admirable thought, which would bind closer the friendship of the two families, and the young lady still preserved a most favourable recollection of her young playfellow and companion Edward. They directly called their daughter to announce to her the agreeable tidings.

"Ada," said the countess, "I have good news to tell you, your old companion, Edward, is about paying us a visit."

"Indeed! mamma," replied Ada, who having been

brought up in England, retained a little of the habitual reserve of the English ladies.

The young lady made not a movement, nor raised up her eyes, and the mother herself could not guess whether the new arrival produced sensations of joy or sorrow.

"And the little Edward," continued the mother, "is now a fine young man, with whom you can no longer play as you did with the little boy, and he is coming to Paris to look for a wife."

"Indeed!" again replied Ada, and a slight colour suffused her cheeks.

The countess did not exactly say that she was to prepare for the reception of a husband, but she intimated as much by asking her if the piano was in perfect tune, and if she had the newest songs, and if her dress required remodelling in any way. The count added that Sir John Melville was his oldest and best friend, and that he could not think of allowing his son to go to a hotel, but that he should remain with them, and that he would himself present him at the Tuilleries. Ada retired to her own room persuaded that in a short time she would be the wife of her old and accomplished playfellow.

Edward was not long in making his appearance, and although he was but a brusque Englishman Ada did not fail to find him as amiable and as polished as the most fascinating of the young Frenchmen of the day. The count and countess thought otherwise of Edward. He appeared to them to have given a dangerous licence to his ideas. When they spoke to him of presenting him at the palace, he showed but little enthusiasm for the honour; on the contrary, he sought not to hide his intense admiration for the captive of Saint Helena. Edward spoke of the vanquished Caesar in the fervent and enthusiastic language in which Lord Byron would have indulged—the only difference being that one lauded the great man in prose, the other in poetry.

There was in Paris, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a little mercer's shop, the struggling proprietor of which was called Mrs. Mathew. She was a widow, and the widow of a military man, and was scarcely forty years of age, and still beautiful and blooming, although a dangerous rival stood beside her in the person of a girl of sixteen, radiant with all the brilliancy of youth, and of a beauty so bewitching that it ought to have been sufficient to have sold all that was in the shop, if, in this poor quarter, admiration could have been as prodigal as it was generally bestowed. It was said that Mrs. Mathew had been often wooed herself, but had always refused, although many of the offers were very advantageous, and that she watched over her child with an assiduity so untiring that it was quite impossible for a word or even a look to be directed towards her without it being observed. Gentlemen perceiving the reserve of the mother, and the impossibility of forming any intimacy or even acquaintance with the daughter, deserted the shop, and the ladies withdrew from sheer jealousy, lest their proximity to so lovely a creature as Julia would deteriorate from their own charms, so that the venders were without purchasers. The neighbours spread reports the most strange and mysterious concerning these two isolated and friendless women. One hinted that the mother, having made an unfortunate match, had been abandoned by her family; others, that she had been placed there by the prefect of police in order to watch the doings of her neighbours.

It was before this shop that Edward Melville, a few

days after his arrival in Paris, stopped his cabriolet. He entered, and bowing to the mother and daughter, asked if he could have some trifling alteration made to his whip. Mrs. Mathews was not deceived by this young Englishman, and guessed that his object in coming in was because he had seen Julia from the outside, and, wishing to see her nearer, he thought of having his whip repaired as an excuse for entering. The vigilant mother cast upon the stranger a look of cold defiance, and advanced towards him herself in order to reply to his interrogatories.

"Will you allow me to ask, young lady," said Edward to Julia, "if it is far from here to Vincennes?"

The young girl, upon seeing the polished and respectful manner of the young gallant, who spoke French with as much apparent fluency as she did herself, became covered with blushes, and arose for the purpose of pointing out to him the required information, when her mother stopped her by saying, "Go up stairs, Julia, you have occupations there awaiting you." Then turning to Edward with a serious sadness, which never forsook her, she said, "you pass the barrier, which is but a short distance from this, and the road to Vincennes is straight before you, your horse will take you there in ten minutes."

"What a lovely creature," said Edward, following with his eyes the disappearance of the young girl. "Your daughter's name is Julia?" he added, turning to the mother.

"Here is the whip you have asked for," said Mrs. Mathew, without replying to his questions.

Edward bowed, and asked the price of the alteration she had made.

"The half of a sous, sir," she replied, "a demisous."

Edward paid it, and seeing the difficulty there was of drawing her into conversation, he bowed, quitted the shop, and remounted his cabriolet, saying to himself, "The girl is very beautiful, but it is evident the mother does not like the English."

On leaving, he forgot two things, first to take the thong which he had just purchased in the shop, and secondly, to take the indicated road to Vincennes."

"I cannot be deceived," thought Mrs. Mathew when he had left.

An instant after Julia descended softly, and opening the door with caution, she smilingly enquired "Is he gone?"

"Yes, my dear child."

"What a splendid looking man, mamma!"

"Yes," replied the mother with severity, "but he is English."

This word spoke volumes, and replied to all she would have said, and the young girl, confused, again ascended to the upper apartment to engage herself in her accustomed domestic duties.

There existed at this period in France, a profound hatred for England and everything English; this feeling was strongly shared by all Europe. The defeat at Waterloo served but to augment the antipathy of the two nations. Mrs. Mathew partook in no small degree of the general sentiment, and used even more than ordinary caution in avoiding contact with the English. She was consequently grieved at the exclamation of her daughter's admiration of the Englishman, and did not again revert to his visit.

A week had just rolled by, when a second Englishman entered the shop. This time it was a man of middle age, with a face manly and vigorous yet of a

remarkable sweetness of expression; he came on foot, and without condescending to notice the young lady he addressed himself to the mother.

"Is it Mrs. Mathew," said he, "that I have the honour of addressing?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lady.

"The widow of Captain Mathew of the Imperial Guard, who died at Waterloo?"

"The same, Sir."

"I am Major Melville," he continued, bowing, "I have come from London expressly to see you, in order to conclude an affair that interests both one and the other of us. And is this," said he, presenting his hand to Julia, "the daughter of the brave captain?"

Julia, in whom the figure and manner of the stranger had inspired complete confidence, because he had spoken so warmly of her father, placed her little hand in that of the major, who said to her in the most kindly and affectionate tone possible—

"Now, my dear child, you must leave me alone with your mother, I have somethings to say to her, which concern yourself, but yet it is not meet that you should know them until she has first been made acquainted with their import.

Mrs. Mathew, leaving her daughter in the shop, conducted the Major up stairs. The Englishman entered a small and gloomy chamber, solely decorated with cleanliness, the luxury of the poor; upon the mantel-shelf, which was unadorned with glass or ornament, stood a portrait, which he at once recognized to be that of Captain Mathew, and at the foot of the portrait was a cross of the Legion of Honour, the star of which wanted one of its brilliants. Mrs. Mathew requested the Major to be seated, and then looked at him without speaking, expecting that he would explain the purport of his visit. He remained silent for some time, then, placing his hand upon his heart, he said "Long live the Emperor."

"Ah! yes," cried the poor widow with tears in her eyes, "may God preserve him."

"Doubtless he will," said the Major, "for God alone can preserve him in his present extremity: So far we both understand each other, and now listen to me, I have already told you that my name is Melville, I have a fine house in London and a handsome estate in Sussex, with fifty thousand pounds sterling in the East India Company, and I have come to Paris expressly to marry you."

Mrs. Mathew had been seated near the Major, upon hearing this she arose and retreated a little. This man had exclaimed "long live the Emperor," and yet he was an Englishman. The widow replied not, and her beautiful eyes, which were filled with tears, were turned towards the portrait of her husband.

"This is not all," continued the major coolly, "I have a son, a splendid young man, you have seen him, Mrs. Mathew, for he called here eight or ten days back to get something done to his whip. I sent him to Paris in order to woo and win the daughter of my old friend Captain Mathew."

Mrs. Mathew thought the major was either mad or playing upon her some rude joke, but as he had a serious and apparently candid air, she replied to him with a reserved manner and downcast eyes, "that it was quite impossible for her to accept the double honour which he was kind enough to offer."

"You refuse—you really refuse," cried the major, "but retract these words, madam, for I shall remain here until I obtain your consent."

"But, sir," said the lady.

"I only ask you to listen to me," continued the major, grasping the hand of the widow, "listen to me, I wish to speak of your husband. I had the honour of being at Waterloo—be calm, for I do not intend to harrow your feelings by the recital of the details of that battle—I must, however, glance at its most afflicting result. The French were beaten, those who were not either killed or wounded fled, when at the extremity of the field of battle I saw, from a height where I was placed with my regiment, about a score of the young guard of grenadiers who were still fighting, or rather who were selling their lives at the highest possible price, surrounded as they were by four or five hundred Prussians. I ran to the French to draw them away, for if war has attractions for the courageous, it is only when the chances are equal, or nearly so, and not when the conqueror abuses his victory by the massacre of his fellow creatures. When I reached the French, I ordered my men to cease firing, and I rushed forward to protect the retreat of these brave men, when a gun-shot a few paces from me struck their captain, who fell into my arms, the ball having entered his chest. This was Captain Mathew, your husband. I ordered him to be carried into one of our tents, where I procured for him the immediate attendance of an experienced surgeon, my own particular friend. I fondly hoped that he would be able to save the brave man's life, but your husband encouraged not this hope. 'Major,' said he to me, 'tell me your name.' Having told him, we were left alone, for the surgeon was called upon to attend to the other wounded men, and on going he gave me a sign of how hopeless the case was. Your husband then said, 'I die unhappily, because I do not die whole and entire, I have a wife and child—'"

"Captain," I replied, "I shall take charge of them, I am rich, and they shall share my wealth."

"You are not an Englishman, are you?" questioned your husband."

"Yes, my friend, I am," I replied, "and one of the most candid Englishmen in old England. Calm your mind, for I again tell you that I shall take charge of your wife and child. I took his hand and pressed it within mine. Then the victim of Waterloo—the brave son of France—the faithful follower of the great Napoleon, opened his blood-stained vest and drew forth from his chest an article all covered with his heart's purest blood and which the ball had stricken in its course—this was his cross of the Legion of Honour, which now stands there, for I had it placed in your hands with as little delay as possible."

The major stopped for a moment, and rising, detached the cross which was hanging at the foot of the portrait. He approached the widow and pointed out to her the marks of blood.

"Brother Melville," said the dying man, 'take this cross, I place it in your hands; although our respective countries are at war, we are not enemies. What will you do for my widow?—what will you do for my daughter?'"

"The half of my fortune," I cried, "shall be from this moment at their disposal."

"No, no," said the captain, "that is too much."

"Then they shall have the whole of my fortune," I cried.

"No, no," said the dying man.

"Well then, I shall do everything that friendship and humanity shall dictate."

"He stretched forth his hand and, endeavouring to grasp mine, expired."

During this recital the widow was bathed in tears, she pressed the bleeding relic again and again to her lips.

"This cross," continued the major with emotion, "is the pledge of my word. My regiment, instead of being ordered to France was sent back to England. I therefore could not come directly to see you, but I made enquiries and learned who you were and how you lived. At the moment when I sought for the means of being faithful to my vow, and of fulfilling the promises made to a brave soldier dying in my arms, I lost my wife; then my previous design was arrested and I learned what I ought to do, and I felt that I owed you more than merely giving you the superfluities of my wealth. I determined to offer you my hand and protection, and that I would give to your daughter the bright hopes which gilds my own son's fortune. And now, madam," continued the major, grasping the widow's hand, "my son, Edward, cannot help loving your daughter, and must endeavour to make himself beloved by her, they have already seen each other, and that is sufficient. And we—"

"Have already seen each other also," said the widow, in a voice broken by sobs.

"Miss Julia, Miss Julia," said the good major bending over the stairs, "come up, and come up quickly, it is your step-father who calls you."

The young girl bounded up the stairs, but not alone, Edward Melville accompanied her, and they both threw themselves at the feet of Mrs. Mathew.

The same day Sir John Melville called upon his friend the Count De Cernay, and said to him.

"I have come to announce not one, but two marriages to you—I am about to wed the widow of Captain Mathew, who died on the field of honour in Waterloo, and my son will espouse the gallant captain's daughter; I have to request the pleasure of your company to the weddings, as well as my old friend the countess and your fair daughter."

SKETCHES OF

The Lives of Great Christian Artists, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NO. IV.—ALBERT DURER.

It is with the most lively satisfaction we witness the gradual and steady development of a love and appreciation of the arts of the middle ages in opposition to the revived pagan art of the last three centuries, Cradled in the catacombs of Rome where the early Christians bore testimony to the faith in their blood, advancing with the church's progress and suffering in her trials, the arts continued till the close of the fifteenth century the chosen and cherished handmaid of religion, the beautiful symbols of her profoundest truths. While soaring above the dull comprehension of the materialist they inspired devotion in the instructed and pious Christian soul, and served, according to the definition of the council of Arras (1205), "as the books of the people who could read none other." From the twelfth to the fifteenth century existed that epoch in art so fine and pure, that, in the works of M. Montalembert, "nothing occurred to tarnish the glory of the new beauty with which the church clothed the world when all that graced and charmed the life of man reminded him of his heavenly home." During

that period flourished the great artists whose works are sufficient to convince us of the immense superiority of their inspirations and habitual thoughts. Through them we catch a glimpse of the men and their inmost feelings; and when we read, in their well-authenticated lives, of their motives of action and their preparation for their daily tasks by religious exercises, we are compelled to think that it is in vain to expect works of similar beauty and perfection till we have artists who will cultivate the religious sentiments of the men of olden times. When artists esteem themselves the servants of the church and instructors of the people, and not the crouching slaves of fashion or of courts, the fine arts will again, as in other days, become one of the sublimest forms of Christian poesy.

To this brilliant era succeeded the unholy reign of paganism, which spread its vitiating influence alike over the domains of morals, literature, and the arts; in the latter substituting the grossness of materialism for the sublime ideality of the old Catholicity; in the former enthroning the wisdom of heathen philosophers above that of the fathers of Christian antiquity. A reaction has at length taken place, and men begin to perceive that the venerable old mother church is the veritable queen of the imagination as of devotion, of taste as of true science; that within her ample fold is contained all that is necessary for man during his pilgrimage on earth; that her bonds are true liberty; that she is the parent of the true and beautiful, which of her alone are legitimately begotten. The lives of the great artists of Catholic times are read and their works carefully studied by the most enlightened of their successors. Many a name that had lain in obscurity for centuries is now recognised with honour, and works that had been slighted and set aside are now put forth as models deserving imitation. This involves no servile copying, or restriction to a narrow circle of the exercise of genius; for, happily, there is a wide field between the catacombs, with their nameless artists, and the Florentine cloisters of St. Marc, with their monk painters Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo; between the old Basilica of Constantine and the towers of Cologne; between the mosaics of Rome, "the paintings for eternity," and the storied windows of Bourge. Neither is Christian art confined to a few developments, as is its pagan rival, but, like its great parent, receives aid from every justifiable source, making all the productions of the natural world offer their meed of worship to the great Father of all, and affording a noble sphere of action for the humblest intellect as for the most exalted genius.

Amongst the great number of those heretofore most undeservedly neglected artists stands the remarkable name of Albert Durer, of whom Vasari,—notwithstanding his devotion to the school of painters known as naturalists,—says, that he was "so exact, so excellent, so universal a man, that had he been born in Tuscany as he was in Germany, and had formed his studies according to those beautiful pieces which are seen in Rome, he had proved the best painter of all Italy, as he was the greatest and most accomplished genius Germany ever bore." Had he indeed been born in Tuscany two centuries earlier he might have left a name and reputation unrivalled, but at the time of his birth the school of the "*Naturalists*" had made considerable progress in Italy, but had not as yet invaded Germany, so that the circumstance of his birth in the latter country is fortunate for his fame in the present times of juster views upon art.

The arts appear to have been in a great measure a hereditary profession in the middle ages, Albert Durer was descended of a race of artists who probably may have transmitted to him the traditions and experience of generations. His grandfather was a native of Eytas, an Hungarian village, and practised the goldsmith's art. Goldsmiths were no despicable artists in the olden times, as their works which remain to us show. They were, generally speaking, men of rich genius, cultivated intellects, and simple pious souls. His father, who was born in 1427, was also a goldsmith, and named Albert. By the exercise of his trade he became wealthy, and, influenced by a desire of becoming acquainted with the distinguished artists of his time, and improving by their example, he left his native country and travelled through Germany and the Netherlands. The fame of the strange artist spread abroad, and finding at Nuremburg congenial spirits and a sphere for the exercise of his talents, he adopted that city, all beautiful as it then was, as his future home. Here in 1464 he married, and became the father of a numerous family. It pleased God that those children died young, with the exception of three sons, Albert, John, and Andrea, who devoted themselves to the cultivation of the arts. John became court painter to the King of Poland, Andrea practised as an amateur, and Albert, as we shall see, exercised a wide spreading influence on the artists of his time.

Albert, the subject of our present sketch, was born at Nuremburg on the 20th of May, 1471. His father intended that he should follow his own profession of goldsmith, and accordingly gave him the necessary education for it. In his sixteenth year the young Albert produced a work which determined his future vocation, and conducted him to the pictorial art in which in after years he was destined to be distinguished, and in fact to create a great school and era in Germany. This effort of his early genius was embossed in silver, and represented the "Seven Falls of Christ," a portion of our Lord's passion which appears to have been a favorite subject with the artists of the middle ages. It had already been treated in stone, in Nuremburg, by "Master Adam Kraft," the mason whose "Sacrament-house" yet graces that ancient city. Young Durer's work is represented as wonderful for its time, uniting much dignity and simplicity with evidence of profound religious thoughtfulness. Albert, perceiving the probable scope of his own genius, informed his father of his determination to study painting. The elder Durer did not hesitate in gratifying his desire of knowledge, but immediately determined to send him as a pupil to Martin Schön, a celebrated painter at Colmar. Preparations were making for the departure of the young artist, when, on the eve of his setting out, news arrived of the death of Schön. This must have been a severe trial to the young aspirant for artistic fame, for Martin left not an equal after him; and, moreover, there appears to have existed a kindly friendship between the families of Durer and Schön, as we find, six years later, Albert received with honour at Colmar by Gaspar and Paul, goldsmiths, and Lewis, a painter, brothers of Martin Schön. After a short lapse of time he became a pupil of Haspe Martin, from whom he learned the rudiments of painting, and then went to Michael Wohlgenuth, who was at that time making great progress in the newly invented art of engraving on wood and metal. These artists were natives and residents in Nuremburg.

Leaving Nuremburg in 1490, Albert Durer travelled in many parts of Germany and the Netherlands for four years, during which time his skill and amiable manners gained him many friends. Two years after his departure his father died. On his return to Nuremburg, in 1494, he married Agnes, the daughter of James Frey, a mechanic of that city. She is represented as exceedingly handsome, but not of the most agreeable temper, being, according to some of the artist's biographers,* "a wretch of such miserable and sordid humour, that she shortened the days of this so excellent and universal a man." Far better for poor Durer had he been of the good old monk's† opinion, that "he who wished to paint had need of tranquillity and to live without care; that he who occupied himself with the things of Christ should always be with Christ."‡ Indeed, in the portraits of these two great artists, painted by themselves, we can trace the respective influences of the world and the Church. Durer has left us three portraits of himself; two of them exhibiting him in all the vanities of the dress of his time, above which littleness he appears not to have risen, notwithstanding his genius. In the last he is represented as a careworn man, with a countenance severe and serious, evidently that of a man who, after a brilliant worldly career, was not well at ease with himself. What a contrast does this portrait present to that of the blessed Angelico? Calm and thoughtful, yet not sad, the holy recluse who—had also seen something of the world, but had passed unscathed—meditates on the representation of his suffering Redeemer, his beads lie before him; at his side, the instruments of that art, which to him was an act of faith and love.

After his marriage and settlement in Nuremburg Durer devoted himself to the art of engraving on copper and wood, in which he made considerable improvements. He also applied himself to the study of optics and perspective, and is said to have invented instruments to facilitate the exercise of the latter arts, which were subsequently appropriated by the Italians. About 1498 he produced a series of wood engravings illustrative of the revelation of St. John, a work showing great fertility of imagination and boldness of design.

Before the commencement of the sixteenth century Durer appears to have done nothing in painting, but to have confined himself to engraving and to his original profession of goldsmith. A celebrated example of his skill in the latter art is the Maximilian cross, made for the archduke Maximilian of Austria, to ornament St. Peter's Church at Rome, the foundations of which were then laid by Pope Julius II. This work is a Latin cross, about eighteen inches high, representing all the actions of our Lord's life, with subjects in relief. It will afford some notion of the comprehensiveness of the subjects and the minuteness of the execution, when we say the cross contains upwards of twelve hundred figures, all bearing evidence of the richness of imagination with which the artist was so highly gifted. His oldest authentic painting now in existence is a portrait of the artist himself, at present in the Florentine gallery. It is supposed that this is the picture which was presented by the city of Nuremburg to the King of England, and which was found in the collection of the unfortunate Charles the First.

In 1506 he visited Venice and Bologna, where he painted a good many pictures which obtained him

great celebrity, and disarmed the jealousy of some of the Italian artists, who had hitherto admitted him to be a good engraver but "unable to handle a brush." While in Venice he painted a picture for the German society, usually supposed to have been the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, which afterwards passed into the possession of the Emperor Rudolph II. The intelligent Dr. Kugler discredits this opinion, and says that a painting now in the convent of the Premonastratenses, at Prague, is the work produced in Venice by Durer. It is described as between six and seven feet in breadth and four feet high. The Blessed Virgin and the Divine Infant are seated in the centre, crowned by angels. In front of them are kneeling the Emperor Maximilian, the Pope, and several ecclesiastical and secular princes receiving crowns of roses from our Blessed Lady. Durer and his friend Bilibaldus Pirckheymer, a worthy magistrate of Nuremburg, are seen standing in the back ground; to the right, an angel playing a lute is seated at the Blessed Virgin's feet. This beautiful work in its conception and treatment is worthy of the purest days of the Christian schools of Florence or Bologna. With it began the most brilliant period of Albert Durer's life. It was quickly followed by another picture, also painted at Venice, now in the Barbarini Palace, "Christ disputing with the Doctors of the Law."

Durer was now in the zenith of his fame; and within the twelve succeeding years were produced the numerous works which have given him a foremost place in the first rank of European artists. All departments of art appear to have been touched by his hand and adorned by it. Literature, too, occupied some portion of his time. He exercised a powerful influence on all artists around him; and the art of staining glass appears to have made extraordinary advancement during his time. When we hear of the undoubted works of his which yet remain to us, some of which we shall presently notice, and reflect on how many of his productions may have been lost in the lapse of time, we can form some notion of the man's wonderful industry. His fame had spread far and wide. He was the frequent guest and favourite artist of the Emperor Maximilian the First, in whose palace were executed many of his works; amongst others, about the year 1515, the celebrated marginal designs for the emperor's prayer book, which are now in the court library at Munich. They consist of a series of pen and ink drawings of subjects, sometimes grave and elevated, sometimes sportive, frequently appropriate to the text, occasionally fantastic, but never irreverent. He corresponded, too, with the first artists in Italy, and exchanged portraits (after the simple and affectionate manner of the times) with Raphael, who was so great an admirer of Durer's works that he had them hung up in his own chamber.

In 1520 our artist again visited the Netherlands, of which tour he has left us a journal, which is interesting for the quaintness and simplicity of its style, but more particularly for the view it gives of the manners of the times. At Antwerp he met some choice spirits, amongst others Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith and painter, and Master Erasmus (the celebrated Erasmus of Rotterdam), "who presented him with a Spanish mantle." Durer criticised the great church of Antwerp: and it would seem that the race of harpies, yclept "guides," were even then in existence, for the artist informs us he gave "a stiver for drink money, because he was allowed to see a picture." In this city

* Du Fresnoy "De Arte Graphica."

† Fra Angelico. ‡ Vasari.

he was received with such marks of respect as were then the vogue—they do these things finer now, but not as hearty. We shall let the old painter tell his own story:

"On Sunday, which was also St. Oswald's Day, the painters received me in their chamber, with my wife and maid, and served up with silver ware and other costly preparations, and a particularly costly banquet. Their wives, also, were there; and while I was at table the people stood on each side as if they were treating a great lord. There were also among them some persons of importance, who received me with very deep and reverential salutations, and they said they would do all they could, which might be agreeable to me; then came a messenger from the lords of Antwerp, with two servants, and presented me, from the lords of Antwerp, with four cans of wine, and sent me word, 'I should be honoured by them in this, and have their good will.' Then said that I thanked them humbly, and sent my humble service. Thereafter came Master Peter, the city carpenter, and presented me with two cans of wine, with the expression of his willing service. So were we long merry together, and late in the night when they conducted us with lanterns worshipfully home."

He also witnessed a celebrated procession called the "Procession of the Ommeganck"—the description of it we shall also give from himself:

"I have seen on Sunday, after Our Lady's Ascension, the grand procession of Our Lady Church at Antwerp, when the whole place was assembled, of all handicrafts and conditions, each clad costly according to his condition. Each condition and trade had its token by which it might be known; and there were also among them great costly banners carried, and then old French long trumpets of silver. There were also of Germans many fifers and drummers who made much noise. Also saw I, in the way in regular order, going along the procession, the goldsmiths, painters, masons, silk embroiderers, carvers, cabinet-makers, carpenters, sailors, fishermen, butchers, curriers, weavers, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, and other handicrafts, and many handworkers and dealers in worshipful array. So, too, were the shopkeepers, merchants, and all kinds of assistants. After came the musketeers, archers, and arquebusiers, as well horse as foot. Then came the guards of the bailiwick. Then came a whole body of very brave folks, genteely and richly clad; but before them went all orders, and each arranged, according to the several differences, very properly. There was also in this procession a great body of widows, who live by their own handywork, and hold a particular rule, and all with white linen tuckers, reaching from the head to the ground, very orderly to see; there among saw I many brave persons and the prebends of Our Lady's Church, with all the priesthood, scholars, and church officers going behind, where twenty persons bore the Virgin Mary, with the Lord Jesus, most richly clothed, to the honour of the Lord God. In this circuit were very many pleasant things done and very richly arrayed. Then there were brought along many carriages, models of ships, and other pageants. There among were the prophets, then the New Testament, then the angelic cross, the three holy kings on great camels, and riding in other scarce wonders very artfully arranged; also, how our Lady fled into Egypt, very devoutly, and many other things which, for shortness, I pass by. At the last came a great dragon, which bore St. Mar-

garet with her ladies, on a girdle, which was very pretty; then followed St. George with his attendants, a pretty sketch. Also there rode in this company very bravely clad young men and maidens, in various dresses, and representing different saints."

At Ghent he was likewise received with distinction, and saw Van Eyck's celebrated picture of the "Adoration of the Lamb," of which he says, "it is exceedingly rich, most understandingly painted, and particularly the Eve, Virgin, and God the Father are very good."

Between the artist's visits to Italy and the Netherlands was the period of his greatest intellectual activity. The creations of his wonderful imagination were given forth with a rapidity of execution equalled only by that of our great dramatist, between whose genius and the German artist's there appears much resemblance. Both artists were men who sprung from no school. Their works were often formed, indeed, upon the crude conceptions of artists who had preceded them; but in their remodelling, an original character, showing the highest creative power, was bestowed upon them. The artist and the dramatist were bound by no settled rules of classicism or shackles of the "unities." They were laws to themselves; and availed themselves of their respective arts to shadow forth sentiments and feelings which dwell in man's inner nature.

[To be continued.]

THE following lines were suggested by reading Oliver Plunkett's dying speech in DUFFY'S MAGAZINE. They are expressed almost entirely in his own words.

Prayer of Oliver Plunkett

ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION.

"GREAT God," he cried, "thy will be done,"

With clasped hands on bended knee,

"Thou gavest for my sake thy son

To die accursed on a tree.

The death he sought I would not shun,

For oh! how beautiful appears

The dazzling crown the martyrs won,

To wear through never-ending years.

Ave Maria, Mother dear,

Thy aid now asks thy weary child,

In heavy chains and prison drear,

To keep his spirit undefiled."

"I give thee, gracious Father, thanks

That I shall die for serving thee,

The chain upon my feet now clanks,

My hands are banded to my knee,

But my free spirit soars to thee,

Their fetters cannot reach the mind—

God's glorious image—then to me

What reck's it that the flesh they bind.

Ave Maria, &c."

"They would have spared my life if I

Their perjured sycophant would be,

If against honest men I'd lie

And basely sin 'gainst them and Thee;

But I would rather gladly die

A thousand deaths of deepest woe

Than in his life or liberty

Injure my direst, falsest foe.

Ave Maria, &c."

"The morning sends his early beams

Into my lonely cell to peer;

The giddy crowd already streams

The victim's dying speech to hear,

But I can view it without fear,

For to my inmost soul is given,

Now when the fatal moment's near,

To see the dazzling light of Heaven.

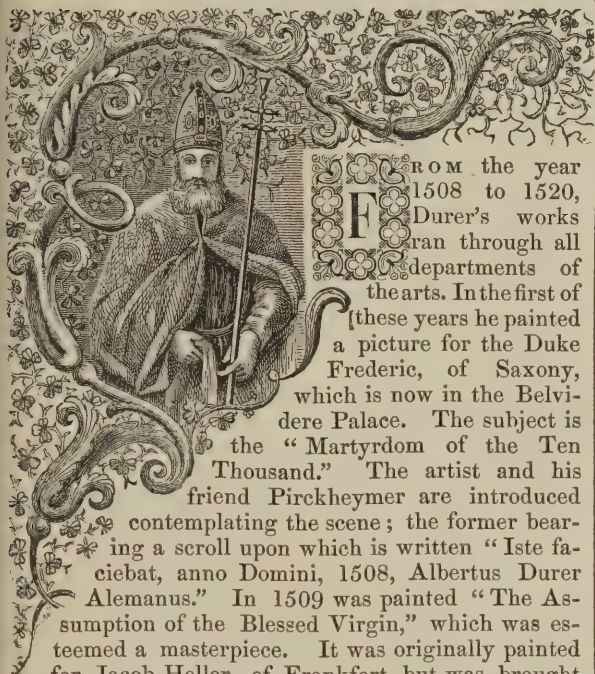
Ave Maria, &c."

SKETCHES OF

The Lives of Great Christian Artists,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NO. IV.—ALBERT DURER—(concluded).



FROM the year 1508 to 1520, Durer's works ran through all departments of the arts. In the first of these years he painted a picture for the Duke Frederic, of Saxony, which is now in the Belvedere Palace. The subject is the "Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand." The artist and his friend Pirckheimer are introduced contemplating the scene; the former bearing a scroll upon which is written "Iste faciebat, anno Domini, 1508, Albertus Durer Alemanus." In 1509 was painted "The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," which was esteemed a masterpiece. It was originally painted for Jacob Heller, of Frankfort, but was brought to Munich at the beginning of the seventeenth century, where it remained till destroyed by the burning of the castle. Between the years 1509 and 1513, Durer appears to have applied himself particularly to engraving, and to have invented the art of etching his subjects on metal plates.

In 1512 he produced his "Greater and Lesser Passion of Christ"—so called from the respective sizes of the plates—and his "Life of the Blessed Virgin." The Life of the Blessed Virgin was engraved on wood, and consisted of nineteen cuts, each about eleven and three-quarter inches high, and eight and three-quarter inches wide, with a vignette in the title-page. The title is as follows: "Epitome in Divæ Parthenices Mariæ Historiam ab Alberto Dureri Norico per figuras digestam, cum versibus annexis Chelidoni.*" The plates of the "greater Passion" are about fifteen and a-half inches high, by eleven and an eighth wide. The title of the work, "Passio Domini nostri Jesu, ex Hieronymo Paduano, Diminico Mancino, Sedulio, et Baptistu Mantiana per fratrem Chelidonium collecta, cum figuris Alberti Dureri Norici Pictoré." The size of the cuts of the "lesser Passion" is five inches by three seven-eighths. We are indebted to the work† of an ardent admirer and encourager of Christian art and antiquities, to whom is due the honour of having first given satisfactory notices of our artist's life to the English reader, for the following description of these admirable engravings:

The Great Passion.—The frontispiece represents the suffering Saviour seated naked upon a stone, bearing the crown of thorns; one of the soldiers presents a

reed to him. The figure of Christ is highly dignified and of beautiful roundness of form; the soldier wears the costume of the middle ages; the form is also beautifully developed, and his countenance expressive of exulting scorn and eagerness. Christ wrings his hands, turning his head, full of majesty and mercy, towards the spectator. This frontispiece has also a symbolical signification, referring not so much to that moment of ignominious outrage as to the enduring injury inflicted on the Redeemer by the sins of men, for which reason the wounds appear imprinted on the hands and feet in this stage of the passion.

"The Apprehension" is a composition singular in its treatment, in which the brutality of the soldiery is particularly dwelt upon, while the minutiae of costume, &c., is a curious medley of that of the sixteenth century. The figure of Christ forms the centre of the group, and is being *haled* along, by ropes, by two grotesque and brutal looking figures in front; behind, a soldier is busied in binding his hands, whilst by his side is Judas, with the wages of his treason in his hand, in the act of saluting his Master with a kiss. This point of the story properly belongs to a period somewhat antecedent, but is doubtless here introduced to render the illustration more complete, and to distinguish the different characters with accuracy. In the foreground Peter is in the act of cutting off Malchus's ear; the latter is prostrate on the ground, and is endeavouring to defend himself with a club.

The next subject in order is the "Flagellation." Our Saviour is bound to a column in the midst of a hall, surrounded by soldiers and the rabble grotesquely habited, and with a countenance of savage brutality. These armed with rods and scourges, are offering him every indignity, while the chief priests are looking on. One of these, at the right hand corner of the picture, is a portly figure, attired in Oriental costume, with turban and long beard—an idea, without doubt, suggested by the Turks, at that time the terror of Christendom. In a corner in the foreground lies the crown of thorns, and a dog, similar to what we now know as a terrier of the Isle of Skye breed, is introduced: this is by no means unusual in Durer's designs, and may be observed in the carving preserved in the British Museum, as well as in the next subject.

"Christ bearing the Cross."—In this there is a more appropriate sentiment: the figure of our Saviour, oppressed by the weight of the cross, is in the centre of the picture, turning towards a female kneeling, and holding a handkerchief, which is said to have received the true impression of His face. A group of figures follow behind, consisting of the Virgin, Mary Magdalene, St. John, soldiers, &c.; figures on horseback, in the costume of the Turks of the time, are leading the procession; whilst a soldier, habited and armed as the Flemish infantry of the sixteenth century, is holding a rope bound about our Saviour. The accessories entirely belong to the country of the artist, and the background gives the same peculiarities. As a composition it exhibits great power in spite of its eccentricities. The figure of Christ possesses great feeling, and it may be interesting to compare it with Raffaele's on the same subject.

"Christ's Descent into Hell."—One of the noblest of his subjects. The treatment of the subject is here very curious, and displays the wildest imagination in the figures of the demons; but, at the same time, a noble majesty in the aspect of the Saviour. Christ, kneeling on one knee, holding in his left hand the

* Chelidonium was a Benedictine monk of Nuremberg.

† "Divers Examples of Ancient Masters of Christian Art," by Mr. Weale, London.

crown and banner, bends downwards towards an arched dungeon, out of which he is about to lead the imprisoned souls—whilst the head of a serpent is stealthily peeping, with an expression of anger; above, from an aperture, are seen monstrous forms; one, with the head and snout of a boar, and a horn in the middle of his head, is threatening with a dart; still higher, a demon of a singularly grotesque combination, somewhat resembling the fabulous harpy of the ancients, is blowing a horn. The introduction of a demon with a horn in this subject is a very ancient convention, and may be observed for many centuries in the treatment of this story. Behind the figure of Christ are Adam and Eve. The former holds the cross in his left hand, and in his right the fatal apple: he is represented as a bearded, and venerable figure. Eve is immediately behind him, and patriarchs surround them; and children are introduced, probably more for the sake of composition than for any ancient convention. The gates of hell lie broken upon the ground.

"*The Lamentation over the Dead Body of Christ*" follows; and, as a work of art, must take the precedence of all the works of its kind. The composition is exceedingly fine and grand, although, in its details, the peculiarities of the master are apparent. The body of Christ is extended on the ground in a natural posture, his right hand being taken by his Virgin Mother, who, on her knees, bends over the body with excessive grief. St. Joseph supports the head, whilst St. John, the beloved disciple, throws up his hands in an agony of despair. A standing figure of a female, with clasped hands, perhaps St. Mary Magdalene, forms the centre and apex to the pyramidal arrangement of the composition; and a beautiful female figure, kneeling on the right, completes the subject. In the back ground is Mount Calvary, with the two thieves, and, still further in the distance, the city of Jerusalem. This composition is certainly worthy to be ranked beside the best conceived of the great Italian masters. The greatest simplicity and perfection prevail in the grouping of the figures, in the varied expression of the separate forms the high and attractive grace of the lines and attitudes. We easily perceive, from the study of such works, the reason of the just esteem with which, at a later period, the Italians regarded Albert Durer's compositions, as well as the advantage to be derived from making Italian copies of them.

"*The Resurrection of Christ*" comes next in order. The Saviour is represented in the conventional manner of the church, rising from his tomb, his right hand in attitude of benediction, his left holding the cross and banner; about the figure is a mass of drapery composed in a very grand manner. On each side recline the sleeping warriors, variously and grotesquely armed; one with bow and arrows, and coat of mail worn under his vest, resembling the equipment of the Slavonic tribes. It must be observed that all the soldiers do not sleep; one indeed is waking another, being conscious of the miracle taking place. This is quite in accordance with the religious views of the time, and marks an era in Christian art.

"*Lesser Passion*."—Amongst the most beautiful composition of this series is, the "*Parting of Christ from his Mother*," distinguished for its beautiful and imposing drapery.

"*The washing of the Feet*."—An admirable and simple arrangement of numerous figures with a small space; the principal group in the foreground is fine, and full of feeling.

"*Christ's Prayer in the Garden*."—Of the greatest simplicity, united, at the same time, to the highest dignity of expression, beauty, and the profoundest feeling.

"*Christ appearing to his Mother after his Resurrection*."—And as "*the Gardener to Mary Magdalene*," both these compositions, and especially the latter, possess a peculiar grace, and tranquil beauty.

"*The Life of the Blessed Virgin*."—If the above described work be distinguished by a grand and tragic character, that of which we are about to speak, displays, on the other hand, the elements of grace and tenderness. The gentle domestic cares, and amiable intercourse of life, are presented to our view, and the master has invested them with an interest to which few can offer a parallel.

"*The Golden Gate*."—Joachim and Anne embracing, after a painful separation, in the prospect of a joyful future. Joachim is represented as a mild and stately old man. Anne, full of feminine grace and resignation; the servants and attendants of Joachim, who are come to welcome their lord, converse in the back ground over the event.

"*The Birth of the Blessed Virgin*."—A design replete with the most attractive charms. It represents an apartment, such as would be used on the occasion, in which are several groups of women and maidens, bearing an interesting similarity to Ghirlandajo's, and others treatment of this subject, according to the Florentine life and manners.

"*The Circumcision*."—The composition of this subject, frequently so unpleasing, and even treated with a degree of absurdity by first-rate masters, appears here a most graceful and complete representation of a national custom. Rich as it is in figures, it is yet not too crowded; each takes an interest in what is going on, and the whole is distributed into several simple and intelligible groups.

"*The Flight into Egypt*."—This, in contrast with the former composition presents a space occupied in the most skilful manner by a few figures: the repose of a dark wood, richly laden with fruit, through which the holy family are journeying, enhances in a peculiar manner the charm of this interesting subject.

"*The Residence of the Holy Family in Egypt*."—Represents a court, with a dwelling erected amidst the ruins of a decayed palace. The Blessed Virgin is seated with a spindle in her hand, at the side of the cradle; two beautiful, adoring angels are by her; Joseph is busied at his handicraft, surrounded by a group of child-angels, who joyously assist him at his labours. The most graceful repose, and placid cheerfulness reign throughout this picture.

"*The Death of the Blessed Virgin*."—The perfect beauty of the arrangement, and simple distribution of the principal groups, the dignified forms, together with the expression of the most profound feeling in the exercise of a sacred rite, assigns to this composition a very high grade amongst Albert Durer's entire works.

After the engravings of "*The Passion*," and "*Life of the Blessed Virgin*," appeared the admirable engraving of the "*Vision of St. Gregory*." This is a master-piece of art, and bears the impress of the most lively imagination, and all the characteristics of German ideality. The subject is the vision of Pope Gregory the Great. That illustrious hero of the Church, and benefactor of mankind, while yet a simple priest, kneels at the foot of an altar, upon which is placed a chalice and the sacred Host. Imme-

diately over the altar appears a figure of our blessed Lord rising from the tomb. He is evidently the "man of sorrows." His whole figure, as well as the expression of his countenance, is expressive of the most intense suffering: yet there is a majesty about the wounded and bruised figure, evidently denoting it to be that of the God-Man. The cross, spears, nails, and other instruments of His passion, surround Him; whilst angels, hovering on high, minister unto Him in awful admiration. St. Gregory is accompanied by a deacon, and in the back ground kneel figures bearing the emblems of his future exalted position in the Church. He is evidently the only person in the group who witnesses the miracle, as he is the only one for whose edification it is meant. The object of the vision is supposed to be intended to represent to the good priest the then miserable condition of Christ's Church, and the will of Divine Providence with regard to him whom He raised up as its champion and saint.*

The celebrated engraving of "*The Knight, Death, and the Devil*," was engraved in 1513, and is considered one of the most remarkable productions of Durer's genius. It represents a knight, clad in full armour, and on horseback, journeying through a deep and gloomy valley. Death, on the white horse, rises up before him, and the evil spirit follows close after. Death holds up an hour-glass before the knight, who, unmindful of his threats, proceeds on his way. This subject has also been called, and we think with propriety, "*The Christian Knight*;" and is meant to show with what composure and firmness the true Christian warrior who pursues the path of duty, may encounter the greatest foes of humanity. It is impossible for the mind to conceive more fearful embodiments of evil than those presented to us by the artist in this engraving. The knight himself is an admirable embodiment of Christian chivalry, in its exterior manifestation and inner life;—calm, thoughtful, and self-possessed, he pursues the path of rectitude, defiant—almost unconscious—of his terrible foes. As to the execution of the work, the copy we have seen enables us to say, that, in our judgment, few engravings of the nineteenth century is comparable to it.

"*St. Jerome in his Study*," a painting of the following year, is a work which merits to rank with the foregoing developments of Christian thought and German genius. It represents that great doctor in the Church absorbed in heavenly contemplation, sustained by divine grace, and evincing perfect cheerfulness amidst the temptation by which he is assailed.

Another work of the same year—"Melancholy"—exhibits a painful and a striking contrast to the foregoing. A figure of a powerful female sits in the foreground, "fruitlessly brooding, and ceaselessly dwelling on perplexing cares." The numerous objects spread in wild confusion around her, exhibit the various fancies of her diseased imagination.

The Belvidere Gallery at Vienna contains a picture

* Some writers are of opinion that this engraving is intended as an illustration of the miracle recorded by Ribadimiera in his life of St. Gregory. The saint whilst administering the Blessed Eucharist to a woman, who made altar-breads, observed her to laugh. Being asked the cause of her irreverence, she replied "is it possible that the bread made by my own hands can become the body of my Saviour?" To reprove her incredulity, the saint returned to the altar, and, having laid the Blessed Sacrament thereon, he prayed that the woman's profanity might be made manifest, when the Sacred Host assumed the corporal appearance of our Blessed Redeemer, all wounded and suffering.

representing the Blessed Trinity, surrounded by saints and angels, which was painted about this time for a church in Nuremberg. It was afterwards removed to Prague, and thence to Vienna.

All the works of Durer, we have hitherto noticed, may justly be classed amongst the most perfect productions of the Christian school of art in Germany. To Durer belongs the glory of having conducted it to heights unattained before his time; to him also belongs the disgrace of having yielded to the debasing influence of classicism, and of apostatizing from the old Catholic and national traditions of his country, to cultivate the ideas of revived paganism and the new philosophy which then inundated Europe. His last work which entitles him to rank amongst the masters of Christian art, is a beautiful wood-engraving of our Blessed Lady as queen of heaven, surrounded by adoring angels, produced in the year 1518. Alas! the same year saw his miserable fall, and a naked figure of Lucretia, the size of life, was his first unholy offering to the materialism of his age. He here ceases to interest us. Paganism and naturalism have their crowds of admirers, critics, and connoisseurs—to them and their tender cares we hand over the works of his subsequent brief and unhappy career, we have to do only with that art which was begotten of the Christian thought of the ages of faith—or, according to the enlightened of our days—of "*the fanaticism and superstition of the dark ages*."

Amongst the works of Durer's latter period, may be enumerated a series of wood-engravings of the date of 1522, representing the Emperor Maximilian's triumphal car; also engravings of Cardinal Albert of Brandenburg, the Elector Frederic the Wise, Pirckheimer, Melancthon, and Erasmus. In the Bettendorf collection, at Aix-la-chapelle, is a painting produced in the year 1525. It is but a poor imitation of Raphael's style—not that of his early and Christian period, but of the period of his paganism. In 1523, he appears to have made an effort to recover his early manner in an altar-piece which he painted, the centre of which is now in Cologne Cathedral. His last works, which are in his new manner, are now in the Munich Gallery. They are paintings of SS. Peter, Paul, John, and Mark, and were executed as a gift to his native city.

Contemporaneous with his change of style in art, Durer seems to have adopted some of the heretical notions of his times; at least from some passages in his journal, he appears to have sympathized with the apostles of the desolating heresy which was then beginning to raise its head. Some writers have gone so far as to call his paintings of SS. Peter, Paul, &c., "the first works of Protestant art;" a term, which we are certain sounds as strangely in the ears of these religionists, as in those of Catholics. Protestantism in art seems to us an impossibility by reason of the negative character of that creed. "Every religion," says Montalembert, "which partakes not of the nature of sectarianism, as Protestantism does, has always bestowed life and energy on that art which served as its organ—speaking its language to the imaginations and the hearts of its children, teaching its dogmas by venerated and delightful imagery, and investing its rites and ceremonies with an attraction at once mysterious and popular. This has been done by the Hindoos, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Mexicans—by the Catholic religion also, but with an unrivalled power and magnificence."

In his journal of the date, Whitsuntide, 1521, he sympathises with the "godly man (Martin Luther) who is indeed enlightened by the Holy Ghost, and a follower of the true Christian faith," and adds some bitter censures on the "unchristian Popery, which strives to fetter Christian liberty with the incumbrance of human ordinances;" and "the blind doctrine which those men called 'the fathers,' have imagined and set forth." Luther was at this time, by the connivance of his friend and supporter, Frederick, Elector of Saxony, concealed in the castle of Wirtzburg, disguised as a knight, in order to preserve him from the apprehended violence of some of his enemies. Durer, supposing him to be killed, thus laments his death and beseeches Erasmus to continue the work which Luther had begun—"And is Luther dead? Who henceforth will so clearly explain to us the Gospel? Alas! what might he not have written for us in ten or twenty years. Aid me, all pious Christians, to bewail this man of heavenly mind, and to pray that God may send us another as divinely enlightened. Where, O Erasmus, wilt thou remain? Behold, now, how the tyranny of might and the power of darkness prevail. Hear, thou champion of Christ? Ride forward, defend the truth, and deserve the martyr's crown, for thou are already an old man." Erasmus however was deaf to this entreaty, and modestly declined the honour of martyrdom in the cause, by saying that—"his gift did not lie that way, and that he had as little taste for martyrdom as he had for fish."

Durer's course was now run, and in the fifty-seventh year of his age, worn down with domestic afflictions and worldly turmoil, he passed from this life on the 6th of April, 1528. His fellow citizens mourned over him, and his faithful friend, Bilibaldus Pirckheymer, was almost inconsolable. He was buried in St. John's church, Nuremberg, and a brass plate bearing the following inscription, marked his grave:

"Mem. Alb. Durer, quicquid Alberti Dureri mortale fuit sub hoc conditur tumulo: emigravit viii Id. Aprilis mdxxviii."

It is unquestionable that the wicked temper of his wife had rendered poor Durer's latter days miserable, and hastened his death. She appears to have been extremely avaricious, and to have urged the artist to incessant toil, in order that as much money as possible might be accumulated for her before his death. Her sitting-room was under the *studio* of her husband, and she was accustomed, whenever she suspected he was not plying his vocation with sufficient activity, to give a warning knock against the ceiling, which, if not effective, was followed by the "sweet music of her tongue." The following passages from a letter addressed by Pirckheymer to Johann Tscherte, an architect residing at Vienna, and a friend of Durer's, give some notion of the opinion entertained of this woman by her husband's friends.

"I have indeed lost in Albert one of the best friends I had on earth; and nothing pains me more than the thought of his death having been so melancholy, which, next to the will of Providence, I can ascribe to no one but his wife, for she fretted him as much and tasked him so hard, that he departed sooner than he otherwise would. He was dried up like a bundle of straw; durst never enjoy himself, or enter into company. This bad woman, moreover, was anxious about that for which she had no occasion to take heed—she urged him to labour day and night, solely that he might earn money, even at the cost of his life, and leave it to her; she was content to live despised as she

does still, provided Albert might leave her six thousand guilders. But she cannot enjoy them; the sum of the matter is, she alone has been the cause of his death. I have often expostulated with her about her fretful, jealous conduct, and warned her what the consequence would be, but have only met with reproach. To the friends and sincere well wishers of Albert, she was sure to be the enemy; while such conduct was to him a cause of exceeding grief, and contributed to bring him to the grave. I have not seen her since his death: she will have nothing to say to me, although I have on many occasions rendered her great service. Whoever contradicts, or gives not way to her in all things is sure to incur her enmity: I am, therefore, better pleased that she should keep herself away."

Albert Durer wrote many books in German, which, during his life and after his death, were translated into Latin, and published in various parts of Europe. Amongst them may be mentioned—"De Symmetria Partium in rectis formis Humanorum Corporum," Nuremberg, 1532, Paris, 1557—"Institutiones Geometricæ," Paris, 1532—"De urbibus, arcibus, castellisque condendis et muniendis," Paris, 1531—"De varietate Figurarum et flecturis Partium et gestibus Imaginum," Nuremberg, 1534. He had many pupils, amongst whom was John Schorel, a Hollander, who afterwards became painter and architect to Pope Adrian VI.

Since the commencement of the revival of ecclesiastical art in England and on the continent, many of Durer's works have been reproduced in various forms. Amongst others, a stained-glass window has been restored in the chapel of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, after an engraving of "Christ washing his disciples' feet." It is greatly to be desired that reprints of some of his works were introduced to this country; especially of such subjects as the "Passion of Christ," and "Life of the Blessed Virgin." The wretched daubs that disfigure many of our country chapels, and even some of our more pretending suburban churches, under the name of the "Stations of the Cross," &c., are nothing more nor less than scandalous. They cannot possibly excite devotion in the hearts of the most simple and uneducated; they are painful to the pious and well-informed, and subjects of ridicule to the unbeliever or sceptic. Good engravings might really be brought out at the same price as these wretched daubs, if those interested would only buy them, and if some individual or number of individuals would take the risk. The Art Unions pretend to labour in extending a popular love of art: we are convinced if they published good reprints of religious subjects that would serve for the humble chapel, the farm-house, and the cabin, they would do more to popularize the fine arts in one year, than they have done by all the prints published since the commencement of their existence. The mere connoisseurs in the arts could not reasonably object to Christian subjects, as there is no danger of the "Man of Sin" ensnaring such enlightened people by the aid of the fine arts; and the representation of a Christian legend or tradition ought, one would think, to be as acceptable, as a picture, as one descriptive of some part of heathen mythology. In a word, Art Unions have yet to learn that there can be no national art but that which is based upon the religious sentiments of our people; as, happily, Catholicism is the deepest and most permanent feeling of the Irish heart.

Reminiscences of the Irish Mission.

THE FAVOURITE CHILD.—A TALE FOR CHRISTMAS.

(Concluded.)

"YOU may remember, my dear father," continued Mary Ann, "that on returning from a very long walk, about three months ago, I was obliged to go to bed; and that I was in so excited and feverish a condition that you thought it necessary to procure medical assistance as speedily as possible. That was the unhappy day of my wedding. On the very next morning, Mary brought me a letter from Brown, requesting that I would meet him in the same part of the demesne as formerly, as he had matters of the utmost moment to communicate to me. I shall never forget the thrill which ran through my bosom on reading the concluding words, 'your affectionate husband—W.B.' I burst into a flood of tears, tore the letter, trampled it under my feet, and cast the fragments into the fire. 'Go,' said I to the girl, 'and tell the base and dishonourable scoundrel that I now know him, and that I will never speak to him, or receive a letter from him again.' This message was faithfully delivered by Mary, and he had penetration enough to perceive that she had thoroughly repented of the part which she had formerly acted, and that she was now entirely devoted to me. She acted like a true woman, and when she had once taken her side, neither Brown's bribes nor her father's threats, nor even blows could make her change it. She carried Brown's letters to me indeed—for this she was compelled to do, lest they should be sent through some less safe channel, and fall into your hands—but she also brought them back to him unopened. When this had occurred several times, he suddenly left the neighbourhood, and Mary did not see him for more than three weeks. It was evidently his opinion, that during this period my indignation against him, for the injury which he had inflicted upon me, would have passed away, or would at least have been so far moderated as to induce me to receive his letters, and in a short time to grant him an interview. He was mistaken, for the letter which he sent me after the expiration of this time was returned like the previous ones, unopened. This rendered him furious, and, despairing of success by gentle means, he sent me back a verbal message to the effect that if I did not meet him on the very next day he would disclose the whole matter to you. I knew, and both Susan and Mary agreed with me, that he would execute his threat, and that I must either see him, or prepare myself at once to encounter your anger. Susan bravely advised the latter, offering to take upon herself as much of the blame as possible; but I was too pusillanimous to follow her counsel, and Mary agreed with me. On one thing, however, we were all unanimously resolved, that I should never meet him in any place where assistance would not be at hand, in case he should attempt to carry me off by force. I, therefore, consented to speak to him through a window for four or five minutes, on the next night, in the presence of the two girls. Even though Mary assured me that there was no one with him but her father, I would not allow Brown to approach the window until Susan had gone out and ascertained the same fact. When she had satisfied herself that there was no other person near, she returned into the room, and then Brown came to the window. Until Susan took

my place, I sat with my hand on the cord of the alarm bell, which you had caused to be put in your own bed-chamber, when I came to sleep in this secluded part of the house, on my recovery from the fever. Susan then took my place, and I went within about three yards of the open window to speak to Brown. He knew perfectly well that if he made the slightest attempt to enter the apartment Susan would sound the alarm, and consequently that he could gain nothing but the chance of being mistaken for a housebreaker and shot. Mary sat at the door which communicated with the drawing-room, with a dark lantern in her hand. Her business was to listen and give notice if she heard the slightest noise in the house. This was an exceedingly useful arrangement, for if Brown attempted to prolong the interview beyond eight or ten minutes she declared that she thought she heard some one, and Susan threatened to ring if he did not leave instantly. He always found it necessary to comply, for he knew that his life was at stake, but although he attempted to smother his rage in my presence, in the hope that he would ultimately succeed, Mary told me she had learned from her father that he used to rave like a madman at being thus foiled by a woman, whom, like an idiot, he had allowed to escape when he had her completely in his power.

"Nearly ten weeks have elapsed since the first of these interviews took place, and notwithstanding all his threats and entreaties, he has obtained but four more, each of which was commenced, conducted, and concluded precisely in the same manner as that which I have described. After Brown's departure, I always fell upon my knees, and wept and prayed for hours, beseeching my Heavenly Father to deliver me from the evils with which my own folly had encompassed me. And I take God to witness that, with all my waywardness, I was more afflicted by the fear of bringing down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, than by all my own sufferings. O, father! father!" she continued, clasping the old man's hand, on which her hot tears trickled, "my heart is broken—you shall never again hear the merry laugh which gave you so much delight. My only hope of rest is in the grave, and happiness in heaven; and my only prayer to you is, that you will forgive your erring child, and that your hands will close her eyes when death shall have relieved her from her sufferings."

"God knows," said the old man, "that the sweetest dream of my life has been, that the last prayer of my departing spirit should be to invoke a blessing upon the head of my darling child. And, oh! how constantly have I entreated the Almighty that your hands might smooth my dying pillow, and that your breath might fan my aching temples, gentle and pure as the breeze of an angel's wing. I always thought that your death would kill me, but I now tell you that I would rather see you dead at my feet, than behold you as you are—the wife of that villain who has betrayed you."

"Oh! Father," she exclaimed, "I swear that I will never——"

"Stop," cried the old man, "I command you to make neither oath nor promise. Go to bed, as I will also, to seek a little rest. In the morning I shall command my sons to leave this matter for the present entirely in my hands, and I shall also desire the family to seek no explanation from you, as I know it all, and will, at a proper time, acquaint them with it. When I shall have satisfactorily arranged these things, I shall immediately go to Father Ned, who was the

messenger sent here by heaven, when, on a former occasion, we were also in deep affliction on your account. He, like a true minister of the Gospel, warned us that we were ruining you, although he knew that he would thereby forfeit our friendship. It may be that God will make him once more the messenger of glad tidings, and at all events, I wish to show him that I am an altered man, that I now know and appreciate his truth, and that in this hour of trial it is in him I wish to repose my confidence."

Mary Ann eagerly seconded her father's proposal, and the result was Mr. O'Halloran's visit to me.

I went to Father John's bed-chamber, and without permitting him to rise, briefly repeated what Mr. O'Halloran had told me, and asked his advice as to how I should act, under all the circumstances. He said as there was no free consent, it was quite clear that there was no marriage either in law or in conscience, and consequently that Miss O'Halloran was perfectly at liberty to break of all connexion with Brown; but that it would be extremely imprudent to make this known to either of the parties until I had ascertained the exact state of their feelings. He did not doubt Miss O'Halloran's statement in the least particular, but at the same time he observed that she appeared to be a complete creature of impulse, that she was at present so overwhelmed by remorse that she did not understand her own feelings, and that as she had at one time freely consented to marry Brown, and had even forged a letter to effect this object, it was quite impossible not to believe that she entertained some affection for him. Moreover, although he did not entertain the slightest doubt but that she was innocent, he said that she had acted with great imprudence, and that an uncharitable world would most certainly put the very worst construction upon her actions. In fine, considering the stain which her character had received, the improbability that any respectable person would seek to make her his wife, the likelihood that, if the match were broken off now, both herself and her family would afterwards regret it, he gave it as his opinion, that no decisive step should be taken at present, and that if Brown conducted himself for a time so as to afford hopes that he would be a good husband, the best thing, perhaps, that could be done would be to have them married validly and legally.

These were precisely my own sentiments also, and I set out to Mr. O'Halloran's house, determined to follow, as far as practicable, the line of conduct pointed out by Father John, without, however, refusing their due weight to the desires and inclinations of the family, and especially of Mary Ann herself.

She was sitting on a couch when I arrived, supported by pillows, and so changed, that if I had seen her in any other place, I should not have known her. The bright eyes were dull and heavy, her face was deadly pale, and her delicate hands were of that transparent whiteness which is observable in those who are in an advanced stage of consumption. But all those blighting changes in the appearance of the beautiful girl struck me less forcibly than the absence of those dear friends who had formerly watched over her with so much anxiety and tenderness. Neither mother, brother, nor sister were with her; even Susan, her faithful attendant, had been dismissed, in spite of her tears, and a strange nurse sat by her bed-side, and watched over her. Oh! what a terrible havoc one thoughtless indiscretion will make of the affections of those who loved us most dearly. They feel that the hoarded love

of years has been squandered on an unworthy object, and they are indignant to find the rich treasures of the heart so hopelessly wasted. And is not this both just and natural? Novelists often complain of the restraint which parents exercise over the affections of their children, but they forget to mention how often the children abandon those who have loved them from their infancy, to cast themselves away upon some worthless object.

Mary Ann O'Halloran was afflicted beyond expression by the abandonment of her relations, but most of all by that of her sister Julia. They had always been inseparable companions, they had loved each other most tenderly, and Mary Ann was in a manner worshipped by her elder sister. Indeed, it is certain that had it not been for the long absence from home of Julia, who was attending on a sick aunt, the connexion with Brown would never have been formed. She felt a kind of presentiment of evil when she took leave of her sister, and as she pressed her to her heart, she said to her,

"Mary Ann, promise me that you will not forget me, nor love any one more than me, till I return."

"Julia," replied her sister, "I shall never forget you, nor love any one so dearly as I love you."

After these words the girls parted, and when Julia returned, about a fortnight before my arrival, she found her sister strangely altered in her looks and manner. She vainly strove to gain her confidence, and from pitying her first on account of her evident unhappiness, she began to be hurt by her coldness. Poor Mary Ann longed to open her heart to her sister, and had only been prevented from doing so through the fear of losing her affection, and when her father set out for me, she sent for that loving sister, to weep upon her breast, and to make her the sharer of all her sorrows. A message, however, was brought back by the strange nurse, who was now the only attendant of the afflicted girl, that Miss O'Halloran could not see her at present. Oh! how this idol was cast down by its former worshippers. This cruel refusal was the death-knell of her hopes, for she now felt that even that gentle breast, in whose sweet and constant affection she could alone hope to take refuge from the scorn of the world, was estranged from her. It is not wonderful, therefore, that on my present visit, I found her as unwilling to live as she had been formerly unwilling to die, and that the world appeared to her now as full of falsehood and misery as it had formerly appeared to be the abode of truth and happiness. Deeply afflicted as I was by the misfortunes of this beautiful girl, I could not but rejoice at her humility and resignation. I saw that she at length put her whole trust in God, and that she loved Him with all her heart.

Although Susan Gorman had been dismissed, she did not abandon the service of her young mistress. She sought out Brown, informed him of what had occurred, and told him that if he had one spark of manly feeling he would write instantly to Mr. O'Halloran, that he was ready honorably to fulfil his contract with Mary Ann. Brown did write that he was ready to meet Mr. O'Halloran or any person whom he might choose, to explain how matters stood between himself and Miss Mary Ann O'Halloran, or as he should more correctly call her, Mrs. Brown; and that he was ready to do everything which the friends of the young lady might consider necessary. Mr. O'Halloran found this letter on his arrival, and I was summoned to be present at a solemn family consultation on its contents,

the only person excluded from which was the one who was chiefly interested in the result. Julia, indeed, was also absent, but this was owing to indisposition.

At this conference, Mr. O'Halloran's two sons insisted vehemently that the marriage should be legally solemnized without the least delay, that the honour of the family was at stake, and that their sister must now abide by the choice which she had made. Their mother joined them in opinion, and almost silenced her husband, who had declared that his child's inclinations should not be forced, by asking him, if he thought it quite right to deprive a man of his wedded wife? I did not interfere, until my opinion was asked, and then, without mentioning the fact of the nullity of the marriage, I urged a little delay, not to ascertain the girl's inclinations (for I saw that this would have no weight), but to allow Brown time to reform his conduct; as to marry the girl to him at present, would be to deliver her up to certain misery and destruction.

"She should have thought of that," said her brother George, "before she became his wife, but now, as the old proverb has it, 'as she has made her bed, so must she lie down.'"

The poor girl, who had feared that this would be the decision of the family, had besought me in the most earnest and passionate manner to save her from Brown, and that she would not trouble them many weeks, as she felt that she could not survive her present affliction.

"Oh!" said she, "let me not be delivered up to that man, who has destroyed my peace in this world, and would blight my hopes of happiness in the next."

It is strange that at this time, when her mother and brothers looked upon her as a disgrace to them, and when even her father, who still loved her, was almost afraid to say a word in defence of his "Favourite Child," she appeared to me far more amiable than at any former period. Affliction had at once purified her of all her selfish and less amiable qualities, and it would have been impossible not to have been moved by the sight of the beautiful girl, all whose past follies now rushed upon her like an army of demons, and who was left in this her deep distress without a single friend to share her sorrows, or to speak one word of consolation. I, therefore, became her champion—pronounced the marriage null before both God and man, and appealed to Mr. O'Halloran not to allow his child to be sacrificed for an indiscretion of which they had been themselves the undoubted cause. The young men and their mother declared that this only made matters worse, and rendered the performance of the ceremony more urgent. It was ultimately resolved that Brown should be instantly communicated with, and that he should be requested to acquaint his family, who were then on the continent, with what had happened, with the view of having the preliminaries arranged and the marriage solemnized as speedily as possible.

This course, which Mr. O'Halloran peremptorily insisted on, ensured considerable delay—although it rendered the marriage certain, for old Mr. Brown was too upright a man, and Mary Ann was too much beloved by him and his family, to allow it to be doubted for a moment that he would cheerfully consent to the marriage. The old man came with me to visit his daughter, and, having embraced her tenderly, he went to his study to write to young Brown, leaving me to communicate to her the result of our deliberations.

I saw at once that something had occurred which greatly comforted the poor sufferer, for although there were still tears upon her cheeks, a sweet smile had taken the place of that look of utter desolation which had marked her countenance when I last saw her. As soon as her father left the room, she covered her face with her hands and wept profusely. Still I saw that this was a gush of affection rather than of sorrow.

"What is the matter," said I.

"Oh!" she replied, "dear Julia has been here, and loves me as tenderly as ever. I shall now die happy, since I have not lost the love of my darling sister. But my folly has made her very ill, and she can come here only by stealth, for my mother and brothers have prohibited her."

She was, however, greatly afflicted when I told her that she must make up her mind to marry Brown.

"Heavenly Father," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "take me to thyself out of this sinful world, and do not permit me to be again led away from thee. Save me, O Lord, from becoming the slave of this man who would peril the salvation of my immortal soul."

I strove to comfort her in the best manner that I was able, told her to put her trust in her Saviour, and to ask the intercession of his Virgin Mother. Moreover, as the marriage was now resolved upon, I succeeded in reconciling the whole family to Mary Ann, and even in getting faithful Susan restored to her service. On Saturday morning I was obliged to set out for Father John's parish, in order to take my share of the duties of Sunday, but I promised to return early in the ensuing week.

The time which would seal the girl's fate for life, perhaps for eternity, came on apace. Mr. Brown was delighted at the prospect of a marriage which he hoped would be the means of reforming his son; he promised to make as large a settlement as possible upon him, and signified his own intention, as well as that of his whole family, to be present at the wedding.

No expense was spared, by Mr. O'Halloran, to deck out the bride with extraordinary splendour. The carpets were covered with silks, satins, laces, and other precious materials, and the little toilet-table of Mary Ann's dressing-room sparkled with jewellery. The bustle of preparation seemed to have completely chased away the dark cloud which, for some time past, had hung over the family. The servants thought their new gowns delightful; the bridesmaids, Julia and her bosom friend, Harriet Manning, thought their dresses exceedingly pretty and becoming, and the contagious gaiety of the young people infected, more or less, even the senior members of the family. But how did Mary Ann feel amid all these preparations for a festival which was to be celebrated in her honour? Like the poor fellow who, finding that he could not prevent himself from being carried over the falls of Niagara, calmly pulled his cloak around him, and met his fate without a struggle. She received Brown, who was now a constant visiter at the house, with a mingled sensation of terror, abhorrence, and disgust, which she struggled in vain to conceal. She retired to her room after their interviews, and, with tearful eyes, and on bended knees, besought God to take her out of the world, rather than permit her to become this man's wife. But she felt that if He did not save her she had no resource but to unite herself to Brown, in bonds which ought to be the links of love and of happiness, but which, alas! are often the chains of sla-

very and wretchedness. She believed that her own folly and indiscretion had rendered it necessary for her to sacrifice herself for the peace and honour of her family, and she determined not to shrink from her duty. At first she succeeded in hiding her sorrow and despair, so as to deceive even Susan and her sister. But as the time for her wedding drew near, her fortitude forsook her, and she gave way before these two faithful friends to passionate fits of weeping.

"Julia, my love," said she, kissing her sister, "I often think now of the happy times when you and I used to wander out together in the early spring, and weave garlands of the sweet violet and the modest primrose. When I am buried, I would like that you and Susan would sometimes visit me in the cold and lonely church-yard, and cast some wild flowers on my grave."

The girls could only answer with their tears. But when Julia recovered from her emotion, she started up and declared that she would instantly go to her father, and tell him that he must forbid a marriage which was breaking her sister's heart. Mary Ann stopped her by saying: "Dear Julia, you surely would not betray the weaknesses of your poor unfortunate sister. Do you not see how I conceal my feelings before my father, and how I strive to smile when he remarks my sunken cheeks and hollow eyes? No, dearest, I am in the hands of God, and if He pleases, He can take me out of this world before the time fixed for my marriage; but if He leaves me here, my only consolation will be to atone, as far as I am able, by this marriage, for the unhappiness which I have caused my family, and for the sorrow which I have brought upon my father's gray hairs."

Every person in the house, indeed, now saw that the "Favourite Child" was drooping her fair head like a tender flower, and yet no one made the slightest effort to save her. This was, most probably, owing to the conduct of William Brown. He seemed all at once to have reformed his life. He abandoned his lewd companions, drunken brawls, and cock-fighting, visited Mr. O'Halloran's two or three times in the week, and went to Mass regularly every Sunday. "He had not," he admitted, "quite made up his mind on religious matters, but, by gad, he thought the old religion the best, especially as it was the one which Mary Ann professed." Old Mr. Brown was delighted at the reformation in his son's morals, "and as to his being a Catholic," he said, "I have not the slightest objection to that." Mr. O'Halloran and his family thought that all this change in the reckless youth proved the depth of his devotion to Mary Ann, and that he would be a kind and devoted husband. They therefore concluded, and not unnaturally, that the girl's grief would not long survive her marriage, and that she had as fair a prospect of happiness as the average of those who enter for better or worse into matrimony. But Mary Ann herself never participated, for a moment, in these feelings; she believed truly that Brown's reformation was only a pretence, that she was herself a doomed victim, and like Jephte's daughter, she did not shrink from the sacrifice.

Mr. Brown had been making some repairs in his house during the absence of his family, so that even William, who alone remained in the country, but seldom lived at home, for he had taken lodgings in the town of —, which was about twelve miles distant. Latterly, however, he frequently made a visit of a few days at a time to Mr. O'Halloran's. On one of those

occasions he had come on Sunday to stay until Monday morning, when he was to proceed to town to meet his family, who were to arrive there on that day; in which case the marriage was to be solemnized on the following Tuesday. If any accident should delay Mr. Brown and his family, the young man was to apprise the O'Halloran's by special message. After dinner on Sunday, when Brown and the old man were alone over their wine, the latter said:

"William, you did not come in time for Mass to-day."

"No, but I heard Mass in town."

"Oh! very well. I have consulted my lawyer about your marriage with Mary Ann, and I find that it must be solemnized in church to render it legally valid."

"Hang it," said the young man, "that is very hard as we are both Catholics. Besides, the minister cannot bear the sight of me since my conversion; and I hope you will not insist on this, as you know it to be totally unnecessary."

"I know no such thing, Sir," replied the old man, indignantly, "and I can assure you that Mary Ann will either be your wife according to the laws of the land, or she will not be your wife at all. I demand to know, this instant, your intentions on this point."

"My intentions on this point, as well as upon every other, are to do all that you shall require. Have I not sufficiently shown you by my whole conduct, that my sole desire is to make Mary Ann my happy and contented wife?"

"If I did not think so," said Mr. O'Halloran, "I would sacrifice my property and life, rather than give her to you."

Just at this moment a servant entered, with a letter for Brown. He turned deadly pale on seeing the superscription. Fortunately for him, however, Mr. O'Halloran was too much absorbed by his own thoughts to notice his emotion. He put the letter into his pocket without breaking the seal, and then asked how it had been brought?

"By your own servant," replied the man, "who wishes to see you instantly."

Excusing himself to the old man, Brown went out, and held a hurried conference with his servant, who evidently considered the intelligence of great importance, for he had travelled from town as fast as a fleet horse could carry him. The communication excited Brown very much also, for ordering his own horse to be got ready, and telling his servant to go before him at a swift pace, with his jaded steed, and that he would soon overtake him, he returned into the parlour, and begged Mr. O'Halloran to excuse him to the ladies, as he must depart instantly on business of the last importance.

"I hope nothing unpleasant has happened," said the old man.

"Something very unpleasant, indeed," replied Brown, "but I hope to be able to prevent it. That little property which I am about to purchase with Mary Ann's fortune and my own, and where I hope to make her a happy home during her life, is in danger of being bought up by a speculator, and my lawyer has written for me to go town without any delay."

Mr. O'Halloran's sons, who had retired shortly after the ladies, in order to afford their father an opportunity of conversing alone with Brown, now returned to the parlour, and asked their father the cause of that gentleman's abrupt departure. He told them it was a letter from his lawyer.

"That is strange," said the elder of the young men, "for Donnelly, who brought it in, told me that the superscription was in a lady's hand-writing."

"Oh!" replied his father, who was now satisfied that young Brown would act honourably, "Donnelly is but a poor judge of such matters, and besides the lawyer may have desired his wife or daughter to write the superscription for him."

"I confess," said the younger of the boys, "I have been told a great deal of evil concerning Brown, which I have endeavoured not to believe, but I think he knows us well enough not to dare to play us false, or to trifle with us."

Brown very soon overtook his servant, whom he commanded to put his horse to his speed, and accompany him. The man said it would kill the poor animal.

"D—n you and him," cried Brown, "is not that my loss, and not yours? Do as I order you."

They rode furiously until they reached the town, and then Brown, dismounting, and throwing the reins to the servant, told him to get some person whom he could trust, to look after the horses, and to follow him immediately to a certain hotel. The master arrived there first, and immediately enquired for a lady. He was shown into a private room, where he found the person whom he expected, attended by a maid servant, who had a child of about six months old in her arms.

"Why, in the devil's name, have you come here at this time," he exclaimed, as soon as the door was shut, "to ruin both yourself and me? Did you not know that I would go back to you as soon as I could get something to keep us from starving?"

"Oh! William," said the lady, who spoke English very correctly, although she was evidently a foreigner, "can you wonder that, when I am cast off by all the world on your account, I should come to you to seek for protection. When I became your wife, in Switzerland, two years ago, I enjoyed a lucrative and pleasant situation of governess in Lord H——'s family, and I had loving parents ever ready to receive me with open arms. But as soon as Lady H—— saw that I was *enciente*, she dismissed me with insults, treating my marriage as a fiction, and my parents refused to admit me into their house. I need not repeat, for you already know from my letters, the sufferings and the want which I have endured, I might have borne this myself, but when I saw your own child starving, when for months you neither came nor wrote to me, I felt, like Agar in the wilderness, as if I and my little one must perish. At that time, however, I met with an angel in human form. I saw a party of English travellers who had just arrived, and as there were several young ladies with them, and I spoke English well, I followed them to the inn where they stopped, and applied to them to engage me as governess. They refused, and I began to weep bitterly. A young officer, who was of the party, seeming to take pity on me, I related to him my story, without, however, violating your commands never to mention your name until you gave me permission. After I had ended, he conversed for a short time with the others in a low tone, and then the mother of the young ladies said that she was going to remain for a short time in Switzerland, and that if I engaged with her, she would take me with her to Ireland (to which country the whole party belonged) and that when we arrived there, she would supply me with the means of proceeding to

any part of the kingdom I pleased. I was but a very short time in this lady's employment until I discovered that she was your mother, that the elderly gentleman who accompanied her was your father, and that the young gentlemen and ladies, a portion of whom were under my care, were your brothers and sisters. The family intended to have remained some weeks in Switzerland after I joined them, and I was about to write to you, to acquaint you with the situation which I held in your family, and to ask your advice as to how I should act, but I was prevented by a most unexpected announcement from Mr. Brown—that we must prepare to set out for Ireland immediately. You may imagine with what anguish I learned from one of your sisters that you were about to be married to the most beautiful young lady she had ever seen, and that the family were hurrying home, to be present at the nuptials. I tore the half-written letter which I was about to send you, and became more eager for the journey than any of my companions. I believe I have been the cause of our arriving here a day earlier than we expected. As soon as the family reached a hotel, they sent to enquire if you were in town, but were informed that you had gone to Mr. O'Halloran's, whose daughter you were about to marry. When I heard this, I almost fainted, but no one present had the slightest idea of the cause of my emotion. This incident fortunately enabled me to excuse myself from accompanying the family to church in the evening, and as soon as I was left alone, I sent for your servant, who, I understood, was in town, and when he came to me, I gave him the note, which he took to you, to Mr. O'Halloran's; and I told him at the same time that if he valued your life, he would carry it to you without a moment's delay. He was impressed by the wildness of my manner, by my foreign appearance, and, doubtless, also by the knowledge that I had come in the company of your family, and he promised at once to execute my commands in the manner I desired. I then obtained from him the name of this hotel, which he said was the most private in town, and desired him to tell you, that you would find me here. And now," she continued, taking her child in her arms, and throwing herself on her knees, "I beseech you not to desert your poor wife, and your infant child in a strange land. Oh! William, if you knew how devotedly I have loved you, how I have cherished your image in my heart, and how you have been the object of my thoughts, day and night, you would not abandon me for any other."

"Amelie," said Brown, "I never before had any intention of abandoning you, but I swear by the living G—d, that I will do so now, and for ever, if you do not obey me. It is just nine o'clock, there is a ship to sail for England in half an hour, and you must go back in that ship, and remain at B—— until I join you. This will not be longer than a fortnight at most, and here is money to support you and your child."

"I cannot go, indeed," said his wife, "for when I left the hotel where your family are stopping, I gave the waiter a note for Mrs. Brown, saying that I had only gone out for a walk, which I thought would do me good, and as I must see my kind friends before my departure, I cannot possibly leave town to-night."

"We shall see that, by G——" said he, and he rang the bell violently. When the waiter appeared, he asked if his own servant had arrived, and being answered in the affirmative, desired him to be sent up. To him he whispered a few words, and then changing

his manner, advanced to console his wife, by assuring her that although his family wished him to marry Mary Ann O'Halloran, he would not, and could not do so, as he had already a lawful wife; but that it was absolutely necessary for her to leave the country for a little time, as his father was about to settle a handsome fortune on him; whereas if he found out his marriage, he would most indubitably disinherit him, and thus consign both himself and his wife and children, to hopeless beggary. He proceeded in this strain until his servant returned, and then desired his wife and the maid to follow him, bringing with them the child and whatever else belonged to them. They did so, but his wife told him firmly, as they went down stairs, that nothing would induce her to steal away like a guilty wretch, without taking leave of her kind friends; but she promised to depart as early as he pleased in the morning.

He made no reply, but when they had reached the inn-yard, attempted, with the aid of his servant, to thrust her into a chaise which had been evidently ordered to take her away to the ship. She resisted, and called loudly for help. Brown became furious as a demon, and struck her so violently on the face that it was soon covered with blood. She uttered a loud scream, and fainted in the arms of the servant.

"Throw her into the chaise," cried Brown, fiercely, "and you will follow her," seizing the maid, "unless you wish to be served in the same manner."

"Hold," cried a young man who had just rode into the yard, and had witnessed the cowardly blow, and heard the scream, as he was dismounting from his horse, "no person with the feelings of a man would strike a woman in that way."

"I say," said Brown, "he must be an impudent puppy who meddles in my affairs."

"And I say," retorted the other, "he must be a brute who can act as you have done."

Brown replied by a blow, and the stranger returned it with such interest that his antagonist measured his length upon the pavement. Brown's servant struck the young man with his whip—but he instantly lay beside his master. When Brown got up, he would doubtless have renewed the combat, if the screams of the maid had not, by this time, gathered a crowd from the inn and the street, who prevented a renewal of the strife. Every one was enquiring of his neighbour the cause of the uproar, which none seemed able to explain, and Brown, taking advantage of the confusion, leaped into the carriage, where the lady still lay insensible, and ordered the postilion to drive away for his life, and to trample down any one who obstructed his progress. But his very touch seemed to restore the lady to consciousness, and uttering, in a wild and piercing shriek, the words "save me! save me!" she attempted to get out of the carriage. But she was instantly held down violently, and her cries stifled. The horses dashed off at full speed, and, as generally happens on such occasions, some well-meaning persons were holding the innocent party, whilst the guilty was left at liberty. But when the stranger heard the scream, and saw the horses starting, he became possessed of almost superhuman strength, and bursting from his captors, in whose hands he left several shreds of his garments, he reached the carriage by a few bounds, and seized one of the horses by the head. Finding that he could not stop the horses, and that he was in danger of falling, on account of the rapidity with which he was dragged along, he drew a large

key out of his pocket, and commanded the driver, who was whipping violently, to pull up, or he was a dead man. Fortunately, the postilion mistook the key for a pistol (for it was now dark), and having suddenly stopped the horses, leaped to the ground, and ran away, declaring that he would not lose his life between them. Before Brown could get out of the carriage, and shut in the lady, who struggled violently to free herself, the stranger had cut the traces. To escape was now impossible, and the crowd, which had again surrounded the carriage, demanded that the lady should be let out. At this moment, a gentleman came up, and saying that he was a magistrate, demanded the cause of the uproar. At sight of this person, for by this time torches and lanterns had been brought, young Brown seemed very like a person who was about to sneak away, but the gentleman happening to see him, cried out:

"Why, God bless me, William, I thought you were at Mr. O'Halloran's. How are you," he continued, shaking his son warmly by the hand (for it was old Mr. Brown).

Before he could receive any answer, the lady, who had by this time got out of the carriage, rushed up to him, and seizing him by the arm, implored him to save her from that man.

"What villain has done this?" cried the old man, when he saw the lady's face and dress covered with blood.

"It was your own son, my husband, O God! that I should have to call a devil incarnate by that name. But I renounce him from this moment. I thought he would have smothered me in the carriage, and he swore the most frightful oaths that he would murder me if I ever again crossed his path. Oh, Sir, have pity on me, for I am alone in a strange land."

"Why," said the old man, "we have been searching for you during the last two hours. But come with me now, and I will have this affair thoroughly investigated, for if your statement be true, that is the greatest villain"—he was about to say more, but on looking for his son, he found that he had disappeared.

When young Brown had perceived that all was discovered, he sought the stranger, who had gone to the outside of the crowd with the evident intention of avoiding the old gentleman, and when he had found him, said in a low tone:

"You know me, Frederick?"

"Of course I know you now, William; but I did not know you in the dark."

"That was quite natural, for six years make a great change in boys. I did not know, in the dark, who my assailant was; and if I had not heard of your return about three weeks ago, I might not have recognized you now. I was formerly your sworn friend, I am now your deadly enemy, and nothing but your life will satisfy my revenge. Where can you be found in half an hour?"

"In the inn where we met to-night; but I have no notion of duelling with you, or with any one else, for I have no right either to take away your life, or to give you mine."

"Then, by H——, I will horsewhip you in the public streets."

This stranger who had rescued Amelie, was the same young man who had been the means of first introducing her into Mr. Brown's family, although on the present occasion she had not recognized him, or rather she had not seen him. His name was Fre-

derick Manning, and his sister, Harriet Manning, was the young lady whom we have already mentioned as Julia O'Halloran's bosom friend, and who was to be one of the bride-maids at Mary Ann O'Halloran's wedding. Mrs. Manning was still living, but her husband had died many years ago, leaving her an ample fortune, and two children, a son and a daughter. He had been a distinguished officer in the army, and his son, although only thirteen years of age when his father died, had yet heard from him of battles, "and longed to follow to the field some warlike lord." His mother, after trying in vain to persuade him to abandon the intention of encountering the perils of the field, purchased for him an ensign's commission, in his nineteenth year. He soon after joined his regiment, which he accompanied to India, and fought with distinguished bravery in the wars against Tippoo Sultan. After remaining nearly six years in the east, and obtaining the rank of captain, his health became somewhat impaired, and as peace was now restored in that part of the world, it was thought advisable for him to return to Europe. On his way home, he had met Mr. Brown and his family, who were old and valued friends of his, and they had induced him to accompany them in a brief tour through Switzerland, in order that he might see the wonders of that glorious and romantic country. He remained with them but a short time, for he was impatient, he said, to see his mother and sister. He did not tell them, perhaps he did not even acknowledge to himself, that there was one other person whom he was still more anxious to see, and that person was Mary Ann O'Halloran. She was little more than a child when he left home, and he had never breathed to her, or to any one else a word which could betray his feelings; but he recalled nothing with so great delight as his rambles with the two fair sisters, over the green fields, where he gathered the wild flowers which they wove into garlands; and the hope that they would hear and approve of his exploits, sustained him amid the privations of the camp and the perils of the battle. He also loved his mother and sister dearly, and he thought with what proud affection they would embrace him when he returned to them, covered with glory.

When his mother and sister had embraced him many times, and he had endeavoured to answer a few of the countless questions which they asked him, about himself, he took his sister's hand, and said playfully,

"Come, Harriet, you must not have all the questioning to yourself. It is my turn to interrogate you now, and I desire to know how all our old friends are?"

"Oh!" cried Harriet, "how stupid I am, not to know that you have been thinking all this time of Julia O'Halloran. Frederick, she has grown so beautiful, that you would not know her. And she is so good and loving, that she never thinks of herself at all. He will be a happy man who will get Julia for a wife, and indeed the young gentlemen know this, for she has had more proposals than I could count; but she has refused them all; and perhaps I could guess the reason, for she and I were never tired of talking about a certain young gentleman who was far away from us. But, oh! if you saw her devotion to her poor sister, you could not but love her."

"What of her?" cried the young man, who was alarmed by the tone in which Harriet had mentioned her.

"God bless me; Frederick, you gave me such a

start!—Why there is nothing the matter with her. She is only going to be married."

"To whom?"

"To your old friend, William Brown."

The young man shortly afterwards, pleading fatigue, retired to his bed-chamber."

"Thus," said he, when he was alone, "ends for ever my dream of happiness. I cannot blame her for this, for she never knew that I loved her; and, indeed, when I knew her, she was only a child. If I had known this, I would have left my bones in India."

On the next day, his sister told him, as a secret, that they were, in fact, already married, but that as soon as the Browns returned, the ceremony was to be repeated with great pomp, and that she was to be bridesmaid. How anxiously he had looked forward, through long years, to this morning, when he could again, as of old, ride to Mr. O'Halloran's house, and behold those whom he had left almost children, now grown into womanly beauty, and again visit with them, those scenes which had ever been the sweetest memories of his early years. But now that the long-looked-for morning had arrived, this was the very last place upon the whole earth to which he could think of going. His sister begged of him to accompany her to Mr. O'Halloran's, as she had promised to go and help to get Mary Ann's wedding-dresses ready, but although she delayed her visit for several days, she could never alter his resolution of remaining at home with his mother, and he at length forced her to go without him. Old Mr. Brown and his sons visited him, and pressed him very much to spend a few days with them; but he pleaded the state of his health as an excuse, and remained at home. Poor Julia lost her spirits, and when Harriet and she were alone, she told her that she thought it very unkind of Frederick, that he would not come and see his old friends.

"Don't mind, my love," said Harriet, kissing her tenderly, "he will be here at the wedding."

And indeed Mrs. Manning had promised that she and Frederick would be present at the ceremony. But on the Sunday before the nuptials were to take place, Frederick suddenly remembered that he had neglected to execute for a brother officer in India, a most important business, which brooked no delay, and which, moreover, would occupy him for four or five days. All his mother's entreaties could not induce him to defer it, so he set out that very evening for the town of —, where he encountered William Brown and Amelie in the manner already related.

He had reached his inn but a very short time, when a military officer desired to speak with him in private. He was the bearer of a hostile message from Brown, and although he knew that neither reason nor religion allowed him to risk his own life, or to strive to take that of another in a duel, yet such is the tyranny which the opinion of the world exercises over us, that he immediately went to a friend, in whose hands he placed his honour and his life. This friend being an extremely honourable man, brought him word, in something less than half an hour, that at six o'clock in the morning he must make a target of himself, at the distance of twelve paces.

We will not attempt to analyze the feelings with which he made his will, and wrote letters which were to be delivered to his mother and sister, in case he should be killed. Suffice it to say, that he went through all this with a breaking heart, and that after spending a sleepless night, he was on the ground, with

his second and a surgeon, at the appointed hour in the morning; but Brown did not appear at six o'clock, nor at a quarter past.

"This is d—d shabby of Brown," said Frederick Manning's friend, who was a great connoisseur in affairs of honour; "if he does not appear in half an hour, I shall march you off the ground, and challenge Bertram, who arranged this affair with me last night. I'm devilish sorry, but according to strict etiquette, I must shoot him."

In a few minutes, however, Captain Bertram arrived, alone.

"Where is Brown?" roared Major Swinford, who was Frederick's second.

"Why, I'm d—d," replied Bertram, "but he's dead."

"It was a d—d queer thing of him," said Swinford, "to die at such an awkward time."

But it was true nevertheless, for the excitement of the previous evening, which was not allayed by drinking deeply afterwards, brought on a fit of apoplexy during the night, and when his second called upon Brown in the morning, he was found dead in his bed.

All his villany was soon made public, and Mary Ann O'Halloran knew that when he had united himself to her, he was already a married man. Being delivered providentially from so great a calamity, and the terror of being forced to spend her life with Brown, she recovered her good looks and buoyant spirits, and became once more the "Favourite Child." But she was an altered woman; instead of being vain, worldly, and selfish, she was humble, devout, and self-denying. She now deserved the love which had been formerly so wastefully squandered upon her. When Frederick Manning therefore saw her, she appeared to him gay, innocent, and guileless—just as he had beheld her in his happiest dreams.

"I say," said he to his sister, about four months after Brown's death, "what a beautiful angel Mary Ann O'Halloran is?"

"She is indeed," said Harriet, "but I know a greater beauty and a brighter angel!"

"Who is she?"

"Julia O'Halloran."

"I don't believe it," cried Frederick, "for it is not possible."

"She will be here in a few days, for her aunt is better, and then you shall judge for yourself."

This decided Frederick to try his fortune immediately, for he thought, that if Julia had formerly entertained any affection for him, it would be best for her to know on her return, that he was engaged to her sister. Accordingly he offered his heart and his hand to Mary Ann O'Halloran; but she firmly refused.

"May I hope," said he, "that at some future time you will change this determination?"

"Never," she replied; "not, however, that I am insensible of your worth, or of the honour you have done me. But when God saved me from great perils, I implored Him, through the intercession of His Mother, to direct me how I could make him some return of love. I think it was an inspiration from heaven which whispered to my heart that I ought to consecrate the remainder of my life to Him, by becoming a Sister of Charity. With a grateful heart, I vowed this sacrifice to God, and nothing could tempt me to break my promise. I have not yet told my relatives of my resolution; but I think it only just to mention it to you; and now," she continued, giving

him her hand, "you must never mention this subject to me again; and I will beg of God, on my bended knees, to grant you a wife more worthy of your noble and generous nature. I have only one more favour to ask of you, and that is, that you will never mention to any one that you have made me this proposal until after your marriage."

He pressed her hand to his heart, and then abruptly departed, without making any reply. On the next day he set out for a distant part of the country, to visit some of his relations. He did not return for two months, and then his arrival was so unexpected, that he surprised Julia O'Halloran, who had come to spend a few days with his mother and sister. Julia blushed deeply, and Frederick was scarcely less embarrassed. But this did not last long, and when Julia had retired, and Harriet was about to bid her brother good-night, she said:

"Well, Fred, was I right?"

"Why n—no," said he, "not quite; but she is the most dazzlingly beautiful, and the most angelic creature I ever knew, except Mary Ann."

His sister ran off, laughing; and when she was alone, said;

"Thank God! I have managed that. If I had told even mamma, that he was coming here to-day, Julia would have heard it, and gone away. But I knew that whenever they should meet, the marriage would soon follow."

And the arch girl was right, for it was solemnized in less than two months. No one was more heartily glad, or more sincerely happy at the wedding than Mary Ann. She shortly afterwards, with the full consent of her parents, entered a convent of the Sisters of Charity, where she was loved by the sisterhood, and almost adored by the poor and the afflicted, who looked upon her as a ministering angel, sent from heaven to comfort and console them, and to relieve their corporal and spiritual necessities. Before entering the convent, her father gave her five thousand pounds, which was to have been her fortune when she should marry. Her first act was to bestow two thousand pounds upon Brown's unfortunate widow, who had returned to her own country, and was living in great indigence.

Susan Gorman soon followed her beloved young mistress to the convent, and never were there two more pious and happy spinsters. And when Mrs. O'Halloran died, and the rest of his family were married, and surrounded with new cares, the old man went to live near his "Favourite Child," who now visited and consoled him, and returned with interest the affection which he had always lavished on her. His dearest wish was also gratified, for it was her hand that closed his eyes, when his pure spirit flew to heaven, on a Christmas morning, just as the convent organ was pealing the loud Hallelujah, in honour of the Saviour's Nativity.

RECOLLECTIONS, CONFESSIONS, ADMISSIONS, AND AVOWALS

OF AN

Irish Parliamentary Reporter.

BY WM. B. MAC CABE, ESQ.,

Author of "A Catholic History of England."

CHAP. X.

Anitus—Monsieur le Juge, un mot. Il faut perdre Socrate.*Melitus*—Monsieur le Pretre, il y a long temps que j'y pense ; unissons-nous sur ce point, nous n'en serons pas moins brouillés sur le reste.VOLTAIRE, *Socrate*, scene 8.

PROSECUTION of O'Connell for sedition in 1824. Extract from my note-book. Importance attached to the proceedings of the Catholic Association. The Committee of Grievances. Mr. William Forde considered the "Joseph Hume" of the Association. Determination of government to suppress the Association. Government short-hand writers—Mr. Dawbarn and Mr. Farquharson—the sad fate of a London Reporter. Prosecution of O'Connell commenced. Mr. Elrington, of the *Saunders's News Letter*.—Attempt to entrap the Dublin Reporters into the witness-box. Interview with Alderman Darley. Mr. Charles O'Flaherty, and Mr. Vonsden, of the *Morning Post*—Mr. Byrne, of *The Star*. Mr. Leech, of *The Freeman's Journal*, and Mr. Kelly fined. Opening of the Commission Court. O'Connell's appearance in court. Judge Moore. O'Connell's counsel: Mr. Wallace, K. C., Mr. Perrin, K. C., Mr. Holmes, Mr. O'Loughlin. Bills preferred against O'Connell and Sir Harcourt Lees ignored. Sir Harcourt Lees a contributor to a Catholic chapel! The Marquis and Marchioness of Westmeath. The former a violent anti-tory. The Marquis of Westmeath very popular in Ireland!

TOWARDS the conclusion of the year 1824, the Association was increasing marvellously in wealth, in power, and in importance; and was evidently producing the greatest embarrassment to the government of Ireland, then directed by the Marquis Wellesley, and in no slight degree influenced by the left-handed wisdom of Mr. Peel. The priest at the altar was preaching in its behalf, the peasant in his cabin was ready to act, at its command—the female peasantry were forgetting their village gossip, and learning to speak politics, and even the young children could talk of nothing but the Association, O'Connell, and Ireland. 'Twas then the seeds of political agitation were sown which shot up with such force and energy in two years afterwards. Although the Association wisely disclaimed any claim to representative powers, yet it was considered by the people to actually possess them. The publicity given to all its proceedings was a great check upon the orange party, who if they did any thing wrong, were certain that their misdeeds would come before the public, and infamy attached to their names, not only where they were known, but wherever a public journal circulated. Besides this, if any illegal act was committed by an orangeman, immediate notice of it could be sent to the "committee of grievances," which was a species of grand jury, composed of barristers and attorneys, who sat upon each case that was brought before them, and according to the evidence, and their knowledge of the law, decided whether or not it was liable to prosecution. If it were, the client's expenses were paid for by the Association, and he was supplied with lawyer and attorney, neither of whom forgot their fees, nor their bill of costs.*

At this time, the opponents of the Association, designated it, an "imperium in imperio," and with some justice, for though the Marquis Wellesley might call himself the "governor of Ireland," the Association was at the time "viceroy over him," and much more feared than he was by one party, and far more respected by the other. The Association kept a watch-

* There was a Mr. Forde, an attorney, in the Association, who was a very active member of the Finance Committee, and so distinguished himself in curtailing the accounts against the Association, that he was entitled "their Joseph Hume"—a title in which, I am told, Mr. Forde justly took a great deal of pride.

ful eye upon the members of the English and the Irish government, and censured their proceedings with a bold and a fearless tongue.

Under the guidance and control of Mr. O'Connell, the Association contrived to keep itself within the limits of the law; but it had already given too much offence to be permitted to pass without an attempt to punish some of its members, if not to extinguish the body altogether. For the latter remedy, the administration was obliged to wait for the meeting of parliament, and in order to accomplish the former, the counsellors of the crown resorted to the low and mean expedient of hiring informers to attend the Association meetings. The government had not then thought of the fair, open, and safe plan of employing short-hand writers—men capable of giving correct reports, and incapable of committing their characters, by lending themselves to misrepresentation. This plan, however, was afterwards adopted, and the government sent to every meeting of the Association—first, Mr. Dawbarn, and afterwards Mr. Farquharson—both men of great talent, and the purest integrity.* Unfortunately for the fame and character of the crown lawyers, they had not such agents in the Association in 1824—they listened to the slanderous misrepresentation of some hired spy, who had sufficient cunning to enable him to plan mischief, but to whom nature had not given the requisite quantity of intellect to complete it. Acting upon the suggestion of this spy, whoever he was, a prosecution for sedition was commenced by the Rt. Hon. William Conyngham Plunkett, his Majesty's attorney-general, against Mr. O'Connell, for having had the audacity to wish, that if ever Ireland should be reduced to the same state as the South American colonies, there would arise in the country some man like Bolivar, who would be able to shake off the chains of the oppressor, and free her from the degradation of bondage. This was the substance of the constitutional sentiment for which a prosecution was instituted against Mr. O'Connell.

I believe that this prosecution would never have been thought of at the time, if it were not for the very remarkable manner in which the report of this sentiment appeared in the *Saunders's News-Letter*, when the Reporter (Mr. Elrington) stepped a little beyond the strict line of his duty, by affixing not less than six notes of admiration after this passage.† The report of Mr. O'Connell's speech, as it appeared in *Saunders*, seemed an extremely bold one, and was the subject of very general observation for some days. By the Association it was not regarded, as they had before that time complained of being misrepresented in that paper.

This obnoxious sentiment of Mr. O'Connell's was given utterance to on the 16th December, when handing in the subscription of £5 from the editors of the *London Examiner*. In a couple of days afterwards it

* Mr. Farquharson dined with the Dublin Reporters, on our return from the first Clare election, and in the course of the evening, we were naturally speaking of the laborious life of a Reporter, when I chanced to say—"Farquharson, I have often remarked, that I never yet have seen an old Reporter—you have been a long time connected with the London press, pray tell me what you do with them." "Why, I can easily answer that question," said Farquharson, in his dry, caustic manner, "In London, when the Reporters get old and stupid, we make—editors of them."

† Mr. Elrington used to account for the number of admiration notes thus, "I only put three—the printer added a fourth—the reader a fifth—and the corrector a sixth. I should bear but one half the blame, and the printing-office the other."

was as completely forgotten by the Catholics as if it had never been spoken.

On the 22nd December, notes were received at the different newspaper offices, and addressed to the Reporters—these notes were written by Mr. Pemberton, of the Head Police Office, and as the one addressed to me commenced “Dear Sir,” I thought I was about to learn from the writer something of importance to the newspaper with which I was connected, and not to “stand” the “question” on a subject in which I myself could be interested. I was not then aware, no more than the other Reporters (excepting those connected with the *Register*) that Mr. O’Connell had been arrested the night before. I was, at the time I entered the police-office, completely ignorant that such an important event had taken place. On my arrival there, I was shown into the board-room by Mr. Ross Cox—a gentleman connected with that establishment, and who is as clever at penning a paragraph, or composing an epigram, as he is expeditious in drawing up an information. I had immediately the honour of an interview with Alderman Darley, when the following conversation took place between us ;

“You are, I believe, Sir, a Reporter?” “I am.”

“You were at the Association last Thursday?”

“I was.”

“Did you hear Mr. O’Connell say anything about Bolivar?”

“About Bolivar!—no—not that I recollect.”

“I am afraid you must be under some mistake—did you not hear him say anything to the following effect (here the worthy Alderman read the report from the *Saunders*)?”

“I never heard him make use of such an expression in my life.”

“Then I beg pardon for troubling you ; I wish you a good morning, Sir.”

Thus ended my examination at the Head Police Office ; and I verily believe the Alderman did not credit one word I uttered, although I had stated nothing but the plain truth ; for I really had left the Association a few minutes before Mr. O’Connell had delivered the speech in question. My examination had, I believe this effect—that it put the law officers upon a wrong scent. In a few days afterwards I received a second summons, and though I was ignorant, or, in fact, careless of the consequences of my disobedience, I refused to attend to it.

Amongst the Reporters there was but one general feeling—of disgust at the conduct of the government towards them—seeking to bring them before the public in the odious light of informers. Two of the Reporters, Mr. Charles O’Flaherty, of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Byrne, of *The Star*, who were obliged to attend before the grand jury, gave their evidence in such a manner, and so favourable to Mr. O’Connell, that it was impossible the grand jury could consistently with their oaths act otherwise than they did—by throwing out the bills.

To hear the Reporters speaking of the government at this time, in the Head Office and in the very presence of the magistrates, it would be at once perceived that they were far more violent in their expressions, and more seditious in their language than the gentleman had ever been against whom it was sought to entrap them as witnesses. Upon this occasion, no man acted with more spirit than Mr. Haydn, the proprietor of the *Star*, who absolutely and totally refused to give the slightest aid or assistance to government.

Mr. Vousden, of the *Morning Post*, refused, point blank, to afford the magistrates the slightest information. Mr. Leech, of the *Freeman’s Journal*, and Mr. R. N. Kelly (a reporter for a “saints” newspaper which died shortly afterwards), were both served with crown summonses—they, rather than “appear and give evidence,” fled from Dublin, and the one concealed himself in Belfast, while the other hid himself in the wilds of Connaught. For this contumacy on their part, they were each fined £100—a fine which, it is due to the government to state, was never attempted to be levied.

Upon the 31st December, the commission court in Green-street, opened. It was well known that it was here the bills against Mr. O’Connell would be presented. Public curiosity was at its height—the court was crowded to excess, the very moment the doors were opened ; and the neighbouring streets were filled with people anxious to learn the result of the day’s proceedings.

Mr. O’Connell was engaged at this commission in the prosecution which the Marquis of Westmeath had instituted against some persons in his employment, for perjury alleged to have been committed by them, in the long continued divorce case between himself and his wife. Mr. O’Connell accordingly appeared in court in his wig and gown, and after a friendly nod to Mr. J. S. Townsend, the representative of the “*diabolus regis*” on this occasion, he applied to the court to fix a day for the hearing of the Westmeath case. In making this application, there was not perceptible in the voice or manner of Mr. O’Connell any very material change, but he looked certainly much paler than usual, and occasionally appeared completely absorbed in thought. That Mr. O’Connell had reason to fear the result of the decision of the grand jury, cannot be a matter of wonder, when it is remembered that upon that grand jury there was, as in all other political cases, not one Catholic, and there were many violent orangemen ; it was, however, fortunate for Mr. O’Connell that Mr. Plunkett was hated even more than himself by the orangemen. That was one great cause for throwing out the bills—another was, the strong testimony given in favour of O’Connell by O’Flaherty and Byrne.*

I should not omit to state, that upon this occasion, the grand jury were charged by Mr. Justice Moore—a man, whose lot it has been to decide upon the consequences of many of the political struggles in Ireland, and who came out of every one of them with increased fame. A more humane, upright, and benevolent man, I believe, there never moved in society, and a more honourable judge never sat upon the bench of justice.

The counsel selected by Mr. O’Connell, upon this occasion, were men well known to the people—they were Mr. Wallace, Mr. Perrin, Mr. Holmes, Mr. O’Loughlin, and Mr. Shiel.

The first of these, Mr. Wallace, is a gentleman who, by his industry and talents, has raised himself from the humblest station in society to be an eminent practitioner at the bar, and a member of the united parliament. I am told that it was not until he had passed his twentieth year, that a desire for distinction seized upon Mr. Wallace ; then often seen—for he was an

* It was the intention of government had Mr. O’Connell been convicted, to have had him disbarred.

humble weaver in the Liberty—working at his loom, and at the same time endeavouring to improve himself by reading some classical work which he had placed before him. In a few years, Mr. Wallace was enabled to practice at the bar, and there he appeared, without money, friends, or patronage. In a short time, however, his great talents as a *nisi-prius* lawyer became known—his dexterity in cross-examining a witness—his powers in addressing a jury, and his devotion to the interests of his clients, speedily won for him the rewards which he would not stoop to obtain. If Mr. Wallace had been of a crouching disposition, or if his principles were of that pliant nature that he could bend them to his own interests, there cannot be the least doubt but that he would have rapidly procured the highest and most lucrative situations in his profession. Mr. Wallace having conscientiously adopted certain political principles, perseveringly adhered to them through “every change and chance of fortune.”

Mr. Perrin did by his devotion to the interests of his client, two or three times, put his life in danger—on one occasion he was violently and brutally assaulted, because he refused to give a gentleman the opportunity of shooting him for having obtained damages to a very large amount for his client.* In advocating any cause, Mr. Wallace was certainly apt to indulge in a latitude of expression that was for the moment as useful to those by whom he was engaged, as it was likely to be offensive to the party to whom he was opposed. That Mr. Wallace did not succeed in parliament was a matter of wonder and astonishment to his friends, for he was gifted with far more sterling talent, and a thousand times more useful and local knowledge than others, his contemporaries, who were received with no slight degree of favour by the honourable house. I can account for his failure only in this way—that the night he selected for his *début* was not one of those on which he was well calculated to produce a favourable impression. In the law-courts I have often seen Mr. Wallace plead, and whether it originated in indisposition, or dislike to the cause in which he was engaged, he did not seem to be the same person in clearness of thought, accuracy of style, or dignity of manner. There was some unevenness in his capabilities for display—at one time he is most powerful and eloquent, at another, he was dull, ineffective, and common-place.

Mr. Perrin is the son of a schoolmaster, Monsieur Perrin, the author of a French grammar, much used in the schools in Ireland. Like Mr. Wallace, Mr. Perrin has won his way at the bar unaided by any patron. He is considered one of the best black-letter lawyers in the courts, and though an ungraceful pleader, was always listened to with great attention by the bench. Mr. Perrin, like Mr. Wallace, advocated a line of politics which was long unfavourable to his advancement at the bar—so much so, that there was

* I may mention one instance of Mr. Wallace's generosity, it will serve to show how apt he was to forget his own pecuniary interest in his anxiety for that of his client. A worthy and respectable young trader, a Mr. C——, was involved in a long and expensive law-suit, with a litigious and very rich man, Mr. H——. Mr. Wallace was counsel for Mr. C——, and feeling that the young man's means were nearly exhausted, Mr. Wallace has repeatedly, after receiving his fee from C——'s attorney, called and insisted on returning the fee to C——. This fact I have from C—— himself, and he had little idea it should ever obtain publicity. When it is recollected how griping and avaricious Irish barristers generally are, this will be regarded as a most extraordinary instance of generosity and disinterestedness.

no act of Lord Mannors, the chancellor, that appeared so extraordinary and inexplicable as his making Mr. Perrin a king's counsel, previous to his departure from Ireland.

Mr. Holmes, unlike the two gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, is not a king's counsel, although the situation has been offered to him more than twenty times. Mr. Holmes is, I believe, a republican in principle, and in manners and address a complete humourist. It is a rich and delightful treat to sit in the courts, and listen to any case in which he and Mr. O'Connell are engaged, for from its commencement to its conclusion, the court is assuredly kept in one roar of laughter. There is one continued round of fun, and wit, and joke. Mr. Holmes is now an old man, but so hale and healthy, that his wit never tires, and his intellect never fails—he is now in his thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year at the Irish bar, and I lately heard him boast, that from the time he put on a wig and gown to the present hour, he never missed a day in the law courts, and was present at each term from its commencement to its close.

Of Mr. O'Loughlin it is perhaps unnecessary to speak, he being made the subject of an article which appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*. I shall only observe that Mr. O'Loughlin has been long remarkable, as an Irish lawyer, for his great extent of practice—and as a Catholic, for never mingling in the discussions of the Catholic Association, although a liberal subscriber to the Rent, and a munificent contributor to every Catholic charity.

Mr. Shiel was also counsel for Mr. O'Connell, but in the prosecution for sedition, there was no necessity for calling upon his talents, nor upon those who were engaged with him, the grand jury saved them all that trouble. After deliberating for about four hours, they came into court at a late hour in the evening, with the proper and significant return on the bills of “*ignoramus*.” When Mr. Rickey, the clerk of the crown, looked at the bills, he turned and twisted them round in his hand, then whispered the judges, they arose from their seats to depart, and by the chop-fallen visage of the saintly Judge Vandeleur, the result was guessed at—some one in the court cried out “*ignoramus*,” and instantly the court-house rang with acclamations. The shouts were heard in the streets, and re-echoed there, and in less than half a minute the joyful tidings were thus conveyed to Mr. O'Connell, who was waiting at Coyne's, the Catholic bookseller, in Capel-street, to hear what might be the finding of the jury.

At the same commission, bills were sent up against the Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees, Bart., for sedition, and these also were most properly ignored. A man less likely to be guilty of sedition than Sir Harcourt Lees there could not possibly be—he is a warm-hearted, kind, and benevolent man, who speaks violently, and writes strongly, but would neither hurt nor harm any individual. To see Sir Harcourt Lees one would never take him for a clergyman, nor suppose him to be a baronet; he looks his *own character* much better—that of an honest, jovial, sporting, country gentleman. He has, however, unfortunately for his own peace of mind, read more than he has comprehended, and is therefore apt to give a premature opinion upon things which he does not understand. Although the head of Sir Harcourt Lees may err, his heart never does—although he speaks wickedly, he acts kindly; and I can give a very plain proof of how

willing he is to serve even the purposes of "Popery," against which he declaims "so loudly and so long."

Sir Harcourt Lees, in addition to his situation in the Post Office, has two or three excellent livings, so that he, at least, has some reason for being interested for "Protestant ascendancy." A few years ago he paid a visit to a certain part of the country, and perceiving a large house, with the window-frames, filled up with boards, he asked to whom that house belonged?

"Shure, your honour," said a countryman, "that is our parish chapel; we have been driven mighty hard to bring it to *that*, but for the life of us we cannot make out the means of putting in glass windows, and after all, I am afraid it will be some years before we're able to have prayers in it."

"Then," said Sir Harcourt Lees, "if I can, you shall have prayers in it before a month passes by. Give my compliments to the parish priest, tell him to get in the glass windows—let him have it properly done, and send the bill to me, I will pay it."

This was no vain boast of Sir Harcourt, he paid liberally, and had the chapel fitted up properly.

I have already noticed that at this commission, was instituted a prosecution by the Marquis of Westmeath, against some persons in his employment for perjury. At that trial, which excited a good deal of interest, it was plain that the Marquis and Marchioness of Westmeath took very different views of the same question. The Marquis appeared as a witness for the prosecution, the Marchioness for the defendants. Her ladyship, upon this occasion, took her seat beside the judges, on the bench, and showed there the prettiest face that ever appeared upon it. To judge of her by the manner in which she gave her testimony, it would be at once conceived that her ladyship was not only a woman of great beauty and fascination, but also blest with the mildest of tempers. Whether she be so, or not, it is impossible for an humble individual like myself to say. If she be what she appears, it is a pity she should be separated from her husband, who, though a man of warm temper, is said to be possessed of an excellent heart, and most benevolent disposition. It has been generally reported, and was generally believed, that the differences between the noble pair have been fomented and increased by an individual in the very highest station in society. I do not pretend to vouch for the accuracy of this report, but I am certainly inclined to believe it is true, as I know it is corroborated by a fact of which I am a witness. In the entire course of agitation, I have had many opportunities of hearing violent speeches against the ministry, and the individuals composing it, but the most severe censures I ever heard pronounced against them, were spoken by the most noble the Marquis of Westmeath. To judge of his political principles by his expressions, he should be classed, not amongst the whigs, but the radicals. In the county of which he is the governor, and from which he takes his title, he is revered as a nobleman, respected as a man, and loved as a good landlord."*

* I need not add, this character of the Marquis of Westmeath was written in 1829. Not only has the Marquis of Westmeath changed his opinions as to the tories, but the Irish people have so changed their opinions of the Marquis, that his portraiture would never be recognized by them in the preceding description.

The Irish Catholics

AFTER THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY JAMES WHITE, VICAR APOSTOLIC OF WATERFORD AND LISMORE.

[Concluded.]

HAVING obtained permission to speak, I said, "that I was a Catholic priest, that I had by public and solemn rite purified many of our polluted churches, administered the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist to great numbers, celebrated private and solemn masses as occasion permitted, constantly; that I had not done an injury to any man in the kingdom; that to the crown I had given many undoubted proofs of my allegiance, having never denied to Cæsar what to him rightfully belonged; that if all or any of those things were treason, then was I undoubtedly a traitor; I confess it; you need not arraign me; but that I have ever sinned against my king or the law, I indignantly deny, and do here defy all mortal men to the proof." After this address, the lord deputy's countenance became mild and calm, and he laid aside the written proclamation which was to publish me a traitor.

Then directing himself to the crucifix, which I had brought into the camp, he called it an idol, and asked "why have you brought that idol into a Christian camp?" remarking at the same time, that he had promised security to my person, but not to my idol. I answered "the crucifix is not an idol, nor am I a friend or patron of idolaters; these points I am prepared to prove before any assembly of theologians, nor can your excellency confer a greater favour on me than to appoint a place and day for myself and two other companions to hold a controversy with any number of men selected from the whole kingdom, who would maintain the contrary opinion; and the only condition I ask is, that the executioner be present to cut off one of our joints without mercy as often as our adversaries would prove anything against our doctrine regarding the crucifix; but that as often as we confuted our adversaries, they should not be subject to the same *lex talionis*; our only reward would be to pray to God most sincerely for their conversion."

Our enemies instantly exclaimed "Oh! you would never enter the lists on such terms." But I repeated, that I would abide rigidly by each of those terms; that I most earnestly solicited a controversy, and if it were granted, that I was ready to remain their prisoner from that moment down to the appointed day, lest they might suspect me of a wish to run away. But they declined to grant the controversy, and there being no longer any doubts on that point, I declared confidently in the Lord, "that I and my companions could be killed, but could not be conquered, because we adhered to that rock against which the gates of hell can never prevail." This declaration was denounced as proud and arrogant.

Though not permitted to hold the controversy nor to address the army publicly, I ventured under the influence of what my conscience and common sense dictated to say a few words to make some impressions if possible. "The whole army," said I, "here in the camp, cannot consistently with common sense and conscience, have other than feelings of profound reverence for the crucifix." The words were no sooner uttered, than I was saluted with a general burst of derisive laughter, so paradoxical did my proposition appear

until it was more fully developed. "If," said I, "you call me an idolater because I carry the crucifix in my hands, are you not all guilty of the same crime for marching under those banners, on every one of which is painted or depicted that ever-victorious cross, which you call the cross of St. George? Without that cross, from the first day that the English received the Christian faith, never did brave English army take to its tents, or charge an enemy. Is it not by that cross that the English host both by land and sea is distinguished from all other Christian armies? Now if it be criminal in the extreme to accuse you of idolatry, because you march beneath that resplendent and victorious cross of St. George, how can it be criminal in me to carry the cross of Christ, to venerate it, to walk under its protection? for whatever virtue or excellence is in St. George or in his cross, beyond all doubt comes from Christ and the cross of Christ. Being then a soldier of Christ, of the cross of Christ, why should I be ashamed? Let no man wonder that I carry the standard of my Lord and King. Tell me, I pray you, was it Christ or St. George that was crucified for us? What other glory did the Apostle Paul seek than in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ? Him and Him crucified he preached to the Gentiles. Oh! as St. George now reigns in happy peace with Christ in heaven, be there peace, I implore you, between you and me, the bearers of their crosses here on earth; be the first honour, the chief reverence paid to the cross of Christ: for if the principal glory of St. George's cross be that he conquered the dragon, how much greater the glory of the cross in which our Lord triumphed over the dragon of hell, over sin, over eternal death, over this wicked world? I appeal to all of you here present to pronounce on the truth of these arguments. Let each man say what his conscience honestly suggests." These few words appeared to produce an effect, on a very great number of the soldiers, greater, far greater than I could have expected.

CHAPTER III.

A QUESTION PROPOSED IN THE SPIRIT OF NICHOLAS MACHIAVEL, OF "CONDEMNED MEMORY," ALSO BY WHAT AUTHORITY I OPENED THE CHURCHES? THE PETITION OF THE CATHOLICS FOR A TOLERATION OF THEIR RELIGION—THE ENTRANCE OF THE LORD DEPUTY INTO THE CITY—THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE ADMINISTERED—THE LORD DEPUTY'S DEPARTURE.

Though their railleries against the crucifix proceeded no farther, they began to attack us for the idolatry which we Catholics commit in adoring the Blessed Eucharist, and for our blindness in honouring the images of the saints, &c., &c.; but on them and all other points in which they accused us of error, I renewed my declaration, that if the day and place were appointed, I was ready to give an account of our faith, on the same conditions, and under the same heavy penalty as those which I have already mentioned.

Next, they proceeded to a question extracted from Nicholas Machiavel, and from a certain seditious book written in the English language, by a wicked and abandoned man, called Watsons, in which work many refined points are urged against many sincere and pious Catholics, especially against the Rev. Father Parsons, of the Society of Jesus, as well as against the

wicked Puritans. The question was this—whether it is lawful in any case to take up arms against our natural king and lord? A question to which I was unwilling to give an answer; first, because it was too general, including not only Christian, but also Pagan princes and their subjects; secondly, because I suspected the present drift of that question; and thirdly, because it was not in the tented field, but in the schools of calm divines that a question so momentous should be discussed. I therefore requested that they would have the kindness to propose the question in this form—"whether *de facto* any subject of his most serene majesty, King James, would be justified in taking up arms against him? for to the question proposed in this form the answer was easy." But they would not propose the question in that form; they insisted on a general answer: which I firmly refused; however, lest I might appear to have been put down by them, I answered in this conditional mode—if all the actions of the prince were just, if his laws be good and honest, no subject could without grievous sin resist or disobey him.

But whether all the acts of princes are just, and all their laws so equitable that men are always bound to honour them and to obey them, may be learned, I said, from the sixth chapter of the Prophet Daniel, and the fourth and fifth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, to which I referred them for a fuller solution of their difficulty.

Then a certain member of the privy council, by profession a minister, and superintendent of the bishopric of Meath in Leinster, collected from different sources arguments in favour of the authority of kings, which in fact no Catholic denies, namely, from the words of St. Paul, "*Subditi estote, &c., &c.*" from the 13th chap. to the Romans, "*qui potestati resistit, &c., &c.*" and from the 22nd chap. of St. Matthew, "*Quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari, &c., &c.*" The proper place to give a full answer to these texts, I maintained, was the school, not the camp. But that in the meantime, I was a loyal subject of the king; that I resisted no authority; that my only arms were the crucifix, the standard of the King of Peace; that to Cæsar I would never deny what belonged to Cæsar, but that what was God's ought not to be given to any mortal; that all should have their own according to the dictates of the laws of man, of nature, and of God.

When our discussion had proceeded thus far, I was further interrogated by what authority I had opened and purified the churches? By the authority of the Pope, I replied. They ordered me to close them again. I have no such authority, was my answer. They asked me why I could not close them? I answered, that the only circumstances which could justify me in closing the churches, did not now actually exist; that I had a right to do only what was right; that on opening the churches my conscience told me I was acting well, and that I would not act against my conscience now and close the churches. But in the meantime some Catholics had closed the church doors, lest there might be a tumult amongst the people and a spilling of blood. The keys were brought to me: I delivered them up to the procurators (*procuratoribus*) of the churches, with directions that they should be given to the mayor and city magistrates, who, as far as it was in their power, should preserve the churches from being again desecrated by the heretics.

The profession of faith which the Catholic citizens of both orders had already made in the city, they now

solemnly renewed in the camp by their deputies; they protested that they knew no other creed than that of the Catholic church; that alone they had received from their fathers; and they humbly begged the lord deputy that he would condescend to allow them to retain that creed; that so far from the Catholic religion impairing in the least degree their loyalty to their prince; on the contrary, that loyalty would every day be becoming more and more firm and affectionate.

I myself was called out to the camp a second time on that day, and on my bended knees I earnestly sued for free exercise of our religion; that if this liberty was now granted or promised to us, I pledged myself by the grace of Christ—first, that whatever had been or might be taken by robbers, should be restored to the rightful owner; secondly, that we would take care that those who were led by idleness in many dangerous proceedings, should now devote themselves to agriculture and other laudable works and mechanical arts; thirdly, that if his majesty ever required an army to enforce his just rights in a just war, the Irish would give their gratuitous and zealous armies for those rights in such a war; fourthly, that without any expense to his majesty, all the soldiers who might be injured or wounded in the war should be supplied with all things necessary for the health both of soul and body, until they had either recovered or passed into another world; fifthly, that Catholic priests would attend that army, would be present in the hour of danger, to encourage and console the soldier with the word of God and the sacraments; sixthly, that these conditions would at once cut off all pretence or fear of foreign invasion, for when strangers had lately landed on our shores, their sole pretext was that they came to secure for us liberty of conscience. But liberty of conscience and of religion once granted, there remains for them no longer even the shadow of a pretext for invasion; and should they actually invade us, so long as I live, I am ready to march straight to the place where they land, to meet them on the shore, to ask why they land: and should they answer that religion was their object, I will reply that now, by the blessing of God and the kindness of our prince, we enjoy liberty of religion, and consequently that we did not need their armies to obtain it; that if they did not retire instantly, I and all the Catholics of the kingdom would join heart and soul with the king's forces, and fight to the death against the enemy; *seventhly and lastly, that some of the ruined churches be given to us; that we would rebuild them at our own expense, and pay for them a yearly rent into his majesty's exchequer.*

To this petition made in the name of all the Catholics, the lord deputy replied: "that the king alone could grant liberty of conscience; that without the royal consent, he could not promise anything of the kind; that if the king consented (though the king could not make him become or wish to be a Papist), he would again restore the churches to us, and defend us in the peaceful possession of them against our enemies. But that for the present and until further orders, the king's express wish was, that all things should continue in the same state in which they were at the death of the late queen (the murderess of his mother). But as he did not deem it expedient to coerce the conscience of any man in matters of religion, he would tolerate the exercise of the Catholic worship for all, until his majesty issued contrary orders; he allowed priests to wear the clerical dress, and to celebrate mass in private houses, without being

subjected to be molested as heretofore by the visits of bailiffs (*apparitoribus*), so long as the Catholics persevered in their loyalty and submission to the authority of the king."

Thus the priests celebrated low and solemn masses, with full liberty (in private houses), they preached to the people, and discharged all the other functions of their holy ministry, down to the date of my departure from Ireland, namely, the 18th day of November, last year (*i. e.* 1603).

These preliminary matters being thus arranged, Charles de Montjoy, lord deputy of Ireland, entered the city of Waterford on the 3rd day of May, where having ascertained, after minute examination, that all the citizens were Catholics, and all loyal to the king, he received a document to that effect, drawn up in the name of all, and signed by the leading men of the city.

The Catholic priests, as well as the laity, made a profession of their allegiance to his majesty, and delivered to the lord deputy a document to the following effect, to be laid before the throne:

"As by the law of nature, of nations, and of God, subjects are bound to obey their lawful princes and lords, we, the undersigned Catholic priests, hereby declare, and let all whom it concerns know, that his majesty King James being our natural and lawful king, we shall obey him and give him all the service due to a king by his subjects, in all things not conflicting with, or impairing the honour, obedience, reverence, and service due to the Majesty of God. In attestation of which we hereby sign our names. May 5th, 1603."

This declaration was given to Sir Nicholas Walsh (mentioned above), and to Mr. Gerald Comerford, second judge (*secundo judicis*) of the province of Munster, who both attested to us a second time on behalf of the lord deputy, and in presence of the mayor of Waterford, Robert Walsh, knight, that we had full liberty to celebrate mass except in the churches, and to wear the sacerdotal dress that became our profession and rank; that permission was repeated by the lord deputy a third time in his own mansion near the cathedral church of the Holy Trinity, in presence of Thomas Cocles and Richard Boyle, two heretical officers.

Relying on this oft-repeated permission of the lord deputy, we continued the celebration of divine service in private houses, but with all due solemnities; we wore the sacerdotal dress in public and private; nor were we ever once insulted by any of the garrison, which now amounted to 1,200 men; on the contrary, many of the soldiers began to conceive favourable thoughts of the Catholic religion, and to speak well of it. Many of them had recourse to the sacrament of penance, and were restored to the communion of the Catholic church.

But it must not be omitted, that the more rapacious among the soldiers became almost tired of their life, when they found their hopes of plundering the city frustrated. It must also be observed, that although the whole army entered the city with the lord deputy, not even one of the citizens was injured, so well had precautionary measures been taken by him and the city magistrates; and this was the more remarkable, because it were hard to tell whether the desire of plundering the city, or of deluging its streets with the blood of the inhabitants, was predominant in the hearts of the ferocious soldiers. No doubt their souls

were fixed on both, but in both, by God's blessing, they were entirely disappointed.

The lord deputy, having thus arranged all matters to his satisfaction in Waterford, marched on the 5th of May to Cork and Limerick, and the other chief cities which had publicly professed the Catholic faith. But after visiting all these places, he found that all were agreed on one point, their adherence to the faith of the holy Roman Catholic church, and that their only wish in this world was to be true to God (*prout dece*) and to the king of England (*prout par est*), and to bear true allegiance and perpetual service to both.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SPIRITUAL GOOD ACHIEVED AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE LORD DEPUTY—THE DELEGATES AND REPRESENTATIVES, SPECIAL AND GENERAL, DISPATCHED FROM IRELAND TO THE KING, FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CATHOLIC CAUSE.

From the date of the lord deputy's departure from the city of Waterford to the other towns, down to the festival of Pentecost, which fell that year on the 12th of June, all things proceeded favourably for the glory of God and the exaltation of the Catholic faith. On Pentecost we celebrated divine service with all the solemnity we could command. The English soldiers of the garrison came every day to the Catholic sermons; the Almighty and merciful God softened and moved their hearts, and they began to speak to their fellow-soldiers friendly of the Catholic religion and its believers. A great number of them attended a sermon preached on Tuesday in Pentecost week, on the "gate of the sheepfold," "the sheepfold," "the thief," and "the robber." At the close of the sermon, one of the officers raised his voice in presence of all, and exclaimed, "that by every law, the churches ought to be restored to the Catholic priests; that the ministers ought to be expelled without delay; that Catholics taught a doctrine which pricked and purged the conscience; but the ministers, a doctrine, which rather favoured than checked concupiscence." From this moment many of the soldiers began to doubt the truth of their religion, because they saw manifestly that the "gate" was open to Catholics alone; that Catholics alone were safe in "the sheepfold," and were known by Christ our Lord, the prince of shepherds; but that the gate was closed infallibly against Luther and Calvin (that is the thief and the robber), and against all their followers, the croaking frogs and ill-favoured goats, the abettors of condemned doctrines.

Among the persons present were two English heretic soldiers of the garrison, who took down in writing the whole sermon, and presented it to their superior officers. The officers submitted it to be examined by some heretical ministers, who pronounced the following decision: "That the passages alledged by the Papist preacher were cited faithfully as they are found in the Bible and Fathers, but that as he was not illuminated by the spirit, no man should pay the least attention to his words. But as to his attack on our doctors, Luther and Calvin, neither you, who are soldiers of the king, nor we, who are ministers of the reformed church, can tolerate or permit them." So far the ministers.

From that moment the ministers and soldiers were continually plotting together, until they came in the end to the conclusion, that I ought not to be tolerated in any Christian state, I who had rashly dared to

raise my voice against Luther and Calvin, the sainted doctors of the reformed church: consequently, that at whatever cost, some plan should be devised for getting rid of me. The persecution, directed personally against myself, shall be given in another place.

The Catholics having thus secured a toleration of their faith, all the chief cities and principal places, in fine, almost the whole kingdom, dispatched special and general deputies to his serene majesty King James, to congratulate him on his peaceful accession, without blood or wound, to the throne of his kingdoms, but especially to provide for the rights of the Catholic faith. As the special and private deputies were very numerous, I omit their names here, and confine myself to the general delegates sent in the name of the whole kingdom, and selected from Leinster. They were Sir Patrick Barnwall and Sir Gerald Aylmer, baronets; Henry Barnwall and D. Rochfort, knights, and both profoundly versed in municipal law. The result of their labours and attempts in the Catholic cause; their sufferings and subsequent fate; the death of one of them (Rochfort) in prison; their constancy and magnanimity; their noble deeds; and finally, their return to Ireland, are matters of public fame and need not be mentioned here.

The ecclesiastics, seeing this determined and general stand made by the laity for the Catholic faith, unanimously elected me as their delegate, to go on their behalf to the king of England? I at once acceded, and with all my heart, to their wishes; but after putting out to sea, our ship was driven back by contrary winds. In the meantime, the other deputies returned from England, and announced that no person could get an audience from the king, in consequence of the ravages of the plague and the multitude of traitors prowling about England, who in the month of July last had made an attempt on his life. Thus I was obliged to renounce my intended visit to England. The soldiers and ministers being apprized of that fact, laid an ambuscade for me on the road which they believed I would take from Wexford to Waterford, but as God and my angel-guardian would have it, I took a different route.

I should have observed before, that we began to purify the churches on the Monday of Passion-week, and that during all that week, and Holy-week, and during the whole octave of Easter Sunday; and down to the 3rd of May (the invention of the Holy Cross), we had enjoyed full and peaceable possession of the churches; but on that last day, in consequence of the events already explained, we were expelled and shut out. So that our poor people had an opportunity of beholding how our holy mother, the Church, expresses her grief for the sufferings and death, and her joy for the resurrection and triumph, of her Divine spouse, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Such is the brief sketch which I give on these matters for the present, reserving more copious details for a large treatise, which, with the blessing of God, I intend to publish. There I will narrate what the Catholics did on the day of the coronation of our king; and also how Catholics, both lay and clerical, acted when they heard of that diabolical attempt of infidel and wicked subjects in England, against the sacred person and life of his majesty.

CHAPTER V.

PERSONAL SUFFERINGS OF THE WRITER, AND GOD'S
KIND PROVIDENCE TOWARDS HIM.

I now proceed, according to the intimation given above, to give, for the glory of God, some account of my own sufferings.

Though it was well known through the whole kingdom of Ireland that I had the lord-deputy's permission, given, too, in presence of the heretical soldiers and ministers, to go wherever my duties required; yet, after that clique meeting of the Tuesday in Pentecost-week, when it was decided that at whatever cost, I should be killed or put out of the way, my enemies began to invent calumnies against me, their ministers maintaining that I was the most abandoned idolator, because I never preached without the crucifix. In these plans they were aided by the Richard Ailleward above-mentioned, who was in the army, and a pretended Catholic. But what credit is due to those ministers, who themselves preached doctrines which were a compound of Atheism and Judaism?

But to descend, however, to the accusations concocted against me by these men, on the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi, I went from Waterford to Kilkenny, in order to celebrate that festival with all possible solemnity, because of the immense number of Catholics in the latter city, and the crowds that flocked thither from all parts of Ireland, to reverence the wood of the Holy Cross on that day. I went by invitation of the citizens, and gladly, for their consolation and the glory of God.

But while I was remaining at Kilkenny, the aforesaid Richard Ailleward, accused me of high-treason. I had intimation of his proceedings by an express messenger, and without a moment's delay, I started for Waterford, the day after Corpus Christi, and with the greater haste, because it has been alledged my object in coming to Kilkenny was to seduce the numerous population of that place, and excite them to revolt on the evening of the same day. About six o'clock in the morning I arrived at Waterford, and the first man I met on the quay or mall (Navalli), was the same Richard Ailleward, who welcomed me home with the usual forms. But though his words to me there were words of peace, during the whole of that night he was plotting snares and pitfalls. For next morning, when he came to the place where the mayor and magistrates were assembled, waiting to go in procession to the monastery of St. Francis, for the anniversary of a respectable gentleman, named Nicholas Dollen, his constant theme during the whole time was, James White, is a traitor, and that the whole kingdom ought to be on its guard against his wiles and machinations. As witnesses of this odious calumny, I appeal to the mayor and all the magistrates of the city, for they were present. They unanimously protested that they had never seen any grounds for that charge either in my conduct or sermons. "Oh!" exclaimed Ailleward, "you do not know the man." But finding that he could not persuade the mayor (a very sensible man), nor the magistrates, to adopt his own opinion, he proceeded straight from Kells, on that very day, to the house where Sir Richard Morrison, commander of the garrison, was lodging, and tried every means to induce him to have me brought to trial, and condemned to death; for that he had evidence more than enough to convict me before any tribunal.

But finding it difficult to bring round the governor to his opinion, he visited him again after supper, when after dancing for a couple of hours, he retired to the governor's bed-chamber, and held a long conversation with him there until midnight, the result of which was that I was to be imprisoned, and speedily brought to trial.

From that day, namely, the 26th of June, down to the 29th of the same month (the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, Ailleward never departed one moment from Morrison's side.

Morrison accordingly sent directions to the mayor, that I should be summoned about 10 o'clock in the afternoon, to appear before the council (senatus) officers of the garrison, to answer for certain grave charges touching my loyalty. The mayor and magistrates of the city, according, having assembled, Morrison came, attended by an English captain, named Josias Bodley (who had formerly been in the holy inquisition here, and renounced his heresy), and a lieutenant called Litchfield. Morrison having ordered me to be called in, the mayor of the city sent one of his bailiffs, named Nicholas Lombard, who asked me in the name of the mayor to appear. There were with me at that moment two Jesuits—one the Rev. Father Richard Field, superior of the Society, in Ireland, and his companion, Father Patrick Senan (Sinon perhaps, or Lennan), both of whom recommended me by all means not to appear, but to abscond without delay, on the grounds that from the well-known principles of the judge, and the wickedness of my accuser, I would in all probability be condemned to death, as innocence could be no protection. But I answered, that as the glory of God, and the honour of the Church, were at stake, I would certainly stand forward, even at the imminent risk of my life. Flight, I declared, would be in the circumstances, equivalent to a confession of guilt. Accordingly I appeared at the appointed hour; but the event proved that it was only a mountain in labour, delivered in the end of a ridiculous mouse.

The two witnesses named were Nicholas Power, and Thomas Butler, the latter a nephew, the former a servant, of my accuser. But so great is the power of truth, that my accuser himself was struck dumb, and neither of his false witnesses ventured to appear. Now I take God to witness that I never spoke to either of the witnesses, except once to Power, and that by mere accident, at Kildedan, on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin (the 8th of September), when on my return from Wexford, after renouncing my intended application to the king, in consequence of the impediments already mentioned.

It would be too tedious at present to enter into full details, but as they deserve to be preserved, please God, they, and many other interesting things, shall soon be committed to writing. Suffice it for the present to say, that the whole accusation was concerted in this plan: if I fled, as my accuser and his witnesses believed I would, they would boldly present themselves before the judges, accuse me of treason, and attest this assertion by oath, and confidently protest that if I was not conscious of treasonable dangers, I certainly would not have fled. But when I appeared, they had nothing to accuse me of, except that I had spoken against the person of his majesty—a charge, however, which neither my accusers, nor the witnesses ventured to make. Morrison, the governor of the garrison, who was sitting there before the tribunal, was the only person to speak, and he had no proof to cite,

except the promise made to him by Ailleward, the preceding night, that the charge could certainly be substantiated.

As soon as proceedings commenced, Morrison was expecting that Ailleward would prove the accusation, but in vain, the man had not one word to say, for it was manifest to the whole kingdom, that my doctrine ever had been, to give unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, but to take from God nothing that belonged to God.

When the accusation was made, I challenged them to produce legal proof, which Morrison attempted in the following way, namely, that I had preached against the king's religion. To which I answered, that we were all bound in charity to judge well of others, and especially of kings and princes, unless the contrary was manifest; and that, for my own part, I knew nothing certain of the king's religion, but that he was a Catholic, reared in the faith of his mother and ancestors (whose creed, it is to be presumed, children embrace), that the mother of my king was not only a Catholic, but had suffered imprisonment, and laid her head on the block for the Catholic faith—a fact well known all over the world, so certain in truth that no person living ever dreamed of questioning it. To this Morrison briefly replied, that the king was a Protestant.

But I answered, that I had no proof of that, and that in the meantime, I would hold my own opinion until the contrary was proved. He asked me then, whether I had preached against Luther and Calvin. I answered, "that it was my duty to do so, as both were pestilential and condemned heretics, the vile springs of all sorts of pernicious errors, and that I was preaching expressly against both of them on that Tuesday in Pentecost week, when explaining the gospel of the day; but whether I had preached to the point and successfully, I left to the judgment of the learned. That I was ready again to speak on the same subject in presence of the chief men of the land, and to confute those two heretics." After this answer, Morrison stated that the charge brought against me did not belong to his tribunal, but to the court of the civil magistrates.

Ailleward, finding that his scheme had not succeeded, said only two words—one against my principles, the other against my dress—for I was dressed at the time in my soutan, and the long cloak descending to my feet. "O Spanish heart! O Spanish cloak! that cloak has infected the whole city, and tainted the garrison itself with Papistry." But of this I will give you an account elsewhere.

Before this meeting broke up, I solicited permission to speak, and made a brief address to the following effect:

"I have been accused before this honourable and intelligent tribunal of various presumptuous treasons, none of which have been established by proof. The first charge has not been urged, because those wicked witnesses, who were either corrupted by bribes or instigated by malice, have not dared to appear. The other charge is, that I have preached against the king. What is the proof? because I preached against the king's religion; and that they attempt to prove thus—you have preached against Luther and Calvin; as if the doctrines of these two heretics were either Catholic or consistent, or could be upheld or maintained by any man with a safe conscience; for who that has ever inspected their works, does not know how flatly those

two men contradict, how furiously they assail one another.

"Who can listen without a smile to proofs of that kind? Do my accusers intend to make me, who am an Irishman, a subject or vassal to a Frenchman or German—a Frenchman who has been cauterized for his unnatural crime, a German who is at once prince of toppers and of Apostates (*Archipotatori, Archipostalis*). From such government, from such kings, deliver me, O Lord! Know, honourable gentlemen, that my king is neither a Frenchman nor a German, but his serene majesty King James, only son of Mary, queen and martyr, a prince both pure and temperate, virtues with which Luther and Calvin were unacquainted. Against them, with God's aid, I must wage eternal, implacable war."

After this address, by a unanimous decision of the magistrates I was allowed to depart in peace. Not to them, however, but to the prayers of my patrons, SS. Peter and Paul, whose festival day that was, do I attribute my deliverance from the dark plots and deep malice of Ailleward and the soldiers and ministers. My innocence was protected against the cruelty of the heretics, by the same Almighty arm which formerly, for the consolation of the Church, liberated St. Peter from the chains and prison to which he had been consigned by the fanaticism of the Jews.

But those wicked conspirators did not renounce their malice. They dispatched an English heretic, Lieutenant Litchfield, to Dublin, with a request to Sir George Cary, baronet, then deputy of the kingdom, whose temper, they well knew, inclined him to believe everything bad of the Catholics, that a warrant should be issued for my arrest. The warrant was issued, with directions that I should be brought by sea from Waterford to Dublin. Being apprised of the fact, I took every possible precaution not to fall into the hands of the cruel and faithless heretics, though the word of the lord deputy had been expressly pledged for my personal security.

Finding that I was enabled to baffle their pursuit, they had recourse to another expedient. They bribed a common soldier, named Dick Reddish, a sanguinary bravo belonging to the troop of Sir Benjamin Berri, baronet, to watch his opportunity, and if he met me while I was going in the night to visit the sick or dying, to put an end to my days by sword or dagger. If he succeeded, his reward was to be no less than 3,000 florins. But from this danger, also, I was saved by the merciful hand of Providence.

All their plots having yet proved abortive, they devised another expedient—namely, to calumniate and abuse me, and thereby make me an object of popular odium; but that people can never be induced to believe ill, unless there be strong grounds for their belief. It was therefore resolved, that a band of determined enemies should bind themselves to snatch some opportunity and murder me at the altar in some of those houses where they suspected I used to celebrate mass. They proceeded, accordingly in haste from Waterford to Clonmel on the eve of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin (7th September), expecting that I would celebrate mass on that festival in the house of my eldest brother. There was a large body of ferocious soldiers on that expedition, commanded by Richard Morrison, Raphael Constable, Josias Bodley, Nathaniel Litchfield, and a few other lieutenants. But, fortunately, it happened that on that very festival I was at Kilmedan, about six miles from Water-

ford, and celebrated mass there for the people, thus escaping "the hands of my enemy in the name of the Lord."

Being disappointed in their expectations, they returned after three days from Clonmel to Waterford. They reported that their only object in going to Clonmel had been to hunt and fowl; but the falsehood of that statement soon became manifest, for a servant of Ailleward having seen, late in the evening of the 13th of September, Father Nicholas Laynach, a priest of the Society of Jesus, whose face and figure bore some resemblance to mine, he immediately reported to his master, who lost no time in going to his "fowlers and hunters," informing them that they could easily take me that very night asleep in my bed. Having partaken of a sumptuous dinner, and fired their courage by deep potations of wine, they came at midnight with three troops of soldiers, and surrounded my house on all sides. The officers—that is, the above-mentioned "hunters and fowlers," with some others of their own rank, advanced with drawn swords, to the door. They knocked loudly—my servant starting from his bed, asked, "Who was there?" and fearing it might be a "*sick call*," ran down in haste to the door. But no sooner had he opened, than he was seized by the throat, and commanded, under pain of death, to tell where I was. The servant told the truth—that for a month or more, I had not been in the city; but they did not believe him. He was instantly chained, given up to a guard, and again threatened with death, if he would not inform. But he again told the truth—for in reality, on that very night, the eve of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, I was in my brother's castle, which was about twenty miles distant from Waterford (probably between Carrick and Clonmel).

Again disappointed in their schemes, next day they were ashamed of their performance, and to disguise in some way the ridicule which they had incurred, gave various and contradictory accounts of their proceedings. But beyond all doubt, if they had taken me that night, I was strung up, without further trial, at the foot of my bed, as an atonement to the insulted memories of Luther and Calvin; so, at least, my enemies confessed to an intimate friend of mine. But when they were sincerely asked by some respectable men, why did they persecute a mad priest, who had the lord-deputy's word for his protection, some of them answered, that on that night they were under the influence of wine, and now they were very glad I had not fallen into their hands. Singular, indeed, it is, that the attacks against me should have been always by night, though they might have taken me sometimes in noon-day, and in the public streets, through which my necessary duties sometimes compelled me to go. But the wonder ceases, when we reflect that he doth evil, hateth the light, lest the light should reprove his works.

All their wicked plans having hitherto failed, there was some lapse of rest when Morrison, who was the unwilling instrument in the hands of my arch-enemy, Ailleward, was recalled some time after to England. But, alas! another and a more fatal plan was then adopted—false brethren were suborned to ensnare me, and, beyond all doubt, I was a prisoner, if I had not succeeded in making my escape, with great difficulty (*per latrinæ orificium*), ten days before the festival of All Saints. After running great risk, I succeeded, by God's blessing, in getting on board a vessel, bound

for Bourdeaux, where I arrived safely. From that port I wrote a letter to Sir Nicholas Walsh,* Bart., and chief-justice of the king's-bench, informing him that I had been compelled to fly to France, for the protection of my life; that I had been in continual danger from the treacherous plots, and atrocious calumnies of the ministers and soldiers, who endeavoured to cut me off by law or by violence; that he would confer a favour on me, if he forwarded, in his next letter to the lord-deputy, an explanation of my case. I also added, that men who could be so intolerably violent as to violate the lord-deputy's word, ought not themselves be encouraged, or even tolerated in the kingdom; but that it was no wonder snares should be laid for my poor life, when even the king himself had nearly fallen a victim lately, in London itself, to men of the very same principles, and religious profession.

From Bourdeaux, where I got a letter from his eminence, Cardinal de Sardis, to Cardinals Aldobrandini and Basenius, I came here to Rome, to give authentic information of Catholic affairs in Ireland, from the death of Elizabeth, late queen of England.

This brief summary I humbly present to your holiness, that the faculties and spiritual forms necessary for the condition of that kingdom, may be granted (should it seem good to your holiness), lest they who have already evinced such intrepidity, may lose courage in the cause of their faith. Timely interference must confirm them in their holy purposes, and enable them by prudence and careful foresight, to avoid those obstacles which would retard the long-wished-for perfect liberty of the creed of their fathers. Of the establishment of that liberty, I entertain very confident and sanguine hopes in the Lord, both from the facts I have already stated, from the incredible hungering and spiritual thirsting of that people after justice; in fine, from their special devotion and attachment to the holy Apostolic see, and the Roman pontiff—an attachment so profound, that rather than separate from his communion, and paternal embrace, they are ready to sacrifice not only their fortunes but their lives. Such a favourable change having thus taken place in the spiritual affairs of the north, during your pontificate, deign to give us peaceful aid, oh! illustrious Clement! Can we doubt, that aid will be given, when we reflect on your titles and prerogatives? Thou, the Father and the Pastor, who givest to thy children and thy sheep the means of propagating the faith; thou, in thy fatherly and pastoral kindness, will provide for its propagation and greater exaltation in Ireland. But if I, or that Catholic people, should seem to your holiness to have erred, or acted imprudently in anything we have said or done, we are ready to confess our errors humbly, and make all the reparation in our power. Being men, "*te nihil humani a nobis alienum putamus*," we have resolved, as long as we live to give unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsar's, and to God what belongs to God, according to the mandate of Christ our Lord. And that we may succeed therein, may our Lord arise, may his enemies be scattered, may the holy Roman church flourish, may heresy and the accursed satan, the mortal enemy of all good, be crushed—*omnia ad Dei opti. maximam gloriam et honorem*.

* The Catholic lawyers, though sometimes temporizers, were generally true to the good old cause, "*nec sine rubore fateor*," says Dr. Lynch, "*plures e sacratis viris quam a jurisperitis a Catholicâ fide ad hæresim defecisse*."—Suppl. Anthonologiæ, p. 54.

The Castlereagh Correspondence.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, SECOND MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY. Edited by his Brother, CHARLES VANE, third Marquis of Londonderry, G. C. B., &c. Vols. I. & II. London: Colburn. 1848.

THE volumes published by the Marquis of Londonderry, relate to one of the darkest and most melancholy periods of Ireland's sad history. We took them up eagerly, convinced that we would find them full of instruction, replete with matters of deep and solemn interest to all those who like ourselves took an interest in the story of this unhappy country. We were confirmed in these impressions by perusing the very first page of the book, wherein the editor says: "Though conscious that my abilities are not adequate to the task which I have undertaken, I feel it to be my duty to rescue the name of Castlereagh from the calumnies and abuse which have been so long and so industriously cast upon it by political adversaries and pardoned rebels. This object cannot, in my opinion, be more effectually accomplished than in submitting to the public the select correspondence of Lord Castlereagh, from the commencement of his official career to the close of his laborious and useful life. The first division of this collection, relating exclusively to the affairs of Ireland, will occupy four volumes, two of which are before the reader. The prominent points comprehended in these volumes are—the rebellion of the United Irishmen; the abortive attempt at invasion by the French; the proceedings adopted for effecting the important measure of the union with Great Britain, and arrangements commercial and financial preparatory to it; the state of the Roman Catholics and of the Presbyterians; and the insane outbreak of the younger Emmett." Undoubtedly those subjects are of vast importance; yet we must candidly confess, that we never before met so uninteresting a collection as that which has been just published under the auspices of the Marquis of Londonderry. There is not in the entire of the two volumes one important fact which was not already perfectly well known to every person who had an ordinary acquaintance with the history of the period. The publication is also accompanied by circumstances which will make many not very uncharitable persons fear that the most interesting portions of it have been withheld, for it is professedly only a *selection* from Lord Castlereagh's correspondence, and a selection made for the express purpose of vindicating the character of that bad man. We must say that the publication is as unsuccessful, as a vindication of Lord Castlereagh, as it is unimportant and uninteresting to the student of Irish history. Notwithstanding the harrowing scenes which came within Lord Castlereagh's cognizance, and of some of which he must have been a witness, his correspondence is as destitute of feeling for the sufferings of the victims of an iniquitous government, as it is unilluminated by a single ray of genius. Courageous, persevering, and determined he undoubtedly was; but these qualities, which would have been virtues if used in a good cause, were uniformly prostituted by Lord Castlereagh to the base purpose of enslaving his country.

When Theobald Wolfe Tone was made prisoner, he was tried by court-martial and condemned to be hanged. The only favour he asked was to be allowed to die a soldier's death, by being shot. He urged, that

being an officer in the French service, he had a right to this poor indulgence; but it was refused, and to save himself from what he conceived to be the ignominy of the gallows, he cut his throat. The wound, however, not proving immediately fatal, Curran moved, in the King's Bench, for a *habeas corpus* to bring up his body, which was granted. Sir John Moore, who had seen persons flogged by order of the Sheriff of Tipperary—Judkin Fitzgerald—rejoiced at this result, as he hoped that it would put an end to martial law being exercised when the country was peaceable, and the ordinary tribunals sitting. But in this expectation he was disappointed, for Castlereagh instantly became alarmed, and wrote to England, to allow him to bring in a bill to perpetuate martial law. Here is the letter:

LORD CASTLEREAGH TO MR. WICKHAM.

"Dublin Castle, November 16, 1798.

"SIR—You will observe by the papers that T. W. Tone, having been sentenced by a court-martial to suffer death, on the morning of his execution cut his throat, so as to render his recovery very precarious. On the same day, Mr. Curran moved to have him brought up by a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was of course granted. The return made to the court was, that he could not be moved from his place of confinement with safety to his life: in this situation the matter rests. The opinion of the crown lawyers has been taken, and they have advised, in case he is brought before the King's Bench, and that it is purposed, he being in custody of the court, that he shall be disposed of under the municipal law, to inquire into his treatment, rather than bring the question of martial authority to a solemn decision, which would occasion delay, embarrass the court, and perhaps expose the state to have its summary interference for its own prosecutions deferred in a manner injurious to the public safety. When the proclamation of the 24th of May, authorising martial law, was had recourse to, on the breaking out of the rebellion, Lord Pery then suggested the expediency of passing a bill to authorise the military authorities to try by court-martial persons engaged in the rebellion, alleging that, without such a law, as the exercising of the power could only be justified by the necessity of the case in the strictest sense, and as much doubt and difference of opinion might arise upon what circumstances constituted the necessity so required, he thought it safer to legalise the proceeding by a temporary statute, than to expose the parties exercising those powers to the necessity of coming to parliament for indemnity.

"Whilst the rebels were in the field in force, the necessity of punishment by military tribunals was so obvious as not to admit of a question: indeed the degree of public danger was then such as to preclude the ordinary courts of law from sitting. Latterly, the rebellion has degenerated, particularly in the counties of Wicklow, Wexford, Kildare, Westmeath, and Dublin, into a petty warfare, not less afflicting to the loyal inhabitants, though less formidable to the state. In those counties, the number of persons taken in the commission of the most shocking crimes, still acting upon treasonable and systematic principles, has been such as to render it impossible to trust to the usual administration of justice for the punishment of the offenders: indeed, in Wicklow and Wexford it has been found altogether impracticable to hold the assizes. The situation of the districts above alluded to, as also those parts of Connaught which were disturbed at the

time of the late invasion, has compelled my lord lieutenant to punish summarily by martial law, at the same time that the general state of the kingdom admitted of the courts being opened in the metropolis, and of the judges going their circuits in the other parts of the kingdom as formerly.

"The two jurisdictions being in activity at the same time, could not fail to clash sooner or later, as has happened in Tone's case. His conviction will be effected, with equal certainty, by civil as by military law; his trial being had in the metropolis, where the courts are open, and under the circumstances of the case, it is not of that description upon which it would be expedient to bring the matter to issue; but it certainly deserves to be well considered, should the country remain unsettled for any length of time, whether both jurisdictions are not requisite, and if so, I do not see how they can proceed together without embarrassment, unless Lord Pery's idea is adopted, under such restrictions as may be thought necessary. It was before resisted on the principle that there was less violence done to the constitution in giving indemnity to those who have acted illegally for the preservation of the state, than in enacting laws so adverse to the usual spirit of our legislature.

"This consideration prevailed; and, were the struggle but of short duration, perhaps the inconvenience would be trifling; but if it is to be procrastinated, which there is but too much reason to apprehend may be the case in this kingdom, where religious resentment as well as principles of resistance are so deeply and extensively implanted, it is a question whether military authority, in some degree, is not requisite to keep society together; and if so, the responsibility of doing an act which, in the eye of the law, is in strictness murder, is too weighty to be encountered in the prospect of future indemnity.

"I trust, however, that the internal situation of the country may improve, now the prospect of foreign assistance is in a great measure at an end, and that we may be saved an alternative so unpleasant as that of yielding to this tormenting evil, rather than risk the adoption of a strong remedy, or of being driven to extend the powers of a military code to civil crimes, if crimes can be called civil which are invariably committed in arms.

"I have troubled you with these suggestions as the hasty sentiments of my own mind on this question, which connects itself with Tone's case. When I venture to write without much consideration what may meet the Duke of Portland's eye, I trust his grace will receive it with indulgence.

"I have the honour to remain, &c.,

"CASTLEREAGH."

(P. 445-448, Vol. 1.)

There is a subject said to be on the tapis at present with regard to a provision for the Catholic clergy. We know from the Castlereagh papers that a similar scheme was contemplated by government in 1798. The following letter from Lord Chancellor Clare will show how anxiously every measure of the kind should be watched by the clergy:

THE EARL OF CLARE, LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND,
TO LORD CASTLEREAGH.

"Grosvenor-square, October 16, 1798.

"MY DEAR LORD—I have seen Mr. Pitt, the Chancellor, and the Duke of Portland, who seem to feel very sensibly the critical situation of our damnable

country, and that the union alone can save it. I should have hoped that what has passed would have opened the eyes of every man in England to the insanity of their past conduct with respect to the Papists of Ireland; but I can very plainly perceive that they were as full of their Popish projects as ever. I trust and I hope I am not deceived, that they are fairly inclined to give them up, and to bring the measure forward unencumbered with the doctrine of emancipation. Lord Cornwallis has intimated his acquiescence in this point; Mr. Pitt is decided upon it, and I think he will keep his colleagues steady. Most fortunately we have a precedent in the articles of the union with Scotland, which puts an end to all difficulty on the only point insisted on by Lord Cornwallis, of which they are equally tenacious here. By one of the articles, it is stipulated that every member of the parliament of Great Britain shall take the oath of supremacy, &c., on his taking his seat, *unless it shall be otherwise provided for by parliament*. So that it cannot admit of a question, that a similar provision should be made for Ireland, which Mr. Pitt is perfectly satisfied shall be done. He is also fully sensible of the necessity of establishing some effectual civil control over the Popish clergy, which he thinks will be best effected by allowing moderate stipends to them, and obliging every priest to take a license from the crown for performing ecclesiastical functions, on pain of perpetual banishment if he shall officiate without it. I have pressed on him the necessity of immediate communication on the subject with the principal persons in Ireland, and I do believe he will desire their attendance here. I also stated to him the indispensable necessity of a secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland being sent over immediately. Pelham is now at Stanmer, but I should hope he will not long be suffered to remain there. I hope to be released from my attendance here very soon, and whenever I can see the king shall set out for Ireland. If I have been in any manner instrumental in persuading the ministers here to bring forward this very important measure unencumbered with a proposition which must have swamped it, I shall rejoice very much in the pilgrimage which I have made. I expect that by this time some of the British squadron on the Irish coast have nabbed the Brest fleet.

"Yours always very truly, &c.,

"CLARE."

(P. 393-394. Vol. I.)

The following letter from the lord lieutenant, Cornwallis, to the Duke of Portland, then secretary of state for the home department, will prove that some of the Catholic bishops and laity were induced to support the union on the distinct understanding that it would be immediately followed by the removal of Catholic disabilities. That pledge was not redeemed, and this letter strongly insinuates, if it does not prove, that Lord Castlereagh, who took office under Addington in 1802, and thus became a member of a government pledged against emancipation, was the person through whom the government pledged itself to the Catholics that *their future hopes* would be made a part of the measure:

LORD CORNWALLIS TO THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

"Phoenix Park, December 5, 1798.

"MY LORD—Since I last had the honour of addressing your grace on the subject of the union, I have had an opportunity of extending my communications with individuals, and of observing, in some

degree, the first impressions produced on the public mind by the agitation of this important question.

"I beg leave to refer your grace to Lord Castlereagh (whom, I trust, I shall be enabled to dispatch from hence to-morrow evening), for the particular sentiments of the several persons who have been sounded, since I last addressed your grace, on the measure. The general result enables me to confirm the opinion stated to your grace in my despatch of the —, that the prevailing disposition amongst those with whom I have had communication is to entertain the question dispassionately, and to rest their decision upon the merits of the arrangements when detailed, rather than to reject the principle of the measure.

"The opponents of the union are desirous to prevent the discussion of the subject, and leave no means untried to commit the public, in the first instance, against the measure, as subversive of the constitution; and, as such, not to be entertained. Pains have been taken to represent an acquiescence in its principle as a violation of the oath of a yeoman, in which he swears to support and maintain the "*constitution of this kingdom as by law established*."

"The bar have been most forward in this opposition, and have been this day assembled as a corps, it is understood, with an intention of taking up the question. Should that learned body be so intemperate as to set an example to the yeomanry at large, unconstitutional in the extreme, and dangerous to the public safety, I shall feel myself called on, in the outset, to meet this attempt to overawe the king's government and the legislature with decision.

"I am happy to observe that the leading Catholics, notwithstanding the measure is understood by them to be unconnected with any immediate extension of constitutional privileges to their communion, express themselves highly in its favour. Lord Fingall, whose good sense is as distinguished as his attachment to his majesty's government and to the British connexion, has expressed much satisfaction that it was not meant to complicate the question of the union by attempting, at present, any change in the test laws. He considers it would be injurious to the Catholic claims to have them discussed in the present temper of the Irish parliament, and was satisfied it would hazard the success of the union, without serving the Catholics; and considers it much more for their interest that the question should rest till it could be submitted, in quieter times, to the unprejudiced decision of the united parliament, relying on their receiving hereafter every indulgence which could be extended to them without endangering the Protestant establishment.

"Lord Kenmare joined in this sentiment, and is a warm advocate for the measure; both these noblemen expressed an anxious wish to see the Catholic clergy rendered less dependent on the lower orders, by having reasonable provision under the state.

"Lord Castlereagh has seen Dr. Troy, and finds his sentiments perfectly correspondent with those of my Lord Fingall and Lord Kenmare. He expressed himself perfectly satisfied, provided no bar to their future hopes made a part of the measure, and was ready to use his utmost influence in its support. Upon the whole, it appears to me, as far as the dispositions of the Catholics have yet disclosed themselves, that there is every reason to expect from them a preference for the measure. An active support from that body would not, perhaps, be advantageous to the success of the union. It would particularly increase the

jealousy of the Protestants, and render them less inclined to the question.

"I feel it unnecessary at present to trouble your grace more at length upon this interesting question, as Lord Castlereagh will be enabled to explain to your grace my sentiments on every part of the subject, particularly on the topics treated of in your grace's despatch of the 25th, marked secret.

"I trust that the Speaker and Sir John Parnell will not have left London before Lord Castlereagh's arrival, as I consider it highly important that he should have an opportunity of hearing them state their opinions before the king's ministers on the question. Some of the king's Irish servants appear to be amongst the most impracticable in their opinions, and I feel confident that your grace will leave no means untried to impress these gentlemen more favourably before their return to this kingdom.

"I have the honour, &c.

"C."

P.S. I am happy to inform your grace that the good sense of the bar has prevailed, and that the meeting has dispersed: it being the decided opinion of the majority that any deliberation on the question or political measures in their military capacity, was highly criminal. I trust the failure of this attempt to make it a question of arms will secure us against any interference of a similar description. A general bar meeting is summoned, I understand, for Sunday next.

(P. 34-36. Vol. II.)

The following letter, written by a Catholic bishop to his metropolitian some time before the breaking out of the rebellion, will be read with interest:

THE REV. DR. LANIGAN, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF OSSORY, TO THE MOST REV. DR. TROY.

"Ballyragget, March 10, 1798.

"MOST REV. SIR—I was absent from Kilkenny these eight days, and was a great part of that time occupied with the priests that border on the Queen's County, in consulting them, and concerting measures with them, in order to prevent, if possible, the introduction of United Irishmen and their principles into this county. The letter you honoured me with, was sent after me, and I received it there. I could make this short but true answer to it, that the charges mentioned there against the priests and me are false, malicious, and groundless. It is necessary, perhaps, to prove this more at large. I beg your patience, then, while I state the facts, as they happened.

"A sermon was preached in St. James's chapel about a month ago, on faith, its necessity, its utility, and the conditions required for true faith. The preacher had in view only to confute the lax principles of the richer Roman Catholics, who, under pretext of liberality of sentiment, wished to establish an indifference about all religion and all religious modes of worship. This sermon was most maliciously misrepresented in town; probably, by some Protestants who were present. Sir Charles Asgill and the mayor came to me about it. Sir Charles said that he was urged by some Protestants in town to pursue this business; and said, further, that he was told by them that the priest preached against government. As far as I can recollect my words, I answered him as follows—that "the sermon was strangely perverted in town: that it contained nothing directly or indirectly against government; that it was directed rather against Catholics of loose prin-

ciples than against any other persons; that what I asserted would be proved by the testimony of more than fifteen hundred persons who were present, and many of these the most respectable Roman Catholics in the county: and to convince him entirely of the truth of what I said, I sent the sermon itself to the mayor, and to him. The mayor, after reading it declared that the priest said nothing but what a zealous Roman Catholic priest should say. Before Sir Charles left me, I solemnly declared to him, that attached by conscience and by principle to his majesty, and to his government, I would neither say myself, nor suffer to be said by anybody else, if I could prevent it, anything contrary to the respect and obedience due to both, by every good subject. And as for the truth of all this, I confidently appeal to the honour of Sir Charles and the mayor. As for the charge of our holding no communion with Protestants, I never heard of it, before I saw it in your letter. Among all the perversions of the sermon, *that* was never mentioned to me. There was not a single sentence in the sermon about it; and, indeed, I do not see how any one could extort such a sense out of it, except a man who spoke once in parliament against your *pastoral charge*.

"Let me make one remark before I conclude. The priests told me, and I believe them, that the fear of assassination prevents them from speaking as much as they wished against United Irishmen. This did not deter me from exposing, at the altar, in the neighbourhood of the Queen's county, their horrid principles; execrating them as well as I could, and warning the poor people not to be deluded by these monsters. I told them that they should rather lose their lives than take the infernal oath of the United Irishmen: and declared at the same time, that I would prefer death before I would take it myself. Does it not appear odd enough that, while I was thus employed, at the risk of my life, complaints should be lodged against me in Dublin, and to government, as abetting sermons of dangerous tendency in Kilkenny?"

"This long account has perhaps tired you; I know it has myself—yet I could not say much less on this extraordinary occasion.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"JAMES LANIGAN."

(P. 160-162. Vol. 1.)

THE END.

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